GOOD WORDS

1904

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

Good Words are worth much and cost little

HERBERT

LONDON: ISBISTER AND COMPANY

15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN

By A. MAUVE

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

CHAPTER I

"THE SEA QUEEN"

PEMBER STREET, E., is never very cheerful in appearance, not even in mid-spring, when the dingy lilacs in the forecourts of those grimy houses bourgeon and blossom. The shrubs assimilate soon the general air of depression common to the neighbourhood. The smoke catches and turns them; they wilt or wither; and the bunches of flower are sicklied over with the smuts and blacks of the roaring chimneys. The one open space within reach is the river, and thither I frequently repaired during the three years I practised in the East End. At least it was something to have that wide flood before one, the channel of great winds and the haunt of strange craft. The tide drew turbid under the Tower Bridge and rolled desolately about the barren wilderness of the Isle of Dogs; but it was for all that a breach in the continuity of ugly streets and houses, a wide road itself, on which tramped unknown and curious lives, passing to and fro between London and foreign parts.

Unless a man be in deadly earnest or very young, I cannot conceive a career more distressing to the imagination and crushing to the ambition than the practice of medicine in the East End. The bulk of my cases were club cases, which enabled me to be sure of a living, and the rest were for the most part sordid and unpleasant subjects, springing out of the vile life of the district. Alien sailors abounded and quarrelled fiercely. Often and often have I been awakened in the dead hours to find drunken and foreign-speaking men at my door, with one or more among them suffering from a dangerous knife-wound. And the point of it that came nearly home to me was that this career would not only lead to nothing, but was unprofitable in itself. I had taken the position in the hope that I might make something of it, but I found that it was all I could do to maintain my place. I made no charge for advice in my consultations, but took a little money on the medicine which I made up. Is any position to be conceived more degrading to a professional man? The one bright time in my week was of a Saturday, when I donned my best coat and gloves, took down my silkiest hat, and, discarding the fumes and flavours of the East, set out for Piccadilly. I still remained a member of a decent club, and here I lunched in my glory, talked with some human creatures, exchanged views on the affairs of the world, smoked and lolled in comfortable chairs—in short, took my enjoyment like a man about-town, and then went back to earn my next week's holiday.

Punctually to a minute I must be in the surgery in Pember Street at six o'clock, and the horrid round must begin to circle again. I will confess that there was a time when I could have loved that career as a saunterer in West End streets. It appealed to me at five-and-twenty almost as a romantic profession. Other young men whom I had known, at school and college, had entered it, and some were, or appeared to be, signal stars in that galaxy of wealth and beauty. My means, however, denied me access, and at thirty I would have been content, after my experience of hardships and poverty, to settle in some comfortable suburb, not too distant from the sphere of radiance. As it was, I was in chains in the slums of Wapping, and revisited the glimpses of Piccadilly once a week.

When I rose on an evening in Novem

to go down to the river almost for the last time, it was not a Saturday, but a Thursday, and had sat waiting in my dingy surgery for patients. But none had come, and in the

A great flare went up into the sky, apparently in mid-channel

and the West End seemed still a long way off. I had finished my round of cases, enforced meditation that ensued, as I reviewed my past and my prospects, my soul

sickened in me. I wanted to breathe more freely—I wanted more air and something more cheerful than the low surgery lamp and the dismal lights that wagged in the street. I put on my hat and passed down to the river.

It was quite dark, and the easterly drift had obscured and dirtied the sky, so that when I came out by a landing which I knew now familiarly, I could see only the lights across the water, and some tall spars and funnels in the foreground. But the river at full tide champed audibly against the wharves, and the various sounds of that restless port assailed my ears, the roar of the unseen traffic behind me, the fluting and screaming of whistles, the mingled shouts, oaths, and orders in the distance, and the drone of that profound water under all.

I had stood for some minutes, drinking in the better air, when there were voices near, suddenly risen out of the flood, and I perceived two men had landed. They paused by me for one to relight his pipe, and in the flash of the match I gathered from the dresses that they were stevedores, newly come, no doubt, from unloading some vessel. But my attention was taken off them unexpectedly by a great flare that went up into the sky, apparently in mid-channel. It made a big bright flame, quite unusual in that resort of silent lights, and one of the stevedores commented on it.

"That'll be her," he said; "she was coming up round the Dogs in a la-di-da fashion. Maybe she'll fly rockets in another minute."

"Them steam yachts are the jockeys to blue the money," responded his companion. "Nothink's good enough for them."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only a Geordie brig straight from winning the America Cup, sir," said the first man with a facetious smile. "What did they make her out, Bill?"

Bill hesitated. "I think it was the *Sea Queen*," he said doubtfully, and added, in harmony with his companion's mood:

"They don't want to make themselves known, not by a long chalk."

With which, the flare having died down, they tramped away into the night with a civil leave-taking.

I followed them presently, moving along the road in the direction of the docks. When I reached the entrance I paused, and the gatekeeper addressed me.

"Going in, doctor? Got a call?"

I recognised him in the dimness of his lamp as a man whom I had attended for an accident, and I gave him good evening.

"No," said I, "but I want some air. I think I will, if you don't mind."

"Welcome, sir," said he cheerily, and I found myself on the other side of the gateway.

I walked along the vacant stretch of ground, lit only by dull gas-lamps, and, passing the low office buildings and storing sheds, came out by the water-basins. Here was a scene of some bustle and disorder, but it was farther on that the spectators were engaged in a knot, for the caisson was drifting round, and a handsome vessel was floating in, her funnel backed against the grey darkness and her spars in a ghostly silhouette. The name I heard on several sides roused in me a faint curiosity. It was the stranger I had observed, the *Sea Queen*, the subject of the stevedores' pleasantries.

"A pretty boat," said I to my neighbour. "What is she?"

He shook his head. "*Sea Queen* out of Hamburg," he said, "and a pleasure yacht from the look of her. But what she does here beats me."

The caisson closed, and the steam-yacht warped up slowly to the pier. There was little or no noise on her, only a voice raised occasionally in an authoritative command, and the rattling of chains that paid out through the donkey-engine. Idly I moved to the stone quay when the gangway was let down, but only one man descended. The passengers, if there had been any, had long since reached town from Tilbury, saving themselves that uninteresting trudge up the winding river-lane.

I moved on to where a steamer was being loaded under the electric lights, and watched the same for some time with interest; then, taking out my watch, I examined it, and came to the conclusion that if I was to see any patients that evening at all I must at once get back to my unpalatable rooms. I

began to go along the pier, and passed into the shadow of the *Sea Queen*, now sunk in quiet, and drab and dark. As I went, a port-hole in the stern almost on the level of my eyes gleamed like a moon, and of a sudden there was an outbreak of angry voices, one threatening volubly and the other deeper and slower, but equally hostile. It was not that the altercation was anything astonishing in human life, but I think it was the instantaneous flash of that light and those voices in a dead ship that pulled me up. I stared into the port-hole, and as I did so the face of a man passed across it twixt the light and me; it passed and vanished; and I walked on. As I turned to go down to the gates I was aware of the approaching fog. I had seen it scores of times in that abominable low-lying part of the town, and I knew the symptoms. There was a faint smell in the air, an odour that bit the nostrils, carrying the reek of that changeless wilderness of factories and houses. The opaque grey sky lost its greyness and was struck to a lurid yellow. Banks of high fog rolled up the east and moved menacingly, almost imperceptibly upon the town. For a moment there were dim shadows of the wharves and the riverside houses, with a church tower dimmer still behind them, and then the billows of the fog descended and swallowed up all.

I moved now in a blackness, but bore to the right, in which direction I knew were the dock sheds and safety. I seemed to have been feeling my way for a long time—quite ten minutes, and yet I did not come upon anything. I began to be seized with the fear of a blind man who is helpless in vacancy. Had I left the basin in my rear, or had I somehow wandered back towards it, and would another step take me over into the water? I shrank from the thought of that cold plunge, and putting out my stick on all sides tapped and tapped, and went on foot by foot. I was still upon the stone, when I should have reached the sheds, or at least have got upon the earth again, with the roadway running to the gates. Angry at my own folly for lingering so long about the ships I continued cautiously forward, trying each step of the way. Presently I heard a sound of footsteps before me, and then a voice raised in a stave of song. There followed a loud oath and the splash of a heavy body in water.

Plainly the basin was, then, in front of me, and some one had fallen in. The poor wretch was doomed to drown in that horrid and impenetrable darkness. I shuddered at the thought of that fate, and moved faster under the whip of impulse. The next moment I brought sharply up against a stone post by which ships were warped in and fastened. Below was the water, and now I could hear the sound of splashing, and a voice raised in a cry of terror. Round the post was coiled a heavy rope which I loosened as rapidly as was possible, and began to lower over the edge of the basin.

"This way," I called; "make this way. Here is the pier," but the splashing continued, and a smother of sound came to me, as if the swimmer were under water, and his voice stifled. Almost without thinking I gripped the thick tarry rope and let myself over the basin, until I had reached the surface of the water.

"This way," I called; "if you can get here, I can save you."

The noise seemed to come from some little distance out, and now I was in the water myself, with the cable in my hand, striking out feverishly and awkwardly in the direction of the struggling man. I came upon him in a dozen strokes, and the first news I had of him was a kick in the shoulder that almost tore me from my rope. The next moment I had him by the collar and without more ado was retracing my way, towing a violent mass of humanity behind me. It was only by dint of hard work and by propping him in my arms that I at last landed him on the pier, and then I succeeded in following myself, very sore and stiff and cold.

The first words that sprang from the prostrate figure on the quay were some incoherent oaths, which ultimately took form. "Curse Legrand, curse him!"

"Come," said I; "if you are well enough to swear you are well enough to travel, and we are both of us in a case for treatment."

"I can't see you," said the voice, in a grumbling way, "but you saved me. Pull

I stared into the porthole and as I did so the face of a man passed across it

along, and I'll do my best to follow. Where the dickens are we?"

I groped and helped him to his feet. "Give me your arm," said I, "we can't afford to go in again, either of us."

"Were you in too?" he asked stupidly.

"Well, what do *you* think?" I replied with a little laugh and began to walk, this time, determinately at right angles from the basin.

He said nothing more but hung on my arm pretty limp, as we struggled through the darkness, and presently we both fell over a bale of goods.

"So far so good," I said, picking him up, "we must be in the neighbourhood of the sheds. Now to find them, and creep along in their protection."

We struck the buildings immediately after, and I had no difficulty in working my way to the end. That took us to dry ground, or, at least, to the sloppy ground at the bottom of the docks. By good fortune we now hit upon the roadway, and it was to me a delight to hear the ring of the hard macadam under our squelching boots. I was now almost cheerful, for I was sure that I could not wander from the road and, sure enough, we were advertised of our position and heralded all the way by the meagre lamps at intervals. Soon after we reached the gates, which were opened by my friend.

He peered into our faces. "It was a call, sure enough," said I, laughing. "And here's my patient."

When we got into the road the fog had slightly lifted and I had less difficulty in picking my way home than I had anticipated. Once in the surgery, I turned up the lamp and poked the fire into a blaze, after which I looked at my companion. It was with a sense of familiarity that I recognised his face as that which I had seen flitting across the porthole of the *Sea Queen*. He sat back in the chair in which I had placed him and stared weakly about the room. The steam went up from both of us.

"Look here," said I, "if we stay so we are dead or rheumatic men;" and I went into my bedroom, changed myself, and brought him some garments of my own. These he put on, talking now in the garrulous voice I had heard on the yacht, but somewhat disconnectedly.

"It's awfully good of you . . . a good Samaritan," and here a vacant laugh. "I wonder if these things . . . How did I go over? I thought I was going straight. It must have been that infernal fog. . . . . Where the dickens are we?"

"You are in my house," said I, "but you might be at the bottom of the basin."

"Good heavens!" he said, with a laugh. "I feel mighty shivery. Don't you think a drop of something——"

I looked at him closely. "I think it wouldn't be a bad idea in the circumstances," I said.

"Oh, I know I had too much to carry," he said recklessly. "It made me quarrel with that wretched Legrand, too—a fat-headed fool!"

I rang for water, and mixed two hot jorums of whisky, one of which he sipped contentedly.

"You see, we had a rousing time coming over," he observed, as if in apology. I looked my question, and he answered it. "Hamburg, in the *Sea Queen*. The old man skipped at Tilbury, and Barraclough's a real blazer."

"Which accounts for the blaze I saw,' I remarked drily.

"Oh, you saw that. Yes, it was that that made Legrand mad. He's particular. But what's the odds? The boss has to pay."

His eyes roamed about the shabby room, shabby from the wretched pictures on the walls to the threadbare carpet underfoot, and, though he was not a gentleman, I felt some feeling of irritation. Perhaps if he had been a gentleman I should not have been put out at this scrutiny of my poverty.

"You saved me, and that's certain," he began again. "Say, are you a doctor?"

I admitted it.

"Well, can you recommend another glass of toddy?" he asked, smiling, and his smile was pleasant.

"In the circumstances again—perhaps," I said.

"Oh, I know I played the fool," he conceded. "But it isn't often I do. I must

have gone off in the fog. How did you get at me?"

I told him.

"That was plucky," he said admiringly. "I don't know two folks I'd risk the same for."

"There wasn't much risk," I answered. "It was only a question of taking a cold bath out of season."

"Well!" he said, and whistled. "There's white people everywhere, I guess. Business good?"

The question was abrupt, and I could not avoid it. "You have your answer," I replied, with a gesture at the room, and taking out my cigar-case I offered him one.

He accepted it, bit off the end, and spat it on the floor, as if preoccupied. His brow wrinkled, as if the mental exercise were unusual and difficult.

"The *Sea Queen* is a rum bird," he said, presently, "but there's plenty of money behind. And she wants a doctor."

"Well," said I, smiling at him.

"We left a Scotch chap sick at Hamburg," he continued. "The boss is a secret beggar, with pots of money, they say. We chartered out of the Clyde and picked him up at Hamburg, him and others."

"A pleasure yacht?" I inquired.

"You may call it that. If it ain't that I don't know what it is, and I ought to know, seeing I am purser. We've all signed on for twelve months, anyway. Now, doctor, we want a doctor."

He laughed, as if this had been a joke, and I stared at him. "You mean," said I slowly, "that I might apply."

"If it's worth your while," said he. "You know best."

"Well, I don't know about that," I replied. "It depends on a good many things."

All the same I knew that I did know best. The whole of my discontent, latent and seething for years, surged up in me. Here was the wretched practice by which I earned a miserable pittance, bad food, and low company. On the pleasure yacht I should at least walk among equals, and feel myself a civilised being. I could dispose of my goodwill for a small sum, and after twelve months —well, something might turn up. At any rate I should have a year's respite, a year's holiday.

I looked across at the purser of the *Sea Queen*, with his good-looking, easy-natured face, his sleek black hair, and his rather flabby white face, and still I hesitated.

"I can make it a dead bird," he said, wagging his head, "and you'll find it pretty comfortable."

"Where are you going? The Mediterranean?" I asked.

"I haven't the least idea," he said with a frank yawn. "But if your tickets are all right you can bet on the place."

"I'm agreeable," I said, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Good man!" said he, with some of his former sparkle of interest. "And now we'll have another to toast it, and then I must be off."

"Don't you think you'd better stay here the night?" I asked. "I can put you up. And the fog's thicker."

"Thanks, old man," he replied with easy familiarity, "I would like a roost, only I've got an engagement. I wired to some one, you know." And he winked at me wickedly.

"Very well," said I. "If you have an appointment, I would suggest that we leave over the toast."

"You're right," he said ingenuously. "But it was a nasty bath. All serene. I'll fix that up. By the way," he paused on his road to the door, "I haven't your name."

"Nor I yours," I answered. "Mine's Richard Phillimore."

"Mine's Lane," he said. "Qualified?"

"M.B. London," I replied.

"Good for you. That'll make it easier. I suppose I can go in your togs."

"You're welcome," I said, "though they don't fit you very well.

"Oh, I'm a bit smaller than you, I know, but all cats are grey in the dark, and it's infernally dark to-night. Well, so long, and I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

He swung out of the door with his free gait, and I stopped him.

"One word more. Who's your owner?"

"The boss? Oh, Morland, Morland, a regular millionaire."

With that he was gone.

CHAPTER II

IN THE "THREE TUNS"

THE next day I had a full round of visits to make, so that I had little time to think over the adventure of the previous evening. On Saturday I made my way, as usual, to the West End, and spent the afternoon in luxury, basking in the renewal of my self-respect. I had leisure then to reflect, and, although the more I considered the less appeared the likelihood of any advantage to myself derivable out of Lane's promise, yet I allowed myself the satisfaction of certain inquiries. No one in the club had heard of Morland, the millionaire, and the *Sea Queen* was unknown to my yachting friends. Moreover, no Morland appeared in the "Court Guide." Still, it was quite possible, even probable, that he was an American; so that omission did not abash me. It was only when I rehearsed the circumstances in bald terms that I doubted to the point of incredulity. I had fished up a tipsy fellow, of a loose good-nature, who, under the stimulus of more whisky, had probably at the best offered more than he was entitled to do, and who, at the worst, had long since forgotten all about his Good Samaritan. The situation seemed easy of interpretation, and in the warmth of my pleasant intercourse with my companions I presently ceased to ponder it.

Yet, when I arrived at my house and opened the letter that awaited me, I will confess that I experienced a thrill of hope. It was from Hills, a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, premising that I was a candidate for the post of doctor in the ss. *Sea Queen*, requested me to call on Monday at three o'clock. This looked, so to speak, like business, and I attended at the address with my mind made up and clear. If I was offered the position I would take it, and so cut my cable.

I had to wait some time in an ante-room, but presently was ushered into the presence of one of the partners, an amiable, business-like man, with the air of a country squire.

"Dr. Phillimore?" he queried introductively, and I assented.

"Please sit down, will you. You are anxious to take position of doctor on the *Sea Queen*." He consulted some notes before him. "I see. Your name has been mentioned to my client in this connection. I assume you are fully qualified?"

I told him the facts and referred him to the "Medical Year-Book." "Moreover," I added, "I have no doubt, if a recommendation were necessary, Sir John Wemyss, of Harley Street, would be willing to write to you."

"Sir John Wemyss," he echoed reflectively. "Oh, yes, the cancer man. Let me see, he was President, wasn't he, of the College of Surgeons?"

"Yes, some years ago," I answered.

"A good man," he declared with a friendly air of patronage. "Well, I don't suppose there would be any difficulty on that score, if Sir John will write. My client is a prudent man, and would naturally like to have the best advice available. Moreover, he is quite willing to pay for it. There is, of course, that question," and he looked at me as if inviting my suggestion.

I laughed. "Really I have no views, only that naturally I should like as large a salary as is compatible with the circumstances."

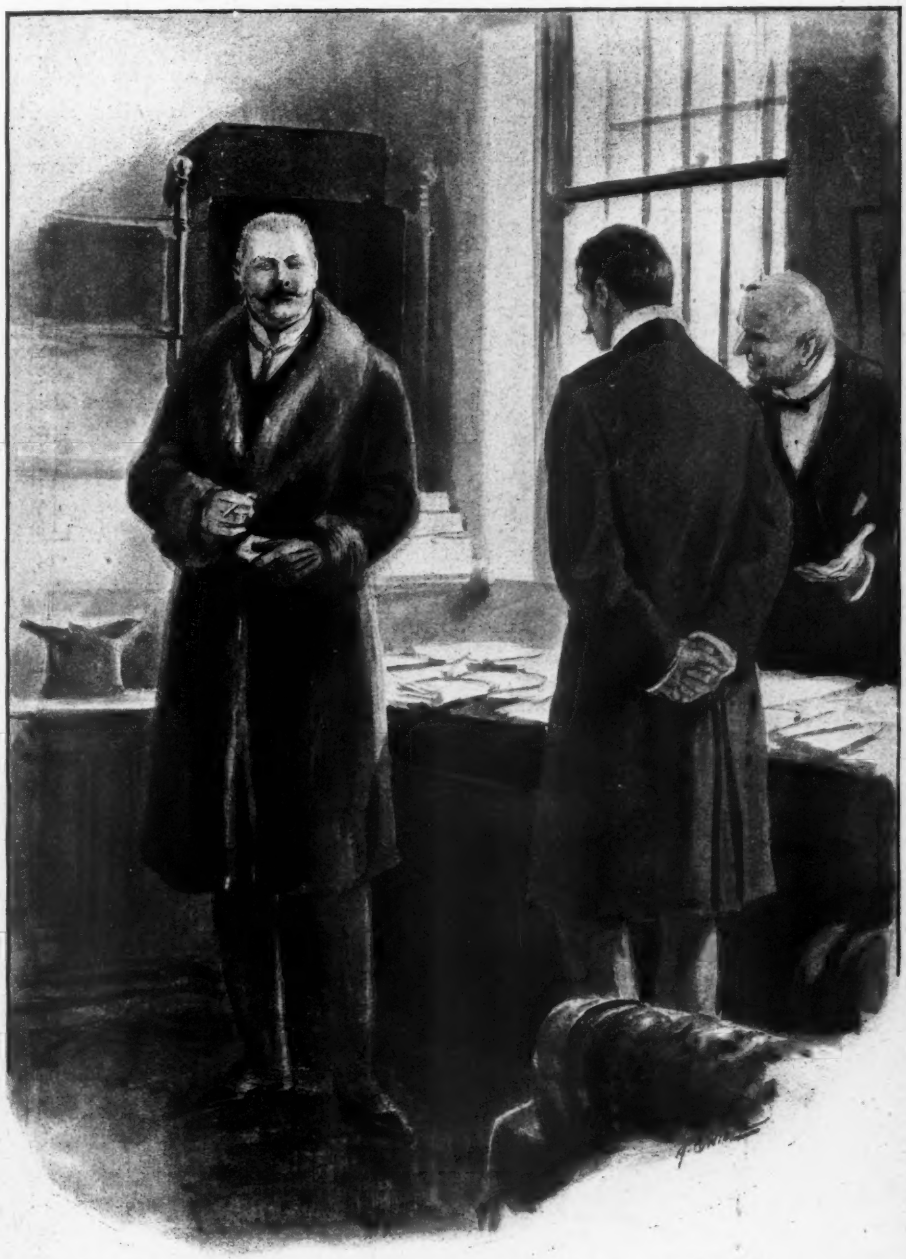
"Very well, Dr. Phillimore," said he, nodding. "I daresay we can arrange that too. You are young yet, and the position might lead——" He broke off, as the baize door on his left opened noiselessly. "What is it, Pye?"

The clerk bent down and whispered to him. "Oh, very well. It's opportune in a way. Will you ask Mr. Morland to be good enough to come in?"

The little clerk went out with his neat walk, and the solicitor rose. "I shall be able to introduce you to my client, who is the owner of the *Sea Queen*," he said, with a certain change of voice, and quickly went forward to the outer door.

"How do you do, Mr. Morland?" he exclaimed, with a cheerful deference, such as was due to the presence of wealth. "I was just engaged on a little matter of yours. I hope you came right up. These dull offices go so much by routine. It was the question of a doctor, sir."

As he spoke he indicated me, and for the first time I saw Mr. Morland.



As he spoke he indicated me, and for the first time I saw Mr. Morland

He was a man of thirty-five, of middle height, slightly disposed to stoutness, but with a fine carriage, and with a bronzed, good-looking face, rendered heavier for the dull expression of his blue eyes. His hair, which was short and worn *en brosse*, after a foreign fashion, was straw yellow.

"Is it the doctor?" he asked, after a glance at me, and though he spoke excellent English there was also something a little foreign in his accent.

"Well, sir, we haven't reached that point yet," said the lawyer, smiling. "This is Dr. Phillimore, whom you wished me to——"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Morland, and he put out a hand mechanically. "You will arrange it," he said to the other, with an air of command.

"Most certainly, sir, but I thought you would like to see, being on the spot——"

"No, there is only one thing. You know anything of throats?" he asked suddenly.

I told him I had studied under a specialist at the hospital, as it happened. In these days we doctors are compelled to take special courses in order to keep march with the times.

"That is right," he said, nodding, and the smile that came upon his face turned the eyes bluer. He looked quite handsome. "We must all keep step with the times. I will look to you to arrange it," he added again to the lawyer, and seemed to wait for my dismissal. The solicitor bowed me sharply from the room, for was not his millionaire client in waiting? And I went down the stairs.

It was now past four, and as I came out into the Square I saw before me the little lawyer's clerk who had entered the room, and had been called Pye. He was talking amiably to another man, and as I passed smiled at me through his pince-nez.

"You saw Mr. Morland?" he asked, in a friendly way.

"Yes," I said, and looked at the stranger. There seemed no necessity to say more.

"It is odd that you should encounter here, gentlemen," said Pye, adjusting his glasses, "and yet I suppose it isn't. Mr. Holgate, this gentleman is the future doctor of the *Sea Queen*."

"Oh dear me, it isn't settled," said I, with a laugh. Pye beamed at me. "I think I know my chief's face," he said. "It's my business to interpret him, particularly when he can't interpret himself."

The other man laughed lazily. He was a man with a big body, and a face round and gross in proportion, heavy-lidded eyes, and an imperturbable expression.

"This is Mr. Holgate, the third officer," said Pye, by way of introduction, and somehow or other we began to walk in the direction of Holborn. When we had threaded the Great Turnstile the little clerk hesitated, and swung round. "I was going to drink a glass of wine with Mr. Holgate. Perhaps you would join us, sir?"

"Gladly," said I, for I had made up my mind to take tea before returning to Wapping, and somehow my interview had inspirited me. I took a sanguine view of my chances, for all my words to Pye. Moreover, I have always been interested in my fellow creatures, and, finally, I was in the mood for a glass of something. Enter this trio, then, into the "Three Tuns" presently, and sits to a table in comfortable chairs, with the clatter of the street falling, like rain, on the senses, and the bright flare of gas among the dark barrels. There was about the place an odour of good-fellowship and of peace that pleased me who had not visited these haunts for years.

Little Pye turned his pince-nez on me as the attendant advanced.

"What'll you have, doctor?" he asked.

I hesitated.

"I suppose it must be port," said I, "port is more palatable and no more noxious in such places than any other wine."

"Any port in a storm, in fact," said the little man, looking at me quizzically.

"For my part——" said Holgate, in his stuffy, fat voice.

"Port, you should say," interposed Pye with brisk wit. He smiled at his smartness and his eyes seemed to challenge me to respond.

"There's nothing to beat spirits—and sound rum for choice, but as they won't have

it here, I'll take brandy," continued the third officer.

He lighted a cigar and began to smoke, examining everything within eyeshot attentively but with indifference. I think, except for the first glance he had bestowed upon me, that he had completely ignored my presence.

Little Pye put up his glass. "I drink," said he, "to a prosperous voyage, Mr. Holgate, and to pleasant companions."

"Prosperous voyage," said the third officer wheezily, and I murmured something to the same effect.

"You say the old man's velvet," said Holgate, resuming his puffing.

"Well," said Pye, beaming through his glasses, "I wouldn't go so far as to say it, but he looks it. He looks kid-glove."

"I hate 'em," growled Holgate. "I've seen that kind on the ferry—all airs and aitches, and frosty as a berg."

"Well, of course, it would be much more satisfactory to be sailing under a real Tartar," remarked the little man with mild pleasantry.

Holgate cast him a glance which inquired but was indifferent. "What's your idea, doctor?" he asked.

"I have none," said I, smiling. "I am much more interested in third officers."

His masklike face relaxed, and he stroked his black moustaches, and took a long pull of his cigar.

"That was very nice of you, doctor," he said, nodding with more cordiality.

Pye drew an apple from his pocket, and carefully bit into it. I don't know why, but it struck me as comical to see him at this schoolboy business, his ears alert, his glasses shining, and his white teeth going too and fro. He reminded me of a squirrel, a fancy to which the little tufts of whisker by his ears lent themselves. He eyed both of us brightly.

"After all," said the third officer heavily, "it's more important in the end to know your owner, let alone his travelling with you, I wouldn't give two straws for the old man, velvet or iron, so long as I could get the lug of my owner."

"You'll find them both all right," said Pye reassuringly. "Captain Day I have seen, and Mr. Morland I know."

"He is very rich?" I asked.

"I'll trouble you for a two and a half commission on it," said the clerk cheerfully, "and then I'd live like a fighting-cock. At least that's what we all believe. There's no knowing."

The shadows of the November afternoon had gathered in the streets without, and a thin scant rain was flying. Into the area of warmth and brightness entered more customers, and shook the water from their umbrellas. They stood at the bar and drank and talked noisily. Round about us in the loom of the great barrels the shadows lurched from the wagging gas-flames. The clerk had finished his apple.

"We will have another," said Holgate.

"This is mine," I said. He shook his head. I protested.

"Doctor, you confess you live in doubt," he said, "whereas I have my appointment in my pocket. Plainly it is my right."

"I think that's a fair argument, doctor," said Pye.

"I am in both your debt," said I lightly. "For company and wine."

"I'm sure we shall owe you both many a time yet," said the third officer civilly.

At the table near us two men had sat and were talking even as we, but one had a halfpenny paper, and turned the flimsy thing about, I fancy in search of racing news.

"You see there is no doubt about you ——," began Pye amiably, and suddenly dropped his sentence.

In the unexpected silence I caught some words from the other table.

"Well, it's good pluck of him if he wants to marry her. What's the odds if he is a Prince? Live and let live, I say."

Pye's little squirrel head turned round and he stared for a moment at the speaker, then it came back again.

"You are uncommonly polite," said Holgate irritably.

"I'm sorry. I thought I recognised that voice," said the little man sweetly. "One gets echoes everywhere. I was going to say we took you for granted, doctor."

"It's good of you," said I. "But will Mr. Morland?"

"I can practically answer for my employer; I can't say anything about Mr. Morland, who has, however, authorised us to appoint."

"The yacht is from Hamburg?" said I.

"I believe so," said he.

"And its destination?"

"That knowledge is quite out of my province," said the squirrel briefly.

When one came to think of it, it was almost a snub, and I had never any patience for these legal silences. As he shut his jaws he looked a man who could keep a secret, and knew his own mind. Yet he had been so easily familiar that I flushed with resentment. Confound these little professional tricks and solemnities! We were meeting on another ground than lawyer and client.

"I daresay it will be within the cabin-boy's province to-morrow," said I, somewhat sharply.

"Very likely," he assented, and Holgate who had turned at my tone, exchanged a glance with him.

"Mr. Pye is fond of keeping his own counsel," said the third officer in his slow voice, "and I'm not sure he isn't right, being a lawyer."

"But he isn't a lawyer here," I protested.

Pye smiled. "No; I'm not," he said, "and please don't remind me of it;" at which we all laughed and grew friendly again. "Well, this is a funny sort of tea for me," said the clerk presently. "I generally patronise the A.B.C.," and he rose to go.

Holgate did not move, but sat staring at the fire, which shone on his broad placid face. "I knew a man once," he observed, "who kept his own counsel."

"I hope he was a lawyer," said Pye humorously.

"No; he was a steward—the steward of an estate in the North. In the hills was the wealth of a millionaire; coal, doctor," Holgate looked at me. "And he kept his counsel and held his tongue."

"With what object?" I asked.

"Oh, a little syndicate succeeded in buying it from the owner, and now it's a nine-figure affair."

His face had no expression of inquiry, or of inviting comment. He had simply stated history, but I was moved to say flippantly,

"What luck!"

"The steward got it?" asked Pye.

"He romped in," said the third officer.

"And will presently be a baronet," said I lightly.

"Stranger things have happened," he remarked, and began to smile. I fancy we all smiled, though it was not, of course, altogether humorous.

"Is that called robbery?" asked Holgate.

"I doubt if the law covers it," said Pye. "No; it's quite an innocent transaction."

"What is robbery?" I asked cynically. "Lawyers may feel their way amid the intricacies, but no one else can hope to. I'm stealing now when I take these matches."

"I will follow your example," said Holgate, and did so.

"I'm not sure that that's no perks," said little Pye with his quizzical glance.

"Well, is it perks if I buy a picture from you for ten bob which I know to be worth £1000?" inquired Holgate.

Pye considered. "I give it up," he said.

"Which only proves," said I, continuing my mood, "that it takes a good caper-cutter to move in and out moral sanctions."

"I don't believe I know what that means quite," said Holgate, giving me the full charge of his steady eyes.

I stooped and warmed my fingers, for the cold blast of the streets was forbidding. "Well, the most famous people have been those who have successfully performed the egg dance between commandments," I remarked.

"I suppose they have," said Holgate thoughtfully.

I rose abruptly, and in the glass above the mantelpiece the two figures behind me came into vision. The little clerk's eyebrows were elevated in a question, and the men faced each other. Holgate's lips were pursed and he nodded. I saw this in the flash of rising, and then I turned about

"I shall get a wigging," said Pye, seizing his umbrella.

We walked out and I bade them good-bye after a civil exchange of amenities; then I took an omnibus down Chancery Lane and made for the Underground. As I travelled back my thoughts circled about the situation; I was glad to have made the acquaintance of one or more of my shipmates, if, of course, I was to join the company. Holgate puzzled me for a third officer, until I reflected that in these days every officer has a master's licence. Yet that this man should not by the force of his evident individuality take higher rank in life surprised me. What, however, was of most immediate concern to me was the extreme friendliness of my two companions. Lane was well enough in his way, and certainly had shown his good will; but Holgate was more than this to a lonely man with an appetite for society. Holgate was intelligent.

I found a few patients waiting, and disposed of them by eight o'clock, after which I strolled down to the docks, in spite of the drizzle. I have said that I am interested in my fellows, and, in addition, I confess to a certain forethought. I walked down to the Docks with the deliberate intention of acquiring some information about the *Sea Queen*, if that were possible. I knew the name of the owner, or at least of the man who had chartered her; I had the name and acquaintance of one or two of the company; but I knew nothing as to her destination, her properties as a boat, or her time of sailing. Some of this ignorance I hoped to remedy by my visit. And it seemed that I was in the way to do so from the start. For no sooner was I on the quay in the neighbourhood of the yacht than I came upon a handsome young man in the dress of a superior sailor, with whom I fell into talk. He was outspoken as a child, but volunteered nothing of his own initiative—an amiable, sluggish, respectful fellow who was, as he stated, quartermaster on the *Sea Queen*.

I confessed my interest in her, at which he indulgently supplied me with information.

"I signed on at Glasgow, sir—and most of us too—and we picked up Mr. Morland at Hamburg—him and the ladies."

"The ladies!" I echoed, for here was a surprise.

"Yes, two ladies what came with him, Miss Morland and another lady, a dark one," said my friend.

"Oh!" said I. "Then you're off for a pleasure cruise."

"I hardly know, sir," said he. "They do say New York, but I haven't heard definite."

That looked in favour of my theory of Mr. Morland as an American. He was perhaps a Trust King, and Miss Morland a vivacious "beauty" from Chicago.

Here my companion suggested that I might care to have a look at the yacht.

"My friend," said I, "you mustn't let me take you on false pretences. I may be your doctor, and I may be not."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said he easily. "It can't do no harm. We're only loading up with provisions, and there's no mess about."

We ascended the gangway, and entered the dark ship, which was singularly silent He had already the sailor's affection for his floating home, and pointed me out one or two points for admiration which I understood but ill, as they were technical. As we were peeping into the saloon a man passed us and stopped sharply.

"That you, Ellison?" he asked in a harsh voice. "Who's that?"

"Only a gentleman having a look round. He's to be doctor," said the quartermaster.

The man made no reply, but stared at me, and then went on swiftly.

"Rather abrupt," I commented, smiling.

"Oh, that's nothing. It is only his way," said the good-natured fellow. "He's the boatswain."

"Is Mr. Morland an American?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir. I've hardly seen him. We signed on at Glasgow with a little slip of a fellow representing Mr. Morland—glasses and side-whiskers."

"That would be Mr. Pye," I said.

"Very likely. Would you like to take a squint at the engines? Mr. McCrae is on board."

He led me, without waiting for answer, towards the engine-room, and called out, "Mr. McCrae!" which brought presently a little, red-faced, bearded man from the depths. "This gentleman wants to know what you can do," said my friend, by way of introduction. The engineer nodded towards me. "We can make eighteen," he said, wiping his hands on a greasy piece of rag. "Eighteen at a pinch, but I keep her going steady at fourteen."

"A good boat!" said I.

"Aye, tolerable," he said, and pulled out a sheet of paper, which he began to peruse under the slender light. "This now's another slap in the eye for the Emperor," said McCrae, "this business of the Prince."

"What is it?" I asked. "I haven't seen the papers to-night."

He rapped his knuckles on the newspaper. "This Prince Frederic of Hochburg kicking over the traces. I tell ye I'm real sorry for the old man. I pity him, Emperor though he be. He's had his sup of troubles."

"But I don't understand what this new one is," I said.

McCrae was not above explaining. "Well, y'see, this Prince Frederic is the heir to the Duchy of Hochburg, and he has taken up with some singer, and swears he'll resign his inheritance, and marry her. That's where the mischief is. Not that the man's not right," proceeded the Scotchman, warming, evidently, to his opinions. "For why should Princes be exempt from the dispositions of Providence. Let him come forward like a man, and, ye'll see, he'll gain the univairsal sympathy of Europe for his honesty."

"It certainly increases the Emperor's difficulties," I said. "For with a vacancy at Hochburg, and the Pan-German movement in full swing——"

"Aye, ye're a student of political affairs," broke in the engineer in his broad Glasgow accent. "And I'll not say there isn't something to be said at the present juncture of European politics. But, man, the principle's all wrong. Why is a man, no better than you or me, to ride over us, whether it be riches, or kings or emperors? It's the accident of birth, and the accident of riches, that dictates to us, and I'm thinking it ought to be set right by legislation."

"Well, we are getting along to the Millennium famously," said I, jestingly.

"The Millennium!" he said, with a contemptuous snort.

I think Ellison was pleased to see us getting on so pleasantly in argument, as he was responsible for the introduction, and he now ventured on a statement in the hopes, no doubt, of cementing the acquaintanceship.

"This gentleman's coming along with us, Mr. McCrae," he said.

The engineer looked at me.

"I have put in for doctor, but it's by no means certain," I explained.

"Oh, well, we'll hope it is," he said affably, and to the quartermaster: "Ellison, this gentleman'll, maybe, take a finger of whisky to his own health—and ours," he added, with a relaxation of his grim face at his jest. "Ye'll find a bottle in my cabin."

So when the quartermaster had returned, once more I had to drink to the success of my application. It appeared that the *Sea Queen* was peopled with amiable spirits, if I excepted the boatswain; and as I went over the side I congratulated myself on having already made the acquaintance of two more of my shipmates on a friendly footing—if I were destined to the appointment.

On my way home it struck me that I had already heard of the affair of Prince Frederic. The remark of the man at the next table in the "Three Tuns" must have referred to the scandal, and as I reflected on that, I could see in my mind's eye the little clerk's head go round in a stare at our neighbours.

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster

FIRST PAPER

FROM many sides the unpalatable and threatening fact is being forced on the notice of Christian folk, that an extensive alienation from the Faith of Christ has taken place within the confines of Christendom, and that a new and more vigorous crusade of materialism has come into existence. A crusade, indeed, it may fairly be called, for all the accustomed features of a religious war are found in it. Propagandist zeal, not unworthy of the fanatic enthusiasts who sent abroad the torch of war in the sluggish society of mediæval Europe, now moves men to attack by word and pen the long-established empire of the Christian religion. The Rationalist Press Association pours into the country a stream of cheap literature, various in quality, including works of abiding importance, and, together with them, long obsolete productions of aggressive unbelief, and this mingled literature serves as the Bible of the orators and journalists of materialism, who in every part of the country, and especially in the great manufacturing centres, are pressing home the attack on the citadel of national Faith. There are reasons why the dawn of the twentieth century should be an eminently favourable period for a campaign of materialism, a crusade to recover from the Christians the sacred soil of the human spirit which they have possessed so long.

The time is ripe for conflict, for another crucial phase of the perpetual warfare between the flesh and the spirit. It is worth while to attempt a preliminary estimate of the situation in which we now stand, for until we have a perception not altogether inaccurate of the actual problem before us, it will be labour lost for us to discuss the nature of its solution.

Four circumstances of modern life appear to promise great advantages to the present attack on historic Christianity.

1. Once more a serious rival to the religion of Christ is in the field. At all times, as we have just indicated, there proceeds the warfare which may be described by many antitheses, but by none more effectively and more justly than by the familiar antitheses of the New Testament, the "flesh" and the "spirit" of St. Paul, "the world" and "the Father" of St. John. This moral conflict, coeval and coextensive with mankind, has many forms and many descriptions. In the intellectual sphere truth wrestles with error: in the social sphere justice strives with oppression; in the sphere of individual action right and wrong are for ever proposing themselves to the will. Always and everywhere religion in its essence assumes and makes explicit this manifold moral conflict. Underneath all historic descriptions and systems this is the core and hidden meaning of it.

> Is not God now i' the world His power first made?
> Is not His love at issue still with sin,
> Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?

Both factors in the great antithesis, both the mystic rivals, whose strife fills the world and creates the hidden tragedy of every human life, appear to have the same historic course. Religion expresses itself in the religions of mankind; irreligion expresses itself in organised error. To speak thus is, of course, to use terms at once far too general and far too sweeping for the facts; but roughly, and with allowance for a vast amount of strange moral interlacement and overlapping, the proposition is true. The religions of the world have been both the products and the instruments of its moral

effort, and they have ever had against them organised and powerful systems of immorality in its widest sense. Often, indeed, names and facts have gone apart: religion has carried on its warfare outside the accepted religious descriptions, and these have been borrowed by the forces of error; but underneath all the confusions, the fact remains that on both sides there have been epochs of energy, "times of refreshing" and of "the power of darkness." Now we contend that the radical and persistent delusion of mankind, parent of all error and condition of all vice, the delusion of materialism or naturalism, comes before us now with a cogency and a persuasiveness which have never been equalled before. The progress of what are called *par excellence* the sciences has been so rapid; the results attained by processes and on assumptions, which seem (though, indeed, do but seem) to ignore the being and providence of God, have been so amazing, that there appears immense plausibility in the contention that, along the present lines of scientific research, lies the solution of the whole problem of man's nature, and that it is only a matter of time before "the riddle of the universe" is read in the cold white light of scientific demonstration. The imagination has for the moment been captured by science, and induced to play the traitor to faith. Religion, the source and sole guarantee of man's supremacy, has taken the aspect of a creed humbling and libellous, and to complete the paradox, humanity, under the megalomania of physical science, emulously claims equality with the beasts that perish. Science in common speech has become a new religion, and commends its claims, after the common fashion of all new religions, by displays of miracles and an immense parade of enthusiasm. A religion, indeed, it may claim to be, for it professes to serve all the purposes of religion. It has its creed, its moral code, its ecclesiastical organisation, its missionaries, its ordained exponents. There is no part of human nature which is left outside its dogmatism. It expounds the origin, narrates the course, prophesies the future of the universe; and it is so rich in knowledge, so audacious in experiment, so flushed with victory that it carries men's intellects by storm. Science in common parlance (which mostly means in the speech of those who know but little of the teachings, and are wholly destitute of the spirit, of science) stands before us as the rival of religion, but assuredly this is not the aspect, still less the character, of science itself.

True science, we shall maintain, is always a genuine *praeparatio evangelica*, and, under its austere disciplines, the conscience and the understanding are trained into a congruity with a higher truth than they, unhelped, can attain to. Lord Bacon's famous declaration has been echoed by the princes of science continuously, and never more clearly than in our own time. "I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion: for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." *

I have not said, nor do I think, that science is the handmaid of that ever shifting yet ever unyielding conglomerate of pious opinion which is called "orthodoxy"; on the contrary, I am rather disposed to agree with a modern philosopher that "our orthodox theology on the one hand, and our commonplace materialism on the other vanish like ghosts before the daylight of free sceptical inquiry,"† though I should, perhaps, demur to his account of "our orthodox theology." Science and religion cannot properly be rivals; but it is certain that, as those venerable names are commonly employed in

* Essay xvi., "Of Atheism," p. 111. Bacon's Essays, *ed.* Reynolds. 1890.

† The words are those of Dr. F. H. Bradley, and I borrow them from Professor Andrew Seth's "Man's place in the Cosmos," where they are quoted in the course of a criticism of Dr. Bradley's metaphysics, p. 96.

popular discussions, they are the labels of immitigable conflict. The blame for this unhappy confusion is not to be laid only on one side; indeed it is hard to say whether "science" or "religion" is most heavily weighted with perversions and misconceptions. But, be the blame due where it may, the situation at present is unhappily too plain to be mistaken. Religion, which of course means for the modern world Christianity, is challenged with an almost jubilant confidence by science, and that challenge was never more eagerly welcomed than by the curious and discontented multitudes of nominally Christian folk, who stand in an attitude of resentful suspicion outside the Churches into which they have been baptized. The existence of those multitudes indicates the second great advantage which is possessed by the most recent opponents of the Faith of Christ.

2. For the first time in human history the masses of the labouring people are educated up to the point of being able to take an interest in the questions at issue. The knowledge gained in the elementary schools is not great, nor is it always well chosen, but the mere fact of having to gain it implies a stimulating of natural intelligence, and the possession of the power to read, itself almost the equivalent of a new natural faculty. It argues nothing against the ability and character of the artisans to say of them that they often lack the power to appreciate the knowledge to which their education has introduced them, and that their manner of life interposes formidable obstacles in the way of a sane exercise of their judicial sense. Even in Scotland, where thanks to a great educational tradition, to the remarkable stimulus given to individuality by the course of the national history, and not least to the mental vigour of the Scottish people, this is to some extent the case; but in England, where a thousand circumstances have retarded the intellectual development of the working classes, there can be little question as to the general truth of what has been said. An intelligent artisan is more often than not a man of strong prejudices, narrow outlook on life, limited acquaintance with books, little leisure. He may be, and often is, a man of high character, good natural abilities, and a keen intellectual interest; but he comes to his thinking under great disadvantages, which are none the less great because he is not responsible for them, and because they appear to be, so far as we can see, to a great extent inseparable from artisan life. His education has wakened his curiosity, stirred his ambitions, raised his self-esteem; but it has not chastened his character or equipped him with any effective power to detect sophistry, or appraise arguments. The literature of resuscitated rationalism comes to him with the factitious recommendation of novelty: it opens a new world of audacious speculation to his thought: it blends subtly with his natural prejudices: it finds a hundred warranties of truth in his own observations. It is always logical, positive, very close to facts, confident in its promises, brilliant in its scorn of everything mysterious. The more he reads, the more he wants to read. He too often becomes the unreasoning partisan, the fanatic of materialism, the zealot for science before he really has considered the other side at all or the interests at stake in the conflict. He resembles nothing so much as a generous undergraduate swept away by the interests which in such a hot-house of young enthusiasms as a university seize on him in swift succession. Now he is a sentimental anarchist with Shelley; now he wields the flail of the iconoclast with Carlyle; now he vents the most blood-curdling pessimism with Schopenhauer; now he works havoc in the sanctuary with the last German critic; now he scourges himself or groans Gregorians in the ardours of neo-Anglican asceticism, and so *ad infinitum* until time and experience lay their sobering disciplines on his spirit, and he attains the slower mental pace and sterner moral standard of manhood. In time the artisan, like the undergraduate, will learn to suspect the sweeping and simple reasoning which left no place anywhere for the mysterious or the unexplained, and he will not find novelty the most constant attribute of truth, nor scorn the most becoming temper of inquiry, nor logic the only reasonable instrument of attaining conviction. But just now, when

the first generation of educated artisans is face to face with the ancient yet always new controversy, which for them has the form of a conflict between Religion and Science, it is nothing to be wondered at that the unthinking credulity of the undergraduate is more apparent than the sober discrimination of the man.

3. Curiosity is near kin to discontent, and it is known to every social student that modern society is penetrated with discontent. How could it be otherwise? Society has always offered to the gaze of its thoughtful members a strange and distressing enigma; and now the thoughtful members of society are no more a few recluses of the study or the cloister, but multitudes in every class, and certainly not least in the most puzzled and laborious class of all. "See how we die an' no need, one way an' another"—says Stephen Blackpool in "Hard Times"—"in a muddle—every day!" That sums up the vague resentment which predisposes men to unbelief, and flares up in the crimes of anarchism under circumstances of special provocation. "A muddle! aw a muddle!"—the words are a modern echo of the solemn pessimism of the preacher: "Then I returned and saw all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter."* It would be easy to accumulate examples of the discontent which everywhere emerges into view in the literature of our time. What Matthew Arnold has well called "the hopeless tangle of our age"† enters in some form or other into even the most sheltered and fortunate lives; but to the thoughtful artisans, to whom the problem of social hardship is a new one, and does not so much amuse their leisure as reveal to them their experience, that "tangle" brings fresh confirmation to the questionings and suspicions which have visited their minds. For Christianity, as they see it embodied in ancient Churches, bound up with interests which are not theirs, and with traditions which they neither like nor comprehend, wakes against itself resentments which go far to incline them to lend a kindly hearing to the case against it. The very greatness of the Christian theory is turned with terrific force into an indictment of its truth when the inadequate practice which it has enabled is set forth in contrast. The artisans are not for the most part students of Browning's poetry, but the sentiments of despondent incredulity, which are moved in them by the apparent failure of Christianity to be equal to the assumption of its own creed, could not be more effectively uttered than in the soliloquy of the aged Pope in "The Ring and the Book":

> And is this little all that was to be?
> Where is the gloriously decisive change,
> Metamorphosis the immeasurable
> Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
> Should in some poor sort justify its price?
> Had an adept of the mere Rosy Cross
> Spent his life to consummate the Great Work,
> Would not we start to see the stuff it touched
> Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
> By the old smelting-process years ago?
> If this were sad to see in just the sage
> Who should profess so much, perform no more,
> What is it when suspected in that Power
> Who undertook to make and made the world,
> Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
> Ordained salvation for them both, and yet . . .
> Well, is the thing we see, salvation?

4. Finally, we must add that on the side of Christianity there are circumstances which facilitate the task of the enemy. In all ages of the Church the most damaging attack on the faith has been the silent disproof of Christian sincerity by the scandals of Christian practice. Most of all have the furious disputes of Christians among themselves damaged the credit of religion, and hindered men from embracing it. Julian the Apostate was not lacking in shrewdness when he gave liberty of discussion to the quarrelsome Christians of the fourth century in the expectation that, by thus securing the destruction of religious harmony, he should paralyse Christianity.* And certainly

* Eccl. iv. 1.

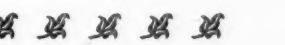
† Stanzas in memory of the author of "Obermann."

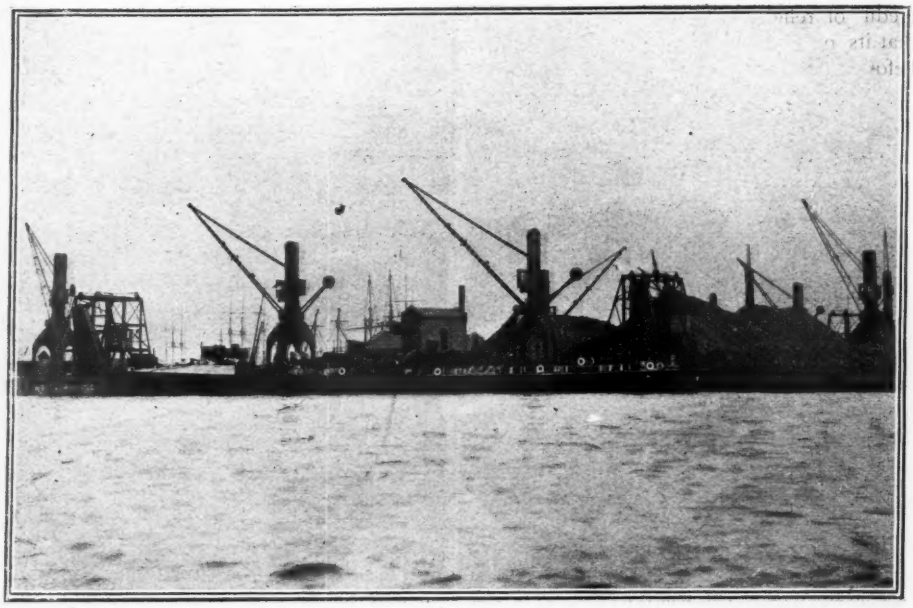
* Ammianus Marcellinus, xxii. 5. "Ut dissensiones augente licentia non timeret unanimantem postea plebem."

few circumstances more unfavourable to the credit of religion could be imagined than that its professors should habitually display before the very people whom they design to attract to Christianity, the repulsive and perplexing spectacle of domestic strife. "For Heaven's sake, sir, don't talk to me about religion," was the observation with which I was received by an artisan on whom I was making a pastoral visit, and he went on to explain to me in forcible language that he lived in a din of religious quarrelling everywhere, as it seemed to him, save in his own house, and there, at least, he was resolved to have peace. Our present controversies are increasingly seen in historic succession to a dreary record of crime and conflict in the name of religion, which runs through the ages like a river of blood, and seems to justify the most violent denunciations of the modern opponents of Christianity. The whole weight of long past scandals has to be borne by the modern Church, and the black chapters of Christian history, which Christians would gladly forget, are read by myriads of intelligent artisans, to whom they come with the alluring charm of novelty. At a time when all authority, secular and spiritual, is on its trial, the authority of the Christian society is discounted by the follies of fanaticism and the continuing scandal of religious strife.

It will be evident that, if this be a substantially true account of the present situation, we have good reason to expect that the new Rationalist movement, to which I have referred, will run great lengths and gain large successes. How ought that movement to be handled by the Christian Church? That is a question which the responsible leaders of the Church must consider with care, and answer with decision. Private Christians cannot absolve themselves from all responsibility for the defence of the Faith, nor may they wisely neglect all examination into the objections urged with so much ardour and ability against the beliefs which they hold. It is, of course, extremely unpalatable to the reverent and devoted spirit of a genuine Christian to allow his mind to dwell on arguments and appeals which are inspired by a disbelief of, and sometimes an actual hostility towards, convictions and ideals, which are to himself the very stay of his soul; but there are two considerations which may induce him to overcome this legitimate repugnance, and compel him to face calmly the case of the adversary. On the one hand, Christian history certifies the facility and the frequency with which the cause of Christianity has been compromised by the honest ignorance and misguided zeal of its advocates. On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that there are many persons, whose repudiation of the Christian Faith arises far more from honest misconception than from any deliberate rejection of it; and with respect to all such persons it is the plain obligation of charity to remove, as far as we can, stumbling-blocks in the way of discipleship.

In the following papers no attempt will be made to write a formal and complete apology for the Christian Religion. Few men possess the qualifications for such a task, and assuredly the present writer is not among the number. But a humbler object may not, perhaps, be altogether beyond attainment. Some of the more conspicuous, urgent, and weighty of current objections may be stated, and the answers which would suggest themselves as sufficient, if not also satisfactory, to the writer himself may be indicated. Something will have been gained if it is made clear that the Christian believer is not, in that character, necessarily committed to a depreciation of his own reason, or to a dread of scientific research, or to indifference towards the interests and hopes of civilised life; that, in truth, to be a Christian is to possess the self-respect, which venerates reason, and the love of truth for its own sake which is the temper of genuine science, and the self-surrendering habit which is the condition of social happiness.





(S. Cribb, photo, Southsea)

Coal Point, Portsmouth Harbour. All big battleships are coaled here before going on their trial trips

Coaling Competitions in the Royal Navy

By Herbert C. Fyfe

Illustrated from Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

THE landsman who has never witnessed a coaling competition in the Royal Navy can have no idea of the excitement which it causes and the enthusiasm which it arouses in the breasts of the gallant sailors who man our ships. To dwellers on land coal never appears to possess any romance, and the replenishing of his coal cellars is calculated to put the householder in a bad temper. He grumbles at the rate at which it is consumed, at the high price of the commodity, at the dirt and mess which accompany its arrival and disposition in his cellars, and he would no more think of challenging his neighbour to a coaling competition than he would of taking off his coat and collar and helping the coalmen in their job.

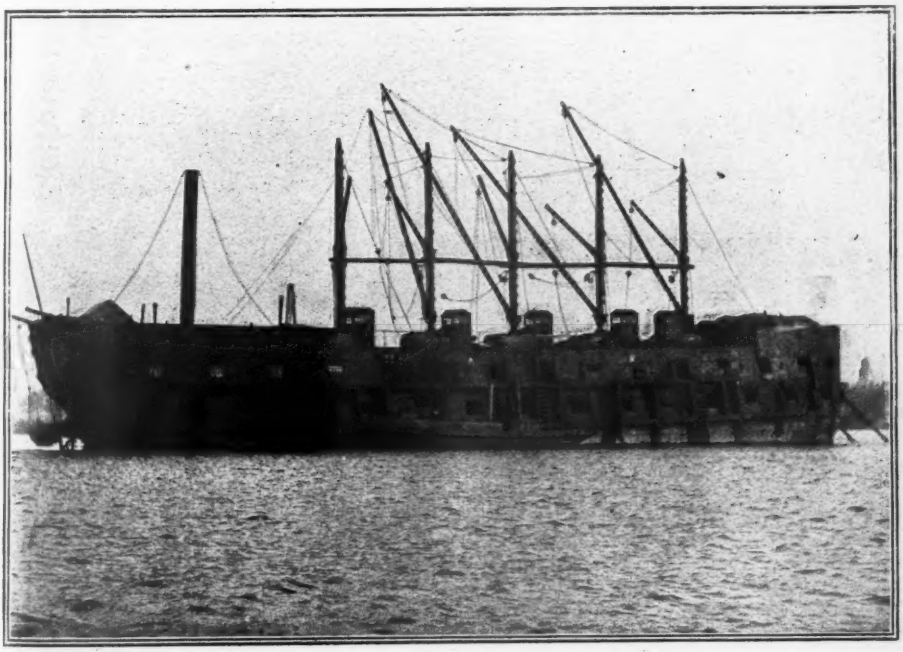
In the navy things are different, and the sailor on a modern man-of-war looks on the black diamond with different eyes from those of the man who dwells on terra firma. Coal is the food of the fighting-ship, and lacking coal it is useless. Times have altered indeed since sailors went to fight in sailing-ships which kept the seas for long periods. The radius of action of the man-of-war of to-day is governed by the amount of coal it can store in its bunkers and the accessibilities of stations where the precious fuel can be obtained. It has been said with truth that the fate of an Empire might hang on the rapid coaling of a fleet and it is therefore of the utmost importance that the British Empire should possess abundant coaling-stations, well equipped for their work,

and that the ships of the Royal Navy should be able to take in coal at the highest possible speed. Coaling competitions have therefore a practical value and their unknown originator deserves well of his country.

The performances of the handy man during coaling are little short of marvellous. That a battleship should be capable of averaging 226 tons an hour for five hours consecutive work and that in one hour it should ship no less than 238 tons will appear incredible to those who sit at home at ease. And yet these records were recently made by a battleship at Portsmouth —238 tons in one hour means nearly four tons a minute; those who are acquainted with the rate achieved by the common or garden coalmen on shore will be able to appreciate what these figures mean.

Up till lately the coaling record was held by H.M.S. *Mars*. In a recent coaling competition which took place among the five battleships constituting the Portsmouth Division of the Channel Squadron, the *Mars* eclipsed all her previous records, achieving the remarkable average of 203.8 tons per hour. In the best hour 238 tons were taken on board, and up to four o'clock in the afternoon, or about an hour before the coaling ceased she had averaged 218 tons an hour, but at this point the fuel began to accumulate on deck, owing to the stokers not being able to trim it as rapidly as it was sent down.

This had the effect of lowering her average, but even as it was the *Mars* beat all former performances in the coaling line. As the whole of the ships of the Channel Squadron were practically without coal, it was thought desirable to see how rapidly, with the full use of all obtainable appliances, a warship could be coaled in cases of emergency. Three cranes were used on the shore side and on the water side two colliers fitted with "Temperley Transporters." War conditions were strictly observed, for all the work of shipping the coal was carried out by the ships' companies, with the exception of the



(S. Cribb, photo, Southsea)

An old battleship in Portsmouth Harbour now a coal hulk

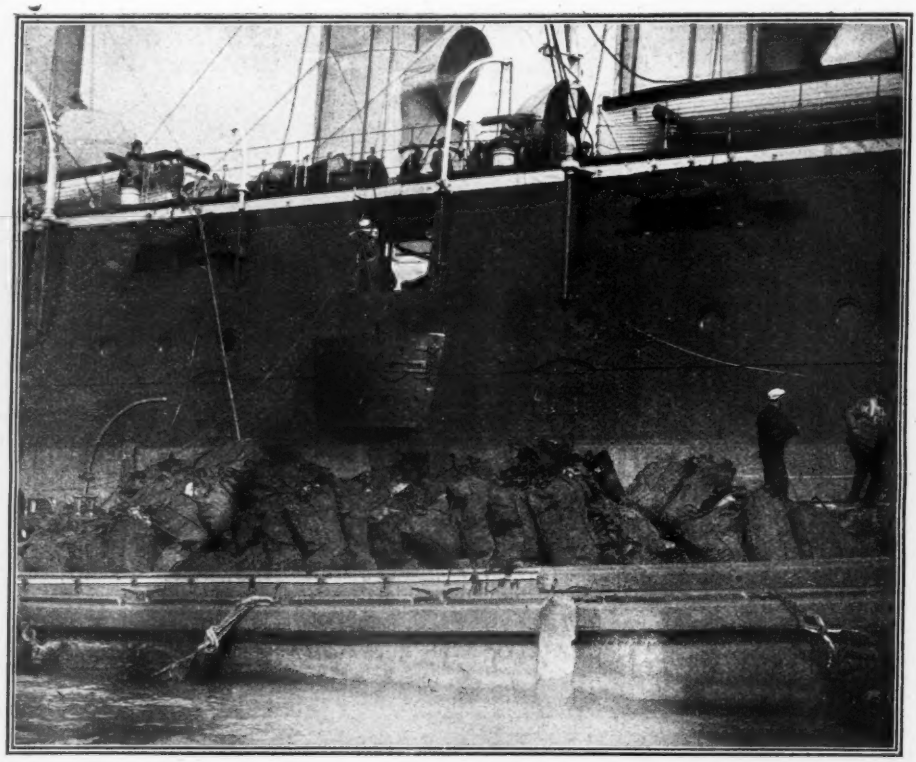
dockyard men who worked the winches on shore.

An eye-witness of the competition writes: "The work, even to bringing the lighters alongside and the running of the coal to the cranes was performed entirely by the crews. So keen was the competition that not only lieutenants, but chaplains, surgeons and paymasters threw themselves into the work and wheeled their loads with the energy and rapidity of trained stokers."

The following is the official return of the operations on the five ships:

Ship	Date	Tons shipped	Working hours h. m.	Average tons per hour
Hannibal	Jan. 14	943	5 45	170
Prince George	Jan. 25	1220	6 30	187.7
Resolution	Jan. 28	1215	7 10	169.5
Majestic	Feb. 4	1230	5 50	200.3
Mars	Feb. 6	1070	5 50	203.8

Early in July 1901, the five battleships constituting the Portsmouth Division of the Channel Squadron held another competition when H.M.S. *Prince George* broke all previous records. Her actual working time was 5 hrs. 20 min., in which period she shipped 1206 tons or 226 tons an hour.



Cribb photo, Southsea
Bags of coal for the 'Powerful"

"Celerity in coaling," says a writer in the "Naval Annual" for 1890, "is an operation at least as essential to efficiency in a modern fleet as was smartness in making and taking in sail in the fleets of the older day."

Ten years ago, however, the speed at which a man-of-war coaled was much slower than it is to-day. In the manœuvres of 1889 the quantity of coal taken on board per hour did not exceed forty tons per hour in the smartest ships. In the ships of the Mediterranean squadrons, better organised

because longer in commission, the rate was considerably higher. At Port Mahon an average of seventy-nine tons per hour was reached in the *Colossus* and fifty-two tons in the *Edinburgh*.

At the manœuvres of 1896 the *Royal Sovereign* took in 280 tons in five hours, an average of 56 tons an hour, and the *Empress of India* coaled at the rate of 71½ tons an hour.

S. Cribb, photo, Southsea)

Officers and crew hard at work

H.M.S. *Mars* has always been famous for her coaling feats. In January 1898 a competition was held at Portsmouth

when the *Mars* achieved the best record ever made in a dockyard up to that time. She took in 1080 tons in nine hours fifteen minutes. In the best hour 180 tons were taken in; the next best being the *Prince George* with 143 tons. The *Majestic* did not take so high a place as usual, owing to the fact that coaling operations were hindered by the presence of dockyard artificers at work on the after barbette and elsewhere.

In the next year, 1899, the *Mars*, at the annual manœuvres, did better, averaging 133 tons per hour.

At a later competition, when the Channel Squadron was lying at Berehaven, the *Majestic* managed to surpass the *Mars*. The former took on board 559 tons, at the rate of 144 tons per hour; the latter took 600 tons at the rate of 134 tons an hour.

As we have above mentioned, the *Prince George* holds the record with an average of 226 tons an hour.

In view of the enormous importance of different coaling arrangements in time of war, it is satisfactory to know that, thanks to improved appliances and greater accommodation in port, ships can now coal much faster than they could a few years ago.

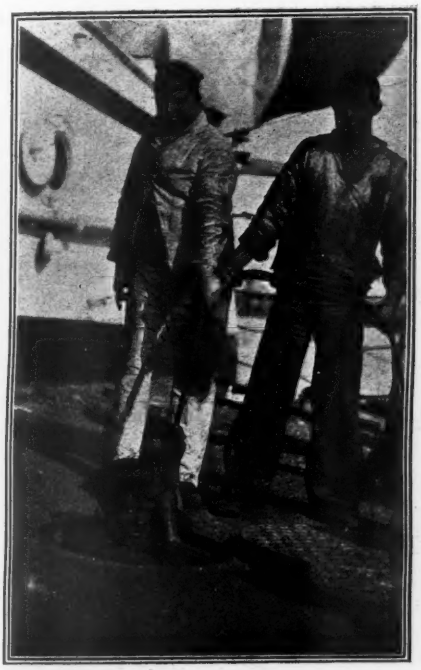
(S. Cribb, photo, Southsea)

Coaling—a bird's-eye view

"While we may assent," says a writer in the "Naval Annual" for 1897, "that no local defence, whether in fortifications and men, will preserve coaling-stations and colonies to a power which has lost the command of the sea, a navy depends for its ability to operate in foreign waters very largely on coaling-stations. Sailing-ships could and did remain at sea for many months at a time. The period during which a modern ship of war can remain at sea is strictly limited by her coal endurance and by the necessity of effecting repairs in port to delicate machinery."

The country which possesses the most numerous coaling-stations, and which is the best situated as regards trade-routes, will have a great advantage. In this respect the British empire is without a rival.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has given us a



(S. Cribb, photo, Southsea)

Jack going down to trim the bunkers

glimpse of coaling during manœuvres in that wonderfully vivid little book, "A Fleet in Being."

"We of the Northern Squadron found Lough Swilly in full possession of a sou'west gale, and an assortment of dingy colliers lying where they could most annoy the anchoring fleet. A collier came alongside with donkey engines that would not lift more than half their proper load; she had no boys, no shovels, and her crazy derrick-boom could not be tipped up enough to let the load clear our bulwarks. So we supplied our own boys and shovels, rearranged the boom, put two of our own men on the rickety donkey engines, and fell to work in that howling wind and wet.

"As there was a preparation for war next day, it seemed a little hard on the crew, who worked like sailors; there is no stronger term. From time to time a red-eyed black demon, with flashing teeth, shot into the ward-room for a bite and a drink, cried out the number of tons on board, added a few pious words on the collier's appliances and our bunkers ('like a lot of bunion plasters' the stoker had said), and then back to where the donkey engines wheezed, the boys crashed, the shovels rasped and scraped, the boom whined and creaked, and the first lieutenant, carved in pure jet, said precisely what occurred to him."

A good deal has been written lately about the training of seamen, and opinion seems to be divided as to the value of a "mast and sails" training in the ships of the training squadron. It is asserted by some that as masts and sails have almost entirely disappeared from the modern navy, the seamen would suffer, from a physical standpoint, if they were not exercised during their period of training in setting sails and climbing rigging. No one who witnesses the evolution known as "coaling ships" could imagine that there was much the matter with the physical condition of the sailors who perform it so smartly, nor would he be able to assert that because he is no longer subjected to drill aloft Jack is not the man he used to be. The fact is, that on a man-of-war to-day there is so much to be done that the crew are always kept in the very best condition.

"Coal-ship day," writes the Rev. G. Goodenough, in his entertaining volume, "The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore," "is one of unspeakable griminess, downright hard work, and great cheerfulness, for is not smoking allowed all the time, and, however dog-tired every one may be, are we not sure of plenty of singing on the foc'sle when the day's work is done?"

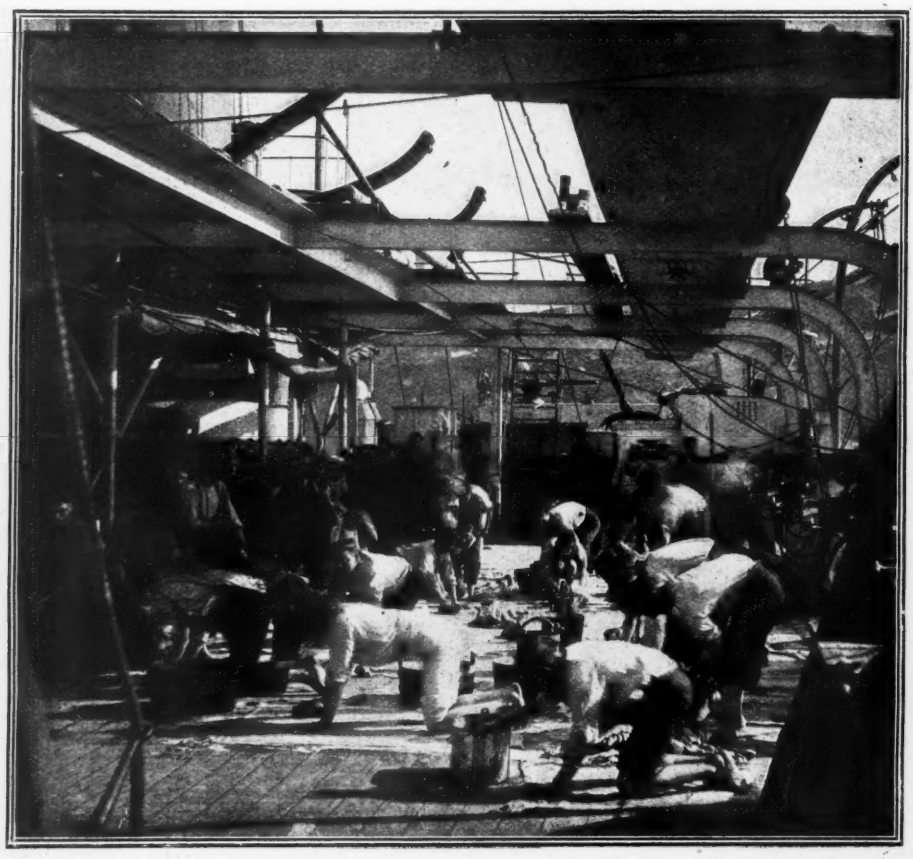
The seaman who is not pleased when coalship day comes round must indeed be a strange individual, and one totally unlike the rest of his mates. Indeed, it is doubtful if such a one exists. Certainly he would

be regarded as a traitor if he failed to do his best to bring his ship out at the head of the list when the day's work is over and the figures are made known.

Perhaps the most brilliant description of a "Coaling Carnival" is that written by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, who was on H.M.S. *Mars* as correspondent for a London daily during the naval manœuvres. So realistic is the passage that we venture to quote some of it here.

"The uproar was hideous, and leavening it all, through the crash of the Temperley, the rattle of the winches, and the screeching of the whistles, the rumble of the trucks over iron plates, and the yells of the marines rushing them around, rose the clangour of the band, the grimy performers blowing, or scraping, or pounding, as if they, too, had been bitten by the coaling microbe.

"And now the Temperley Transporter revealed itself to me in all its glory. Up to the end of it rose hastily a bunch of bags, about ten at a time, or say a ton altogether. As soon as the cluster hid the contrivance at the end there was a click, and the whole machine ran backwards until it reached a certain notch on the girder, when there was another click and down came the



(*S. Cribb, photo, Southsea*)

Cleaning up

bunch of sacks kerslam on the deck below, sometimes right side up.

"The swarmy demons below snatched at them through the smother, flung them on to their several trucks, and tore off with them, yelling, to the various bunker doors, into which they tipped them. There was no waiting—it wasn't in the scheme—and the commander, a movable column of ebony, kept appearing in all sorts of places, ready to see that even the beginning of slackness might be discouraged.

"There were many encouragements, but the most potent of all was the practice of each ship hoisting a signal each hour, showing the progress she was making. The figures were chalked boldly upon a black board against a ship's name, and hoisted in a conspicuous place clear for all men to see.

"Again it was a case of *Mars* first, and the rest, well, altogether behind. She was 4 hours and 40 minutes taking in 592 tons, or an average of nearly 127 tons per hour.

. . . . .

"Considering that all the coal had to be shovelled into bags at the beginning, and wheeled about the decks to the various bunker openings; considering the shortcomings of the colliers' winches, and that there wasn't a bit of straightforward coal-bumping in the whole business—the result was marvellous.

. . . . .

"The ward-room breakfast table was a picture, a study in blacks, culminating in one of the lieutenants who only retained some white about his eyes. All the gloom was external though. To hear the merriment one would think that this horrible business was a sort of picnic of which one could never have too much. And no sooner was the whole of the filthy stuff on board than the fountains 'gan play. Floods of water rolled in every direction, and by four o'clock all the worst of it had been swept away.

"It had been a tremendous day's work, but there were no signs of weariness. So far from that being the case, I presently saw one racing crew out in their big boat, doing a long spin, with all their accustomed snap and spring."

(S. Cribb,, photo, Southsea

Home from a foreign port. Taking the cinders into the dockyard after steaming

All on a Summer's Day

By J. J. Bell

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," &c. &c.

"SAM!" called Sir Mark Vernon. "Sam, come here!" Then he whistled repeatedly.

But the young terrier, which he had unleashed on leaving the woods a few minutes previously, paid no heed, and, as if mad with liberty, tore along the sands and disappeared over a low black reef.

"Sam still wants a bit of training," said Sir Mark to himself as he strode after the disobedient one. And he whistled again and again.

On arriving at the reef, however, he stopped, listening. A voice, a young voice, came to him.

"Good dog, good dog," it said; "I'm glad to see you, but please don't touch my book with your wet paws, and please don't—oh! you wretch! . . . Come back! Drop it at once, bad dog! Goodness! What am I——"

Sam's master sprang over the rocks and found himself facing a girl who was just in the act of rising from a patch of firm, dry sand whereon she had evidently been resting and reading. A dozen yards away stood the terrier wagging his tail and positively grinning, while at his feet lay a silk bag. On the appearance of his master Sam wagged his stump more vigorously than ever, and, seizing the bag, dragged it through several shallow pools of brackish water and deposited it at Sir Mark's feet with a look which seemed to say: "See what a good dog am I!"

"Oh, dear!" said the girl. "But don't beat him, please," she added, as the young man bent down to pick up the bag, and at the same time administered a cuff that sent the luckless Sam away, whining with pain and also, doubtless, with surprise.

"I'm very sorry—very sorry indeed," said Sir Mark, holding the dripping bag in one hand and raising his cap with the other. "I—I thought Sam would have known better." He noticed that the girl was rather pale-faced and that she had a straight nose and clear grey eyes.

"It—it wasn't your fault," she returned, her anger evaporating and her cheeks warming slightly. He was a new kind of young man to her, and she was a little afraid of him.

"I shouldn't have let Sam free," he said; "but I never thought of any one being on the beach. No one ever comes here." Then he felt he was talking unnecessarily. "I hope there was nothing in this to spoil," he said, indicating the bag.

She held out her hand for it, and suddenly began to laugh softly. "I remembered in the train that I had forgotten to put salt in the sandwiches, but now——"

"Has the brute ruined your lunch?" he cried indignantly.

"Well, I called it my dinner when I left home, but——" She broke off laughing.

Sir Mark looked genuinely distressed. "Oh, I say, this is too bad! Sam must suffer for this."

"Please don't punish him. If I can forgive him, you can," she said shyly.

"I'll only forgive him if you will allow me to replace what he has spoilt."

"Oh, no!"

"Allow me, if you please. You are at least three miles from the village. The people at the farm yonder"—he pointed to the hillside—"are friends of mine, and I'm going there now to send you along something in place of what you have lost. Will you remain here for half an hour?"

"I'd rather you didn't——" she began in protest.

"Please tell me you will remain here for half an hour." Something in his voice, or perhaps it was in his face, prevented her refusing further.

"You are kind," she murmured. "Thank you."

He raised his cap, and calling on Sam hastened over the rocks.

When he had been gone some minutes the girl resettled herself on the sand and picked up her book. But she did not read. She was too excited, though she pretended

to herself that she was in no wise disturbed. To her with her monotonous existence the mild incident of the morning had been a real adventure, and when presently Sam came bounding over the rocks and laid his muzzle on her knee in the friendliest fashion, she grew rosy and glanced up nervously. The terrier, however, had come back to her alone, having objected and escaped when his master attempted to leash him shortly after leaving the reef.

In the farm kitchen Sir Mark, waiting the answer to a message which he had despatched to his housekeeper at the castle, sat, smoked his pipe, and chatted with the farmer's wife, giving her an account of Sam's misbehaviour.

"She'll maybe have come from the town for a quiet day," remarked Mrs. Brown. "And surely it's quiet enough hereabouts—not but what there'll be a bit stir before the month's out, Sir Mark," she added, her face wreathed in smiles.

Her visitor laughed lightly — perhaps a trifle too lightly. "I should have arranged for a secret marriage, Mrs. Brown, and saved you all a world of trouble."

"Trouble is it? Now, now, you're joking! There's not one for miles round who won't rejoice with you that day. Oh, 'twill be a great day indeed!" And Mrs. Brown proceeded to pour forth a torrent of kindliness upon the young man, following it up with a gush of good wishes for his future happiness.

Vernon, with all his liking for his worthy tenant with whom he had been familiar since his boyhood, was growing inwardly impatient when the lad he had sent to the castle appeared bearing a trim little luncheon-basket.

"I may as well take it down to the shore myself," he remarked, when he had looked inside to see that the contents were as ordered. "I've got to hunt for Sam anyway. And I say, Mrs. Brown, if I were to send the lady to you at four o'clock, do you think you could give her as nice a cup of tea as you usually give me after a long tramp across the bay?"

"Indeed, I could," said Mrs. Brown, beaming. "And it's just like yourself to think of it, Sir Mark. She'll be a queer lady if she doesn't thank you for that thought more than for——"

But Sir Mark laughingly cut her short, and strode off upon his errand. The feeling of depression from which he had suffered, even in the company of his betrothed, during the past few weeks, seemed to have lifted since he left the castle that morning; and now, as he strolled along the sands towards the black reef, he felt the careless delight of a schoolboy who has been granted an unexpected holiday. He forgot, perhaps for the first time since it had come to him, the burden he bore with his title; and it may be that he also forgot the course he had taken to make the burden lighter. "A perfect day," he murmured. "The sea and sky were never so glorious!"

He found the girl with her book in her lap and Sam at her feet. She looked surprised to see him again.

"You have come for your dog?" she said. "I told him to go home, but he wouldn't."

"Sam is not very obedient, as we both learned this morning," he said, smiling down at her. "Now I've brought you a—well, let us call it Sam's peace-offering. By-the-bye, would you like to have it now? It has occurred to me that you must have left town pretty early, and I see it's after twelve o'clock. Of course, I'm only guessing you come from town."

His easy frankness overcame her shyness. "Yes," she said, "I left town at six—there wasn't another train till eleven. You see, I wanted to have a long day at the sea. And —and yes, I am rather hungry."

"That's right! Well, then, I'll open the basket for you, and after that I'll take Sam away with me in case of accidents. I hope you can eat chicken."

"Oh!" she cried, staring at the contents of the basket. "Why—what——"

"Chicken and ham for one," said Sir Mark gaily, kneeling on the sand and transferring sundry tit-bits from the basket to a plate. "You'll find salt, etcetera, here, and I believe this box contains rolls—yes, it does —and here's a tomato, if you care for it, and when you're ready you'll find peaches under this lid. And perhaps I had better open the champagne for you. You won't mind drinking it out of a tumbler, please. And—why, what is it?"

The girl was looking at him through reproachful tears. "I don't understand. . . . You—you said you were g-going to the f-farm to get me something to eat, and—and—oh! why did you do it?"

The young man gazed at her in amazement. This was certainly a new sort of young woman.

"Don't you like chicken? I'm awfully sorry if——"

"Yes, I like chicken. But——"

"Is it the champagne then? Perhaps you don't approve of wine. But then you can leave it, and forgive me if I offended your principles. Now that's settled, isn't it?"

"Oh, you don't understand! There was nothing—nothing in my b-bag but sandwiches and a p-pear. So you see——"

"And a good thing, too, after the way that villain Sam behaved! When I go for a long tramp over the sands—I often do, you know—I always take sandwiches and fruit, too, but when I spend a lazy day here, or a little further along the shore, I call at the farm and order a basket like this. Of course, they know me at the farm." He was talking with the object of putting her at her ease, when something occurred to him. "By the way, my name is Mark Vernon," he said.

"Thank you," she returned. It was evident the name was quite unfamiliar to her. "Thank you for telling me, and excuse me being so silly."

"You weren't silly, but I'm afraid I've been abominably rude. And now will you show me you forgive me by taking your lunch?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"Please. You must be starving."

"Mr. Vernon," she said, regarding him with solemn grey eyes, "why did you deceive me?"

"Deceive you?"

"Yes. I know you mean to be kind—you are kind—but I can't take your din—lunch. I wouldn't for worlds!"

"My lunch? Nonsense!" he said smiling. Then an idea struck him. "Honestly, it was never intended for me"—she looked at him unbelievingly—"but if—if you'll allow me a share—I believe there's enough for two—I'll accept it with thanks. How's that?"

For a moment she looked grave; then suddenly she laughed. "It's so funny of you to ask for your own like that!"

"Suppose I'm hungry, too!" he said, laughing with her. "May we not begin?"

She eyed him as if she were reading his face. "Oh, you are a kind man!" she cried at last. "Please let us begin!"

"Good!" exclaimed Sir Mark, handing her the plate which had been awaiting her. "And you'll have a little champagne, won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Vernon."

"Don't you like it?"

"I don't know. I've never tasted it."

"No?" carelessly. "Then here goes!"

Away went the cork with a splendid pop, and a moment later the girl was regarding the tumbler in her hand with a pretty air of wonder.

"It looks lovely. But won't it go to my head?"

"Not in such a small quantity. Taste it."

She took a sip fearfully, and then turned to him with a faint smile. He thought she had a sweet mouth, and her chin appeared to be perfectly moulded.

"Well?" he inquired smiling.

"It's nice—nicer than lemonade."

"That's all right," he returned, touching his moustache for an instant. "How's the chicken?"

"Beautiful! But you mustn't give me all the good bits and keep the bones to yourself. Really you mustn't, Mr. Vernon."

"I like picking bones. No, Sam," to the terrier, who had been begging since the meal started, "you can't have any."

"Can't Sam have any? Poor Sam!" said the girl.

"Sam has his regular meals at home," replied Vernon, wondering with mild internal amusement what those at home would think of the picnic on the shore. At the same moment the girl was wondering where her new friend's home was.

A short silence was broken by the girl. "May—may I tell you my name, Mr. Vernon?" she asked, diffidently.

"I wish you would. I didn't like to ask, you know, but I hoped you would have told me when I told you mine."

"It's Flo—I mean Florence Grey."

"Florence Grey." He bowed gravely. "Should we not shake hands now, Miss Grey?"

She held out her hand readily. "I'd like to," she said, meeting his eyes, "because you are the kindest man I ever met."

"Oh, nonsense!" he returned a little sharply. But he took her fingers into a close, friendly clasp. "Do you know, Miss Grey, I'm not the least angry with Sam now?"

"Aren't you? Well, neither am I!" And she laughed merrily. "The chicken was so good!"

"Try a peach," he said, opening a compartment in the basket.

"Oh! how lovely! Are you a fairy prince, Mr. Vernon?" Something made her blush.

"I'm afraid not. But if I were, what could I do for you?"

"Oh, heaps of things! she answered, with a quick sigh.

"For instance? Have a little more champagne, Miss Grey? No? Well, for instance?" He stretched himself on the sand and looked up at her face.

She bit neatly into her peach and thought for a moment. "I'm afraid I'd just ask for money. You see if a fairy prince gave me that, I'd be able to get everything else I wanted for myself."

"Everything?"

"Surely. Of course, it would need to be a great deal of money; there are so many of us."

"How many?"

She took another bite of her peach. "Seven. Five girls and only two boys. I'm the eldest. There are two years between me and the biggest boy. Tom is seventeen. He wanted to go to college, poor boy, but, of course, that was out of the question. So he has gone to an office."

"So you are only nineteen," Vernon put in.

"Yes. But how did you guess? . . . Oh, I see! You would have thought me older, wouldn't you? I look wise, don't I? Father says I'm wiser than my years, but I'm not really. Am I talking too much?"

"Not a word too much. Pray go on. And may I smoke a pipe?"

"Why, yes," with a slightly surprised glance at him. "Father smokes an awful lot, especially when he's writing. He's a journalist, you know; and very, very clever. But journalists get so little for their work. . . . I wonder why I'm telling you all this, Mr. Vernon."

"I'm interested, Miss Grey."

"Not really? How can you be when you and I are perfect strangers?"

"Are we? I was hoping we were getting to know each other. Please don't say we are perfect strangers. Couldn't we be friends—friends for a day at least?"

She glanced at him a trifle wistfully. "You—you do make me feel friendly, but ——" she hesitated, a flush on her cheeks.

"You don't trust me—is that it?" he asked gently.

"Yes, I do," she said quickly. "But it's so strange meeting like this. I—I don't know what mother would say."

Sir Mark smiled at her, but not with any amusement.

"What do you think she would say if you arrived home famishing because a brute of a man let his dog——"

"I could have got something to eat in the village," she interrupted, with a touch of dignity. Then—"Oh what an ungrateful thing I am! And I'll punish myself by confessing to you that I have less than sixpence in my purse. You see the railway cost more than I expected."

"I've been caught that way myself," remarked her companion, sympathetically. "I think if you explain the circumstances to your mother she won't be so terribly shocked."

She pursed her lips doubtfully, but presently a smile parted them. She was young; she had not had a holiday for more than a year; and the world at the moment was glorious.

"Oh, I'm sure it's all right," she said, recklessly, half to herself.

"I'm sure it is. And so we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Thank you, Flo."

She exclaimed at the sound of her name.

"Are you angry? Forgive me, but I've

been calling you 'Flo' to myself since you told me that was your name. And I wish you could remember that my name is Mark." His voice was not quite calm. "Don't you feel friendly enough?" he inquired, breaking a silence.

Gazing away over the shining sea, she wondered.

"If you wish," she said at last.

"Now we are friends!" he cried lightly. "Have a fresh peach, Flo."

Her self-restraint gave way. "If you please—Mark," she returned.

Their eyes met, and they laughed together—but in their laughter was a faint note of embarrassment. Vernon rose and intimated his intention of "tidying up."

"I think I could do that," said the girl. "Shall I wash the plates in the sea?"

"You wash the dishes? Certainly not."

"Why not, Mr. Vernon?"

"Mark, please."

"Well—why not—Mark? I'm a capital hand at washing dishes. I always do the best ones at home. Jane is such a smasher! If you bring them down to the water I'll have them clean in two minutes. May I use this for a towel?" She jumped up and seized a napkin.

He wanted to protest, but he could not find a way to express himself, and a minute later they were at the water's edge. Mark flung the bones well out to sea lest Sam should get them, and handed a plate to Flo, who had rolled up the sleeves of her white blouse.

"Oh, but this *is* a holiday!" she exclaimed, kneeling on a smooth rock and dabbling her hands in the water. "The feel of the sea is lovely!"

"A holiday, indeed!" murmured Sir Mark. He caught himself wishing that her arms were a little plumper. "Would you like to live by the sea, Flo?" he asked.

"Rather! It would be so splendid for mother. She's not strong, poor mother! And the kiddies would love it. Another plate, please. And I'd love it, too. This place might be rather quiet for the others, but it would just suit me."

"How did you happen to choose this place for your holiday?" he asked, watching the sun on her hair coiled under the brim of a plain straw hat. "No one ever comes here unless a stray artist."

"It was an artist, a friend of father's, who told me about Black Reef Bay. He said it was the quietest and sweetest spot on all the coast—the quietest and sweetest spot. And that was just what I was wearying for. And when Aunt Kitty sent me half a sovereign for my birthday I couldn't resist the idea, and I spent it all on myself and came here. . . . And it's glorious! Now the tumblers, please."

"Are you enjoying it so much, Flo?"

"Enjoying it? Oh!" The interjection meant much.

"And you—we've still the afternoon before us."

"Are you sure you don't want to go away—Mark?"

"Quite sure. Allow me," he said, stepping beside her, "your sleeve is slipping down."

"Thank you. A little higher, please. I want to get deep into the sea."

Her naked arm felt very cool to his fingers, and for a moment he had an insane desire to kiss it. He stood up and stretched himself.

"Give me the knives and forks, and then we're done," she said.

He gave them to her and ran up the beach, returning with a fresh napkin.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"For your hands, Flo."

"You are a thoughtful man," she said, making him a little bow.

"Give me your hands."

She held them out obediently, and he dried them tenderly, while the sun looked down and laughed at the twain. Then he flung the napkin over his shoulder, drew down the sleeves of her blouse, and buttoned them at the wrists.

"Your hands are cold," he said, holding both of them.

"Nicely cold," she returned, withdrawing them. "I expect they'll get brown now. Am I getting sunburnt, do you think?"

"You have more colour than when I met you this morning. Come—let us go back to the shade of the rocks. There are still some peaches for you, and I want another pipe."

When he had repacked the basket he stretched himself beside her, and with a smile exclaimed, "Well?"

"Well?" she said, smiling back at him.

"What do we do now?"

"Rest and be thankful."

"And happy, Flo?"

"Oh, yes—Mark."

"You don't want to read your book?" he inquired, picking up the volume.

"Don't care."

"I've read this. It ends sadly—but I shouldn't have told you."

"I knew it ended sadly."

"You've finished it?"

"No; only began it this morning. But I was told it was a tragedy."

"If you know," he said, slowly, "why go on with it?"

"I couldn't stop now," she replied, with her eyes on the sea.

"Flo," he said, abruptly, "do you know that I'll be very sorry when to-day is over? I know I'll be sorry, and yet I am going on with the story. . . . Will you be a little sorry?"

She nodded, without removing her eyes from the sea.

"Would you not like to end the story now?"

"Don't!" she whispered.

For a long time they were both silent, happy in a wondering fashion. Then he got her to talk about herself—of her home and its simple joys and sorrows, of the hardships and struggles of her people and herself, and of her own longings and aspirations. He had read of such things a thousand times without much emotion and, perhaps, with impatience; but now his heart was moved by a pitiful indignation that this girl should lack nearly all the luxuries of life and be denied most of its gaieties and pleasures. She was so sweet, so gentle, so unaffected, so daintily pretty; and he mentally compared her with the women of his acquaintance—not altogether to their advantage. And when her eyes lit up as she described the little brightnesses of her existence he thought how small were the things that pleased her, and fell to picturing her delight at the brilliances of the life with which he was familiar. But soon he checked his imagination.

"I was misjudging you just now, Flo," he said, when she paused in her talk.

"Misjudging me?"

"Yes. I was imagining you a rich woman, who, because she was rich was perfectly happy. I beg your pardon."

"For imagining me a rich woman?" She smiled.

"No; for imagining you perfectly happy. All the money in the world wouldn't make you happy if you did not feel that you were greatly loved. Isn't that so?"

"Why do you talk like that?"

"Why? I suppose I can't help it. Why have you and I talked as we have done to-day? You have told me much——"

"More than I ever told any one," she said quietly. "Why did I do it?" she asked under her breath. Her colour rose warmly. "Perhaps I told you because I knew I should never see you again."

"Are you sure, Flo?"

"You said so, Mark." His name seemed to come naturally at last, and his heart missed a beat. "A friend for a day," she added gravely, "is a friend indeed."

"Still we might meet again—if you wished it."

She appeared not to have heard him, and after glancing at his watch he sighed, and said: "Nearly four o'clock. Mrs. Brown will be expecting you. At the farm, I mean. I ordered tea for you at four. Mrs. Brown makes famous tea."

"Oh, but——"

"Don't you like——"

She looked at him unsteadily. "How did you think of it? How do you do things so kindly?" she cried.

He laughed rather awkwardly. "Why, it's nothing, Flo! Any one would have thought of it; any one would have done it."

She shook her head. "I have friends who are kind," she said thoughtfully, "but somehow," she hesitated, "somehow they don't seem to think of things the way you do, Mark."

"Sh! You're making me feel uncomfortable. Will you walk up to the farm now, or would you like me to introduce you to Mrs. Brown?"

"Aren't you going to have tea, too?"

"I haven't been invited. You see the tea was ordered before I knew we were going to be friends."

"That's what I thought so nice of you. And I'd like you to come if—if you wish."

"Of course I wish, Flo. Our day is so short." He rose to his feet and held out his hand to assist her.

When she had shaken the fine sand from her skirts she stood beside him gazing longingly at the waters of the bay.

"What are you thinking about, Flo?" he asked, breaking a long silence.

"Oh, it's dreadful to have to say good-bye to the dear old sea," she sighed.

"Poor little woman," he said, with quick tenderness. Then he stooped to pick up the luncheon-basket and the girl's bag which he had previously relieved of its soaked contents. Sam had long ago disappeared, and his master whistled in vain.

"He'll find his way home all right," said Mark in answer to Flo's inquiry, "and probably kill something on the way."

"You won't whip him?"

"I'm afraid I can never whip Sam again," he said with a serious smile.

With many a backward glance at the sea, she accompanied him from the beach and up the hill towards the farm.

Half-way she halted, looking troubled.

"What is it, Flo? I've got your book here, and I'm sure you left nothing on the shore."

"I was wondering what Mrs. Brown would say. It—it's rather strange that you and I——"

"Oh, don't worry about Mrs. Brown," he said carelessly. The thought had occurred to him also, but he had put it aside. He was not going to give up an hour of the girl's company merely in order to escape a possible minute of embarrassment. "Mrs. Brown," he continued, "is my very good friend, and she knows how I met you this morning. It's natural that, having ordered tea for you, I should at least introduce you to her. But I won't call you Flo unless you like." He laughed gaily, and she joined him shyly.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, "I'm sure there's something wrong, but I feel so reckless!"

"Go on being reckless, Flo," he whispered.

"Oh, Mark, you shouldn't say that. When you think of all this to-morrow you will say I was a horrid, forward girl. And I'm not really. Only—only to-day has been so different from all other days."

Words sweet to say and to hear rushed to his tongue, but he checked them. "Come, Flo," he said instead, "I see Mrs. Brown looking out for you. By the way, she insists on calling me Sir Mark."

"Oh! . . . Are you Sir Mark?"

"Yes. My poor father left me a title. It is rather an old one, and the gilt is gone."

She did not notice the bitterness of his tone. "Why did you not tell me you had a title?"

"Possibly because I fancied myself attractive enough without it; probably because I wanted a holiday."

"The second is the better reason, Sir Mark."

"Spare me!"

"You should have given me the pleasure of knowing I was being entertained by a titled personage."

"Flo, for heaven's sake don't be so unkind. You don't expect a man to say Mister John Jones when he tells you his name. You didn't even say Miss Florence Grey when you told me yours."

She made no response, and he went on: "I don't understand why you should be offended, but if you have anything to forgive, forgive it now, Flo, for our day will soon be at an end. Don't make me sorry sooner than you can help—friend."

At last her eyes turned to his. "It—wasn't — just — for — amusement?" The question seemed to creep from her lips.

"Flo!" he exclaimed, and the note in his voice reassured her more than many protestations could have done.

"Then I can't forgive you," she said solemnly.

"You can't——?"

"No."

"No; because I've nothing to forgive." She laughed softly at his evident relief. After all, what did it matter who her friend of a

day was? In two hours she would be in the train, and she would never see him again, and——

"This way, Flo," he said, opening a gate.

"Thank you, Sir Mark," she returned, demurely.

"Never mind the handle, please."

"Where? On the gate?"

"No; to my name, Flo."

"Oh! But I must practise for Mrs. Brown's benefit, must I not—Mark?"

They laughed together. He was a little surprised at her sudden lightness of spirits; perhaps she, too, was surprised.

A minute later they were being welcomed by Mrs. Brown. There was no awkwardness whatever. In the good simple woman's eyes Sir Mark could do no wrong. She led the twain into the parlour where she had laid tea, and her heart warmed to the girl when the latter discovered a sketch on the wall by the artist who had recommended Black Reef Bay as being the "quietest and sweetest spot on all the coast."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "a clever gentleman is Mr. Malcolm. Many a time he has lodged at the farm, and many a time I hope he'll come again."

"Mr. Malcolm is a great friend of my father's," said Flo.

"Well, now, if that isn't wonderful. And I'm sure I'm very pleased to see you here, Miss, and you're very welcome any time, and I hope you'll give my respects to Mr. Malcolm, and—mercy me! I'm keeping you from your tea, Miss. Have you everything you want, Sir Mark?"

"Everything, thank you," replied her paragon, and Mrs. Brown smiled, curtseyed, and left the room.

"Will you pour out the tea, Miss Grey?" he said with mock formality.

"My I take off my hat first, please? I'm dying to look in a mirror, too!" She found one over the fireplace. "Oh, I'm really sunburnt! They will be pleased at home! But my hair is awful!" She pulled a couple of long pins with gorgeous glass heads from her hat, and removed it, laying it on a chair. Then her hands went busily at her hair. Vernon had never seen, or at least had never noticed, the operation before, and he wondered if all girls performed it so gracefully. Once she smiled to him over her shoulder. "I won't be a minute," she said.

"Don't hurry, please," he returned.

He rose abruptly and left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a handful of pansies from Mrs. Brown's little garden.

"How good of you! What made you think of it?" she said, pinning the flowers in her blouse.

He had not thought of the flowers till after he left the room. "Will you give me one?" he said softly.

She chose a white one, and after a second's hesitation placed it in his button-hole. "Now," she said a trifle hastily, "I'll pour out the tea."

It was a merry meal. Both were very gay, though neither could have told why. When they had finished Sir Mark went to the door and called for Mrs. Brown, to whom he whispered some instructions.

"Isn't it time I was going to the station?" inquired the girl, as he returned to his seat.

"You have nearly half an hour to spare. Mr. Brown is going to drive you to the station."

She rose and went to the window, and stood looking out without at first responding.

"It is too hot for walking so far," he remarked. "It would merely spoil the good effects of your holiday, Flo."

"You think of everything. I have no thanks left," she exclaimed impetuously.

"Don't talk of thanks. I've done nothing for you, and you have given me a perfect holiday. I think this has been the happiest day in my life, Flo."

She did not turn her head, and the sunlit sea grew dim to her sight.

"Do you believe me?" she heard him say.

"Yes. I believe you to-day," she answered, while the dim sea grew blurred.

"To-day? Only to-day?"

"There is no to-morrow," she whispered. And the blurred sea became chaos.

"Flo!" he exclaimed, springing up and going to her side. "You're crying."

"Y-Yes, I'm crying, Mark. I—I can't deny it," she sighed. "It's funny, isn't it?" she added, trying to smile. "I suppose it's the—the end of the story that makes me cry. Please go and sit down again."

Somehow he obeyed her. There was a long silence.

When the sea had grown clear to her again she turned to him smiling. "I'm better now," she began, and stopped short. He was sitting at the end of an old-fashioned sofa, his face buried in his arms.

Stepping quickly beside him she touched him on the shoulder.

"Are you sorry, too?" she murmured.

"Sorry? God knows how sorry!" he answered, looking up at her with his young face grown weary. "Were you happy to-day, Flo?" he demanded suddenly.

"I never was so happy," she replied, meeting his eyes. "And I'm still happy, Mark."

"Are you? Why?"

"Because—no, I can't tell you. . . . It's time I was putting on my hat."

"Wait Flo. . . . Is it the end of the story?"

"Yes; it's the end of the story. Don't you hear the sound of wheels?" She picked up her hat and fastened it before the mirror. Then she put on her jacket, adjusting it carefully. He rose from the sofa and watched her longingly.

"Will you tell me your address, Flo?"

"Don't, Mark."

"Why not? I *must* see you again."

She shook her head, and glanced at the window as Mr. Brown brought his dog-cart crunching over the gravel to the door. Mrs. Brown knocked and announced that all was ready.

"I'll drive to the station with you," said Sir Mark recklessly.

"Don't be foolish," she returned gently. "Think of the people in the village. Am I rude? . . . Ah! what a wonderful day it has been! What a pretty story! . . . Say good-bye, please, before I cry again."

He was pale as he took her hand and bent towards her face.

"May I, Flo?" he whispered.

"Can you, Mark?" she whispered back, as white as he.

He could not.

He could not look into this girl's eyes and kiss her lips.

"Dear, I was wrong to dream of it," he sighed.

Her mouth quivered for a moment. "Good-bye, Mark," she murmured. "Come. Mrs. Brown will be wondering."

They went out and played their parts admirably. Mark chaffed the farmer about his horse, while Flo thanked Mrs. Brown prettily and accepted all manner of messages for the artist, Mr. Malcolm.

Then the young man helped the girl to her seat.

"Thank you, Sir Mark," she said aloud; and faintly, "Good-bye, Mark."

He perceived that her hand rested on the edge of the machine out of Mrs. Brown's vision. He could not help kissing it.

And that was the very end of the story—for a story must be ended before a sequel is begun.

. . . .

It was nearly six months later that Mark boarded the train for town. He was pale and worn looking, but his eyes were lit with excitement, and he opened the morning paper like a man who expects to read something pleasant.

First of all, with a smile hovering about his lips, he read about a certain "fashionable wedding" which had taken place the previous day. "Thank God, *that* ends it!" he sighed to himself. "And," he laughed softly, "she has got a title anyway."

Presently he turned to the advertisement column, his face grave but not grieved, and read about an estate to let for a term of five years—his own estate.

He dropped the newspaper and took out his pocket-book, from which he extracted a slip of paper with this address—

James Malcolm,
31, Leyton Studios,
Stanford Street, S.W.

The train seemed to travel very slowly.

(R. W. Preston, photographer, Penzance)

A flower farm in Scilly

Flower-Farming in Scilly

By Percy Collins

TIME was when flowers—cultivated flowers, that is to say—were a luxury reserved for the rich. Their beauty and freshness had no place in the lives of the lower classes. But to-day, happily, all this is changed. Thanks to the enterprise of the market grower, it is now possible, for a few pence, to purchase a bunch of flowers at almost any season of the year. Yet though flowers have become, as it were, a commonplace, few of us know what a profusion of flowers really means. Our imagination is bounded by the shop window or the market stall. The existence of flowers by the ton, by the acre, by the whole radiant hillside, seldom enters into our philosophy. Or, if perchance we give a thought to the cultivation of flowers on a large scale, we associate our idea with some favoured district of Southern Europe. Flower farms have not existed in the British Islands for a sufficiently long period of time to have become realities to our conservative, London-bred minds.

Yet there is a spot within twenty-four hours of town where flowers are the perennial topic of interest—where the folks grow flowers, talk of flowers, dream of flowers, and depend for their happiness and prosperity upon an abundant crop of marketable

blossoms. Thirty miles in a south-westerly direction from the famous Longships lighthouse at Land's End, is an archipelago of six small islands and a hundred or more rocky islets known as "Lyonesse," or the Scilly Islands. And it may be justly claimed that the real prosperity of their inhabitants dates from the time when floriculture was first seriously undertaken, some thirty years ago.

In the early times, when metropolitan England knew little of, and presumably cared less for, her outlying dependencies, the Scilly Islanders eked out a precarious existence as fishermen-farmers, harassed by the raids of pirates and privateers. As time went on the people turned their attention to the manufacture of kelp—a crude alkaline substance, obtained by burning seaweed—which they exported in large quantities to Bristol, where it was used in soap making. For a season the Islands enjoyed comparative prosperity. But owing either to the wholesale adulteration of the product causing the Bristol merchants to withhold their orders, or to the general decline of kelp-making after the repeal of the salt duty at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the industry declined, and the Scilly Islands were again reduced to poverty.

Official efforts were now made to develop the fishing possibilities of the Islands, but with scant success. From time immemorial the people of Scilly had held the reputation for being good pilots but bad fishermen. And it was not until the cultivation of early potatoes for the mainland markets was commenced that they again tasted the cup of prosperity. Even then the bettered conditions proved transient. Hard frosts and furious storms played sad havoc with the crops for several successive seasons, and

(R. W. Preston, photographer, Penzance)

Picking daffodils in an old orchard

matters once more assumed a gloomy aspect. It was then that the late Mr. Augustus Smith, Lord Proprietor of the Islands, by a few words of suggestion and advice, instituted the cultivation of flowers and laid the foundation of Scilly's present fortune.

Of course the beginnings were small. The first consignment of daffodils was sent to Covent Garden in a bandbox. But this humble venture was treated with consideration, and the sender was encouraged to try again—still with reassuring results. His success became noised abroad. Others began to follow his example. And so, little by little, did the flower industry grow to its present proportions, when, in the height of the season, as many as fifty tons of blossoms have been despatched to the mainland at one time.

At first the exported flowers were practically indigenous. In old orchards and sheltered hollows a few varieties of narcissi had grown wild for many a long year. No one could say how the bulbs came there, although they must originally have been brought from a distance. The *tazzetta* which flourishes on the slopes of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, constitutes a like mystery. In discussing its possible origin, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart observes that "one ingredient in the celebrated liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse is said to be the expressed juice of a yellow daffodil." He suggests that the narcissus may have been introduced into Western England by the monks, "half a dozen or more centuries ago," for use in the making of some still-room decoction.

(R. W. Preston, photographer, Penzance).

Flowers grown under cover

Whatever the manner in which the daffodil came to Scilly, the fact remains that the bulbs were to be had practically for the uprooting, when the Islanders first turned their attention to flowers. This original stock was of course improved and multiplied. But ere long its meagre supply proved wholly inadequate to the growing demand, and thousands of bulbs were purchased annually from the Dutch markets. To-day Scilly has ceased to import any but the newest varieties. Of the established kinds she has more than she can find room to grow, and she exports her surplus literally by the million. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that she receives, roughly speaking, only about one-fifth of the price that she herself was originally obliged to pay.

When approaching the Scilly Islands from the sea, the visitor observes nothing unusual in their aspect. If he looked for broad patches of colour, indicating the whereabouts of the flower fields, he is disappointed. There is nothing to tell him that he is nearing a veritable kingdom of flowers; nor is it until he has landed at St. Mary's, and penetrated the interior of the island, that the reason for this becomes apparent. It is then seen that the flowers are hidden from view by dense, well-trimmed hedges, which protect them from keen and biting winds. In the early days the folks erected hurdles and screens for this purpose. But since that time they have planted the permanent and much more picturesque hedges.

The flower season begins in January, when the early varieties are coming into bloom. Often, when the weather is cold and cloudy,

(R. W. Preston, photographer, Penzance)

Sorting flowers. The flowers are placed in water to await packing

the buds are tardy in opening, and it is necessary to resort to artificial aid in order that the waiting markets may be supplied. The flower-heads are picked as soon as one bud penetrates the calyx, and placed in jars of water, which are ranged upon the shelves of a greenhouse kept at a temperature of some 60 to 70 degrees. In a few hours the backward buds respond to the genial warmth, spread their petals, assume their glowing colours, and are ready for bunching and packing.

At first thought, constant work amongst flowers presents itself as an almost ideal

themselves to its effects. The work of bunching the flowers is mainly accomplished by women and girls. Twelve stems, all of one variety, are made into a compact bunch; the uneven stalks are trimmed away, and the flowers are then set aside in water until the time comes for packing them. Many of the larger growers put their bunching and trimming out by the "piece," at so much for a hundred bunches. And as quite young children are able to undertake the work, it is possible for labouring families to add substantially to their weekly earnings during the flower season.

(R. W. Preston, photographer, Penzance)

Packing for the market

employment. As a matter of fact this is far from being the case. The perfume of the blossoms is so powerful and sickly that new hands are often quite prostrated by it, while many persons are never able to accustom

Flowers are packed for market the nigh before the day on which the steamer is to sail. Countless thousands of wooden boxes are needed for this purpose. Many are supplied by the salesmen from the various

market centres. Many more are the property of every big grower. And although, in theory, the boxes are supposed to come back like homing pigeons, in practice a very high percentage becomes lost or broken. So that Scilly imports quantities of wood, cut to special sizes, and her never failing spare-time employment is box-making.

Needless to say, the Scilly Islanders have brought the art of flower-packing to perfection. Each box is lined with white paper. The bunches are laid in, some this way, some that, with a few in the centre, until the stalks are hidden, and the whole becomes a bank of glowing bloom. Finally the paper is folded over the top, a ticket giving the name of the flower is added, and the box nailed down. A Scilly flower packer would complete a dozen boxes in this neat, businesslike manner, while an ordinary labourer, unused to the work, was bungling over one.

The question of the flowers' final destination is a serious nne. London and all the big manufacturing and industrial centres will take them. But what market is likely to pay the best price? Salesmen's agents at St. Mary's post the principal fluctuations, and the farmers and growers must decide whether they will send where prices are ruling high, or patronise the less tempting markets on the chance of a sudden inflation.

The Scilly Islanders are handicapped in marketing their floral produce by their geographical position. Sometimes when the flowers are packed and ready for shipment, bad weather arises, and the steamer cannot make her passage. Then the flowers have all to be unpacked again and placed in water to await the pleasure of the elements. And should their fury last beyond a certain period, many tons of blossoms, representing large sums of money, will fade and die.

Furthermore, the cost of transporting the flowers to the various markets is very considerable; and this is felt more than ever now that the regularity and abundance of the supply has put really big prices out of the question. Quite recently, in the public press, it was stated that heavy freightage and keen competition are slowly but surely killing the Scilly flower industry. Instances are cited in which a farmer having despatched fifty boxes (or 2000 bunches) to market received, when expenses were deducted, the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.*; of another who for seventeen boxes received 1*s.* 5*d.*; and of a third who, from the sale of more than twenty boxes, netted the ridiculous profit of 2*d.* It has been said, moreover, that even when flowers realise fair average prices, the cost of carriage and the salesman's commission absorb about half the proceeds on small consignments.

Such statements, however, must obviously be accepted with caution in so far as they seem to affect the Scilly flowers industry as a whole. The demand for cut flowers was never greater than it is at the present day, and that the popular love of flowers is liable to increase, rather than to decline, seems certain. So that although the competition of other districts and the increase of its own supply are bound to leave their mark upon prices, the Scilly Island flower industry is likely to live and flourish for many a long year to come.

Studies in Shakespeare

I—Love's Labour's Lost

By G. K. Chesterton

"LOVE'S Labour's Lost" is chronologically as well as philosophically the youngest of Shakespeare's plays. It is chiefly to be understood as a study of the spirit and the nature of youth, and it is so true in this respect that it must offend almost all critics who judge of things by what they logically should be, by what they inevitably must be, rather than by what they are. The world of life, and equally and even more decisively the world of literature, is always outwitting the philosophers; things do not accord themselves to our great critical syntheses, even to the latest and largest and most sympathetic. According to our modern ethics and ethnology, the emergence from barbarism to civilisation ought to be the gradual subordination of grotesque and obscene passions to a calmer moral selection; yet when we come to the facts of literature, we find the modern arts full of sensuality and a savage tribal epic like the Iliad—in all essentials a Zulu war song—as pure as Sir Galahad. Savage peoples ought to exhibit a muddy materialism, a mere interest in meat and blood and animals, and civilised people an interest in the abstract and the ideal; yet when we come to the facts of literature we find that all the discoveries about blood and animals about food and the seasons, have been made by civilised men, and all the discoveries about the abstract, about mystery and hope, about justice and brotherhood, have been made by savages; we find that barbarians sitting in mud huts have been unable to study the mud they lived in, but have been able to write the Book of Job. Thus upon every side in literature we have to be on our guard against a facile literalism; we have to be ready to receive, with infantile credulity, a paradox. And in nothing is this so striking as in the Shakespearean drama; in nothing so striking especially as in that cycle of early comedies, celebrating the mystery of youth, of which "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Twelfth Night" are examples, but of which "Love's Labour's Lost" is the earliest and infinitely the most typical example. The account of youth given in these appears like the sculptures of a lunatic asylum; it is fantastic, solemn, full of preposterous observances, of fanciful limits. The only answer is that youth is an experience, like Freemasonry, and no one who does not remember it can recognise its signs.

There are certain matters of human psychology in which Shakespeare is so singularly and strangely right that his rightness will only with great difficulty be appreciated—that is to say it will only be appreciated by those few persons who happen intensely to remember the experience. Thus, for instance, it would occur to most people, it does occur to the realistic and hysterical moderns, to represent the hour of deadly peril as an hour which leads to frenzied assertions of authority, to selection, to decimation, to a fierce and merciless inequality. The short-story writer of to-day who has never been in danger of anything (except perhaps of delirium tremens) represents the leader of a small army hemmed in by the enemy as asserting himself with a splendid brutality, as domineering, as sneering, as striking men when they murmur and shooting them when they disobey. But Shakespeare in that splendid scene in Henry V. perceived the spiritual truth that danger reveals democracy:

> We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—
> For who this day shall shed his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
> This day shall gentle his condition.

Ten men cast on a desert island might have ten different social ranks, for the time they would be only men. So in Shake-

speare these Englishmen, islanded as it were in a sea of enemies, are only Englishmen. Instances of the same kinds of truth, too true to impress the outsider, abound in Shakespeare. Thus when he glorifies his native land in that incomparable and hackneyed passage in Richard II., he does not dwell, like a windy journalist, upon the largeness of his country; he dwells, like a lover, on its smallness—he calls it a jewel and a little fort; he feels the real love and therefore tends, like the amatory poet, to diminutives, or like the collector, to a careful and almost compassionate manner of hovering over something infinitesimal. These are merely random examples of the general psychological truth that the place where most modern men, careless of actuality or ignorant of passionate experience would go wrong, is precisely the place where Shakespeare goes right. It is so supremely in this matter of the nature of youth as revealed in "Love's Labour's Lost." Sullen and Byronic poets depict youth as extravagant in enjoyment and demand, as splendidly sensual and mingled of the animal and the God. This is the universal habit of literary Puritans and of those hackneyed epicureans and hedonists who are more gloomy than any Puritans. But any one who can really recall the nature of youth, will perceive that the Elizabethans had hold of precisely the accurate and precisely the opposite view. Shakespeare in "Love's Labour's Lost" perceives first of all the one great mark of a generous boyhood—the vow of celibacy. Youth with its sense of a reserve force, of an unexplored strength, with its delight in trifles, with its readiness for a crusade, has always been favourable to the frenzy of virginity. It has the power of extracting from comradeship (as Plato and Walt Whitman did) almost all the romance of first love: it has the power of loving the abstract; it has the power of trusting itself. There is about the celibate and scholarly brotherhood in "Love's Labour's Lost" something of the radiant childishness which marks, to those who can read history rightly, the inception of the greater monastic orders, such as that of St. Francis, inceptions which make us feel, as we read of them, that in their gay austerity was the very April of the soul, and that no revellers will ever be so light-hearted as those ascetics. Shakespeare, at one with the early Middle Ages in their sympathy with an ecstatic bachelorhood, is separated from the Middle Ages in that he thinks that bachelorhood is not a final vocation but a splendid vigil. His three celibate heroes in "Love's Labour's Lost" are quite passionately and sincerely attached to their celibacy, but they succeed afterwards in becoming equally passionately and equally sincerely attached to three young ladies. Although this is almost the very earliest of the great Shakespearean love-stories, the love poetry in it rises here and there to a height which he seldom afterwards touched even in his greatest moments. There are lines that have the one essential of great song, that of seeming, the reader knows not how, to be fragments of some more prehistoric and gigantic poem, glimpses of a far-off beauty:

> For valour, is not love a Hercules
> Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.

But though the victory is in this play, as in all Shakespeare's comedies, given to the higher power of sex, the critics make a great mistake who treat their early theories of virginity as a mere folly to be exploded by the story. Many writers have spoken of this play as if it were an attack on mediæval celibacy, as if it were meant merely to satirise a resistance to nature. This is profoundly to misinterpret the levity and purity of the story, the pure gold and the clear silver of that Elizabethan dawn. The love would be quite as much spoilt without the celibacy as the celibacy without the love. The note of severity struck at the beginning of the story is simply the note struck at the beginning of all honest youth and passion. For Shakespeare wrote, as we say, from the inside of youth: he was a young man beginning a young literature. He uttered true things that seem fantastic, as the true things of war seem to the civilian. And he uttered above all the central truth that the right and primary attitude of happy youth towards sex is an attitude of consuming fear.

The Romance of Music

By J. F. Rowbotham

Author of "The History of Music"

Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick

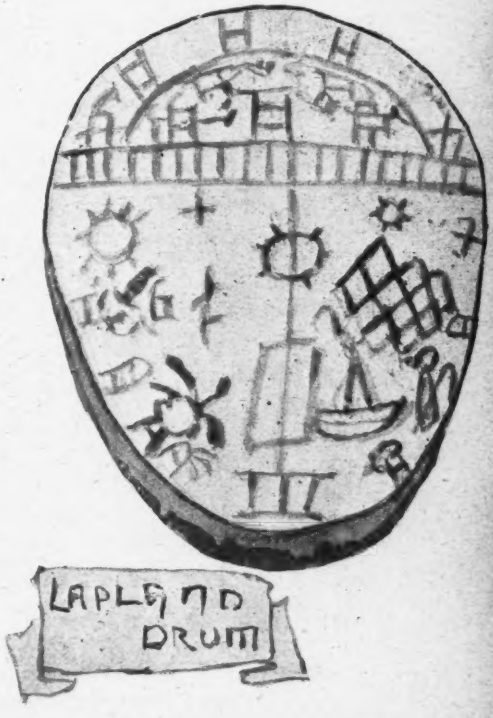
I.—The Drum

THE first musical instrument of the human race was the drum. The simple savage has the same delight in its rat-tat-tat as our children to-day. He is never weary of hearing it, and will sit for hours together—if he is a musician—trying all sorts of rhythmic experiments in its beating, and framing countless changes in its time. "The Hurons of Canada," says a traveller of the last century, "touch their drum with indescribable skill. They have innumerable turns of the hand and tricks of style which one cannot but admire."

The Laplanders are such skilful drummers that they profess to be able to express not merely music, but definite thought, by the measure of their beating. Their drumheads are very beautiful works of art, being made of fine vellum tightly stretched over the frame, and painted with nearly all the conspicuous and prominent objects of nature. The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, hills, valleys, trees, rivers, houses, reindeer, plants, animals—and not only objects but feelings and conditions, as pain, joy, sorrow, sickness, death, &c.—all are depicted on the drum.

The Lapland drum is, in fact, a second Shield of Achilles, and we might spend as many lines in the description of one of these drums as Homer does in depicting the events sculptured on his famous shield. Many a story, as elaborate as his dance, trial, and wedding, is to be found painted on the drum. And if we may be permitted the sacrilege, we may say that the Lapland designs are more vital than those of Homer, for the drummer undertakes to express any one of them every time he plays, and to make it live in his music. He will drum with certain strokes to imitate the sun, with another sort of beating to portray the moon. The drum will frolic and frisk when it is to describe joy or nuptials, and moan with long notes of sorrow when it is to depict death. Meanwhile, though we cannot understand how such illusion is possible, crowds of hearers will sit and stand around, and perfectly follow the drummer in all the mysteries of his playing, will appreciate the various and sudden changes of sentiment, will recognise one sort of tapping as representing life, another sort as death, another as the flowing of a river, another as the rising of the sun.

That rhythm of itself can depict many



things very well is, of course, self-evident. The difference between joy and sorrow, between the jubilance of victory and the depression of defeat, is so obvious a thing that few would fail to recognise it.

The present writer, when very sceptical on these points, happened to hear an ex-military drummer of a French regiment give a performance on the solo drum at one of the concerts in the Champs Elysées. The man had been reputed a clever drummer in his battalion, but afterwards he took up as his profession the avocation of "starring" as solo drummer—a *rôle* seldom heard of, we imagine, in the annals of Parisian music. By dint of being forced to rely on his one instrument alone, the player attained almost superhuman dexterity upon it. Every possible shade of expression and rhythm seemed to be at his command. He could thrill his audience with a spasm of terror, next instant move them to smiles, and then send them off into dreams and meditations without end.

The Laplanders' drumming reaches greater heights, however, than the expression of these various things. The drum is the instrument of their wizards or necromancers, a class of men, half conjurors, half priests, who spread along the whole of the northern coast of Europe and Asia, among the Samoieds, the Ostiaks, and other tribes; and perform such wonders with their drum, that we might well doubt the possibility even of the occurrence of the tricks, were it not that very reputable travellers vouch for them, and some even believe that the magic is a fact.

The Shaman—so the operator is called in most of these tribes—first stipulates for a considerable remuneration for his performance, in this respect showing his affinity with his brothers and sisters of the platform today. Then he invites his patrons to assemble round the tent which he has chosen as the scene of his feats, and commences drumming with miraculous rapidity. His strokes on the vellum increase to such lightning speed that many of the audience become dizzy with the noise and the vibration, while the performer himself grows so excited that his brain swims and he falls after awhile into a state of coma. In this condition he lies for hours, sometimes for days, while people who wish to question him as to the future, or as to something which they have lost and desire to recover, or indeed on any subject whatever, come to the tent and put the interrogations to the sleeping wizard, who slumbers on, all unconscious apparently of what is being said to him. During this comatose condition his soul is supposed to be wandering in unknown regions of space.

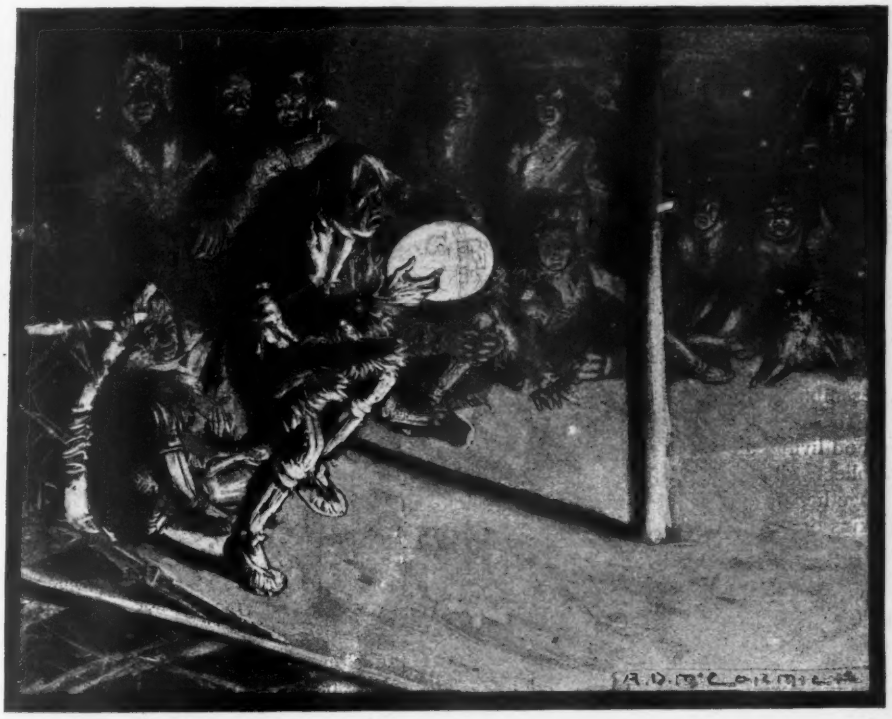
At length, at a stated time, the twelfth hour, the third day, or whatever else it may be, the body of the Shaman becomes reanimated. The blood begins to flow through the pale cheeks, and the heart once more beats. At last the soothsayer is sufficiently recovered to answer all the questions put to him. If a reindeer has been lost, he can name the spot where it may be found. If a person is ill, he can state the proper remedy which will restore him to health. If a girl is in love, he can tell her how to win her swain—with much more to the same purpose. This is called the prophetic trance of the Shamans, and is freely practised by all the professors of the art from Lapland to Kamtschkatka.

But there is a still larger and more developed form of this trance likewise produced by the magic drum. This consists not only in the disappearance of the soul of the Shaman, but of his body likewise. The ceremony commences with a long prelude of drum-beating, in the course of which the player extols the power of the spirits who are his auxiliaries, and describes the various unknown regions of space he is to travel through. While the audience listens with interest to this rhythmical narrative of the drum, the changes of the rhythm are made with more frequency, the beating becomes more passionate and excited, till at last all in the tent fall a prey to ecstasy or giddiness, or however else we may designate their physical condition. Then, with a clap like thunder, one last resounding stroke on his drum, the wizard disappears from sight, either into thin air, or through the roof of the tent, or through the group of spectators—nobody can tell which. But the fact remains—away he goes!

The drum is not only an instrument of magic, but the great instrument of joy and

social intercourse among uncivilised races, inasmuch as it is the constant accompaniment of the dance. We are not half such persistent dancers as our unsophisticated brethren. While we limit our revels to the small hours of the night once or twice a month, it may be, they are always at it—at morning, at midday, in the afternoon, or evening, it matters not. Wherever a shady spot presents itself or a friendly company is assembled, this offers a fair opportunity for a dance; and off they go dancing, where we should only indulge in a little conversation. To accompany the dance, as we said, and to mark the measure of the feet, the drum is most useful and indeed indispensable. With its strongly accented rhythm, it keeps all the dancers right, and is as exhilarating and inspiriting to them as are the strains of violin and orchestra to ourselves.

It is owing to the connection of the drum with dancing that we discover the simplest and most elementary form which the drum possessed, and are enabled to learn and trace its history. In the Pellew Islands, in Tonga, and in many other of the South Sea islands, the rhythm of the dance is invariably marked by striking two sticks together, or by beating tassels of leaves against each other.



The Shaman commences drumming with miraculous rapidity

But other tribes, at the time of their discovery, were at a higher stage of drum-making—that is to say, they had learnt the fact that hollow wood gives a better sound than solid wood, and that drums which were made on this principle were worth twice as much in a musical respect as the older and more primitive form. The natives of the Sandwich Islands and the Papuans of New Guinea—not to mention several others—used drums which were made of a hollowed-

out log, something in the shape of a boat or a trough, which was inverted, with its hollow side on the ground. With a heavy stick they drummed upon these, and the noise, which was very loud, served as a very serviceable accompaniment to their war dances.

The next stage in drum-making was to learn to cover this hollow cavity with a piece of hide or vellum. This secret of musical instrument-making was known to a good many savage races at the time of their discovery, and various substances were employed in different parts of the world to effect the purpose. Bison's hide, the skin of the crocodile, the skin of the antelope, the skin of a whale's tongue, deer skin, and goat-skin, were all in turn employed, with the object of gaining increased sonorousness.

Next, carrying out the same idea, the drums began to be made of enormous size. Captain Cook on his voyages discovered drums of immense dimensions. In the islands of the Marquesas drums were commonly made about fifteen feet high, and the sound of them when they were beaten resembled the noise of thunder. The people of these islands were particularly devoted to good living, and at stated times they used to collect all sorts of fruits and vegetables, together with piles of bread-fruit and large skins of various liquids, under the trees, and begin to gorge themselves on these comestibles. By the side of the banqueters were four or five mammoth drums, of fifteen feet in height. So huge were they that the drummers had to mount platforms to play them. Relays of drummers were employed so as to keep up a constant and unceasing roar from these thundering drums.

From the earliest times of drum-making to the present we may trace two great and somewhat divergent types in the manufacture of the instrument. Just as in the case of the bell there is the bell with the clapper inside, which we use in Europe, and the bell with the clapper outside (struck, that is to say, with a hammer by the hand) which is the common form in China and the East—in precisely the same way, the drum was constructed either with the percussional force applied from outside, which was the drum, or from inside, which was the rattle. It is questionable which of these two forms was the oldest in the history of drum-making, but it is certain that they are both very widely spread, and are developed by uncivilised man to very elaborate heights, the rattles being often no less artistic and beautifully wrought than the drums.

Simple legends about the drum are often to be met with in the literature of uncivilised races. Here is one of the prettiest of these legends, which we may take as a type of the rest :

"Once there was a great hunter in the American prairies, who had to wife the sweetest maiden in the world. He loved her very dearly, and she him. But alas! in an evil hour death took her, and he was left alone to go through life by himself, without her face to cheer him or her kind eyes and smile to brighten his existence. He therefore used to spend whole weeks and months in the prairie, hunting by himself, being only too glad to escape from the company of his fellow men, and to seek in silence and solitude the remembrance of her whom he loved dearer than the whole world.

"One night, late, having hunted hard all day, and being very tired, he lay down on the grass to rest, and while asleep he dreamed a dream. He thought he saw the heavens tinted with crimson and white, as if it were a sunny afternoon, and as he looked in wonder and astonishment at so strange a change, the sky opened above his head and something began to descend from the clouds to the earth. At first a mere speck, he afterwards saw that the object was a car of osier, in which were twelve female figures. As they came nearer and nearer he heard celestial music in the air, and saw that the music came from drums which the fair tenants of the car played. Each of the twelve had a little drum, which she struck with ineffable grace. The nearer the car came the more lovely the music, the more perceptible the figures; until at last he clearly discerned the forms of twelve beautiful girls, one of whom he recognised to be his own dear wife.

"The osier car at length came to the ground close by him, and his wife stepped from it to the earth beside him. All the

maidens ceased playing, and amid the silence she spoke to him, bidding him be of good cheer, for he should see her soon again, and that he himself should come on high in due time to those heavenly places where she was, and should abide with her for ever. Then she kissed him on the cheek, and entered the car. The maidens took their drums again and began to play, and she, standing amidst them, played her drum more sweetly than them all. To the sound of this ineffable music the car slowly sailed aloft, higher and higher in the sky, till at last it was lost to sight, and the hunter saw it no more."

See what these people think of their drum when they make it the instrument of angels! Nor is this the only instance. Many others are forthcoming. "When we go to the land of the Great Spirit," says the Iroquois legend, "we shall delight ourselves there by playing on sonorous drums beneath spreading trees. There will be always music and always shade."

"Would you know," says a saga of the Otaheitans, "what is the great delight of the future world? It is to sit eating and drinking in a large valley formed only of fanning trees, whose fruit drops to the ground when you desire it, and the juice of whose trunks pours out in pleasant drinks to assuage the demands of thirst. And while you are thus engaged the pleasure is tenfold multiplied, because of the heavenly music of the other world which peals upon the ravished ears of those who hear it. Spirits who in this life were fair maidens and beautiful youths, with drums girt about them with scarlet sashes, sit for ever on platforms near the revellers and play the celestial music of heaven on their drums, which they touch in a manner not to be imagined by any earthly player, and awaken therewith all the emotions of the heart."

"It was the drum," says the legend of Guiana, "which brought the universe out of chaos into order, and from the black night of nothingness created this fair world, with all its trees and rivers and plains. The drum is so potent. It is powerful as a god. Nay, more powerful than any god is our great drum, Ta-bai-whoo, which is from all eternity, and will during infinite eternity still exist."

Hearing these eulogies and praises of the drum in the legends of simple nations, we shall be in part prepared for the most amazing fact in drum history or, indeed, in the history of any instrument or of any art. For there was once an organised system of religion in which the drum was worshipped as a god.

How could such an extraordinary idea ever enter human brain, we may ask? What strange condition of human thought, what strange conceptions of music must have been in existence, when a drum could have been regarded as a deity? There were sacrifices to the Drum! The fruits of the earth, the spoils of the chase, were meekly offered by pious worshippers to the great god who gave them increase, or crowned their hunting with success! Even human sacrifices were offered to the Drum, and men and women taken prisoners in battle or driven away captive from their native tribe, were cruelly tortured and martyred to appease the rage or mitigate the severity of an offended drum. There was an organised priesthood who had the care of the worship and the custody of the person of the god, and who levied what we may call tithes on the property of the laity in order to carry on with due splendour and solemnity the worship of the Drum, and to support in competence and comfort his zealous and energetic priests. Such are some of the wonders connected with the history of the Drum, and surely never instrument and never art had such extraordinary experiences before or since.

It is now three centuries ago since South America was revealed to the reading public of Europe by Amerigo Vespucci, and scores of accounts of that strange land and its strange inhabitants have been written by other travellers since his time. From these we draw these astounding statements of a condition of things which only ceased with the civilisation and Christianising of the natives —and not completely then; for traces of it we believe are still to be found in the far interior, and among the relics of those fast vanishing races who still in a small residue survive.

"There is only one system of religion from the Orinoco to the La Plata," says a historian of Brazil, writing in the eighteenth century, "and that is the worship of the drum."

"The priests of the drum," says an old writer in "Purchas, His Pilgrimes," "are to be found at almost every village and every settlement of natives in South America which you come to. These priests are called Caraibes, and they go about among the simple lay people, pretending that in the drum reside all sorts of wonderful virtues and properties which no one understands but themselves, and of which they make mighty mysteries."

"Now the method of divining and reading the future," says another, "the drum doth perform in this way. When the question is asked, as for instance, 'If the hunting on the morrow will be successful,' it knocks twice with a loud sound for Yea, and once for No. And it is indeed curious and entertaining to observe the faces of the suppliants, who come to consult the oracle, how imploring they look, how downcast when the answer is against them, how jubilant and jocund when the response is in their favour."

Not uncommonly human sacrifices were offered to this omnipotent deity. On the occasion of a war between two neighbouring tribes, the captives taken in battle were solemnly immolated before the drum, as the most appropriate offering to appease its offended majesty. Before the battle began, the drum was solemnly adored by the braves, and its aid was invoked against the enemy. In order to inspire irresistible courage the braves stepped up one by one to the drum, and the priests holding the drum in their hands rubbed it on the thighs of the heroes. By this means they were supposed to become invincible.

The latter custom is the earliest trace of the military use of the drum in the history of uncivilised man. The Assyrians seem to have been the first of the civilised races who introduced the drum into the army. They entered battle preceded by lines of drummers, playing on kettle-drums, the roar of which, and the effect of which, in the absence of the noise coming from the discharge of musketry and cannon, must have been deafening and terrific.

The military drum is an Oriental, not a European usage. The Greeks advanced into battle singing or with fifes playing, the Romans to the sound of the trumpet, our old barbarian forefathers to the accompaniment of songs and cheers, and often of playing harps. But of drums never. The military drum is Asiatic. The Tartar and Chinese armies entered or enter the fight with beating drums and gongs before them. The army of Tamerlane was preceded by lines and lines of tom-toms, beaten with deafening uproar by the Tartar drummers. The army of the Sultan Bajazet, who opposed him, and of the Turkish Sultans generally, was ushered into battle likewise by files of drums and gongs.

The Saracens, whom the Crusaders met in the Holy Land, invariably commenced their manœuvres by a tempest of drums. But before their time the Saracens in Spain had made Europeans acquainted with the drum and its use. The hordes of Mussulmans who conquered that peninsula and were opposed by Roland and the Cid, are represented in the old romances as coming on to a tornado of noise from multitudes of drums and tom-toms. The military drum was adopted by the Spaniards from the Saracens, and has been received by the rest of Europe from the Spaniards. Its origin has been forgotten. Even its utility, since the days of powder and shot, has been very much diminished. But it is still retained as the most martial of all instruments, mighty on parade, omnipotent on the march. And from its effect on the spirits of soldiers and officers even now, we may judge what must have been its effect in those strange and far off times in primitive history, and among those strange and simple nations, who when seeking for a deity to worship, when asking themselves what thing in the world was mightiest in its influence upon them, was greatest, was most beautiful, was most worthy to be adored, chose as the object, which best fulfilled all these conditions,

THE DRUM.

My Lady Nicotine

THE term "tobacco" does not arise from the original name of the herb but from the manner in which it was used. When the Spaniards first landed in San Domingo they found the natives smoking the herb through a hollow forked cane shaped like the letter Y. The two upper ends of this forked cane were adjusted to the nostrils, whilst the lower end rested upon a paste composed of the leaves of the herb. From this paste, when ignited, the smoke was drawn through the hollow cane by way of the nostrils. In a "History of the Indies," published in 1526, the author, Gonzalo Hernandez de Orviedo, who was the Viceroy of the Spanish King between 1516 and 1522, says: "They thus inhale the smoke until they become stupefied. . . . Their smoking instrument, whether it be forked or merely a hollow cane, is called 'tabaco' by the Indians, who do not give this name to the herb, nor to the stupor into which they fall as some erroneously supposed."

The name supplied to the herb which we now call the tobacco plant varied in different parts of the American continent. The Caribee Indians called it "cohiba"; those of Virginia "uppowoc;" those of Brazil, "petuni"; whilst amongst the Mexicans it was known as "piecelt." In certain other parts it was named "yoli." None of these names etymologically or otherwise suggest that of "tobacco," though they were all undoubtedly applied to the same herb.

The true origin of the term "tobacco" seems to have arisen from the fact that Columbus, whilst on his homeward journey after his discovery of America, passed the island from which ultimately the first product of the herb reached Europe. Finding the island resembled in outline the shape of the Indian smoking instrument, he called it "Tobago."

Tobacco, on its introduction into England by Raleigh and his adventurous comrades of the Spanish Main, was received, unlike so many innovations, without prejudice. Its users were regarded with astonishment by the *habitués* of the various coffee-houses until some one, bolder than his fellows, was prevailed upon to try a "whiff," after which it was not long ere he became a worshipper of the "Diva Nicotiana." King James condemned the use of the herb in his notorious "Counterblaste," nor is there any record of any attempt on his part to prove by experiment what he so virulently opposed in theory. The "Counterblaste" was not, however, left unanswered. The Jesuit fathers maintained that tobacco smoking was not prejudicial to health and morals, as James averred, and they argued that in any case the merits or demerits of the herb were not sufficiently known to permit of dogmatic assertions concerning it.

It was really as a medicine that tobacco was first used by those to whom England and Europe are indebted for its introduction. Sir Francis Drake and his comrades when they first used it as a cure, or at least a palliative, for indigestion, were but copying the Indians. On their return home they spoke of its curative powers, and the medical faculty, with or without due trial of its claims, wrote and puffed it into the premier place as a curative agent. The herb, however, though used largely in the latter way, was constantly adding to the number of its votaries who used it purely for the sake of the pleasure they derived from it. There is little doubt that without any claim to curative powers, tobacco would eventually have secured for itself in England the position it has secured in every other country, but the so general use of the herb within a comparatively few years of its introduction was largely due to the above reason. Many smoked to become well, and finding the "drinking of tobacco" good for its own sake continued smoking after they had purged themselves of the evil which was the cause of their initiation into the mysteries of Nicotiana.

Though the British pharmacopœia now contains but one preparation of tobacco, and that seldom if ever prescribed, the plant at

one time was very largely prescribed in various forms. With the rapid increase amongst its votaries who used the herb for the pleasure it gave them, *pur et simple*, the faculty found the number of their patients rapidly decreasing, with the consequent loss to themselves of the sale of a profitable drug. From being its warmest supporters, they became the most violent enemies to the use of the herb in any form except as prescribed by themselves. They drew the most terrible pictures of dried-up brains, wasted bodies, and subsequent terrible death of the "pleasure-smoker." It is recorded of one doctor that he declared he had opened the skull of one of these latter after death, and found nothing within but a clot of black matter. But all without avail! The people were not to be deterred from smoking. They puffed on through the denunciation of the doctors as Raleigh and his contemporary smokers had puffed on throughout the "Counterblaste" of James. They continued puffing notwithstanding prohibitive tariffs and anti-tobacco leagues, and now, full three hundred years from the introduction of the "weed," the people of England are puffing more furiously than ever.

Herr Hentzer, a German lawyer, who visited England in 1508, says: "Everywhere the English are constantly smoking, and in this manner: they have pipes on purpose, made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed to powder, and putting fire to it they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils like funnels, along with plenty of phlegm and defluxion from the head." It may be here mentioned that the practice of emitting the smoke through the nostrils did not outlast the reign of King James, the present manner of discharging it—through the mouth—entirely superseding it.

The price of tobacco to the consumer on its first introduction into England was about eighteen shillings per ounce present currency. The great majority of smokers, therefore, not being able to buy the herb, even by the ounce, did not carry a pouch or pipe about with them. When they desired to smoke they entered a tavern and called for a pipe and tobacco, as they would for a glass of ale. The usual charge for the pipe was threepence.

The recent demand for legislation to prevent the sale of tobacco to boys and growing youths, at first sight seems to chronicle a state of affairs never previously known. This is not so, however. In the closing years of the seventeenth century smoking was almost universal. All classes and all ages of both sexes smoked. The French traveller, De Rochefort, during his visit to England, arrived at Worcester. Whilst walking about the town with his guide the latter asked him "if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health." There is ample corroboration that this is no mere idle tale. Hearne, in his "Diary," speaking of the Great Plague, says: "Even children were obliged to smoke, and those who would not whipped into obedience." Thoresby, a learned antiquary of Leeds, speaking of an evening spent with his brother at Garraway's coffee-house in 1702, nearly half a century after the above time, says he "was surprised to see his (brother's) sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it." At this period smoking was almost universal. The City fathers smoked when in council assembled. At the coronation of George I. the Council of London consumed two and a half pounds of tobacco and used 216 pipes. When the circuit judge arrived in a provincial town tobacco and pipes were always provided. In March 1693 the House of Commons found it necessary to enact that no member "was to take tobacco into the gallery or to the table sitting at Commitees." The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge issued a proclamation to the effect that "noe graduate scholler, or student of this universitie pre-

sume to take tobacco in St. Mary's Church uppon payne of final expellinge the universitie." The Puritan called in the aid of the pipe towards the concentration of his thought during the lengthy discourses in vogue about the time of the Commonwealth; and in New England the interruptions arising from the striking of flints, and the inconvenience occasioned to the preacher by the clouds of smoke, reached such a degree that in Massachusetts a law was passed forbidding any person "to take tobacco on the Lord's Day going to or coming from meetings within two miles of the meeting-house."

Cromwell, though he smoked, prohibited the cultivation of tobacco in England in the interests of the American colonies. The Puritans of England, though at first strenuously opposing the practice of smoking, ultimately fell victims to its wiles. They had, perforce, to find a way out of the false position in which they had placed themselves, so they used the herb in the form of snuff, whilst still condemning the smoking of the same herb in pipes by their enemies the Cavaliers.

During the Great Plague which visited London in 1665 the prophylactic virtues of tobacco were firmly believed in. Doctors, nurses, collectors and carriers of the dead, smoked continuously. The terror-stricken people smoked all day long and during such part of the night as sleep left free from its embrace. Samuel Pepys, walking down Drury Lane, saw upon some doors the ominous red-cross with its corollary, "Lord have mercy upon us." The sight of these things, he says, "put me in an ill-conception of myself and my smell so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to, and to chaw, which took away my apprehension."

The correct "drinking of tobacco," as smoking was termed by our Elizabethan ancestors, was regarded as an art, the proper performance of which was of no less importance to the "finished gentleman" than his deportment, or the correct form of his wig and other details of costume. The art had its professors, who undertook to teach the tyro not only how to judge of the quality of the herb (for adulteration, owing to the high price of the herb, was largely practised), but also how to manipulate it so as to secure "the most exquisite perfume," as also the proper method of "taking tobacco." It was the custom of these professors to have a room at an inn where they might be waited upon by those desirous of being initiated into "the most gentlemanlike use of tobacco." Their capacity to teach the art was not unfrequently advertised by such doggerel verse as the following:

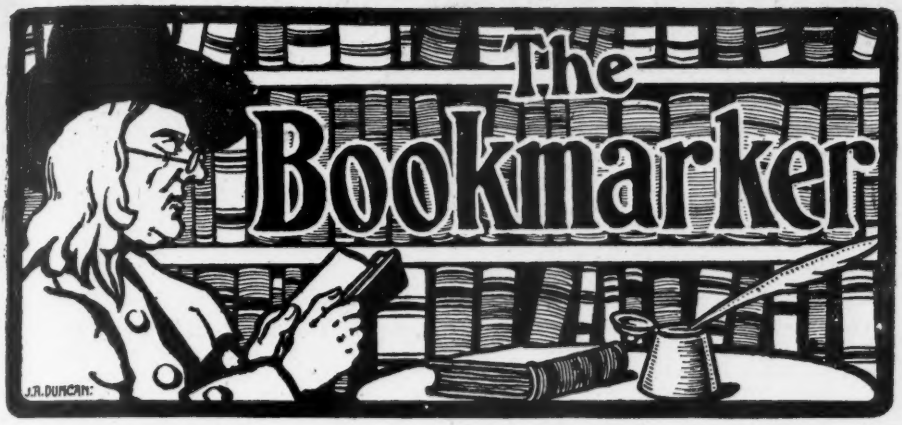
I'll teach thee (do observe me here)
To take tobacco like a cavalier,
Thus draw the vapour through your no and say
"Puff! it is gone"; fuming the smoke away.

It is generally believed that the pernicious practice of "inhaling" is contemporary with the recent increase of cigarette smoking. This particular trick, however, is almost as old as the introduction of tobacco into England. In one of his plays Ben Jonson introduces a would-be pupil in converse with a professor of the art of the proper method of taking tobacco. "Do you profess," queries the inquirer, "these sleights of tobacco?" "I do more than profess, sir, and if you please to be a practitioner I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the tilt-yard—if need be in the most popular assembly that is."

"But you cannot bring me to the whiffe so soon?" doubtfully suggests the would-be pupil.

"Yes, as soon, sir! He shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and upon the receipt drink his three cups of canary [wine] and expose one [whiff] at Hounslow, a second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot."

The Golden Age of smoking, if the criterion of such be the numbers of its votaries, reached its apex in the reign of Queen Anne. For over a century the use of tobacco had gradually but steadily increased in popularity amongst the people of England, and this notwithstanding the "Bulls" of Popes and the condemnatory logic of philosophers, the denunciation of



No. 4 January 1904 [SUPPLEMENT TO "GOOD WORDS"

* * Isbisterisks * *

Mr. Charles Ray is the writer of "The Life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," the first authorised biography since the great preacher's death. The book is fully illustrated with a number of new and interesting photographs, many of which have never appeared before.

CHARLES RAY

Beginning with the January Number of "The Sunday Magazine," Mr. Ray will write a series of articles suggested by Jack London's terrible book, "The People of the Abyss." The aim of the articles will be to show the efforts which are being made to raise the poverty-stricken people of the East End of London, and to show the brighter side of the picture painted in Jack London's book. The articles will be illustrated with photographs.

When critics disagree, who shall judge? Probably there is no book which has received such contradictory criticism as has "The Kempton Wace Letters," by an anonymous author. To *The Morning Advertiser* critic the book seemed composed of "affected and monotonous nonsense about love." *Vanity Fair*, however, acknowledges it as a "bold and successful essay on the analysis of emotions that must attract attention." *The Literary World* refers to it at the close of a two-column review as a "finely-balanced study in the most essential of human things. Wide culture and artistic gifts of a high order are behind it." *The Aberdeen Free Press* grants that the book is clever, but adds that it is a '.rifle tedious"; while *The Ladies' Field* insists that "the work may be read and re-read with profit by seekers after truth." The best way to judge, therefore, who is correct, is to read the book yourself and form your own opinion.

Entered at Stationers' Hall

physicians, and the ridicule of famous wits. All were unable to turn aside, far less to stem, the favour with which the herb was regarded; but what they had failed to do the dictates of fashion accomplished unaided.

The pipe had been for over half a century the sole method of using the herb in England. The practice of snuffing, though common in France, had not, up to the time of Queen Anne, made any headway. From the end of her reign, however, until the last thirty years or so the practice of snuffing the herb usurped the place of the pipe amongst the cultured, though the latter never lost its hold upon the working-classes.

The history of tobacco, like that of the more important affairs of life, has the tendency to repeat itself. The possibilities of the herb having been early exhausted, its subsequent history, has repeated itself in a series of cycles, the last of which has seen the passing away of what we may call the Snuff Age and the resuscitation of the pipe amongst all classes. To one form of "taking tobacco," however, are we never likely to revert, *i.e.*, to the nostril-fitting instrument of the ancient Indian.

JOSH BOWIE.

Peculiarities of Old Wills

AMONG the most important sources of information regarding the life and customs of bygone days are wills. It is really extraordinary how much the collection of a few isolated facts tells us; no other documents furnish so much reliable material, especially with regard to landed property. Movables and personalty generally were so few that a will is often an inventory as well as a short genealogy and family history. Moreover the testator mentions those articles he attaches value to, in the order of their value presumably. For instance, a certain John de Morland in the fourteenth century, leaves the bed *in quo jaceo*, to one person, a truss bed and a stone of wool to some one else, and another bed and a gown to a third person. We do not understand some of these bequests, why one legatee has the framework of a bed but no coverings, &c., another blankets, sheets, &c., but no bed; and yet another a bed and furniture complete but for bolster and pillows. In those days a man began by commending his soul to God—and some of the more earnest of these exordiums are very fine—and the saints, many of whom he often mentioned, and bequeathing a not inconsiderable portion of his wealth to be spent in masses for his soul, the souls of his father and mother, and certain other persons. A common request was the saying of mass daily for twenty years. A Bishop of Exeter directs one of the Vicars Choral to say mass daily for ever, with a collect for his soul, and a prayer also for Fox, Bishop of Winchester. Others paid for a thousand masses, and directed so many to be of St. Thomas, so many of St. Nicholas, and so forth.

The manner of their burial was of great importance to some, who specified the weight of wax in each taper, and directed so many poor men to have gowns, and so much money for holding torches or praying. Thomas Wyndesor (1479) directs four tapers and twenty-two torches to be used at his funeral, the tapers to be 10 lbs., the torches 14 lbs., and goes on to discuss at length their future use. The churchwardens were to have two, which were to burn yearly about the sepulchre of our Lord at Easter time; the other two were to aid the light that "standeth upon the branch before the image of Our Lady in the quire there." Sixteen out of the twenty-two torches were left to sixteen neighbouring churches, and before his "mouth's mind" the candles before the Rood or any of the saints were to be replenished. One nobleman desired as many poor men as he had lived years, each to have the same number

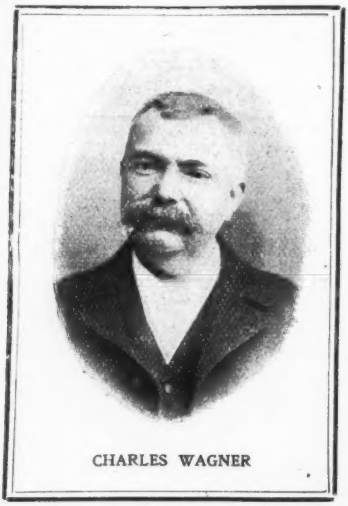
The City of the Sun

From "Bundy on the Sea," by Harold Begbie. (Price 5s.)

Bundy forgot all about the Sea Eagle in his amazement at the sight before him. Instead of a ball of light he saw a luminous City floating on a sea of crystal. The towers and domes and minarets and spires of this bright City were of pure white, and against their stilly whiteness stately cypresses, flowering sycamores, and wide-stretching cedars thrust up their happy greenness like an offering to the blue silence of the sky. It was a City wherein no smoke rose from the glittering roofs, and the tender arc of its sky was only broken by one long trailing cloud of flame which streamed across it—high above the milky towers—like a flag of battle.

Between the palaces of marble and gold he saw blue rivers glancing, and in the wide sweeps, flooding to the crystal sea.

In a recent number of the "Bookmarker" we gave a brief sketch of the life of Charles Wagner, the man who wrote "The Simple Life." Below is a portrait of the Alsatian Preacher whose book has earned the praise of President Roosevelt. Charles Wagner was born in 1852 at Wilbersville,



CHARLES WAGNER

in the district of Chateau Salins, old Department of the Meurthill, since annexed to the German Empire. In 1869 he took his degree of B.A. in the Sorbonne, and entered the Gaellingen in 1875, where he finished his theological course. He is preaching to-day to men, young and old, and to all classes.

* * *

Will the photographic illustration of books be the illustration of the future? One is brought face to face with the query by the recent publication of three Isbister books, each of which, with one exception, is entirely illustrated with photographs. These are: "The People of the Abyss," "The Children of the Arctic," and "The Adventurer in Spain." The last named is the exception, for it contains also numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne. Putting aside the question as to whether photographic illustrations will be the fashion in the coming year, there is no denying the fact that it gives a most realistic touch to the books, and adds undoubtedly to the interest of the letterpress.

In January Messrs. Isbister will publish "Nature Note-Book for 1904," in which that delightful observer and lover of Nature, E. Kay Robinson, has penned his impressions for the year 1903. It is practically the diary of a dweller in the country. *Nature Notes*, in reviewing Mr. Robinson's first "Nature Note-Book," said it was "thoroughly Selbornian in sympathy." The price is to be 2s. 6d.

* * *

Miss Helen Keller begins in "The Sunday Magazine" a series of articles even more remarkable than her recent autobiography; it is wonderful for a deaf-blind person to write of herself, it is still more wonderful for her to deal with the world of thought outside of herself. In a

One of Mr. S. R. Crockett's own photographs reproduced in "The Adventurer in Spain"

sense, though, the essay is autobiographical, for it is an expression of her optimistic philosophy, the creed of life which she has derived from her own experience and from her wide knowledge of books and history.

Bundy and the Sea Eagle

[The following delightful extract is taken from Harold Begbie's new children's book, "Bundy on the Sea," and is a sample of the irresistible humour of the book.

"Please," said Bundy, "would you mind taking me as far as that big gate by the bridge, so that I can go right into the Sun?"

"They didn't ask him to tea," said the Eagle testily. "They merely asked him if he would not leave his umbrella in the hall."

"I was talking of the Sun," Bundy answered—"that beautiful City floating in the crystal sea."

"It couldn't have offered her strawberry ices," said the Eagle, "because her cat had the measles."

"I don't think you quite heard what I said," pleaded Bundy.

"Besides, if five and seven are thirteen it stands to reason that the Emperor must have told the cook how to do it," replied the Eagle.

"How to do what?" asked Bundy.

"On no account," said the Eagle angrily. "Why, the blacksmith lost his rabbit from the same cause."

"I don't quite understand," said Bundy in despair.

"It might have been," answered the Eagle. "But certainly what the nursemaid said to the oyster was entirely different."

"Are you quite sure," Bundy asked, "that you aren't talking in your sleep?"

"They keep three dogs," replied the Eagle; "but the hedgehog is never allowed in the bedrooms after that accident with the gas balloon."

"What you are saying," Bundy complained, "hasn't the slightest connection with what I am asking, and it doesn't seem to make sense, either."

"Pepper, I believe," answered the Eagle, "but I never heard of amanuensis being used. Never."

"Look here," said Bundy, laying a hand on the Eagle's flat head; "would you mind dropping to earth again, for I'm mortally tired of being up in the air, and I don't like talking to people who don't understand what I say. It makes conversation impossible, and it irritates the temper."

"Oh, that's not half so good as the story about the Mayoress and the three-and-sixpenny laughing-gas," answered the Eagle chuckling.

"Stop!" bawled Bundy. "I can't stand it any longer. Stop!"

"I don't suppose they had changed their clothes," said the Eagle. "People who eat asparagus with toffee drops are always giving trouble to the water companies."

Bundy began to grow angry. "If you don't talk properly," he shouted, pinching the Eagle with his legs, "I'll strike you on the head, and clutch you by the neck and —and—and—KILL you!"

"The captain altered it at the last moment," replied the incorrigible bird, "and made it read as if the collar-stud had lost by a neck."

Bundy struck the Eagle with his fist, hard—on the top of the head.

"Sweetbread couldn't possibly have been given," said the Eagle. "All the doctors now prescribe buttonhooks for agricultural oppression."

Bundy gripped his two hands round the Eagle's neck and squeezed it till the joints of his fingers cracked.

"If she did kiss him," said the Eagle calmly, "I never saw it; and I was standing in the grocery department from three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly eight."

"Idiot!" yelled Bundy, and catching the eagle by the neck once more he shook it, and twisted it, and rung it, and bent it this way and that till he nearly tumbled off the bird's back.

"Certainly not in my time," said the Eagle, "but there was some talk of it after the churchwarden bought the blue cow with the scarlet eyes. People said then, I remember, that if she gave up collecting postage stamps she would certainly lose her taste for truffles, and when the solicitor suggested running the two into one, the organ-grinder gave as his reason that five out of three attempts had failed because the first salmon suggested had been supplanted on the road without his permission."

of pence, to attend his funeral, and as many women. Many almshouses owe their existence and their peculiar uniform to charitable bequests. One wonders if the whims of a testator as regards garments were always carried out. One foundation of almsmen were to wear white gowns one year, russet another, with St. Anthony's Cross in red on their left breast. One man desired that two priests preach a sermon in every parish church of five counties. John Teryngham desired the bell tolled from six in the morning to six o'clock in the evening on the day of his funeral. Another nobleman desired his body to be carried with all possible haste to Jervaulx Abbey after his death and buried by daylight if possible, but if it got there too late, to be buried the same night. A thousand masses were to be said for his soul "with all speed." I expect directions as to sepulture were generally carried out; they are often very explicit and involved long journeys. Sometimes the testator desired his executors to find a man who for the good of his soul would go to the Court of Rome and the Holy Land. These bequests were sometimes ignored, but not forgotten, the heir passing them on to his successor. If such requests seem foolish, we must set off against them such provisions for repairs of churches, bridges, and roadways as we still reap the benefit of; legacies for the up-keep of bells, of pews, the making of windows, the repairs of steeples—the angel steeple of Christ Church, Canterbury, for instance. This thoughtful citizen of Canterbury left moneys "for the reparation of the shambles for strange butchers to occupy every market day," and for the paving of the streets from St. Andrew to the Pillory, "that the people may go the cleaner thereto." We owe the preservation of innumerable churches to this timely and pious forethought. Presents of personal clothing, arms and armour and horses are now out of date, but we might well copy the long lists of names of legatees; it saves much trouble to executors. Friends had their choice in order of certain apparel or domestic furniture, as blankets, &c., pieces of plate are often carefully described, especially drinking cups. Faithful squires had horse and armour left them; some early fourteenth-century wills carefully specify the gauntlets of plate (lobster-scaled) of the period. Good armour was of very real value. Poor folk had so much russet cloth left them; household retainers were found in victuals for a year. One man leaves a lamb to each godson—this in the days when wool was valuable. A lady leaves a crop of wool to pay for a stepson's ransom. There are prohibitions of second marriages, generally, I think, because these might interfere with the welfare of the children.

"Quo Vadis, Domine?"

LORD, whither goest Thou? I see
As the years pass Thou still art leading me,
The rustle of Thy robe falls on mine ear,
Thy Voice in hours of gloom speaks words of cheer;
And yet I long to know the way by which we go;
Perplexed, I ask of Thee, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? I feel
As on my soul Thy tender accents steal,
That the rough path Thou lead'st me must be best,
The toilsome journey makes the sweeter rest;
Yet tell me, Lord, I pray, to cheer me on my way—
The goal I fain would see, "Quo Vadis Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? How long
Before I hear the welcome welcoming song
Of those who say, "Thy travelling days are o'er,
The pilgrim's staff is needed now no more,"
When, past all doubt and pain, I ne'er shall ask again,
In sore perplexity, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

CHAPTER I

A MEETING AND AN ACCIDENT

RUPERT LAURIER strode across the busy departure platform of the Ferrow Station in no cheerful frame of mind. He had missed his train by two minutes only; missed it through the foolish obstinacy of his friend, Ralph Thirlmere.

Thirlmere had insisted on betting that he could do the distance, behind his favourite mare, in three-quarters of an hour; and had stuck to his point in spite of Rupert's evident annoyance.

"I don't want your fiver," the latter had remarked rather disagreeably. "I want to catch my train. I don't care a hang whether the mare does it in forty-five minutes or in forty-eight; I want to be at the station before two, that's all."

"You shall be at the station before two, and we'll start at one fifteen sharp."

Thirlmere was an obstinate ass, and there was nothing more to be done.

They started at one fifteen sharp, not a moment before; and they arrived at the station two minutes after Rupert's train had departed.

"Even that was a triumph!" Thirlmere cried joyously, considering that they had had an upset. "She was a little too fresh," he added complacently, not troubling to notice Rupert's unsmiling face. "But if she hadn't chucked us out we'd have done it! Good-bye, old chap. You'll catch the train all right; it's always late. If you don't, come back!"

He shouted the last words as he drove away. In Meg (the mare's) playful exhibition of dislike for a passing motor, they had both been "chucked out," as Thirlmere had cheerfully expressed it, and some damage had been done to the cart, though its occupants had both escaped unhurt.

That fact had occupied Thirlmere's mind to the almost total extinction of any remembrance of his guest's openly shown annoyance. If Laurier missed his train, why he would get the next, thought Thirlmere, indifferently; and Rupert, only anxious to see the last of him, had acquiesced frigidly.

But when he had seen Thirlmere drive away, when he walked across the platform and realised that he was in for a couple of hours' unnecessary waiting, and that he would hardly get through to his journey's end that night, he frowned savagely, and cursed his friend under his breath.

The train was gone; there was no need for the porter to tell him that; one glance at the emptied platform was enough.

Rupert turned his feet in the direction of the booking-office; the only thing to be done was to ask when the next quick train left, and then to lunch. Also to do his best to avoid meeting that fool Thirlmere.

He went into the booking-office and took his place behind a lady who was speaking in a low voice to the clerk inside. At first Rupert did not listen to what she said, he only wished she would be quick; but her voice was very sweet, though she had a reluctant, hesitating manner, and when he gathered that she, too, had lost the train, and that, moreover, she was placed in the singularly unpleasant position of being left behind on the platform minus her purse, or her luggage, his sympathy arose. Impulsively he took off his hat and addressed her in his pleasantest manner.

"Excuse me, but I could not help hearing what you said. If I can be of any assistance to you, I hope you will not hesitate to make use of me. My name is——"

She took no notice; she did not even look round; she went on speaking to the clerk inside.

"Miss Winston will telegraph, I think, from Cranston."

"The train doesn't stop at Cranston."

"Yes it does—at least there is a slip carriage. She is well known there, and surely if you have her name and address it will be all right. She has my ticket with her own."

The man was surly and indifferent; but at last he agreed to the girl's request. Rupert, who had spoken again, under the impression that he could not have been heard the first time, drew back feeling amazed and somewhat indignant when she still vouchsafed him no answer. Surely any girl must see that it would be pleasanter to deal with a gentleman, though a stranger, than with a surly brute like the booking-clerk?

Apparently this young lady did not see it. She wrung an ungracious consent out of the man to her going by the next train without a ticket, and she gave him the address of her companion, who had gone on in the train, leaving her behind on the platform.

"Miss Adelaide Winston, of Blatchlands Park, near Cranston."

Then the station-master came up, and Rupert heard her repeat her story in the same cold, patient, but reluctant manner.

She had got out of the train to see after a luncheon-basket which had been ordered, had walked down the platform, and had been left behind. Her companion had her ticket, and she had no money with her.

They must allow her to travel by the next train, relying on Miss Winston giving up her ticket at Cranston, where they were both well known.

Rupert thought the station-master was inclined to be rather insolently familiar in manner, and once more stepped forward.

"If you want another reference," he remarked, "you can take down my name, or I shall be very glad to pay for another ticket, if this lady will allow me. You can return the money to me when you are satisfied."

"That is unnecessary," the girl said, giving him the very faintest bow in recognition of his persistence, and speaking again to the station-master. "You can surely take my word. If not, I will leave this bracelet as security; it is worth a great deal more than the ticket."

Evidently she wished for no help from him, and, annoyed at her manner, Rupert turned on his heel and left her to make her own arrangements.

He learnt that, as he had expected, he would have to wait till nearly four for a train, which would then not be a very quick one; also he would miss his connection and be unable to get to his journey's end that night. With a shrug he turned away and walked back into the station. Ferrow was a wretched hole to be stranded in, but there was a tolerable refreshment room and he might as well have some lunch. As he crossed the platform, he saw once again the girl who had received his advances so ungraciously.

It was the first time he had seen her face clearly; now, as she sat on one of the hard benches gazing drearily straight before her, the light fell full on her face, and it was an extraordinarily sweet one. She looked the last person on earth to be ungracious, or suspicious, or unduly chilly. Her face, tired and rather pale, was oval in shape, delicately coloured, with small, soft features and masses of deep chestnut hair. She was very simply dressed, but it was the simplicity which is by no means synonymous with economy, Rupert decided, as he glanced quickly over her neat tweed skirt, her linen blouse, and the plain hat which became her so admirably. She was very pretty, she was young, alone, and she had no money; neither had she had any lunch, for she had told the clerk that she had got out of the train at the request of her companion in search of the basket they had ordered. No lunch and two hours to wait; then a long, tiring journey. For one moment Rupert hesitated resentfully, and then his heart softened and he walked up to her. It was absurd to think that she had intentionally snubbed him. In all probability she had only been annoyed—very naturally—at the unpleasant position in which she found herself. She would certainly understand that it was the most natural thing in the world that he, or any other man who called himself a gentleman, should wish to serve her when it lay so obviously in his power.

"I hope you will not mind my speaking to you," he began rather formally, "but I heard what you said to those men and—I wish you would let me help you?"

"It is arranged."

Her answer was given in the fewest possible words. She did not look at him; and Rupert was once more amazed that she should think it necessary to be so curt in manner.

"Even then you will have a long wait, and you have had no lunch. Will you not come with me into the refreshment room and have some? Please do."

"No, thank you."

She rose to her feet as she spoke. He saw that she intended to leave him, and made a last irritated attempt to show her how exceedingly foolish she was.

"You will be fearfully tired before you get to Cranston, if you don't have something to eat," he said, in a decidedly cross tone. "Surely, if I give you my card you must see that there can be no possible objection to your lunching with me, as you happen to be stranded here?"

"No, thank you."

She turned away with another slight bow, before he had finished his speech, and he saw her walk out of the station, and knew that he had only succeeded in driving her out into the blazing sun, although she was without either gloves or parasol. The girl must be mad!

He went into the refreshment room and ate his lunch, still feeling both angry and injured. She had no right to treat him in any such manner. She could surely see that he was not a cad. If his own sister had been placed in a similar position, he would have been only too glad if some one had looked after her. But this girl, instead of pleasantly accepting his help, as any ordinarily sensible girl would have done, as his own sister would certainly have done, had treated him as if he were a bounder! had refused an offer prompted by the most ordinary civility, and had walked out into the sun rather than run the risk of having to speak to him again. Well, let her go!

Only all through lunch her sweet face haunted him; that and the thought of her lunchless condition.

He stayed in the station. He did not want to meet Thirlmere, who would probably lunch at the inn, hire a trap, and leave his own damaged cart behind. Thirlmere was an idiot, and he was blessed if he would ever go and stay with him again.

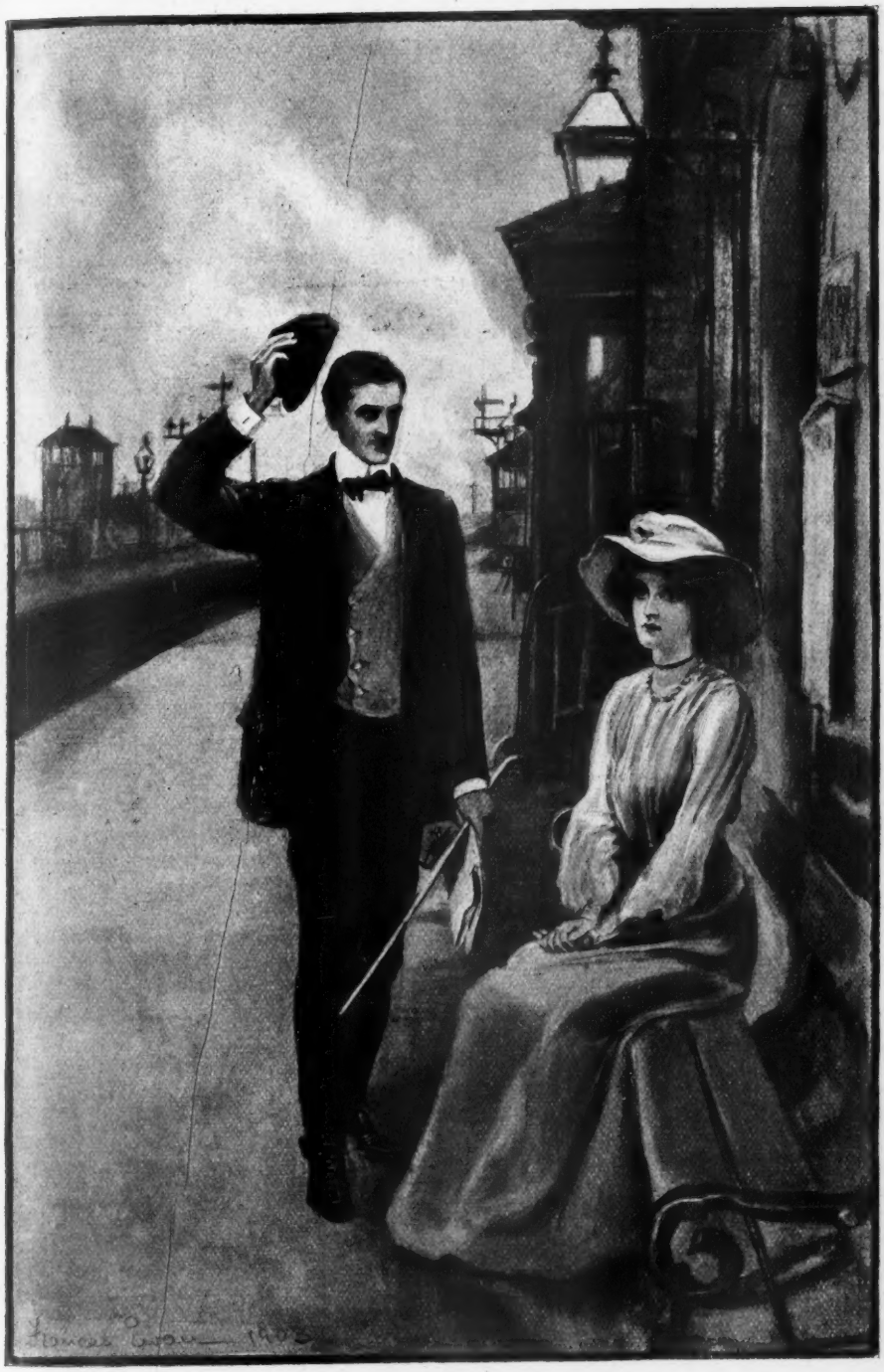
The time passed slowly, and when at last the train came in, Rupert was just drinking his coffee, and did not hurry. There was a wait of some minutes he knew, and he had told a porter to take his seat and put his bags in. So that when he strolled on to the platform, and followed the porter up to a first-class carriage, there was only a minute or two before the train was due to start; and the man had put his things into a carriage which already contained the girl who had shown him so decidedly that she wished to have nothing to do with him.

He beckoned the man to him peremptorily, and the order to remove the things was on his lips, when the girl turned, and he caught a glimpse of her face. He saw its weariness, its pallor; and, after biting his lip, changed his mind, delivered a hasty order to the porter, who turned and ran down the platform, and got into the carriage.

They would be alone; there were not many people travelling first, for this was a slow train, not like that which they had both missed, which went straight through to London with only one stop. The girl did not turn again; he thought she looked faintly uneasy, but she stared out of the window at her side, while he, having settled his belongings, leant out of the window and watched for the porter. Would he be in time? Yes. In another minute, just as the train began to move, the man hurried up, and Rupert, seizing the flat basket he held out, threw him a couple of shillings and a word of praise for his speediness. Then, when the train was fairly out of the station, he turned to his companion and spoke sharply and authoritatively:

"This is a tea-basket. I believe ladies generally prefer tea to more solid food when they are travelling. I hope you will not be foolish enough to deprive yourself of food you most certainly need, merely to gratify an absurd prejudice against accepting any aid from a stranger. I assure you I have not the slightest intention of thrusting myself or my services on you in the future."

She had turned a[illegible] e held out the basket,



I hope you will not mind my speaking to you, he began

and her face, from being very white, became very pink. She did not speak as she listened to his hasty words, and still hesitated unaccountably. Only when he put the basket down beside her, with an evident determination to make her drink the tea whether she wanted to or not, did she draw it towards her, murmuring a faint "Thank you."

That was enough. Rupert settled himself in his corner, sure that she would much prefer to be left to herself; but from behind his newspaper he saw that she ate some of the sandwiches and cake which he had ordered, and that she looked decidedly better when she had had some tea. No doubt she was nearly fainting for want of food! How utterly silly some girls could be!

He was determined that any further advance should come from her. He had seen that she had some food, and that was all that he felt himself bound to do for a girl who had chosen to make herself so exceedingly disagreeable. When she had finished her tea and put the things back into the basket, he got up and pushed it under the seat for her. But he remained silent until she looked at him, and said, softly:

"I thank you."

Then he answered, rather grimly, "Not at all," and leant back in his seat.

The contrast between the girl's face and her manner was extraordinary. Having at last broken the ice, however, he half expected that she would volunteer some further remark. She did not. She gave a little sigh, of relief it almost seemed, and, turning her head, resumed her silent gaze out of the window.

The silence continued. Rupert was determined not to speak unless she did, and apparently nothing was further from her intention. He thought he could answer exactly for what she would do. If no one else got in they would travel through all the hours till they got to Cranston in silence; then perhaps she would repeat her prim "I thank you" as she got out of the carriage, and that would be all! And she had the sweetest face he had ever seen! Why should she behave in such a way? What harm would it do her to be ordinarily civil? To speak a few pleasant words?

No answer occurred to him. But he read his papers in rather sulky silence, and refrained from offering one to his companion. He had no wish to force any unnecessary attentions on her.

Probably he was right. No doubt, if things had gone on as might have been expected, she would have remained silent, and would have passed out of his life an unsolved enigma. But fate had a surprise in store for both of them. The hours passed, the light began to go, and Rupert, having finished his papers, occupied his time in gazing out of the window and now and then throwing a guarded glance in his companion's direction.

It was nearly eight o'clock. In another hour they ought to reach Cranston.

As the thought passed through his brain there was a crash, a horrible jar, and he was conscious of what seemed to be an upheaval under his feet, then he was hurled across the carriage, and knew no more.

When he came to himself a heavy weight held him down, and it was not until he had called out several times that some one came, hauled him out, asked if he were hurt, and informed him that there had been an accident.

The train was derailed it seemed, many carriages were entirely smashed, and some of the passengers severely injured, although up till now no deaths had been reported.

Rupert, bruised and cut, but otherwise uninjured, suddenly remembered his taciturn travelling companion, and insisted on the men helping him at once to search for her. They were manifestly unwilling. They had had orders to return immediately—"the boss" had only sent them because Rupert had "hollered" so loud and they thought he was badly hurt; there were precious few to help.

"One of you at least must stay!" commanded Rupert, as he slipped a sovereign into the man's unwilling hand. Accordingly one ran off, and Rupert and the other began their difficult task of searching for the girl under the mass of ruins which represented the carriage.

She was quite unconscious when they

drew her out, but apparently unhurt, for when Rupert had forced a little brandy through her white lips she opened her eyes and asked faintly what was the matter. Then, with evident remembrance, caught tight hold of Rupert's sleeve, and added:

"Oh! what was it? Where are we?"

He explained hurriedly, asked her if she were hurt, insisted on her standing up that she might be sure, and then drew her hastily aside as a roughly improvised stretcher passed them, on which lay a mangled form.

"Don't look!" he cried. "Some of the people are badly hurt, they say, but at least you are safe. Come away from here. Later we shall hear what is to be done for us."

She followed him, looking stunned and white, averted her eyes as they passed another carriage where some men were drawing out a boy who was evidently very badly injured, and then stopped to listen, shaking her head as Rupert urged her to come on.

"No! no! I mustn't! Give me one moment!"

He stood patiently. He still held her arm, for he thought she was faint; but when she spoke again he listened with open dismay. She must go back at once, she said, because, though she was a coward, she had heard a woman shriek, and it was her duty to do what she could for any woman who was hurt. She would go back.

"You can't! You mustn't!" cried Rupert, whose one wish was to get her away out of sight of the ghastly wounds which were being displayed on all sides. "My dear child, I assure you you will only faint and be in the way. Let me put you somewhere safe, and I will come back and do all I can."

But she would not listen. In a few minutes she had entirely recovered her self-control, and was making her way to where the two doctors who had been in the train were doing their best for the poor sufferers. After that, for some time Rupert only caught glimpses of her, always very pale but composed, ready, and apparently capable of doing anything which she was told to do.

He also volunteered to help and was kept busy. To add to the wretchedness of the state of affairs, it was almost dark, which made it much harder to find out if any one was left among all the wreckage of the carriages. But at last it was announced that every one was rescued, and the injured were waiting until some means of conveyance could be provided.

For those who were capable of walking, there was nothing to be done but to walk along the line to the nearest station, or else merely to wait until some other means of escape presented itself.

"But they will be sure to send a train down as soon as possible," said Rupert, eagerly, to the girl, whom he had once again drawn away from the other people. "If we go along the line—they say it is not more than four miles to the nearest station—we can wait there until they can send us on. Do you feel up to it?"

She said she did, and she raised no objection to going with him. Half a dozen other passengers who were unhurt accompanied them as they set forth into the darkness, but Rupert resolutely kept his place at the girl's side, and thought she was glad of his presence, although she said nothing.

CHAPTER II

PAMELA'S PROMISE

IT seemed hours before the station was reached; but at last the lights shone before them, and Rupert said, encouragingly:

"Come, we are nearly there, and you will get a rest, at any rate. By the way, your people will be in fits about you?"

"Yes, I am afraid they will," answered the girl in a low voice. "But there is no way of sending word I suppose? It is too late to telegraph?"

"The news of the accident will have been telegraphed down the line, of course; and, if you like, I will try to send a message from this station. Shall I?"

"If you would, please," eagerly. "Just that I am safe."

"But you have not told me your name," he said, smilingly.

"Oh, no—of course not. It is Winston—Pamela Winston, and I want the message sent to Miss Adelaide Winston of Blatch-

lands Park—just that I am safe and coming on. I do hope it will get through."

"I will do my best, at any rate."

"But after all," said Pamela, hopefully, "it is quite likely that she will hear nothing. She will be told that the next train does not arrive till nine, and she will not be likely to wait. She will tell them about the ticket and send to meet me. Then, if only Martha waits, instead of going back, Miss Winston will think I am detained because of the ticket, and know nothing of the accident until I tell her myself."

"Very likely," encouragingly. "Who is Martha?"

"Oh, Martha is our coachwoman."

"Your coachwoman?"

There was an open curiosity in his voice which made his companion frown slightly, with a remembrance of much that she had for the moment forgotten.

"Yes." She volunteered no explanation.

"Do you think she will wait?"

"I think so. She will not want to frighten Miss Winston unnecessarily. She has been with us for nearly twenty years."

"With your—aunt?"

"My adopted mother. Here is the station. You will try to send word?"

"I will try."

They had a long dreary wait in the little station. Rupert succeeded in getting some bad tea and stale bread-and-butter, which Pamela eagerly accepted, and at last helped her into a carriage; then once more they set off on their journey. It was very late, nearly twelve o'clock; but, as he said, they ought to be thankful that things were no worse. And Pamela, shivering at the remembrance of some of the things she had seen, acquiesced hastily.

Then Rupert bent forward and spoke persuasively.

"You are not going to relapse into silence again? You can hardly look upon me as a total stranger after all we have been through together? I have told you my name and all about myself; tell me something in return. Let me hope that this is not to be the end of our friendship, if I may use the word."

"It must be."

"You don't want to have anything more to do with me?"

"It is not that——"

"Then what is it? Tell me a little about yourself. You live with your adopted mother, you say? At Blatchlands Park, near Cranston? I stay at Cranston sometimes with the Delavals. Do you know them? May I come and call on Miss Winston when I am there next?"

"It would be no use," she answered quietly. "You would not be admitted. I—I ought not to be talking to you, but you have been very kind to me, and I do not wish to seem ungrateful. You were offended with me—of course I saw that—because I did not want you to help me at Ferrow; but you do not understand. It is because I must be like that."

"Like what?"

"I must not speak to any man if I can help it."

"Why not?" He gazed at her in utter perplexity.

"Because I have promised." She spoke with the utmost reluctance; her pretty face was flushed, and she looked distressed.

"Promised not to speak to any stranger?"

"Not only to any stranger. I have promised never to speak to any man—unnecessarily. But I shall tell Miss Winston of this, and I think she will forgive me; because it was impossible that I should not speak to you then; it was all so horrible; you were so kind."

"But why shouldn't you speak to men?"

"You cannot understand."

"Make me understand! Tell me!"

"I can't." She shook her head and sighed. "Only that I have given my solemn promise, and do my best to keep it. I can only thank you once more."

"You are not going to tell me anything? Not how I can see you again? Don't you think you are rather hard on me?"

"I can't."

"You are quite willing that I should pass out of your life; that we should never meet again?"

"It must be so."

Pamela's low sweet voice sounded resolute. If Rupert had stopped to think, it

would surely have surprised him to find how utterly determined he was that she should not pass out of his life, how resentful he was because she apparently had no such determination. A few hours ago he had never seen her; he had not even known her name. Why should he expect her to wish to accord him her friendship merely because they had happened to be thrown together? He did not stop to think of any of these things, he repeated persistently:

"You are quite willing?"

And Pamela answered, "Yes, I am willing," and only then looked up at him with eyes that were openly distressed. "It sounds horribly ungrateful," she added quickly. "You have been very kind to me, though I was rude to you; but I can't help it. You must forgive me."

"But if it were possible? I know I am bothering you, I know you don't want to talk to me. I suppose I am a selfish beast, but I can't leave it like that. I must see you again; I will. Tell me how!"

"I can't."

This time she spoke with the utmost determination, and turned her eyes away. "I can only say one thing; that is goodbye, and thank you for your kindness."

"I *will* see you again," he repeated, but this time she did not even answer, only shook her head silently.

After that she hardly spoke, although Rupert obstinately refused to be silent. At first he asked questions, and then, when he found it impossible to get an answer, spoke, instead, of himself and his concerns.

At first, hesitatingly, she begged him not to talk to her; and, when he took no notice of her request, she leant back in her seat silently. Possibly she did not listen; but he thought she did, and found a perverse pleasure in telling her as much about himself as he could. He did not want her to forget him, and therefore it was well that she should have as much as possible to remember. At least it would make some sort of link between them; and so, doggedly, determinedly, he spoke of his early life, of his schooldays, of his manhood.

His parents had both died when he was a small boy, and he had been left to the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in Devonshire. The uncle's name was also Laurier, and he had only one daughter, Audrey Laurier, Rupert's cousin. She was a few years younger than himself. He had lived with his uncle until he went to school, and always spent the holidays with him; but he had a place of his own called Garfleet, in Surrey, which he had inherited from his mother, who had been an heiress. He had wished to go into the army, but his uncle had objected to his entering any profession. Rupert believed that he had an idea that it was unfair to the men who wanted the work, or something of that sort. He had informed Rupert that, with a place of his own to look after, and six thousand a year, if he could not find occupation for himself, without taking it from other men who needed it, he must be a poor thing!

"His own health isn't good," added Rupert reflectively, "and I think he wanted me to keep somewhere near him, so that if anything happened I could look after Audrey, though he never said so. Perhaps he was right. I never really regretted it until the war broke out, and then I volunteered. We had an awful row. However, I went out and stayed nearly a couple of years, and then I came home and made it up with him. There you have the history of my life, with a good deal of travelling thrown in. I am thirty-two, and very fit indeed, though I came home invalided. Except the Lauriers I have only distant connections. I am going to them now. Uncle Ralph expects me to night, but I shan't get through now, of course, until pretty late to-morrow. I shall stay a few days, just long enough to enable me to get away without any open friction, and then—I shall go and stay with the Delavals near Cranston, for a few days at least."

He waited for an answer, and when none came gave a little impatient exclamation.

"You are maddening! What harm could it do you to show me a little ordinary friendship and sympathy?"

Even then she did not speak; only turned and looked at him, with visible reproach in her beautiful eyes; and that look made Rupert add hurriedly:

"Of course I know you think you oughtn't to, and I don't want to make you do anything against your wish, but——"

"Yes." Pamela spoke suddenly. "That is what you do wish. You want to make me break a solemn promise."

"It is such a ridiculous promise! Why should she ask such a thing of you? It is absurd! Do you—does she mean that you are never to marry?"

"Obviously."

"I never heard such rot!" crossly. "I say"—he looked out of the window hurriedly and saw lights approaching—"the train is slackening, and this must be Cranston. Isn't there anything you can say to me? I suppose you think it idiotic of me, but I feel I can't let you go like this. I don't feel as if we were strangers—I seem to have known you always—to have been—waiting for you. Be a little kind! Say something—just tell me what I can do to conciliate Miss Winston!"

"Nothing"—the word came through Pamela's set lips—"absolutely nothing."

"This is to be absolutely final?"

"Absolutely."

"It shan't! Here is the station, for now it must be good-bye—*au revoir*," correcting himself hastily. "But this shan't be the end—I'll swear it! I have always been reckoned an obstinate beggar, and I mean to have my way! Good bye. You will surely shake hands—no?"

She shook her head again. He made it hard for her, because during those first awful minutes after the accident he had been so very kind, and she had been seized with such a horrible panic. But that was not reason enough to break through a life-long rule. So she merely shook her head sadly, and moved past him to the door.

"You are as hard as a stone!" he cried, indignantly. "At least I suppose I may be allowed to open the door for you!"

She drew back, allowed him to get out, and then, ignoring the hand he held out to help her, murmured gently "Good-bye," and passed him.

There were few people in the dimly lighted station, but the person who came forward and greeted Pamela with a fervent exhibition of joy was remarkable enough to ensure her plenty of attention from all the passengers in the train; and Rupert stared, at first with surprise, and then with distinct annoyance.

Pamela had spoken of "our coachwoman," he remembered. Presumably this was "our page-girl." A slim, tall girl, dressed as like a page-boy as possible, in dark cloth skirt and tight-fitting coat, ornamented with innumerable buttons, with a closely cropped dark head, which was now bent over Pamela's hand as the girl seized it and kissed it vehemently.

Rupert could not hear her words, but he could see plainly that the girl was uttering devout thanks for Pamela's preservation; and, though she pulled her hand away, Pamela smiled, and spoke to the girl in the friendliest manner.

Then the train went on, and Rupert, waiting to find that his late companion bestowed upon him not even a parting glance, threw himself back on to his seat crossly, and muttered once more that the whole thing was absurd.

He spent a few hours uncomfortably at the junction, and then went on his way, arriving at Elton, the station nearest to the Lauriers, before midday. The groom informed him that Miss Laurier had driven her cart down, and was waiting for him, and accordingly Rupert, having given into his charge what was left of his luggage, went out of the station, and was greeted merrily by his cousin.

"Long live Rupert the good!" she cried, utterly ignoring the eyes and ears of the passers-by. "You have given us a most awful fright, and you will have to suffer for it! Jump in! Father will be at his grumpiest, just to keep you from being unduly uplifted, if you should chance to hear what a state he was in when he thought you were irretrievably smashed. You look all right! Aren't you hurt at all?"

"Not at all, thank you."

"I am very glad to hear it. Father has made my life a burden to me ever since last night when we heard of the accident. Why do people always feel it their duty to bring one news of an accident if it is just possible that some one one knows may be hurt?

He or she isn't hurt generally, and one has all the wear and tear of it for nothing. Father was anxious, so he took it out of me until he knew you were safe, when he immediately began to abuse you incontinently. Young people didn't presume to be in railway accidents and thus alarm their elders unnecessarily in his young days, I am sure! You look very glum!"

"I'm dead tired and I suppose a bit bruised. You can't be chucked about and have half a ton of wreckage on the top of you without feeling it in some measure, I suppose."

"I suppose not. Were you alone in your carriage?"

"Only one other passenger. Neither of us were hurt. You look very blooming, Audrey."

Afterwards he wondered why he had changed the subject so suddenly, and allowed Audrey to conclude that his fellow passenger had been a man. He had quite meant to talk it over with her—he always did talk things over with Audrey. She had been his chief *confidante* since his boyhood. But to-day he had felt that her merry remarks would jar, that her curiosity would be unbearable, and so he turned the subject quickly and successfully.

"I am always blooming. My only complaint is lack of occupation. There are so few things father thinks suitable for me to do."

"I am sure you have a very good time of it," unsympathetically.

Rupert agreed with his uncle that Audrey's whims were unreasonable.

"So you and father think."

"Don't you have a good time?"

"In a way. Not in my way."

"You are far luckier than most girls," he remarked, with a remembrance of Pamela and the life he imagined her to lead, "and you ought to try to be content, instead of always wanting something that you haven't got."

"According to the catechism? You are not my godfather, and, therefore, I am not going to stand the catechism from you. If you don't take great care, Rupert, you will be an intolerable prig before you are forty. I have noticed symptoms of it very frequently during the last two or three years. You are suffering from an aggravated form of the complaint at the present moment, apparently. What has gone wrong with you? Another love-affair?"

"You speak as if my love-affairs were incessant."

"No." She shrugged her shoulders. "As far as I know you have been in love exactly four times."

"What a fool one is to tell a girl anything!"

"Haven't you been in love four times—or more?"

"No, I haven't."

"Number five must be an unusually attractive young person; she has utterly wiped out her four predecessors already. Rupert don't be a goose! You know perfectly well that I am dying to hear all about it, and ready to shower tons of sympathy on you. Begin!"

"I will begin when I have anything to tell; at present I have nothing."

"You have not met number five?"

Certainly she was aggravating; and Rupert was not in the best of tempers. He administered a scathing snub as deftly as he could, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it only amused his cousin.

But after that she changed the subject, and began to tell him some of the news of the neighbourhood, instead of "prying into his affairs," to his relief; and soon after that they arrived at Brooke House.

Rupert received his uncle's gruff greeting, but knowing that the old man had put in a bad time about him, forgave the surlinesss which agitation invariably produced in George Laurier.

"If you hadn't been a train late as usual," remarked the old man, "you would have escaped the accident altogether, I understand. Procrastination was always your greatest fault, and always will be, I fear, Rupert."

"Yes; but in this case the fault was not mine. I did my best to catch the train; only the man I was staying with fooled away my chance, by arriving a minute or two late."

"No friend of mine would make me late for a train I had made up my mind to catch," obstinately. "There is such a thing as making up one's mind and sticking to it."

"I think if you stayed with Thirlmere you would find it difficult."

"Then I shouldn't stay with him."

"And meantime, father," broke in Audrey, resolutely, "poor Rupert is one mass of bruises, and you are keeping him standing, poor dear! He doesn't expect you to say how glad you are to see him; one knows that you don't say those things; but surely he might be allowed to have a chair!"

"By all means go and nurse your bruises," said Mr. Laurier, disagreeably; and then he turned sharply to his daughter: "What did you drive this morning?" he demanded.

"Tim, in the cart."

"H'm," he turned on his heel and left them; Audrey, smiling delightedly, began to enlighten Rupert before her parent was fully out of earshot.

"Dear old pet! He thought he had caught me neatly, what a disappointment. He has forbidden me to drive Queen Mab ever since my accident; did I tell you that she bolted with me when you were out in Africa and nearly broke my neck? Well, she did, and I am not allowed to drive her now; this morning father has evidently been down to the stables and found Queen Mab out (she has gone over to Nettleby with one of the grooms), so he thought he had caught me beautifully. What would you like to do now, Rupert? Shall I get you some arnica? Isn't that good for bruises? What would you like?"

"I should like a little peace and quiet," replied Rupert ungratefully, "if you think you could manage to stop chattering for ten minutes."

(To be continued)

The Unbaptized

O LIST to the moan of the wind along the street.
How it sighs by the eaves,
And whirls the leaves
Like listeners all surprised.
Ah no, it is only the homeless feet
Of the little ones unbaptized.

They whimper and wail by the darkened door of home.
With sorrow blind
They cannot find
A rest in all the world—
Like wind-blown birds of the driving foam,
Along the darkness hurled.

O list to the cry of the wind along the street.
How the mothers wake
And fond hearts break
With longings agonised,
For they hear the beat of the homeless feet
Of their lost ones unbaptized.

Weeping like wearied pilgrims all the way,
They drift by the door,
And Love grows sore
To rise and open free;
And lo, there is only the night-mist grey,
And the sorrowing of the sea.

Ah, once I dreamed, in vision more than a dream,
That pity sweet
Drew me out to the street,
For my heart was wrung with care,
And lo, in a dim, sad flickering gleam,
I saw the children there.

But a Shadow, with bleeding brow, thorn-garlanded,
With tenderest grace
Of love in His face,
Though scarred from suffering sore,
In silence led the souls of the dead,
And angels walked before.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Boswell's "Johnson"

THE quality of the Boswell's "Johnson" paper was quite up to the standard, and the competition was very close. The second prize, according to rule, falls this month to Janus, who has never won a first prize.

Dubric, 100; Connla, 94; Penumbra, 90; Janus, 88; Crescent, 88; Devenick, 84; Trothan, 79; Damon, 77; Rover, 76; Logan, 72; Alexis, 72; Carlyon, 71; Deirdre, 66; Wuzzums, 64; Spero, 63; Aedh, 61; Beatrice, 57; Scotia, 57; Plympton, 46; Otter, 55; M. Kenwigs, 55; Peg, 54; Edina, 53; Margaret, 50; Lucknow, 42; Mercury, 39; Southern, 31.

1. The claim of Dr. Johnson to the title of "the first literary character of a great nation" is one that repays examination, since it discloses so many essentials of our English nationality at its best. He was low-born, poor, destitute of will to flatter, homely and coarse in person and manners, irritable and violent in temper. Yet with all these drawbacks his royal right was practically unquestioned. Each age worships its own image, and Johnson was to England the eighteenth century incarnate. In him the national faults and virtues were writ large. Sterling truth, "sanctified common sense," the spirit of wise compromise, masculine purpose, the smiting word—all these have been the making of England; and if he added to them blunt disregard for the feelings of others, and contempt for everything outside his own line of vision, there were plenty of Englishmen who would admire him none the less. Johnson's first claim then to be the "Great Cham" of literature rested on the popular election recognising him as the representative Englishman of his time. The second—a trifle illogical, but we have never as a race pretended to logic—was that a great lexicographer must necessarily be a final authority upon language in its literary form; and his third and last was that he was an author whose writings were important in his own day, if they are unimportant in ours. He wrote no novel like "Tom Jones" or "The Vicar of Wakefield"; no history like "The Decline and Fall"; no poem like "The Elegy" or "The Deserted Village"; no political pamphlet like "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents"; but there was no greater master of those sonorous sentences, dear to the eighteenth-century heart, which served to elevate the understanding without disturbing the emotions.

Yet the man was greater than his writings. He sat on the throne that "Ben" and "glorious John" had occupied before him. But he was more fortunate than they, "quia carent vate sacro." He was the last great literary dictator—perhaps the greatest—"Like unto him there was no king before him; neither after him rose there any like him." "Nature brings not back the mastodon."

2. Examine Lord Macaulay's statement that "there is not a single remark of Boswell's on literature, politics, religion or society which is not either commonplace or absurd."

Dr. Johnson himself never decided literary questions with more absolutism, nor with a greater incapacity on occasions to see beyond his own blinkers, than Lord Macaulay. It is true that, fortunately for us, Boswell was often, intentionally or otherwise, absurd. If he had not asked his famous question (p. 157), "what would you do if left alone with a baby?" we should not have had the Doctor's reply; but his conversation was tolerated by the finest thinkers of the day, and not infrequently he more than held his own. He recognised the force and eloquence of Rousseau (p. 131) when not only Johnson but the best opinion in England could see

nothing in him but a dangerous and foolish demagogue; he maintained against "unreasonable prejudice" the superiority of Fielding to Richardson, and saw through the fallacious reasoning with which Johnson professed to have refuted "the ingenious sophistry of Bishop Berkeley" (p. 115). He foresaw the result of the great struggle with America (p. 238). He propounded the unanswerable difficulty in the well-known conversation on free-will and the prescience of Deity, with an insight which the rest of the party confuse in vain (p. 425). And if his views on Slavery and Feudalism are now out of date they were not therefore "commonplace or absurd;" but he spoke without reverence of Lord Macaulay's ancestors ("Journal to the Hebrides," pp. 106, 374), and this, perhaps, did not recommend him to their gifted descendant.

3. What were the main characteristics of Johnson's conversation? Give instances in which he seems to have been in advance of his age—or the reverse.

Dr. Johnson's powers of conversation were extraordinary. Orme, the historian of Hindostan, said: "I do not care on what subject Dr. Johnson talks, but I love better to hear him than anybody. He either gives you new thoughts or a new colouring;" and the great Burke himself was contented "to have rung the bell" for him. He talked for victory, as he confessed, rather than for enlightenment. His sword was through his adversary's body ere he knew it, his pistol-butt was on their crown in an instant. If argument failed to convince, the COD among smelts (as Boswell calls him in respectful capitals) was apt to give a lash with his tail which perturbed the waters and sent the little fishes flying. But it was only on indifferent subjects that he could be paradoxical or sophistic, and his honest English heart forbade him to trifle with morality or religion.

It would be easy to give instances in which he was behind the educated opinion of his age. In an age of scepticism he was credulous. In an age of international civilities he quotes with pleasure Meynell's savage dictum: "For anything I see foreigners are fools." He supported the use of torture and the methods of the Inquisition, and had a refreshing contempt for freedom of election. The least mention of the American rebellion made him "burst into horrid fire," and he was all for the absolutism of kings. But it is easy to confound occasional utterances with reasoned conviction, and in moral questions Johnson was in advance of his own time and sometimes even of ours. He felt so strongly on the question of the Abolition of Slavery that Boswell qualifies his zeal as not according to knowledge. He saw the unwisdom of the English treatment of Ireland, and opposed the Union on grounds that Irish politicians have since endorsed. "Do not make an union with us, sir, we should unite with you only to rob you." He "strongly reprobated" the persecution of the Roman Catholics, and held that all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agreed in the essential articles, and that their differences were trivial and rather political than religious. He repudiated the doctrine that a member of Parliament should go along with his party right or wrong. In fact, though he had little aptitude for abstract thinking, his strong good sense and serious, thoughtful disposition left its mark on every subject it encountered, and, while in his written work the language is often grander than the thought, his conversational style, as reported by Boswell, is terse, robust, and felicitous in the highest degree.

4. "Oats," n.s. (*aten*, Saxon), a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

"Tory," n.s. (a cant term derived, I suppose, from an Irish word signifying a savage), one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a "Whig."

"Pensioner," n.s., i., one who is supported by an allowance paid at the will of another, a dependant; ii. A slave of State hired by a stipend to obey his master.

Other famous definitions in the Dictionary: "Pension," an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is

understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country.

Johnson found this definition awkward when he himself received a pension.

"Excise," a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

This definition nearly brought the author into trouble.

"Network," anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

"Whig," the name of a faction.

He is frequently autobiographical.

"Grub Street," the name of a street in London inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.

"Lexicographer," a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.

Under the word "Lich" he introduces the apostrophe to his native town, "Salve, magna parens."

5. *Truthfulness.* His general opinion was that truth should never be violated, because it is of the utmost importance to the comfort of life that we should have a full security by mutual faith (p. 566). He distinguishes between physical truth "when you tell a thing as it actually is," and moral truth "when you tell a thing sincerely and precisely as it appears to you" (p. 473).

Mrs. Thrale vexes him by "laxity of narration" (p. 404), and he acknowledges to Dr. Burney that all truth is not of equal importance; but if little violations are allowed every violation will in time be thought little (p. 595). He thus insisted on truthfulness in children (p. 397), servants (p. 95), lawyers (p. 143), and doctors, in spite of the consequences; but he admitted that a man was not upon oath in "lapidary inscriptions" (p. 280), and he would not betray a victim to a murderer or reveal another man's secret (p. 567).

Political Economy. Dr. Johnson's Political Economy was of the pre-Adamite order ("Wealth of Nations," published 1776), which, confusing money with wealth, held that one nation could not increase its store without making another poorer. At the same time, though in trade there was little profit in money, there was much profit in pleasure (p. 155). The country could not sink under the National Debt because the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands (p. 175). Luxury did much good as supporting the industrious poor (p. 337). It is in general better to spend money than to give it away (p. 517). When told that if taxes were increased labour would become dearer, other nations would undersell us, and our commerce would be ruined, he replied, with a smile, that our commerce was in a very good state; and, supposing we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on the produce of our country.

Gaming. A mode of transferring property without producing any immediate good (p. 192). Otherwise not objectionable (p. 322).

A *Greenhouse* is "childish" (p. 189).

Time-serving. "You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good" (p. 129).

Corporal punishment. A child "gets his task and there's an end on't." Less flogging at our public schools than formerly, also less learning. "So that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other" (p. 280).

Female artists (portrait painting). Public practice of any art, and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female (p. 253).

Derby china. Beautiful, but too dear; he could have vessels of silver of the same size as cheap as what were made of porcelain (p. 375).

The Marriage Service. "Too refined; calculated only for the best kind of marriages: whereas we should have a form of matches of convenience of which there are many" (p. 166).

Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness; to be enjoyed, however, in the future; no man is ever happy in the present but "when he is drunk" (p. 248).

Bulldogs. "In a well-shaped bulldog there should be a quick transition from the thickness of the forepart to the tenuity—the thin part—behind" (p. 385).

6. Of whom and under what circumstances were the following said?

i. "Nullum (sc. genus scribendi) non tetigit." Goldsmith, in his epitaph in Westminster Abbey (p. 348).

ii. "This shows that he has good principles."

Dr. John Campbell. "A good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been inside a church for many years; but he never passes one without taking off his hat" (p. 89).

iii. "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment." George III. after the interview in the library of the Queen's House (p. 136). Johnson thought his Majesty's compliment so neat that he made use of it himself to General Paoli (p. 150).

iv. "His talk is of bullocks." Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne, the squire-parson. His habits were not sufficiently clerical (p. 379).

The allusion is to Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 25.

v. "His moral character is very bad." Dr. Dodd. The once popular clergyman who was executed for forgery (p. 358).

vi. "Un politique aux choux et aux raves." Alexander Pope. Boswell applies Lady Bolingbroke's lively description to Dr. Johnson, who liked to surround his movements with mystery (p. 443).

vii. "You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid." Goldsmith. When he maintained that it would be difficult for two people to live together who had some point on which they disagreed (p. 196).

The reference is to the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon in the "Heroides":

"If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved.
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd."
(Pope.)

7 Express in the Doctor's "characteristical manner"—

i. I disagree with your political views.

"Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig" (p. 191).

ii. I am inclined to doubt your word.

"What I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say but to what you shall prove" (p. 234).

Or, as Sir W. Scott reports him to have said to Adam Smith, "Sir, you lie."

iii. This is inferior mutton.

"It is as bad as can be; it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept and ill-drest" (p. 559).

iv. "I have no idea how much money can be made in this line."

"I have no notion how much money can be got in this department" (p. 388).

Or, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" (p. 487).

v. It has not wit enough to keep it sweet.

"It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction" (p. 571).

In accordance with the markings as given above, the prize-winners this month are:

First Prize (£1) . . DUBRIC
Second Prize (10s.) . . JANUS

With the publication next month of the key to the Scott paper and the markings thereon, the award of the annual prize and of the final quarterly and half-yearly prizes will be made. With that the series of papers for the year will be closed.

These papers have been so undeniably successful a feature of the magazine that a new series of similar papers is commenced in this number, to run throughout the year 1904. The scheme will be slightly altered and the scope of the examinations enlarged. In addition to the ordinary questions there will each month be given a "special subject," for which an additional prize will be awarded, in addition to the prizes for the paper itself, the special subject always being in the nature of an original composition, either in prose or verse, in the style of the author who forms the subject of the examination for the month, or being in some similar way closely allied to that author's work. Thus, for the first paper of the series dealing with Rudyard Kipling, the "Special Subject" is to be a sketch not exceeding 500 words in length by Private Mulvaney. For this "Special Subject" a monthly prize of 10s. will be given.

In addition three monthly prizes of £1, 10s., and 5s. respectively, will be given for the answers to the paper (excluding the "special subject"), and one annual prize of £5 for the best aggregate marks obtained (for both papers and special subjects) during the year. The quarterly and half-yearly prizes will be done away with. In place, therefore, it will be seen that there are four monthly prizes (instead of only two), while the introduction of the "special subjects" will, we hope, give the competitions an even wider appeal than heretofore.

The Examination Editor reserves to himself the right during the year to make any modifications in this plan that may seem necessary or desirable.

New Series—First Paper
Rudyard Kipling's Poems and Shorter Stories

1. What constitutes Rudyard Kipling's peculiar excellence as a writer of stories? Which do you consider his best story, and why?

2. Has he any claim to be considered a poet? Will his admitted coarseness interfere with his reputation?

3. Who were The Stormy Petrel, Shackles, Paddy Doyle, Ould Double Ends, Horse Egan, Sergeant Whatsisname, The lumpy-'umpy 'umming-bird, Billy Fish, The Debilitated Ditcher, The Little People?

4. Give a reference or two to show that Mr. Kipling is a confirmed Imperialist.

5. Quote briefly his expressed opinions on athleticism, Russians, politics, The White Man's Burden, and the use of Native States.

6. Identify the following quotations, giving necessary explanations only.

i. The Waddy has set her five young on the rail and fled.

ii. 'E sez to me "shun," and I shunted.

iii. The Gurkhas' stall at the bazar was the noisiest.

iv. Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow thee.

v. The meat is very near the bone.

vi. Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the lightest who travels alone.

vii. This business is our Fifty-seven.

viii. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

ix. 'Twas the most ondecent parade I ever tuk a hand in.

x. Der big drum brass-hat pizness does not make the trees grow.

xi. Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

xii. Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful played it too,
And rather better on the whole—good-bye,—good luck to you.

Special Subject:

A prize of 10s. will be given for the best original account, not exceeding 500 words, of "An Unrecorded Incident in the South African War," by Private Mulvaney (with an apology to Mr. Kipling).

The examination paper for next month will be on Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia" and "Water-Babies."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Examination Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after January 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

A Curious Cloud

EVERY one has observed when rain-clouds are breaking up what curious and fantastic forms some of these broken clouds assume. Resemblances more or less striking to almost everything one can imagine at different times seem to appear. Sometimes the picture is only momentary, and before we can hardly call attention to it, it becomes dissolved, and something else takes its place.

Although the reproduction gives a fair idea of the cloud photograph, yet in reality the resemblance was very striking; the delicate and undefined shading away around its proportions and outer edges, which is so characteristic of rain-clouds, giving it relief and making the form stand out prominently from the lighter cumulo-stratus clouds which backed it up.

JOHN J. WARD.

This usually occurs if you happen to think one of these clouds sufficiently curious to photograph. So soon as you see such a cloud, you rush indoors to get your camera; and even if you should have everything in readiness, when you return it is only to find that your picture-cloud is altogether something different.

A cloud of this description the other day, however, bearing a striking resemblance to a human head, happened to come along while the writer was on a hill, with camera in readiness to receive it. The result is shown on the illustration.

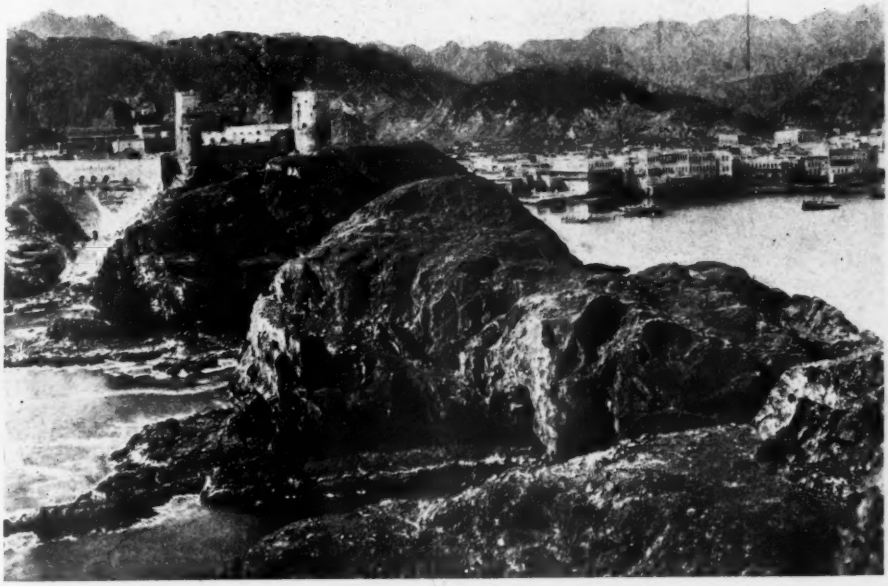
A Heretic

A HERETIC! and dost thou know on whom
  Thou hast affixed that burning brand of shame?
One who loves God, and all his life hath worn
  "The pure white lily of a spotless name."
To call him heretic who has no creed,
  Or one which does not harmonise with thine,
Is to enthrone, where God Himself should reign,
  A mere opinion, human, not divine.

WILLIAM COWAN.

The Story of the Persian Gulf

It is quite possible that a great many people are not absolutely certain where the Persian Gulf is. Yet no Asiatic waterway has had a more eventful history, from the days of Alexander down to our own. It was after the caravan roads, the great route from the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires to the East; it carried the commerce of the Tigris and Euphrates to the lower Persian ports; and much of the wealth of the Karun Valley, of ancient Susa, Ecbatana (now Hamadan), Persepolis, the present Murghab, Shiraz, and of Southern Persia, Carmen (Kerman), &c., came and went at Bussorah, which only dates from the seventh century, Mohammerah, Bushire (a very ancient town), Cagoon, Gombroon (Bunder Abbas), Ormuz, and other ports which have scarcely left a trace behind them. The ancient Persia known to the Greeks did not extend to the limits of modern Persia, but comprised the tract between the north-eastern shores of the Gulf and the Caspian Sea. In Asia one conqueror has ever pressed hard on the heels of another; and when the Assyrian Empire fell, about 600 B.C., the Persians succeeded, only to be crushed by Alexander; and in our era the Arabians, who as far back as Alexander's time had threatened the mouths of the Euphrates and Tigris, controlled the whole of the Gulf. Then came the Tartar conquest of the Middle Ages, and the wealthy ports which early Mohammedan travellers have told us of, decayed; others took their places, were attacked by the Portuguese, and in their turn dwindled. But Arabians still dominated their side of the Gulf, especially the shores of Oman, and Arabian pirates became the terror of the coasting-trade.



Mascat

The Persian Gulf has been famous for its

pearls. Bahrein was the centre of the pearl-fishing, and the most perfect pearl which the traveller Tavernier saw in his travels came from El Khatif, not far from Bahrein. He mentions a prince of Muscat, Imenhect by name, who also possessed a pearl of marvellous quality. Orientals, be it remembered, preferred pearls with a yellow tinge. Near Bahrein there is a remarkable spring of fresh water in the sea. Koweit is still a flourishing port. Not the least interesting portion of the Gulf is the peninsula of Oman, where the remains of Arabian civilisation lasted till the Portuguese, under D'Albuquerque, during the last years of our Henry VII., burnt and ravaged these ancient ports with fiendish ruthlessness. The temper of those times was admittedly savage, but the Por-

The pearl-dealers at Bahrein

tuguese appear to have been possessed by a cruelty, an extraordinary phrenzy for mutilating human beings, which has no parallel. Many interesting remains have been discovered at these Arabian ruins in the Gulf of Oman. "Kanáts," underground canals for irrigation, such as the Persians use to-day, and mark the ruins of many ancient cities, twenty feet below the ground, with shafts at regular intervals and water chambers approached by flights of steps and pointed doorways, point to days when these deserted cities were literally flower-gardens, producing also abundance of tropical fruits. The Arabians were ever fond of flowers.* Tez, Hormúz, Karyát, Siráf, El Khais, Khatífa are either mere shadows of their former wealth or are only perpetuated like old Harira by villages of mat huts. Arabian piracy completed what the last inroad of Tartars into Persia in the eighteenth century under Nadir Shah left undone, the Portuguese having been already overthrown by Imenhect of Muscat about 1650. It was these Arabian pirates who in the early years of the nineteenth century became as great a curse to traders as the Algerine corsairs in the Mediterranean. They put the crew of a British gunboat to the sword, possessed vessels mounting fifty guns, and hundreds of smaller craft. We were fortunately able to make a treaty with them, much to their advantage as well as to our own. A resident at Bushire, the old Abu-Shakr, is umpire in event of quarrels between the Arab Trucial chiefs, who also have a native agent at Sharkah—where Lord Curzon recently met them—in the pay of the Indian Government. The Sultan of Oman still flourishes under our protection, a former sultan in the last century having been one of the best friends we ever had among these wild Arabians. And at Oman's still flourishing port, Mascat or Muscat, the ruins of two Portuguese forts are still in good preservation. In 1838 we made a demonstration against Persia's port, Bushire, taking possession of the island of Karrack. The control of the Persian Gulf may yet lead to momentous events, and the river basins of Southern and Western Persia need only irrigation to resume their old fertility. The valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris were famous of old for barley, dates, and honey, and still export fine dates. One drawback is irremediable, and that is the heat. Ras el Hada prevents the south-west monsoon cooling the lower portion of the Gulf. Fancy residence in one place where the temperature never falls below 90 deg.!

* *Cf.* "Paradise Lost." Book II. "High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind."

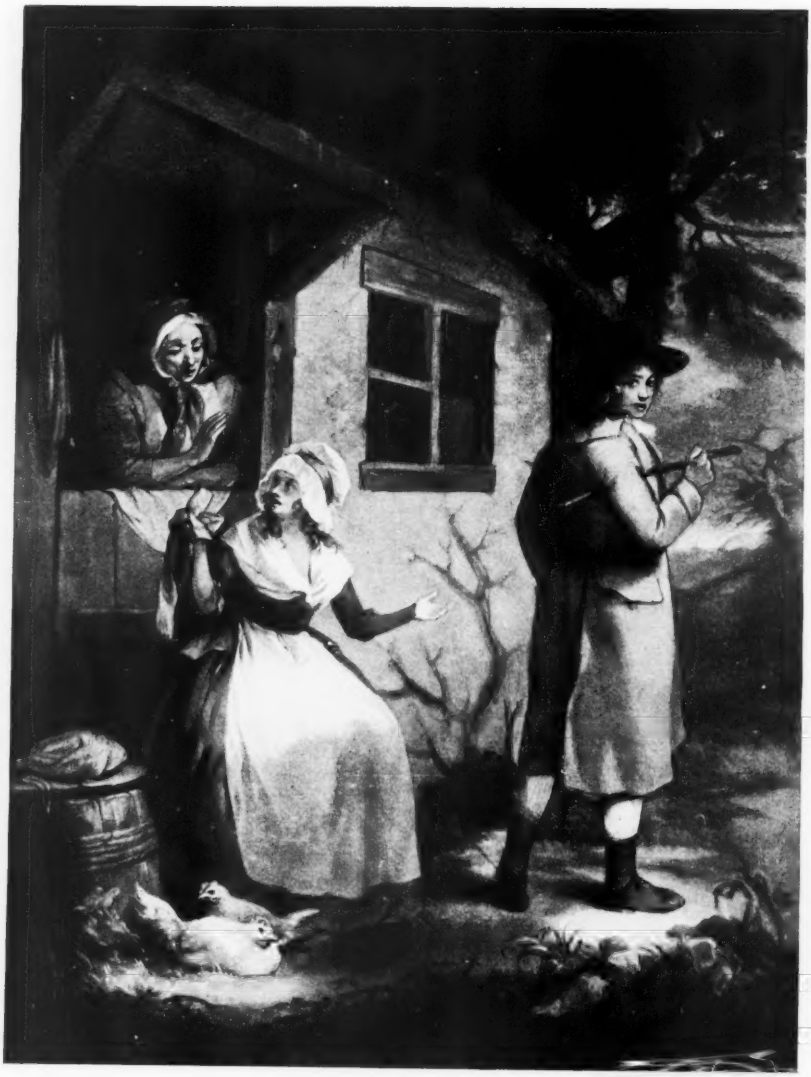
Cabbages and Cats

A CABBAGE rolled off its waggon in Covent Garden Market, and the next horse trod on it, and thereafter it went from bad to worse, ending up eventually, I suppose, in one of those awful tanks on wheels which carry off the Market refuse, slopping over with mud-salad as they go, a hideous wobbling freight of sludge and the pulp of squashed vegetables. It was a fine cabbage when it came up to town and lying on its waggon, frosted over with a little rime, that had grown upon it in its night journey from the garden in Kent; it looked crisp, fresh, and wholesome, as cabbages ought to do. Then came the lurch against the kerb and that roll into the gutter and the finish of it all. Only one cabbage though one of thousands, and, after all, only cabbages. Yes, but two nights ago they were a forest for the hares to wander about in; and yesterday morning when the pheasants came down off their perches in the firs, they missed keenly the colonnades of umbrageous plants along which they had been accustomed to saunter, pecking as they went. The rabbits, too, used to come here during the hard frost, sure of good greenstuff, and partridges rejoiced in the snow-free strips of ground in which they could search under cover for their food. And how the wood-mice delighted in it! Those rows of cabbages in that three-acre field were only cabbages to us, but to the birds and beasts they were a refuge and a provision store at a time when both shelter and food were scarce. Periodically men with guns and dogs paraded, fusillading, up and down the field. The dogs' tails were always wagging and waving over above the tops of the wild creatures' cabbage-trees; and now and again a head, woolly black, or

red and white, would rise up above the level of the round green vegetables and duck under again, as the heads of seals do in the sea. When the visitation was over the animals would come straggling back and resume their old ways "till the next time." And the farmer's big tabby cat with the white paws that twinkled when it ran, would take up its station as usual under the bank at the corner, where the rabbits come and go from meadow to cabbage-field. But the field is empty now except for the little sacks of soot with their necks tied up, that have been put down on it and that look like rows of small dumpy black gnomes in skirmishing order. So reynard, the hare, and the rest of the company have gone elsewhere "for pleasure and profit," and the farmer's tabby has gone after them.

It is a happy beast, this cat; the happiest thing that I can imagine that goes on four legs. Besides being always certain in bad weather of warmth and food in the kitchen, it has provided for it under shelter spacious hunting-grounds well stocked with game in barn, and granary, and hay-loft. Here in cosy nest of its own making it passes its hours of sleep, and when awake it enjoys in undisturbed silence the luxury of easy and always successful sport. Except when it wants to drink milk—most well-fed cats, by the way, prefer water to milk—or takes a fancy during wet wintry weather for the fireside, the farmer's cat seldom goes indoors. It lives, as it was born, in some warm corner over the stable or in an outhouse, catching its food, fat, grain-fed mice and plumped-out sparrows, as it wants it. Its whole life is a protest against the routine and the dulness of domesticity. Inside the house it hears nothing but what it already knows by heart—all the same old daily sounds that have no interest for it. Nor is there anything to look at that it has not already seen. So it hardly ever opens its eyes, but sits cat-elbowed blinking on the hearth. The monotonous procession of household duties wearies it. "These good people bore me," it says. Watch it get up, stretch itself first one way and then another, yawn, and go. It does not look either to right or left. The kitchen might be a desert. It saunters out, sits for a minute on the doorstep to wash its face, and is gone, for a week, perhaps, into a world all agog with sights and sounds of interest to it and alive with possibilities of adventure and fun. Has it ever occurred to you that the cat sees a wonderful amount of life, ever so much more than any dog, and that we ourselves are under perpetual feline surveillance? They sit for hours on a wall or up a tree, under a bush or on the ivy-covered roof of a shed or outhouse, and, unseen and unsuspected, take note of everybody and everything all day long. Their point of vantage, as a rule, commands several approaches. They see all who pass and all that they are doing when passing. Some of them, perhaps, would blush if they saw the cat watching them. But the cat observes and contemplates, and by-and-by when you pick it up and look at it, it turns its head to one side as if it did not wish to be questioned. The cat is the soul of discretion, and that is why its eyes are always so deep-full of secrets and knowledge concealed. It has all its own doings and misdoings among them on its mind, and, in addition, the many conundrums and problems set it by others during the day. Folk talk of cats' eyes as "unfathomable." So they are. Have you ever noticed that cats pretend not to understand language? Can you stop a cat with your voice when it wishes to go away from you, or send it away by word of command when it does not wish to go? How many cats will even come when called unless a bribe be offered? But it knows a great deal. Why did the maid on her way to the clothes-lines stop at a gooseberry bush and again afterwards when on her way back to the laundry? The cat under the bush knows why, but lies low. What does the stable-boy hand through the yard door to the lad waiting outside in the lane every morning, and then begin whistling so loudly for? The cat on the wall sees, but lies low. Why does the gardener's mate go into the potato-house the last thing before leaving for dinner and come out with such bulgy pockets? The cat understands, but of this, as of other things, it tells nothing—happily for us. If only cats told all they knew!

PHIL ROBINSON.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
By G. Morland

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Wapping doctor named Phillimore rescues one of the crew of a pleasure yacht, the *Sea Queen*.—The yacht has put into dock previous to commencing a year's cruise.—She wants a doctor, and the owner, Mr. Morland, is disposed to engage Doctor Phillimore.

CHAPTER III

MADEMOISELLE TREBIZOND

PYE had interpreted his employer's face correctly, and Lane had not boasted unduly. On Wednesday evening I received a letter appointing me to the position of doctor, and at the same time informing me of my remuneration. This was well enough, as it chanced; though not on too liberal a scale it was yet sufficient to meet my wants, and mentally I cast myself adrift from Wapping with a psalm of thankfulness. The *Sea Queen* was to sail on Friday, and so I had little time left; yet by a lucky chance I was enabled to dispose of my practice "on the nail," to use a convenient colloquialism, and, with that adventitious sum of money, equipped and fortified myself for my voyage. I paid two preliminary visits to the yacht, but found no one of importance on board, and it was not until the actual afternoon of our departure that I made the acquaintance of any more of my shipmates.

We warped out of the docks, and dropped down the river unexpectedly, the captain on his bridge at intervals, and the pilot all the time, and at ten o'clock we reached Gravesend, where we anchored in the stream. It was blowing hard of a cold night, and the wind was peppered with sleet; a depressing proem to our unknown voyage. We swung at anchor there until Mr. Morland came aboard with his friends, and we left on the turn of the tide about midnight. I did not see Mr. Morland arrive, as I was busy in the forecastle with a man who had met with a trivial accident. It was Lane who informed me that the "butterflies were come" and we might spread our wings. Lane I had encountered for a few minutes in the afternoon, when he smilingly saluted me.

"Well, what price me?" and hurried off ere I could answer him or thank him, as this form of salutation seemed to require. But he had more leisure at supper, to which he invited me in his cabin.

"We chaps have the benefit of a pleasure yacht, doctor," said he winking, "and you bet I'm not purser for nothing. Blame me if I sup with that crew until they shake down a bit. Barraclough's all right, and a gentleman, but I can't stand Legrand or Holgate."

"I've met Mr. Holgate, and thought him intelligent," I ventured.

Lane emitted scorn. "Intelligent! He's a bladder of peas, and thinks himself a monarch. Precious little swank about him, if he can help it. He's fly enough there. Well, a tot won't hurt us now. I can tell you I've been hustled." He had recourse to a decanter of whiskey. "This is the real stuff. I took care of that. Legrand can do on two-bob vitriol for all I care. He don't know the difference. Well, the boss's aboard and his crowd, and we're off, and here's fortune, doctor."

The toast was irreproachable, and I put down my glass and reverted to his phrase. "His crowd?"

"Yes, his sister and the other lady—rippers both. I saw them when they came aboard at Hamburg."

"And now can you tell me where we're going?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Lane carelessly. "I

hope we're running out of this beastly weather—that's all."

"I merely engaged for twelve months," I put in.

"Same here, and that's good enough," said Lane. "I'll ask the old man to-morrow if his prickles don't stand up too thick. Here she goes, doctor."

When I left the purser I turned in, for the night was shrewd and discomfortable enough to bar romantic thoughts on leaving the English coast. Besides we were bound down channel, and should keep company with our native cliffs the whole of the next day. It would be time to wave a farewell when we passed the Lizard.

The quarters in the *Sea Queen* were roomy. I was berthed aft with the other officers, and Mr. Morland's rooms and the cabins of the two ladies were on the upper deck, ample in appearance from the outside, and no doubt furnished luxuriously. The guests had the run of a fine saloon also, on the lower deck, as well as a music-gallery which ran round it, and there was a boudoir, as I heard, attached to the ladies' compartments, as well as a private room to Mr. Morland's. Breakfast was mainly interesting as introducing me practically for the first time to my companions. We were then abreast of the Isle of Wight, and were keeping well away towards France. The chief officer I now to my astonishment discovered to be a man of title. Sir John Barraclough was a tall, loose-limbed, good-looking man of thirty something, with a blue eye, and a casual manner. He nodded at me amiably and continued his talk with Legrand, the second officer, who was dark and high-coloured, with a restless expression of face. Lane threw a jocular greeting across the table to me, and I shook hands cordially with Holgate, whom I now saw for the first time since I had come aboard. Presently Barraclough turned to me.

"Glad to see you, doctor," he said in an indifferent manner. "Hope it's goin' to be a fine cruise."

I had just echoed his wish formally when the captain made his appearance from the deck. Captain Day was a most fastidious looking man, with a brown Vandyke beard and a flow of good manners. Seeing me and Holgate there as the only strangers, he singled us out at once with quite the right degree of friendliness.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Dr. Phillimore. This your first voyage? I hope we'll make a happy family."

But having thus condescended briefly he relapsed into silence and shortly afterwards left us.

"There's too much condemned R.N.R. about the old man," confided Lane as we went on deck, "but he's all right."

It was on deck that I met with my surprise, for the first person my eyes fell on was no other than Pye, the little lawyer's clerk.

"I never expected to see you here," I told him.

"Well, you see, I did expect to see you," he replied in his self-satisfied little way. "I'm here to represent Mr. Morland for the time being."

"Oh," said I, "then you can tell us all where we are bound for, for no one seems to know."

He considered a little. "I shall be able to tell you shortly, I have no doubt," he said at last. "At present Mr. Morland alone knows. Perhaps even he doesn't," he added with his smile.

"I don't like that little buffer," declared Lane grumpily as we walked on. "He is too fussy and by-your-leave-please for me. Made me get out all my books yesterday, as if I were an office-boy."

"He feels responsible, I suppose," I ventured.

"Well, who's responsible if I'm not?" demanded the purser hotly. "I've been at sea fifteen years, and this brat hasn't so much as been sick in the *Marguerite*, I'll lay. Let him look after his own books. I'm all right."

It was quite manifest that Lane was decided in his likes and dislikes, as his unreasonable objection to the second officer had already discovered to me. The passengers were not visible during the morning, but in the afternoon I received a message calling me to Mr. Morland's cabin. I found him seated before a bureau with a docket

of papers before him, and he was civil and abrupt.

"Is there anything you can recommend for sea-sickness, Dr. Phillimore?" he asked bluntly.

I told him of several remedies which had been tried, and mentioned cocaine as probably the best, adding that I had little faith in any of them. He thought a moment.

"Prepare me some cocaine," he said, and with a bow intimated that he had done with me.

It was civil as I have said, but it was also abrupt. He had the air of a martinet and the expression of a schoolmaster who set his pupil a task. But I made up the doses forthwith and let him have them.

Later I saw two figures walking upon the hurricane promenade, one of which I easily made out as Mr. Morland, and the other was a woman heavily cloaked in fur. A strong breeze was beating up channel, and as they stood and faced it the woman put her hand to her hat. But for the most part they walked to and fro, sometimes in conversation, but often in silence. Once, at eight bells, I noticed, from my point of observation, the woman stop, lean across the railings, and point towards the coast of France, which was fast fading into the gathering mists. She seemed to speak, her face turned level with her shoulders towards the man. He put out a hand and snapped his fingers, and they presently resumed their promenade. The sun had gone down, and darkness was settling on us; the *Sea Queen* ploughed steadily westward, her lights springing out one by one, and the figures on the hurricane deck were presently merged in shadow. As I leaned over the stern, reflecting, and contemplating now the dull wash of the water about the screw, I was conscious of some one's approach.

"Well, doctor," said the cheerful voice of Pye, "have you had a good look at our passengers?"

"Mr. Pye," said I, pleasantly enough. "I am a man of moods. And I have lived long in silence and routine, as no doubt you yourself also. I find occupation even in my own thoughts."

"You are well equipped for the sea," he rejoined. "I'm not sure about myself. You see I'm a Londoner, and I shall miss those peopled spaces. Here there's nothing but——" he waved his hand.

"At all events I see you're a respectable sailor," I said, "which apparently others are not." His silence seemed to inquire of me. "I gave Mr. Morland a prescription for sea-sickness this afternoon."

"That would be for one of the ladies," he made answer, "he is evidently firm on his legs, and—and his companion."

"I suppose I may tell you that his companion is his sister," he said after a pause.

"Well, yes," I replied dryly, for his precautions jarred on me. "For I suppose we shall discover the mystery in the course of the next twelve months."

"Mystery!" he repeated musingly. "I suppose I am by training somewhat circumspect. It's difficult to get out of it. But there's no mystery. Mr. and Miss Morland have brought a friend with them."

"If there's no mystery," I said, "the friend?"

"I have not heard her name," he replied, "or at least if I have I have forgotten. It is a friend of Miss Morland's. I believe she is a French lady."

The dusk had enclosed us, but through it I perceived some one hurriedly approaching. "Is it the doctor?" said the steward's voice, and I answered in the affirmative.

"You're wanted at once, sir. Mr. Morland has sent for you."

I moved off quickly, and had got half-way down the deck when a woman came forward noiselessly through the gloom.

"Dr. Phillimore," she said, "I want you to see to Mlle. Châteray at once. She is very ill."

I entered the state rooms without further question, hurried down the handsome corridor, and under Miss Morland's guidance found the cabin. Some constitutions are peculiarly affected by the sea, and it is even undertaking a risk for some to travel on that element. Clearly it was, as Pye hinted, for the French lady that my prescription had been required. Outside the cabin in the corridor I encountered Mr. Morland, who

exhibited a troubled face unusual to one of such apparent equanimity. But he said nothing, only looked at his sister and turned away.

Inside I found a blue chamber, roomy and well lighted by electricity, an elegant broad bed affixed to the one wall, and upon it, stretching in the most wonderful *deshabille*, my patient. Mlle. Châteray was of middle height, of a pleasant fulness and dark of feature. She had large eyes that, as I entered, were roaming in a restless way about the room, and her voice was lifted sharply abusive of her maid, a mild Frenchwoman who stood by her.

"She is in a state of collapse, Dr. Phillimore," said my guide's voice in my ear.

I knew better than that. It was hysteria, or I had never seen hysteria, and the *mal-de-mer* had been merely provocative. I took her hand without ceremony, and, wheeling on me her lustrous eyes, she broke out in torrential French.

She would die if she remained there. They were beasts to keep her there. Why was she not put ashore at Havre? Havre was a port, as every one knew, and there were ports not only in England. I had a kind face and would do as she bade me. . . . Very well, then, let her be put ashore. She began to tear at her elaborate dressing-gown, and I was afraid of one of those outbreaks which are known as *crises des nerfs*. I took her hands firmly.

"You shall be put ashore as you wish," I said, "and in the meantime, while the yacht is going about, you will drink what I give you. It will comfort you."

She gazed into my eyes, ceasing to struggle, and then said more quietly: "Yes—yes, give it me quick."

It was a case for bromide, and I turned away at once to go to my surgery.

"You will lie exactly as you are, mademoiselle," I said peremptorily, "until I return."

I left the cabin and descended, and I think I was not gone more than ten minutes. When Mlle. Châteray had taken the draught I turned to her maid: "She will be quieter now," I said. "Let me know if anything further develops," and I moved towards the door. Miss Morland stood in my way.

For the first time I observed her. Her cloak had fallen from her, leaving her fine figure in the full illumination of the light. Her head was set well back above the eloquent lines of a strong throat and the square shoulders underneath. The lace over her bosom stirred with her breathing, and to my fancy at the moment she was as a statue into which life was flowing suddenly. I saw this before I met her gaze, and the calm beauty of that confirmed my fancy. She moved then and opened the door for me.

"You have promised she shall be landed?" she said in a low voice.

"Madam, I would promise anything in such a case," I answered.

A faint smile passed over her face, for we were now outside the cabin and in the ladies' boudoir.

"You can promise relief, then, I understand?" she queried.

"She will probably be all right to-night, though I cannot say the hysteria will not recur," I replied.

An expression flitted over her face, but whether it was of pity or annoyance I could not have said.

"My brother will not put the yacht about," she said.

"I'm not going to ask him," I rejoined.

"I thank you, doctor," said she simply, "and so will he."

"It is my business," I responded indifferently.

She had spoken with distance, even hardly, and with the air of condescension. There was no necessity to thank me at all, and certainly not in that way.

Bidding her good evening I went down again, and as I went a problem which had vaguely bothered me during my administrations recurred, now more insistently. There was something familiar in Mlle. Châteray's face. What was it?

I spent some time in the surgery, and later joined the officers at dinner. Captain Day wore a short dinner-jacket like my own, but the others had made no attempt to dress. Perhaps that was the reason why the captain devoted his attention to me. His

Upon it, stretching in the most wonderful *deshabille*, my patient, Mlle. Châteray

voice was that of a cultivated man, and he seemed to converse on the same level of cultivation. He made a figure apart from the rest of the company, to which little Pye was now joined, and as I looked down and across the table (from which only Holgate was absent on duty) their marvellous unlikeness to him struck me. Even Sir John Barraclough and Lane seemed in comparison more or less of a piece, though the first officer ignored the purser quite markedly. Captain Day, I discovered, had some taste in letters, and as that had also been my consolation in my exile in Wapping, I think we drew nearer on a common hobby. I visited my patient about nine o'clock, and found her sleeping. As she lay asleep I was again haunted by the likeness to some one I had seen before; but I was unable to trace it to its source, nor did I trouble my head in the matter, since resemblances are so frequently accidental and baffling.

Pye had invited me to his room earlier in the day, and I went straight to him from the deck cabin. To find Holgate there was not unpleasing, as it seemed in a way to recall what I almost began to consider old times —the time, that was, in the "Three Tuns." Pye mixed the toddy, and we smoked more or less at our ease. I spoke of my patient, in answer to a question, as one suffering from sea-sickness.

"What's she like?" inquired Holgate.

"I should say handsome," I rejoined. "I understood from Mr. Pye that she is French."

"I think I heard so," said Pye, "but you could tell."

"Well, she spoke French," I said with a smile.

Pye's smile seemed to commend my reticence, but Holgate, ignoring the obvious retort on me, pursued a different subject.

"Upon my soul, I envy people like those millionaires. Here am I working like a navvy for a bare living, never been able to marry; Pye probably in the same case; and you, doctor?"

"No; I'm a bachelor," I answered.

"Well, take us three—no doubt in our different walks every bit as capable as Mr. Morland on his Wall Street, or wherever it is. It isn't a righteous distribution of this world's goods."

"It is odd," said I, speaking my thoughts, "how you came to take up this life."

"The sort of blunder," said Holgate, "that is made in three cases out of four. I hankered after it in my teens, and once out of them it was too late. Who is going to adapt a youth of twenty-one, without capital, to a commercial life, or a legal life, or a medical life? There is no changing the dice. When the hands are dealt you must abide by them."

"Yes, we are all waifs," said I sententiously, not being greatly interested in the argument.

"When I came back from my last voyage," pursued Holgate, "I was in Paris for a bit, and went into the Comédie one night, and——"

I never heard the rest of Holgate's reminiscence, for the word regarding the theatre suddenly sent a message to my memory and lighted it up instantaneously. I said aloud, and with some excitement,

"Trebizond!"

Holgate ceased talking, and Pye removed his cigarette hastily.

"What, may we venture to ask, is Trebizond?" he said presently.

I smiled foolishly. "Oh, it is only that I have made a discovery," I said, "a small discovery."

Again there was silence.

"Perhaps we are worthy to hear it," suggested Holgate equably.

Pye still held his cigarette between his fingers and looked at me out of his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Oh, nothing much," said I, and glanced at my watch. "I'm sorry, I must see my patient safe for the night. I'll look in again."

I left them and went upstairs, knocking on the boudoir door. Miss Morland opened it.

"Mlle. Châteray is still sleeping," she said formally.

"I will leave a dose with her maid," I replied, "so that if it be necessary it may be given in the night."

"You will, of course, be in attendance if required," she said coldly.

I bowed.

"I am paid for it, madam," I answered, though I must confess to a hostile feeling within my heart.

"I think, then, that is all," she said, and I took my dismissal at the hands of the arrogant beauty with an internal conflict of anger and admiration.

I did not return to Pye, but went to my own cabin in an irritable condition. It ought not to have mattered to me that the sister of a millionaire, my employer, should treat me more or less as a lackey; but it did. I threw myself on my bunk and took down a book at random from my little shelf. Out of its pages tumbled an evening news-sheet which I now remembered to have bought of a screaming boy as I hurried into the dock gates on the previous afternoon. I had not had time to look at it in my various pre-occupations, but, after all, it was the last news I should have of my native land for some time, and so I opened it and began the perusal.

It was one of those half-penny journals which seem to combine the maximum of vulgarity with a minimum of news. But I passed over the blatant racing items and murder trials with less than my customary distaste, and was rambling leisurely through the columns when I was arrested by a paragraph and sat up briskly. It was the tail that interested me.

". . . It is stated that Prince Frederic is in London. The name of the lady who has so infatuated him is Mlle. Yvonne Trebizond, the well-known prima donna."

I had recalled the name Trebizond during Holgate's talk, and it seemed strange now that this second discovery should fall so coincidently. The face of Mlle. Châteray had taken me back, by a sudden gust of memory to certain pleasant days in Paris before I was banished to the East End. I had frequented the theatres and the concert-rooms, and I remembered the vivacious singer, a true *comédienne* with her pack of tricks and her remarkable individuality. Mlle. Châteray, then, was no other than Yvonne Trebizond, and——

I looked down at the paper and read another sentence, which, ere that illumination, had had no significance, but now was pregnant with it.

"The prince has the full support and sympathy of his sister, Princess Alix."

I rose abruptly. I can keep my own counsel as well as a lawyer's clerk, but I saw no reason in the world for it now. I had left my glass untouched and my cigar unlit in Pye's cabin. I went back forthwith to finish both.

The pair were still seated as if expecting me.

"Patient all right, doctor?" inquired Holgate.

I nodded. "Mr. Pye," I said, "I find my discovery has amplified itself. When I was here it was of small dimensions. Now it has grown to the proportions of a—well, a balloon," I ended.

Both men gazed at me steadily.

"Out with it, man," urged the third officer.

"I have your permission?" I asked the laywer's clerk smiling.

"When you have told me what it is I will tell you," said he gravely jocose.

I put the paper in Holgate's hands, and pointed to the paragraph. He read it slowly aloud and then looked up.

"Well?" he asked.

"I'm going to tell you something which you know," I said, addressing Pye. "The lady in the deck cabin is Mlle. Trebizond.

Holgate started. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, but Pye was quite silent, only keeping his eyes on me.

"I recognised her, but couldn't name her," I went on. "Now it has come back to me."

"Which means, of course," said Pye unemotionally, "that Mr. Morland is——"

"The Prince," said Holgate with a heavy breath.

Pye resumed his cigarette. "With all these sensations, my dear Holgate," he remarked, "I have forgotten my duty. Perhaps you will help yourself."

Holgate did so. "Good Heavens!" he said again, and then, "I suppose, if you're right, that we carry Cæsar and his fortunes. He has got off with the lady and the plunder."

"The plunder!" I echoed.

He indicated the paragraph, and I read now another sentence which I had overlooked.

"The prince has expressed his intention, according to rumour, of marrying as he chooses, and as he inherits more than a million pounds from his mother, he is in a position to snap his fingers at the Empress. In that case, no doubt, he would follow precedent, and take rank as an ordinary subject."

I looked up at Holgate.

"We carry Cæsar and his fortune," he said with a smiling emphasis on the singular, and then he waved his arm melodramatically. "And to think we are all paupers!" and grinned at me.

"It is inequitable," said I lightly, "it's an unjust distribution of this world's goods," echoing therein his own remark earlier in the evening.

Pye sat still, with an inexpressive face. His admirable silence, however, now ceased.

"So we shall have this gossip all over the ship to-morrow."

"No," said I curtly, for the suggestion annoyed me. "It is nothing to me. I told you because you knew. And I told Mr. Holgate——" I paused.

"Because I'm your chum," said the third officer.

I did not contradict him. I had spoken really out of the excitement of my discovery. Certainly I had not spoken because Holgate was my chum.

CHAPTER IV

AN AMAZING PROPOSITION

As I had said, it was no business of mine, and, having divulged my news I was in no haste to go about with it like a common gossip. That Prince Frederic of Hochburg was Mr. Morland, and that Miss Morland was Princess Alix, I was as assured as that I had identified in my patient the well-known Parisian singer Yvonne Trebizond. But, having made the discovery, I promised myself some interest in watching the course of the rumour. It would spread about the ship like fire and would be whispered over taffrails, in galleys, and in stokehole. But to my surprise I could observe no signs of this flight of gossip. No one certainly offered me any communication on the subject, and I observed no curiosity and no surprise. The mess conducted itself with equanimity, and nothing was hinted of princes or of emperors, or of mysterious secrets. No facts ever hid themselves so cunningly as these obviously somewhat startling facts, and I wondered at the silence, but still held my tongue.

Mademoiselle continued to give me trouble during the next day, but that was more in the way of unreasonable demands and petulance than through hysteric exhibitions. She did not repeat her request to be landed, which was now quite impracticable, as we were well out in the Atlantic, but she referred to it.

"Where are we, doctor?" she inquired languidly, and I told her; at which she considered. "Well, perhaps it is worth it," she said and smiled at me confidingly.

Of Mr. Morland I saw little, for he was shut in his cabin a great part of the day, reading or writing, and smoking without cessation. And he walked regularly on the hurricane deck with his sister. Once I encountered him in mademoiselle's room, and he nodded.

"She is getting well, doctor; is it not so?" he asked in a pleasant way, and exhibited a tenderness in his words and manner to mademoiselle which I should not have associated with him.

Of his sister I saw even less, except in the distance, but her, too, I met in her friend's room. Mademoiselle was talkative that day, the second of my attendance on her, and spoke of things with a terrifying frankness, sometimes in bad English, but oftener in her own tongue. She rehearsed her sensations during sea-sickness, criticised Miss Morland, and asked me about Barraclough, whom she had seen passing by her window once or twice.

"Sir John," she said, speaking pretty broken English. "Then he is noble. Oh, comme il est gentil, comme il est beau!" and as quickly fell to cross-questioning me on my parentage and history.

It was in the thick of this that Miss Morland made her entrance. I do not know if it be a confession of weak-mindedness, or even of snobbishness (I hope not) but the fact was that since I had discovered Miss Morland's identity I did not judge her coldness and aloofness so hardly. I am disposed to think it was merely a reasonable attitude on my part produced by the knowledge of her circumstances, and what I set down as her trials. She bowed to me, and addressed some words to mademoiselle which, sympathetic in their import, were yet somewhat frigid in tone. Mademoiselle replied laughing:

"You are very good, my dear, but I am progressing. We are sailing into the land of romance and will find what we shall find there."

I lingered beyond what was necessary, and thus it happened that Miss Morland and I left the cabin together. Outside she spoke. "Is there any likelihood of a recurrence of the attack?"

"I don't think so," I answered. "But Mlle. Trebizond is a nervous subject."

It was the look in her eyes that made me suddenly realise my indiscretion. A light flashed in them, almost as if she would have struck me.

"Mlle. Châteray is almost well enough to dispense with a doctor's services," she said with an accent on the name.

"You must allow me to be the judge of that," I replied flushing. She was silent.

"Naturally," she said at last, and turned away.

The newspaper had stated that Princess Alix was sympathetic to her brother's attachment, but was she altogether so? I could not but attribute her coolness and her reticence to some scruple. She walked daily with her brother, and it was evident that she was fond of him, or why was she here? But how much of personal prejudice and of private conviction had she sacrificed on that pious altar?

I was sure that if the news of our passengers were bruited about at all I should hear of it from Lane, who was a gossip at heart; and as he said nothing I knew that Holgate had been silent—why, I could not conceive, unless Pye had gagged him. But in any case it appeared that Holgate also could keep his own counsel and hold his tongue. That he could speak I had yet to realise, as the astonishing narrative I am now approaching demonstrates.

It was the evening of our fifth day out, and the long swell of the Atlantic was washing on our port side, so that the *Sea Queen* heeled over and dipped her snout as she ran. I had misgivings for my late patient, whom I had not seen for the last thirty-six hours, although she had made an appearance on the hurricane deck in a chair.

Holgate asked me to his cabin with his customary urbanity, saying that he wanted a few words with me. Once the door was shut he settled down on his bunk and lit a cigar.

"Help yourself, doctor," he said.

I declined and remained standing, for I was anxious to get away. He looked at me steadily out of his dark eyes.

"Do you know where we're going, doctor?" he asked.

"No," said I, "but I should be glad to."

"I've just discovered," he replied, "Buenos Ayres."

I told him that I was glad to hear it, as we should run into better weather.

"I couldn't just make up my mind," he went on, "till to-day. But it's pretty plain now, though the old man has not said so. Any fool can see it with the way we're shaping." He puffed for a moment or two and then resumed: "I've been thinking over things a bit, and, if your theory is correct, Mr. Morland is to marry the lady at Buenos Ayres and probably make his home there, or, it may be, in some other part of America. A capital place for losing identity is the States."

I said that it was quite probable.

"But as the yacht's chartered for a year," pursued Holgate evenly, "the odds are that there's to be cruising off and on, may be up the west coast of America, may be the South Seas, or may be Japan. There's a goodly cruise before us, doctor."

"Well, it will be tolerable for us," I answered.

"Just so," he replied, "only tolerable—not eighteen carat, which seems a pity."

"Shall we strike for higher wages?" I asked dryly.

"I've been thinking over what you said, doctor," said the third officer, taking no heed of this, "and it's gone home pretty deep. Prince Frederic has cut himself adrift from his past—there's no getting behind that. The Emperor has thrown him up, and there's no one outside a penny-a-liner cares two pinches for him or what becomes of him. He's done with. The Chancelleries of Europe won't waste their time on him. He's negligible."

"Well?" said I, for I was not in the mood for a political discussion.

"Well, suppose he never turned up?" said Holgate, and leaned back and stared at me.

"I don't understand," said I. "I don't suppose he will turn up. As you say, he's done for."

"I mean that the ship might founder," said Holgate, still holding me with his eye.

I was perplexed, and, seeing it, he laughed.

"Let us make no bones about it," he said, laying down his cigar. "Here's a discarded prince whom no one wants, sailing for no one knows where, with his fortune on board and no one responsible for him. Do you take me now?"

"I'm hanged if I do," I replied testily, for indeed I had no thought of what the man was driving at. But here it came out with a burst

"Doctor, all this is in our hands. We can do what we will. We're masters of the situation."

I opened my mouth and stared at him. The broad, swarthy face loomed like a menace in the uncertain light before us. It was dark; it was inscrutable; a heavy resolution was marked in that thick neck, low brow and salient chin. We eyed each other in silence.

"But this is monstrous," I said with a little laugh. "You have not brought me here for a silly jest?"

"It's God's truth I haven't, doctor," he replied earnestly, "I mean what I say. See, the prince carries away a million, and if the prince disappears the million belongs to those who can find it. Now, we don't want any truck with dismounted princes. We're playing for our own hand. I know you take sensible views on these matters. I admit it makes one blink a bit at first, but stick on to the idea, turn it round, and you'll get used to it. It spells a good deal to poor devils like you and me."

'You must be mad," I said angrily, "or——" He interrupted me.

"That's not my line. I'm in dead sober earnest. You hold on to the notion, and you'll come round to it. It's a bit steep at first to the eye. But you hang on to it like a sensible man."

"Good Heavens, man," said I, "are you plotting murder?"

"I never mentioned that," he said in another voice. "There are several ways. It don't do to take more risks than you want. A ship can be cast away, and parties can be separated, and one party can make sure of the boodle. See?"

"I only see that you're an infernal ruffian," I replied hotly.

His countenance did not change. "Hang on to it," he said, and I could have laughed in his face at the preposterous suggestion. "You'll warm to it by degrees."

"You are asking me to join in wholesale robbery at the least?" I said, still angrily struggling with my stupor.

"I am," he answered, and he leaned forward. "D'you think I'm entering on this game wildly? Not I. I mean to carry it out. Do you suppose I haven't laid my plans? Why, more than half the men are mine. I saw to that. It was I got 'em." He placed a large hand on my shoulder and his eyes gleamed diabolically in his set face. "They'll do my bidding. I command here, sir, and hang your Captain Day. I'll take 'em to where I want to." I shook off his hand roughly.

"I may tell you," I said in as cool a tone as I could assume, "that I am going straight on deck to the captain to retail this conversation. You have, therefore, probably about ten minutes left you for reflection, which I hope will bring you consolation."

Holgate got up, and without undue haste

It is in my power, Dr. Phillimore, to blow your brains out here and now

threw open the large port, through which streamed the clamour of the water.

"I guess I've misunderstood you," said he quietly, "and it isn't often I make a mistake." He lifted his lip in a grin, and I could see a horrid tier of teeth, which seemed to have grown together like concrete in one huge fang. "It is in my power, Dr. Phillimore, to blow your brains out here and now. The noise of the sea would cover the report," and he fingered a pistol that now I perceived in his hand. "Outside yonder is a grave that tells no tales. The dead rise up never from the sea, by thunder! And the port's open. I'm half in the mind——" He threw the weapon carelessly upon the bunk and laughed. "Look you, that's how I value you. You are mighty conscientious, doctor, but you have no value. You're just the ordinary respectable out-of-elbows crock that peoples that island over yonder. You are good neither for good nor ill. A crew of you wouldn't put a knot on a boat. So that's how I value you. If you won't do my work one way you shall another. I'll have my value out of you some way, if only to pay back my self-respect. You're safe from pistol and shark. Go, and do what you will. I'll wait for you and lay for you, chummie."

I stood listening to this remarkable tirade, which was offered in a voice by no means angry, but even something contemptuous, and without a word I left him. I went, as I had promised, at once to the captain, whom I found in his cabin with a volume of De Quincey.

"Well, doctor," said he, laying down the book, "anything amiss? Your face is portentous."

"Yes, sir," I answered. He motioned me to a chair, and waited. "I suppose you're aware, sir, that you have on board Prince Frederic of Hochburg and his sister," I began.

"Indeed, I'm nothing of the sort," said he sharply. "What on earth is this nonsense?"

If I had not had such important information to lay before him I might have been abashed. As it was I proceeded.

"Well, sir, it's a fact. Mr. Morland is the prince. I have known it some days, and would have held my tongue but for imperative necessity. Mr. Pye knows it, and Mr. Holgate."

"This is most astounding," he began, and paced nervously about the cabin.

"I say Mr. Holgate because I come about him," I pursued. "He has just made the most shameless and barefaced proposal, which amounts to a plot to wreck the ship and make off with the prince's property, which is supposed to amount to a great deal."

Captain Day sat down heavily. "Upon my soul, Dr. Phillimore," he said, "I shall begin to ask myself whether it is you or I who is mad."

"That is exactly the sort of question I asked myself a few minutes ago," I replied. "And I've been able to answer it only on the supposition that your third officer is an amazing scoundrel."

There was the pause of some moments, during which he studied my face, and at last he went to the bell.

"Very well," he said more calmly, "we can settle it one way, I suppose." And when the steward appeared, "Ask Mr. Holgate to come to me at once."

He sat down again, fidgeted with his book, opened it, endeavoured to read, and glanced at me in a perplexed fashion, as if he distrusted his eyesight; and so we remained without a word until a knock announced some one at the door, and the next moment Holgate, large, placid and respectful, was in the cabin.

"Mr. Holgate," said Captain Day in his most particular voice, "I have just heard the most remarkable statement by Dr. Phillimore. Perhaps you will be good enough to repeat it, Dr. Phillimore," and he glanced askew at me.

I did so bluntly. "This man," I said, "has proposed to me within the last ten minutes that I should join a plot to cast away the ship and seize the property of—of Mr. Morland."

Day looked at his third officer. "You hear, Mr. Holgate?" he said. "What have you to say?"

A broad smile passed over Holgate's fat

face. "Yes, sir," he said coolly, "it is just as Dr. Phillimore says, but the whole thing was a colossal plant."

"I should be glad if you would explain," said Day icily.

"Well, the doctor's not exactly correct," said Holgate, still smiling, and he had the vast impudence to smile at me. "For what I proposed was to seize the property of Prince Frederic of Hochburg, I think it is."

"Ah!" said Day, letting the exclamation escape softly through his lips, and he cast his nervous glance at me.

"You see, sir, the doctor has got some cock-and-bull tale into his head," went on Holgate easily, "about Mr. Morland being Prince Frederic, and the ladies some one else, and so I suggested that, that being so, we should take care of the prince's millions for him, and get a tidy sum all round. I daresay it wasn't a very funny joke; indeed I thought he would have seen through it all along. Bnt I suppose he didn't. The doctor's rather serious."

I started up. "Captain Day," said I, "this man lies. The proposal was serious enough, and he knows it. Mr. Morland is Prince Frederic. I should advise you to ask Mr. Pye."

"So be it," said Day, with a gesture of helplessness, and thus Pye was summoned to the strange conclave. Day took up his book again. "Pray sit down, Mr. Holgate," he said politely; "this is not the criminal dock yet," which seemed to augur badly for my case.

The little clerk, on entering, fixed his glasses on his nose more firmly with two fingers and cast an inquisitive look at us.

"Mr. Pye," said the captain, in his impeccable distant voice, "I am informed that Mr. Morland is not Mr. Morland, but some one else, and I have been referred to you. Is this so?"

Pye glanced at me. "Mr. Morland is the name of the gentleman for whom my firm is acting," he said suavely.

"And not any one else?" said Day.

"Not according to my knowledge," said the clerk.

"Not according to his instructions, sir," I burst out indignantly. "He knows the facts, I'm certain. And if not, I can prove my point readily enough."

"The point is," said Day drily," whether Mr. Holgate is guilty of the extraordinary charge you have preferred."

"Well, sir, it is material that I acquainted him with the identity of Mr. Morland in Mr. Pye's presence," I replied hotly, feeling my ground moving from under me.

Day looked at Pye. "That is true, sir," he said. "Dr. Phillimore stated in my presence that he had discovered that Mr. Morland was — I think he said Prince Frederic of Hochburg."

Day was silent. "I think this is pretty much a mare's nest," said he presently, "and I really don't know why I should have been bothered with it."

I was furious with Pye and his idea (as I conceived it) of legal discretion.

"Very well, sir," said I somewhat sullenly and turned to go, when the door of the cabin opened and there entered Sir John Barraclough with his customary insouciance.

"It seems, Sir John," said Day, in his ironic tones, "that not only have I the honour of a distinguished baronet as first officer, but also a prince as cargo."

There was, as I had gathered, little love between the captain and his first officer. Barraclough laughed.

"Oh, you've just tumbled [to it," he said. "I wonder how. But it was bound to leak out some time."

I never saw a man more astonished than Day. He leapt to his feet.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "I seem to be the only one who doesn't know what's going on in my ship. Is this part of the jest?"

Barraclough in his turn showed surprise, but it was Holgate spoke.

"Is it true, Sir John? It can't be true," he cried, opening his mouth so that the horrid tooth demonstrated itself.

Barraclough looked at Pye, who was mum. "I suppose this gentleman is responsible for the news," he said.

"No, sir, I have said nothing," retorted Pye.

"I can't pretend to judge other professions than my own," said the captain stormily, "but I'm inclined to think I might have

been taken into the confidence. Think where it places me. Heavens, man, what am I in my ship?"

"I think the — Mr. Morla perhaps had better answer that question," suggested Barraclough with a little sneer. Day moved some papers with a hand that trembled.

"That will do then," he said shortly. "Good evening, gentlemen. I've no desire to detain you any longer."

"But——" said I.

"Silence, Dr. Phillimore. I command this ship," he cried angrily, "or at least I'm supposed to. You can settle your differences with Mr. Holgate elsewhere."

I shrugged my shoulders and left the cabin, a very angry man. In his vanity the fool had refused to consider my charge. And yet, when I looked at this business more deliberately and from a little distance, I could not deny that Day had some excuse. Holgate's story was remarkably natural. The captain would judge of the third officer's incredulity by his own, and would be therefore willing to accept the story of the "plant." But then he had not seen Holgate's face, and he had not heard Holgate.

Even I was staggered by the turn things had taken, though infuriated by my treatment. And it did me no good to see Holgate's face smiling at me as I went down the gangway.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, are you a Scotchman?" he whispered; at which I would have turned on him savagely, but held myself in and passed on and was silent. I have always found the value of caution.

Old Lesson Books

HERE where there fall no cheering rays
Where cobwebs have collected,
Lie the companions of past days
Dim, dusty, and neglected,
Old books put by in years agone
Each day with thoughts ungrateful.
(For when were lessons looked upon
As otherwise than hateful?)
And yet to-day—although of yore
I was not their defender—
I take them up, and look them o'er
With feelings almost tender.

How you recall, O musty shelves,
The days now gone for ever—
When none were wiser than ourselves,
And no one half so clever.
When we were always in the right
Each time we might be chidden,
And sought and found our chief delight
In things that were forbidden.
Well! Times have changed and we have too
With what the years have brought us,
And we have learned, tho' late tis true,
To pity those who taught us.

So, faded books, around whom such
Old memories do hover,
I put you back with rev'rent touch,
Dusting each dingy cover.
We did not thank you, yet in sooth
You did your duty truly,
And as companions of our youth
You shall be honoured duly.

A. M. F.

St. Valentine's bill-y doux

(By George Cruikshank)

St. Valentine's Day

By A. W. Jarvis

Illustrated by Old Prints

IF good St. Valentine could have revisited this earth on some of the old-time anniversaries of his death, no doubt he would have been considerably astonished at the position assigned to him by posterity as the patron saint of love and lovers; and it is to be feared that the holy man would have viewed with stern displeasure the frivolous rites observed on his day. That they in no way originated with the martyr there can be no reasonable doubt; and their connection with him may safely be regarded as purely accidental.

According to Butler, St. Valentine was a priest of Rome who, in consequence of the help he rendered to the martyrs during the Claudian persecution, was apprehended and sent by the Emperor to the Prefect of Rome. Refusing to renounce his faith, he was beaten with clubs and afterwards beheaded. The sentence was executed on February 14, about the year 270. Obviously there is nothing here to explain or justify the many curious customs popularly associated with St. Valentine. It has been supposed that the connection has arisen in the following manner.

A very ancient tradition is responsible for the story that all the birds paired about the middle of February, which under the "Old Style" would of course fall some days later than at the present time, and that mankind followed their example; for are we not told?

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

St. Valentine's Day happening to fall at

this period, he would naturally be looked upon as the patron saint of the season.

The subject is a favourite theme with the poets. Chaucer more than once refers to it; and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare says:

> St. Valentine is past;
> Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Herrick, too, in lines to his valentine, sings:

> Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,
> Birds chuse their mates, and couple too, this day.
> But by their flight I never can divine
> When I shall couple with my Valentine.

In "Pairing Time Anticipated," Cowper also alludes to the old saying that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's Day:

> It chanced, then, on a winter's day,
> But warm and bright, and calm as May,
> The birds conceiving a design
> To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
> In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
> Assembled on affairs of love,
> And with much twitter and much chatter,
> Began to agitate the matter.

The following charming lines, from a volume entitled "Satyrs of Boileau Imitated," 1696, are addressed:

TO DORINDA, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

> Look how, my dear, the feather'd kind,
> By mutual caresses joyn'd,
> Bill, and seem to teach us two
> What we to love and custom owe.
>
> Shall only you and I forbear
> To meet, and make a happy pair?
> Shall we alone delay to live?
> This day an age of bliss may give.

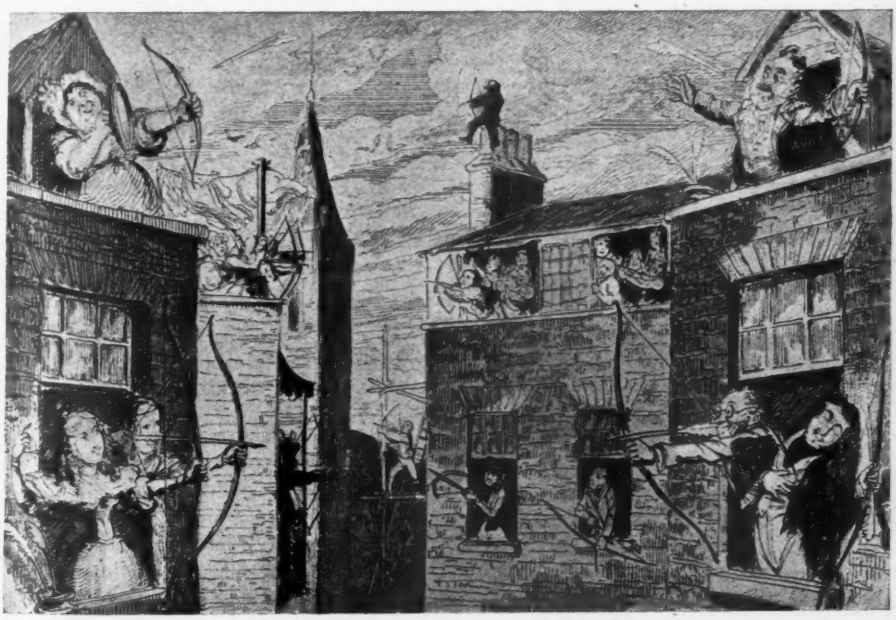
Flying Artillery

(By George Cruikshank)

There are, of course, various other suggestions as to the origin of the observances peculiar to St. Valentine's Day. Douce asserts that it was of Roman origin. It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the "Lupercalia" feasts, given in honour of Pan and Juno. Amidst a variety

of other ceremonies was one in which the names of young women were put into a box and drawn by the men. The pastors of the early Christian Church, however, substituted the names of saints for those of women, for they neglected no opportunity to eradicate all vestiges of pagan superstitions. This was accomplished chiefly by some commutation of their form. The festival of the "Lupercalia" had commenced about the middle of February, and, as St. Valentine's Day occurred nearly at the same time, it appears to have been chosen for the celebration of the new feast. Experience showed, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether the old ceremonies to which the common people had grown accustomed. Accordingly, their outline was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is only reasonable to suppose, as Douce suggests, that this practice of choosing partners would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that those so chosen would naturally, from the day of the ceremony, be called valentines.

A very strong likeness will at once be observed between the Roman custom and one long practised in this kingdom. Misson, a French traveller in England of Queen Anne's time, tells us that by a very ancient custom the young folk used to keep a festival on St. Valentine's Eve, at which an equal number of maids and bachelors were present. All the true or feigned names of the party were written on slips of paper. These, having been rolled up, were drawn for; the men taking from the girls' slips, and the girls from the men's. Thus each individual really had two valentines; but it was customary for the men to hold to the ladies they had themselves drawn, in preference to the fair ones who had drawn them. Fortune having thus divided the party into couples, each valentine was expected to give a ball or treat in honour of his lady, and to wear her paper on his breast or sleeve for several days.



Valentine's Day

(By George Cruikshank)

The ladies also expected to receive some present from their valentines. La Belle Stuart, the only woman Old Rowley loved in vain, is reported to have received from her Mercer, to be her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both very pleased with it. But I am also

St. Valentine's Postman

Where *can* the postman be, I say?
He ought to fly—on such a day!
Of *all* days in the year you know
It's monstrous rude to be so *slow*:
The fellow's so *exceeding* stupid—
Hark! there he is! oh! the dear Cupid!

valentine, the Duke of York, a jewel worth some £800; and on another such occasion Lord Mandeville presented her with a ring valued at £300. Pepys, in his "Diary," gives us several illustrations of the custom, which indicate that in his time married and single were alike liable to be chosen for valentines. Thus, in one place, the old gossip notes down that Sir William Batten had presented Mrs. Pepys with half a dozen pairs of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentine.

Under Valentine's Day, 1666–67, he records: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will this year my wife's Valentine—" which, he sorrowfully adds, "will cost me £5"; but he takes comfort from the reflection that this sum must have been "laid out if we had not been Valentines." Two days later this very careful gentleman rejoices to "find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others." Continuing, Mr. Pepys refers to an innovation: "Here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What

mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, 'Most virtuous and most fair'; which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty."

Our illustration of Morland's beautiful picture places before us another form of present which is mentioned in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Describing the manners of some rustics, Goldsmith tells us that on Valentine's Day they always give true-love knots.

A very common method for the selection of a valentine was to accept the first unmarried person of the opposite sex met with on the eventful morning. Shakespeare refers to this old-time practice in "Hamlet"; and in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub," Lady Tub rides forth in her best gown to provide herself with a valentine.

> . . . for I do mean to be,
> Somebody's valentine in my velvet gown,
> This morning, though it be a beggar man.

Gay, in the "Shepherd's Week," gives us a capital picture of this "first-seen" method. It is poor, love sick Hobnelia, who tells us all about it, while she is lamenting the absence of her sweetheart:

> Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
> Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
> I early rose, just at the break of day,
> Before the sun had chased the stars away;
> A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
> To milk my kine (for so should huswives do).
> The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
> In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
> See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
> And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

The season was naturally embraced by the juveniles for the playing of various kinds of pranks. At Swaffham, in Norfolk, it used to be customary to deliver valentines on the evening of the 13th. Watching for a convenient opportunity, the door was slowly opened, and the valentine, attached to an apple or an orange, was thrown in. Giving a smart rap on the door, the offender took to his heels and was off instantly. A favourite device for teasing the person who went to open the door was to chalk a white square, the size of a letter, on the step. Any attempt to pick it up was of course greeted with shouts of laughter from the young urchins on the look-out.

A very curious custom long prevailed in Norfolk for children to "catch," as it was called, each other for valentines; and any adult known to be liberally inclined always received their special attention. The mode of "catching" was by saying "Good morrow, valentine"—the first to utter the greeting being entitled to receive some small present. But it had to be done before sunrise; otherwise, instead of a reward, came the taunt that the challenger was "sun-burnt." In Oxfordshire, the youngsters used to look on St. Valentine's Day for a harvest of coppers,

Waiting for her Valentine

The postman's beat
In every street
Is watched with wild anxiety,
Though what they feel
They'd fain conceal
From motives of propriety.

as on this day it was their recognised privilege to parade the streets singing:

> Good morrow, Valentine,
> First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine,
> So please give me a Valentine.

Similar observances long existed in other parts of the country. Thus, in Hertfordshire, the children of the villages, having assembled together at some common rendezvous, proceeded to the house of the local magnate. Here wreaths and true-love knots were showered upon them from the window, with which they hastened to adorn themselves. One of the youngest of the party, who was generally decked out more gaily than the rest, was placed at the head of the little procession, which proudly marched from house to house, singing the following curious doggerel; it being, of course, well understood that a reward for the performance was expected:

> Good morrow to you, Valentine;
> Curl your locks as I do mine,
> Two before and three behind,
> Good morrow to you, Valentine.

Our old friend, "Sylvanus Urban," in 1779, was informed by "Kitty Curious" of a strange old custom she had discovered at a little obscure village in Kent. "The girls from five or six to eighteen years old were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, called a 'holly-boy,' and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an 'ivy-girl,' which they had stolen from the girls." The ceremony in each case appears to have been accompanied by a good deal of shouting and cheering.

In times gone by a very curious custom prevailed in a village in the West of England. Before sunrise on St. Valentine's Day a trio of bachelors used to set out with a clapnet to catch an old owl and a pair of sparrows in a neighbouring barn. This being accomplished without injury to the birds, their captors, if they succeeded in presenting them at the local inn before the women-folk had risen, were entitled to receive from the fair hands of the hostess three pints of purl, to be drunk in honour of St. Valentine; and they had the privilege of claiming this boon from any house in the neighbourhood. The custom was considered to be emblematical of the owl, as the bird of wisdom, influencing the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, and as a reminder to all the lads and maidens that happiness could alone be secured by an early union.

Superstitious to the core, our forefathers seem to have made a point of having a supply of charms and divinations for every festival in the year; and St. Valentine's Day was, evidently, no exception to the rule. Catching a lover asleep on this morning was looked upon as prophetic of good luck, and that the course of true love would run smooth. Douce mentions an old ballad in which "the lasses are directed to pray cross-legged to the saint for good luck." In Derbyshire it was customary for the girls on this important day to peep through the key-holes of the house doors before opening them. If fortune smiled upon the damsels, and they saw a cock and hen in company, it was considered a certain omen that the person interested would be married before the year was out. Those too impatient to await the proper time to see who was to be their valentine would write the names of the likely swains on bits of paper and, rolling them up in clay, put them into water. The first to rise was to be the favoured one.

The list of these superstitions might be considerably extended did not the question of space forbid. But, in case any of our fair readers may desire to embrace the opportunity of St. Valentine's Eve to settle the important matter of whether they will be married shortly, we will find room for one more sovereign recipe. Five bay leaves must be obtained by the lady and pinned on her pillow, one in each corner, and one in the centre. Then, to ensure the charm working she must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. This she must eat, shell and all, and then, without speaking or drinking, go straightway to bed. If she dreams of her sweetheart, she may rest content that ere the year closes she will be a happy bride.

The Inside of the World

By John Milne

THE evidences which are brought forward to support the theory that the inside of our world is intensely hot, which is a theory on which the explanation of many geological phenomena depend, are both numerous and convincing. The hypothesis that our solar system is the result of the condensation of a "fiery mist" suggests that our earth as a member of that system may yet retain in its interior a portion of its primeval heat The volcanoes distributed over the globe assure us that at certain places at least the temperature of molten rock is reached. Hot springs tell a somewhat similar story. And finally, wherever we go over the surface of our world, whether towards the North Pole or towards the Equator, we find that as we go downwards in bore-holes and in mines temperature increases. It must, however, be borne in mind that the depths to which these temperature explorations have been carried are, as compared with the radius of the world, very shallow, seldom exceeding half a mile. What they show is that after the first hundred feet, on the average the temperature increases about 1° F. for every fifty feet of descent. With such a rate of increase, at depths of twenty or thirty miles temperatures of 2000° and 3000° F. might exist and rocks might fuse. The materials which lie above this evidently irregular surface of fusion heat will, for convenience, be referred to as the crust of the world. As we descend to still greater depths various considerations lead to the conclusion that although temperature would still increase, it would do so at a slower and slower rate, and at no great depth as compared with the earth's radius we can well imagine an intensely hot nucleus practically of the same temperature and which on account of its mobility would be practically homogeneous.

Entering into these considerations it must not be overlooked that as we descend pressure increases, the action of which would be at least twofold. At first it would tend to keep rocks as they approached their fusing temperature in a solid state, and, second, it would increase their conductivity for heat. The depth at which rocks would be in a state of fusion might therefore be greater than that just indicated. It has, however, been argued that the effect of increasing temperature can never overcome that of increasing pressure, and therefore the nucleus of our world, although it may have an enormously high temperature, may yet remain a rigid solid.

Such a view is, however, contrary to laboratory experience. Ice which floats on water, and is therefore less dense than water, can be liquefied not only by heat but also by pressure. Iron which when near its melting temperature floats on molten iron in all probability could also be liquefied by pressure, whilst we know for a fact that there are many substances which have what is called a critical temperature at or above which, no matter what the pressure is, they assume the gaseous form. Such gases are dense, have but slight compressibility and are viscous. That is to say, a gas under very high pressures and temperatures may have properties common to a solid. In 1900, by arguments on these lines, the distinguished Swedish physicist, Arrhenius, reached the conclusion that about eighty per cent. of the nucleus of the earth consists of gaseous iron.

This hot nucleus is always cooling, and as it cools, like most hot bodies, it changes volume—with the result that where it contracts there is a tendency to leave the crust above, which is already cool and has therefore ceased to contract, without support. This outside crust, however, is no more strong enough to support itself than a bridge from Edinburgh to London would support itself if the timber work which held it up during its construction were withdrawn. As these "centerings" were removed, such a bridge would sink down under the influence of its own weight, to buckle into ridges, to fracture and collapse. So it is with the

crust of our world: as the support beneath it grows less by loss of heat, it sinks to change the form of the depressions which hold our oceans and the elevations which are the continental domes. And as the process continues these ocean beds and the intervening domes are fractured, broken, crumpled and contorted to change the form of puckerings on the face of our globe which we call ridges and mountain ranges. This process is analogous to that which happens on the face of a man as he grows old. The muscular tissue and other matter beneath the skin contracts and the skin is left to wrinkle. Another illustration is that of an apple which, as it dries with age, finds itself left with too large a skin, which consequently shrivels.

With our globe this contraction of a nucleus and the crumpling of its surface is ever in progress. When the rocks forming these crumples and folds are bent beyond their limits of elasticity, a fracture results and a portion of the crust suddenly subsides and the jolting accompanying this subsidence results in shakings called earthquakes. Earthquakes, therefore, are most frequent on those portions of our globe where we see the strata most folded. On the accompanying map (Fig. 1), the most important ridges or foldings on the surface of our world are shown by lines, most of which form well-known mountain ranges. Some of them, however, are sub-oceanic. Down the Atlantic there is, for example, such a submerged fold, but yet earthquakes originate from it, showing that even beneath our oceans this process of deformation is still in progress.

This activity may be illustrated by holding a lath at its two ends and then slowly bending it downwards until it breaks. When this occurs, the central part of the lath will have been depressed, which corresponds to the deepening of a furrow on the surface of the earth, while the ends we hold, which correspond to the crests of bounding ridges, will have come closer together and possibly have been raised. When a large earthquake has its origin on a land surface we have an opportunity of measuring the length of the line of fracture, the number of feet the ground has fallen on one side of this line relatively to that on the other side, and the extent of the horizontal displacements. On October 28, 1891, a valley in Central Japan was split along its length for a distance of about fifty miles. On one side of this fracture, the ground, and probably with it a mountain range, had fallen some twenty feet, whilst there had been a horizontal compression across the valley of two per cent. In 1897, in Assam, 10,000 square miles of country seem to have been suddenly shifted about sixteen feet, and a resurvey of the same showed changes in the length of base lines. When the origins of such earthquakes are in sub-oceanic troughs—and it is fortunate for humanity that the majority of them do originate in such places rather than on land—the great sea waves which are from time to time produced apparently indicate that a sudden change has taken place in the configuration of the ocean bed. Cable engineers who have had occasion to take soundings before and after these occurrences have given measures of these changes, the usual report being that cables have been buried and depths have increased. Along short lines, as might be expected from the experiment with the bending lath, either elevation or depression has occurred. In 1822 about 100,000 square miles of the Chilian coast was permanently raised about three feet, whilst at Port Royal in 1892 and at Ceram in 1899 shore lines sank. (For other illustrations of these gigantic displacements the reader is referred to the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, January, 1903.)

Earthquakes like these shake the world throughout its mass, and wherever their origin may be they can be observed in any one country as well as in any other. Subsequent settlements and adjustments along these primary lines of fracture or faults give rise to a host of minor shiverings. These seldom shake districts larger than an average-sized English county, and as faults exist in the rocks of every country there is no part of the world entirely free from such disturbances. Between these two groups of earthquakes, there are practically but few intermediate types. Of the first type there are

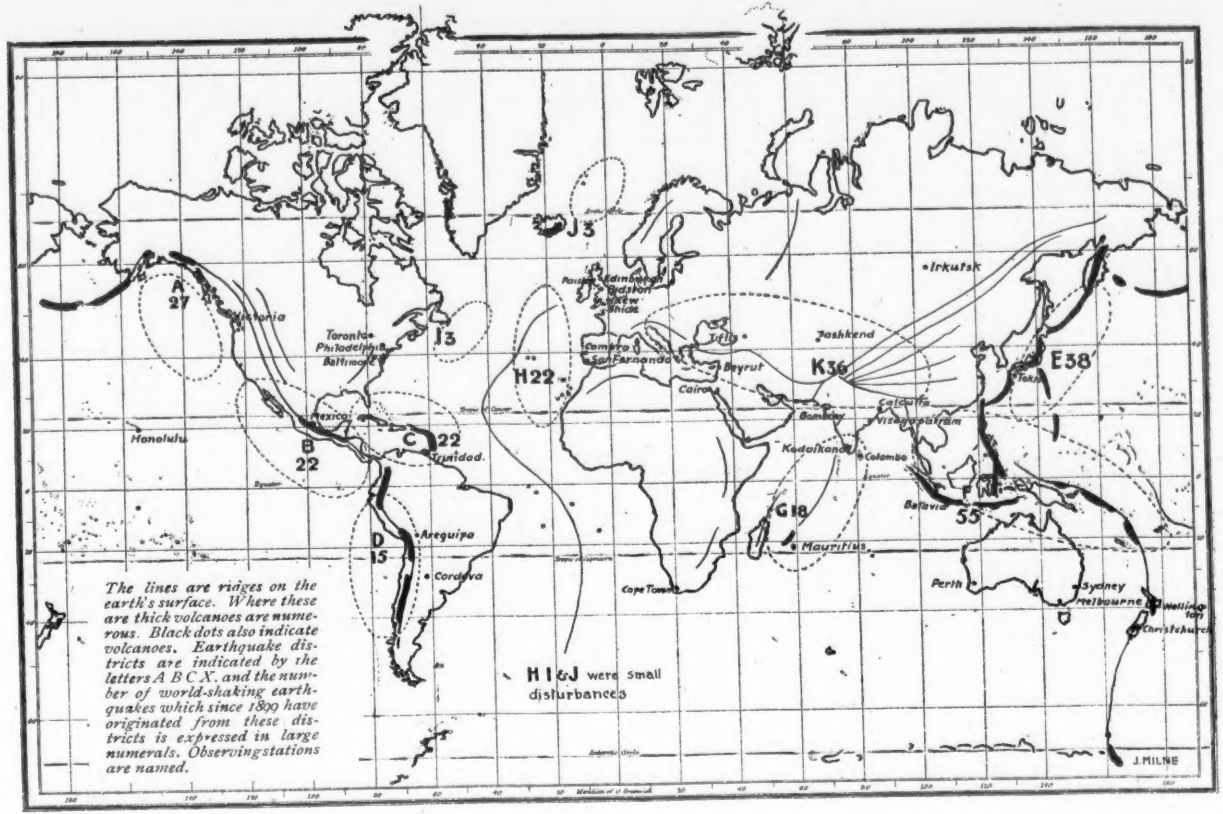


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Fig. 1. Origins for world-shaking earthquakes

about fifty per year, whilst of the latter there are about 30,000 per year—Great Britain's annual contribution, which is fortunately to the tremor class only, being about half a dozen.

Let us now see what light these vibrations, which are so frequently passing through and round our world, throw upon its constitution.

The speed at which the tremors travel in the crust of our earth is low, and it is apparently dependent upon the nature of the rocks through which they are propagated, being, for example, higher when passing through granite than when passing through a less elastic medium like alluvium. In short, a table of earthquake speeds in different districts suggests that the rocky constituents of at least the upper part of the crust of the world are variable in character—a fact known to everybody by direct observations.

The large world-shaking earthquakes travel from their origins in all directions through our earth and in all directions over its surface. If an earthquake originated at O (see Fig. 2) the first motion to be recorded at E would be what are called preliminary tremors, which come through the world. Some time after the arrival of the precursors, large waves would be recorded which had travelled at a slower speed round the world.

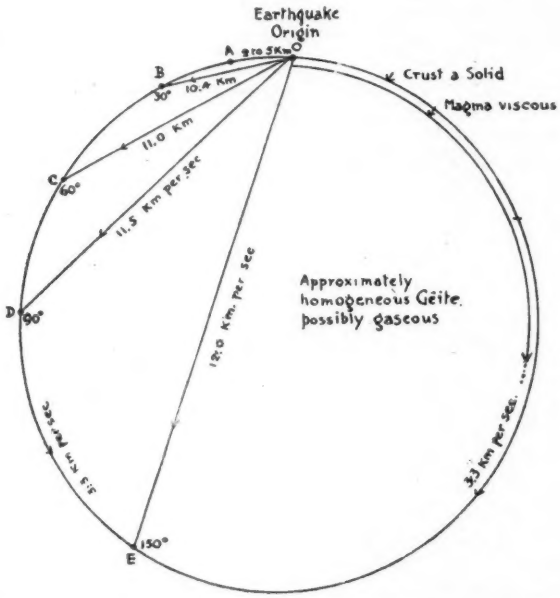


Fig. 2. Illustrating the speeds at which waves are propagated through and round the world. The time taken to go through the world, or 11,700 kms, is about eighteen minutes; and completely round the world, or 31,000 kms., is three hours twenty-one minutes

These latter waves may approach a station in two directions; for example, earthquake waves from Japan reach England through the world, *via* Siberia and *via* North America.

The preliminary tremors or through waves, in passing from their origin to places not very remote from the same, as, for example, from O to A, when their vibrational movement may be supposed to be confined within the limits of the "crust," travel with low speeds (two to five kilometres per

second) like small earthquakes. The first motion to arrive at more remote places like B, C, D and E (respectively 30°, 60°, 90° and 150° from the origin), if we assume that it travels along paths approximately corresponding to chords, does so with average speeds very much greater than the speeds along the shorter paths. These rates of transmission (as shown in Fig. 2) vary between 10 and 12 kilometres per second, the lower velocities being along the shorter paths, a larger proportion of which, it will be observed, lies within materials near the surface than is the case in the longer paths. But for this latter condition the inference would be that the velocities of transmission along various paths through the interior of the world are approximately equal. Because this speed is so high, the first conclusion is that, whatever the materials may be inside our world, these have an effective rigidity approaching twice that of steel; the second being that if this speed is uniform along these various paths then the most probable assumption is that these materials are homogeneous. If, then, earthquake precursors, rather than following paths approximating to those indicated, are transmitted in a layer beneath the crust, and we calculate their velocities along arcs, the resultant velocities would be not only greatly increased but over long arcs they would be greater than velocities over shorter arcs—a phenomenon difficult to explain.

The larger waves of world-shaking earthquakes, however, may follow such arcual paths, and the reasons for such a supposition are twofold. The first is that if we assume they travel on arcs round the world the velocity with which they are transmitted is fairly uniform, which would not be the case if they traversed through a homogeneous core. Neither would it be the case if they passed through a heterogeneous crust. The inference, then, is that they radiate in all directions from their origin round the world in a homogeneous layer beneath the crust. A second observation which supports this view is that, as these waves progress, they apparently cause the super-incumbent crust to rise and fall like a raft upon an ocean swell, with the result that countries with an area like Great Britain—which as compared with the area of the world's surface is small—are, roughly speaking, tilted equally. Were these movements propagated within the crust, we should expect, as is the case with the movements due to small earthquakes, that the amplitudes of movement would vary with the nature of the materials on which observers were located. For small earthquakes at least this, however, does not appear to be the case.

The conclusion then is that the heterogeneous crust of the earth rests upon a layer of homogeneous material more rigid than the crust above it, and that this quickly merges into a nucleus of still greater rigidity, which is also characterised by a uniformity in those physical qualities which allow it to transmit vibrations with the high speeds which have been observed.

Next let us consider how these views respecting the interior of our world accord with those hitherto expressed. For investigations where the rigidity of our planet has been called in question, we notice that it has often been assumed to be equal to that of steel or glass. If earthquake vibrations pass through our world, as seems likely, then this assumed rigidity might, without great error, have been greatly increased. Again, if equal velocities along different paths within the core of the earth imply uniformity in those physical qualities upon which the transmission of elastic movements depends, it is not improbable that the nucleus of our world has a density which is practically the same throughout its mass.

Surface rocks have a specific gravity of about 2.5, whilst the specific gravity of the earth as a whole is about 5.5. To establish a relationship between these figures, calculations have been made to show how density probably increases from the surface downwards to the centre of the world, so that the weight of the whole should be 5.5 times that of an equal volume of water, and at the same time the internal loads should be so distributed that they satisfy certain astronomical conditions. To meet these requirements Laplace arrives at the conclusion that the density at the centre is 10.7, whilst an investigation made by Professor G. H.

Darwin indicates that at a distance of 400 miles from the centre the density may be 37.

A third investigation on the distribution of masses within the earth, published by Prof. Wiechert of Göttingen in 1897, favours "the hypothesis that the earth consists of an iron nucleus with a superstratum of rock." The radius of this nucleus is about four-fifths that of the earth, and its specific gravity would be about eight. We have, therefore, here an hypothesis not unlike that advocated by Arrhenius. The astronomer and the physicist are satisfied, but how about the seismologist, who says that iron as we know it under surface conditions will not transmit vibrations at a rate exceeding twelve kilometres per second? We accept the measurements of the ellipticity of the earth, the behaviour of substances under high pressures and temperatures, and the velocities at which earthquake vibrations are transmitted as observational facts. To bring these in harmony, we may assume that the inner part of the world consists of a gaseous or solid substance, iron probably preponderating, which is in a closely packed state. Its density is less than that of iron, but greater than that of the world as a whole. The radius of this nucleus is at least nineteen-twentieth that of the world, and it is more rigid than iron or steel. Inasmuch as its physical characters are not those of substances on the surface of the earth, it might be christened world-stuff, or *gëite*. This merges upwards into the viscous material called by geologists *magma*, which in turn merges into the crust. Our world, therefore, consists of gas, fluid, and solid, and the gas is denser and more rigid than the fluid and the solid.

From these considerations respecting the body of our earth, we may now turn to a consideration of its face, the features of which are shown on its wrinkled skin or crust. If we took away this skin, which would be comparable to the removal of a film of varnish from the surface of a two-foot globe, we should expect to find a brilliantly luminous and intensely hot surface. Like a sun, it would radiate light and heat and have the whiteness of a molten metal, not unlike that which the surface of lava sometimes presents within an active crater. It would probably give off large volumes of steam and gas, and if we may judge from lavas it would be denser than the crust which had been removed, and, when cold, if not also when in the heated state, it would also be magnetic.

From the fact that lavas having these properties in many places rise to the surface of the earth, and that this surface has irregular contours in part due to foldings to which it has been subjected, it seems likely that dense magnetic materials, which may be the upper and cooler portions of the incandescent mass, reach nearer to the surface at some places than they do at others. In other words, the skin of the world is variable in its thickness. If this is the case, then at places where it is thin we should expect certain phenomena to be more pronounced than at places where it is comparatively thick.

Inasmuch as places on a thin crust would be nearer to the dense material forming the upper portion of the core of the world than places which are separated from the same by a thicker layer of light crust, we should expect to find that at the former the attractive force of gravity would be markedly higher than that anticipated by calculation, whilst at the latter this would not be the case.

In other words, at points on the surface of the earth which are nearest to its approximately homogeneous core a stone would fall more rapidly, a pendulum beat more quickly, or a given weight would compress a spring balance to a greater extent than would be anticipated.

A second phenomenon dependent upon nearness to this core which, as we have stated, is probably highly magnetic, would be that magnetic intensity would be pronounced. At the time when the large, slowly moving, but unfelt waves of a world-shaking earthquake passed through or round the surface of this core, by its actual movement or in consequence of the stresses to which it would be subjected we should expect its magnetic intensity would be subjected to fluctuations. At observatories on a thin crust and therefore comparatively near to this fluctuating magnetic field, it seems reasonable to suppose that magnetometer needles would be disturbed.

Again, if there is any general shifting or

change in physical or chemical character of the upper portions of the core, such as might follow large outpourings of lava from volcanic vents, the sudden change in contour which accompanies large earthquakes or the gradual change in the same, as, for example, that which appears to be in progress in the valley of the Mississippi, which since 1811 has apparently been sinking, correspondingly rapid or gradual changes in magnetic elements might be detected, especially in regions where the crust is comparatively thin.

About the concurrence in high values for gravity, magnetic intensity and the disturbance of magnetic needles by unfelt earthquake movements at particular spots, certain evidence exists and such concurrences find an explanation in assuming that those particular places are within the influence of a dense magnetic material.

At Batavia and Bombay, for example, with certain large but unfelt earthquakes magnetometers have behaved like seismometers. At these places the difference between observed and expected values of gravity are about double those found for places where needles are not set in motion by large seismic waves, and magnetic intensity is distinctly high. Volcanic rocks exist at or near both these places, whilst to the north of Bombay, and stretching easterly across India, gravitational observations have revealed the existence of a hidden chain of dense material, which is the condition suggested by the above-mentioned phenomena.

It may also be mentioned that at Bombay, as pointed out by Captain E. W. Creak, until 1883–85 the secular movement of the needle was eastwards. It then stopped, since which it has been moving westwards at an increasing rate. A similar change took place at Batavia in 1884.

Commencing on May 20, 1883, and culminating at the end of August, one of the most terrible volcanic convulsions recorded by history took place at Krakatoa. This was immediately followed by perturbations of magnetic needles round the world; but whether the reversals observed at Bombay, Batavia, and at other stations can be attributed to rearrangements or changes in a subjacent magnetic magma which followed the great explosion is a matter for conjecture.

In connection with this subject it may be mentioned that at many stations in the world wherever magnetic intensity is found to be high, it frequently happens that the difference between the observed and expected values for gravity are also high. Although it is possible that we may be dealing with accidental coincidences it is difficult to escape from the suspicion that some of the phenomena considered may have a certain relationship.

The pendulum and the thermometer have told us that our world is dense and hot. The seismometer indicates that it has a very rigid* and homogeneous core of specified dimensions. Physical research suggests that this core is dense and possibly gaseous, astronomers insist upon a particular distribution and character of internal loads, whilst magnetic observations suggest that the upper portions of a medium called a magma at certain places rise nearer to the surface than they do at others.

* Throughout this article the word "rigid" refers to the properties which govern the transmission of compressional waves. It is, therefore, not used in the sense in which it is employed by the elastician.

An Answer from the Unseen

By Lucy Evelyn Smith

IT was the kitchen of one of the outlying camps on a large sheep station in Southern Otago, and four or five men were gathered round the wide, open wood fire. It was a cold winter's night, clear and frosty, and the evening meal was just over. The cook —supreme authority within those four walls—was hovering in the background, putting tidily away the pile of tin plates which he had just finished washing. He wore a square white cap, and a white apron; against these, his swarthy brown arms, bare to the elbow, showed in strong contrast. He had been interrupted in his work a few minutes before. A fierce altercation having arisen between one of the ploughmen and a shepherd, they were for fighting then and there, but Ned the cook knew the duties of his office too well to allow that, and turned on them, threatening to kick them both out of *his* kitchen if he heard any more of that nonsense. He insisted, furthermore, on the belligerents shaking hands, which they did sullenly enough, and then peace settled again on the little company. Old Tom, one of the steadiest and most respected hands on the station, adroitly started the conversation on fresh lines; he brought forward his views—views on Imperial Federation—and the others listened and joined in, each eager to proclaim any opinions he might have.

Little Danny, the rabbiter, was of the group. Every one knew the ways of Little Danny. He had a convenient knack of turning up wherever he thought he was likely to get anything by it; many wer the days he visited the homestead just about the dinner-hour, ostensibly waiting for the rabbit-cart, when, fastening his horse's bridle to the nearest fence, and leaving his favourite dog in charge of his rabbits he would saunter into the men's kitchen to learn the news, and get what he could cadge in the way of a hot dinner. So now, he had " looked in " at this outcamp to buy a loaf of bread and share the gossip. And seeing a chance of making himself heard in the conversation, his black, bead-like eyes sparkled.

" I'll tell you what I think of it, mates," he struck in, excitedly, in a shrill voice, " I think that there Imperial Federation is the biggest swindle out, and I wouldn't mind telling the King and Queen so to their faces, that I wouldn't. No, no, each for himself, I say. Cut-throat euchre's the game I believe in. What do we want with universal brotherhood, and all that tommy rot ? "

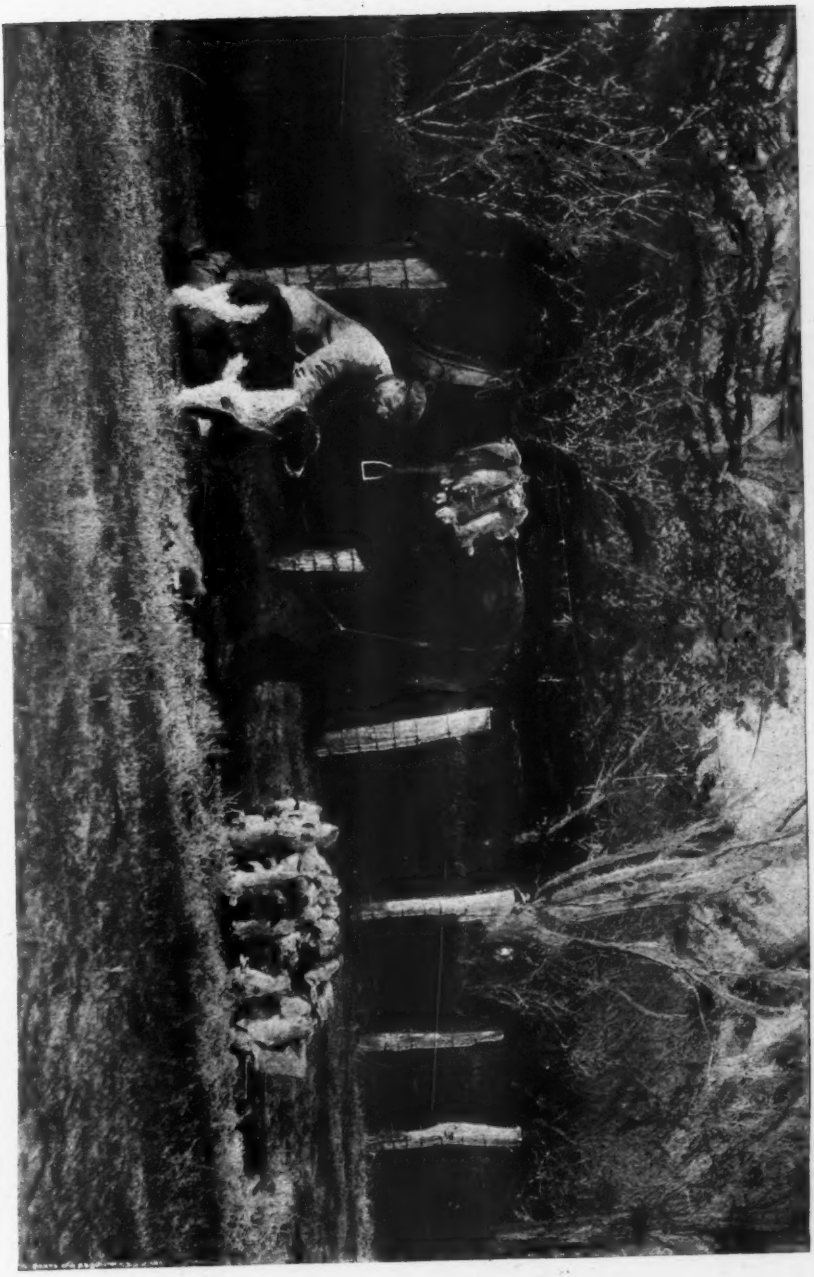
He paused, having run himself out of breath, and before he could start again the door behind him swung open, letting in a great rush of frosty night air, and a man came in, sending a good-humoured grumble before him.

" Now, then, mates, are you to have all that fire, and I just well nigh frozen with cold ? Bedad, but it's the cold night this, entirely ! "

" Why, it's Mick ! Come on, old chap," cried the others warmly, and they made room for him at the fire. The newcomer was evidently a favourite. He had a shrewd, kindly face, merry eyes, a grizzled beard, and shaggy hair. Having, as became the laws of etiquette, greeted the cook in particular, and the others in general by a nod of the head, he sat down by the fire, cut a quid of tobacco, and prepared to enjoy himself. The cook, having finished his work for the night, came and sat down alongside.

" Now look here, boys,' he began, " I'll give you three guesses apiece what McCorkindale and the gardener chap from the homestead and me was discussing here on Sunday evening, and I bet you my bottom dollar you don t guess it ! "

" Prohibition," said one ; ' Influenza,"



Every one knew the ways of Little Danny

"Seddon," "Government," and "The War," chimed in the others, but to one and all of them Ned the cook shook his head.

"Chinese missionaries?" suggested Old Tom.

"No, but you're getting nearer it."

On this the guessing followed hard for Chinese labour, Chinese tea, the Salvation Army, and so forth, but it was all to no purpose.

Finally every one gave it up.

This was what Ned had been serenely and confidently expecting. Now he sailed in, elate.

"We was discussing prayer as a moral and spiritooal force," he said slowly, and with infinite relish.

"My crikey!" said Little Danny; the others kept a surprised silence.

"Was any of yous feeling bad?" Danny pursued sympathetically. "Pains in the inside? Think you was going to die, eh?"

"N-no," said Ned thoughtfully; "it was the gardener chap from the homestead as began it—he's a bookish sort of Johnny, you know—same as Arthur there."

He pointed to a stalwart, bronzed young man, who sat, mostly silent, but very much on the alert, smoking in the chimney corner. At this thrust he grinned, showing his fine white teeth.

"What do you think?" urged Ned. "You're a college hand, ain't you?"

"I've been to college—yes, before I took to driving bullocks as a nobler art than any they teach there."

"Ah, sure," put in Mick with his richest Irish brogue, "do ye be lavin' the cratur alone. It's off his head entirely he do be since Herself out wid her camera one fine day, and took him wid his bullocks at the homestead. Faith, but he's been a queer bit av a bhoy since then! 'Tis going about and grinning like a paycock he do be."

He slapped Arthur on the shoulder as he spoke. Under the rough banter there was an almost caressing tone of kindliness; Mick had the friendliest disposition in the world.

"Well," Ned pursued, "you can read outlandish books, I know; I've seen 'em in your pocket. So what do you say? Does the Lord Almighty hear prayer and answer it?"

"Why, of course," rejoined Arthur. He was puzzled, divided between traditional beliefs and diffidence at expressing them in this company.

"Then all I can say," said Danny, "is that the Lord must be hard put to it sometimes. You pray for rain, and I for fine, and what's the Creator to do between us?"

"Do what's best, of course," said Ned.

"Well," retorted Danny, "and He'd do that anyway, I s'pose, so where's the use of praying? That's what *I'd* like to know."

"I guess, if you'd children, you'd bring 'em up as you thought proper. Yet you'd like 'em to talk to you and ask questions." It was Old Tom, usually the silent member at discussions, who spoke.

"Now, I'm no man to argefy, but I'll jist tell you a story of fwhat happint to me wance. Shall I, me bhoys?" asked Mick.

"Ay, ay," fire ahead, rejoined Ned, and the others nodded approval. Mike crossed his legs, put his head against the wall behind him, cleared his throat, and began.

"It was at Gabriel's Gully diggings, when the rush broke out in 1861. I was there, and I had a mate, a delicate, womanish bit of a chap, grand at cooking the meals, and keeping things tidy, but he'd a hacking cough, and wasn't fit for much of the rough work. However, I was."

"Ay, you're no hothouse blossom, you aint, Mick," said the young shepherd with a laugh. Ned bestowed a warning kick on his boot.

"Order," he said; "Mick's got the floor. Fire ahead, old man; we're listening, and those who can't listen can clear."

"So," continued Mick, "I kept him inside mostly, when it was rough and cold, and on we went day by day digging our claim, and getting next to nothing for our pains. Well, there was a woman in his case, you may be sure—he was just the chap for it. There was two of 'em, bedad, for he had a mother in Kent—a widdy—

as well as a sweetheart, and faith, I don't know which of the two he thought the most of, he was that devoted to them both. Molly—that was the sweetheart—was a nursery governess in London, and it was the dream of Will's life to find a nugget that would give him enough to go home with, buy a farm, and marry Molly. He on a farm! A chap like him! By all the Saints, it was the maddest thing to ing than he, he had death wrote on his face; anyone with an eye could see that he was not long for this world. Well, he had saved and hoarded till he had by him a matter of £3. This was to send to Molly, over and above the little sums that he managed—the dear knows how—to give his mother and her.

"'Molly did so want a cloak with fur about it,' he said, 'and please God'—and

Herself out wid her camera one fine day, and took him wid his bullocks

think of, but never a word said I to cross him, but would draw him on of nights to talk of his wife and his farm that were to be. I'm a coarse, blundering fool with my tongue most times, the Saints knows—but as often as I think of it now, I thank the Blessed Virgin that I never laughed at him, but always listened respectful-like when he talked of his crops, and how he would feed the sheep in the winter. Blazes! Any child you'd pick out of the gutter 'ud be more fit for farm- he used to ben' his head as I've seen little spalpeens do at grace—'she should have it for the next winter.' So, when he had the three pounds complete, he showed it to me, and we hid it in a bottle in the wall, for there was some queer cards about those days, I can tell ye.

"Then there came a spell of bitter weather, and Will took to bed. He had the look of a dying man on his face from the first, and I knew it must come soon. I was well nigh desperate to get him any

little comforts I could to make his going easier, for I hadn't a stiver of my own, and I'd borrowed every penny I could to keep things going at all. Will took to being delirious, and didn't know me—and then, right or wrong I dunno, but I'd do the same again with him at death's door—I took one of his precious pound notes out of the bottle. One of the men had his wife with him for a night or two; I got her in to sit with Will, and I walked over to the nearest store that afternoon, and got some brandy and oranges. When I came back Will was conscious, and asking for me.

"'I say, Mick,' he says to me in a feverish whisper, when he gets me close, 'bring me my three notes, will you? It's been a-haunting me that I haven't really got 'em, and nothing but the sight of 'em will satisfy me.' Well, mates, as you may guess, I felt sort of queer at that, knowing that there weren't but two notes left to show him. So I sort of soothed him down as well as I could, and made him take a drop of brandy"——

"*Made* him? By the Lord!" interpolated Danny, under his breath.

——"and told him first to have a sleep, and then I'd have them all ready for him. He believed me, poor chap—he always trusted me—and he went off to sleep quite gentle-like. Then I went outside to beat my brains about what was to be done. It was a night just much like this, clear as a bell with frost, and over my head the stars were glittering, cold and bright. I mind the look of them struck me then, as it never had before. I wondered, and they made me half afraid, as a man might be if an angel stood beside him. One star, above all, was like a tongue of flame, and it dazzled me as I looked. Well, it ain't often, mates, as I remember to say a prayer, but this thing was clean past my power of finding a way out of. So I prayed in good earnest that the Lord Almighty would help me, and send me that money somehow before poor Will died, so that I could show it to him. It was very cold already, and it wasn't much past eight o'clock; the tussocks were white and stiff with frost, and the ground was hard, and rang like iron. I couldn't bear to go back, and sit by poor Will, and I having robbed him, so I walked up and down out there till my breath was like a warm mist round me. All of a sudden I heard a horse's hoofs a long way off, and I prayed again, for I had a sure feeling somehow that that sound meant the Lord's answer. Tee-tup-up, tee-tup-up, tee-tup-up, that far off clatter came ringing through the night, and nearer and nearer it came. I was all of a cold sweat with excitement, my breath came hard, the blood tingled in my face. Well, at last the horse and his rider came into sight round the bend of the gully, and at first glimpse of him in the young moonlight I saw it was Father O'Shane, a priest I knew from further down the Molyneux.

"Then I got my breath together somehow, feeling as if everything depinded on my stopping him.

"'Good evening, your Rivirence,' sez I. 'Shure it's the cold night this for your ride!'

"'Troth, is it,' sez he, 'and I'm bound for the Ryans. Can ye be telling me how much further is it?"

"'A good two mile,' sez I, 'but the road's aisy now.'

"'Why,' sez he, looking hard at me in the moonlight, 'by all that's holy, if it isn't Mike O'Donaghy himself. Now glory be!'

"Me tongue felt hot and dry; I could hardly moisten my lips with it, as I sees him take out his pocket-book and open it carefully.

"'What's that at all, your Rivirence?' I managed to say, as he handed me something.

"'Conscience money, me son,' sez he, 'so ask no questions who gave it to me. It's yours anyway, and now it's off my mind. Good evening to you.'

"He touched his horse, and it trotted away, leaving me with four crisp £1 bank notes in my hand."

"Geewhilikins," interrupted Danny, his little face sharp with curiosity. "And ye never knowed where it comed from?"

"Ay, I could guess, for a man at the

Ballarat diggings robbed me of £4 there one night when I was drunk. But I was left there, trembling like the frosty night with awe. The Lord seemed at my very elbow, mates; it was so clean wonderful, and yet the strangest part of it all was I'd have wondered more if it hadn't come."

"And Will?" asked Ned.

"He woke by-and-bye, quite conscious, and he knew he was going. He held the three notes in his hand, in a fondling kind of way, and made me promise I'd send 'em to Molly, and send her and his mother his love, and a bit of his hair each. He died at dawn, and Father O'Shane buried him on his way back the next day but one. I sent Molly the money, and what div ye think? We'd worked that claim nine months and got nothing; in the next fortnight I got a £70 nugget."

"Snakes!" said the young shepherd with glistening eyes. "That's the game to pay."

"Ay," retorted Mike, "if you live to see the luck turn, as I did. Many never does that, me bhoy—poor Will didn't."

"And what did yous do with it at all, Mick?" asked Danny. A certain lussciousness, begotten of the idea of so much wealth, was in his accents.

"Do? Why, I kept £20 for settling up, and suchlike—for I couldn't stick to the place without Will—and the rest I sent to the widdy, poor soul. She'd lost her son; and it's the same with diggers all the world over, easy come and easy go. The Saints knows if I'd kept it, it would only have run me into a drinking shanty, to swipe it all away. I can't keep away from the drink, and that's the fact. So, lads, here's all Mick O'Donaghy's thirty-eight years' savings on his back, but he's jolly still, jolly as a sand-boy. I say, cook, can't you give me something to wet my whistle with, after all this yarning?"

Driving bullocks as a noble art

The Romance of Music

By J. F. Rowbotham

Author of "The History of Music"

II.—The Bell

BELLS! Bells! ye bells of the Middle Ages, from the sweet-ringing Angelus to the chiming of the saunce bell, from the tinkling of the sacrer to the thunder of the tocsin, what a world of romance and of fact, stranger by far than fiction, lies interwoven in your history! The story of bells belongs principally to the Middle Ages; and we must ever confess that however much we may sympathise with other by-paths and doings in *Le Moyen Age*, that era of moral conundrums and intellectual surprises, we are to the last removed by a broad band of utter unreason from realising to the full the beliefs and traditions which clustered round the bells. What have we nowadays to quote as a parallel? We may match the feats of the mediæval alchemists by referring to our men of science; we may even make shift to understand the witches by pointing to the modern army of quacks. But for such pure and undiluted credulity as existed in connection with the bells, we have no similar instance or comparison. The superstition has been once. *Fuit.* And nothing like it will ever occur again.

In the year 1017, at the town of Verdun in France, a solemn conclave was held by the civic dignitaries and leading men of the place, with the object of proclaiming a sort of "Lady Godiva" seclusion, that was to last from six o'clock in the morning on Maundy Thursday till sunset the same day, during which "no man must go out of his house; nor even must a woman, unless she blindfold her eyes, open the door or casement of her cottage, but must keep all shut and secure, as if thieves were in the neighbourhood, or the Hungarians coming down to ravage the town. Thus must it be, and accursed is the inquisitive person who pries into what he ought not!"

The reason of this quaint and extraordinary edict was that the bells of the church might have free liberty to ease themselves from their bell-ropes, and go on a voyage through the air to Rome, in order to keep Good Friday at a sort of tintinnabular parliament which was held on that day in the Eternal City. To this annual assembly all the bells in Europe were more or less inclined to go. Some did, and some did not; but in the former case they invariably brought good luck on the inhabitants of their peculiar parish, and therefore the peregrination was by all means to be encouraged. Now some wiseacre at Verdun had hit upon the idea that the parish bells had refused to go to Rome the last year or two, owing to some "peeping Tom," who made a point of surprising them just as they were making the last preparation for their journey. Hence this extraordinary edict of the mayor and councillors.

Can we imagine anything more grotesque? But the superstition was not limited to this favoured locality, but was diffused pretty generally through Europe, that the bells might any morning in Holy Week be found missing from the belfries; and it was a common custom to keep the belfry doors always shut during that period—in order, of course, that no one might convict the truants *en flagrant delit.*

How, then, was the journey managed to and fro? Did they float or did they fly? The most abnormal and incredible way of the two was preferred by the savants of the period. They flew. Their circumference turned into wings, and flapped with its bossy metal like the pinions of birds, cleaving the air at terrific pace till Rome was reached. A convincing proof of the exact theory of flight was forthcoming from the case of a bell which had grown tired on the journey and had sunk into a lake, from which it never

rose again, but might be seen at the bottom for years afterwards, lying semi-severed, and showing the wings beautifully. Are we in fairyland?

If these were the doings of the bells when out of the belfries, their potency and prestige increased ten-fold when in. Reared in their moss-grown turrets, and lords of the powers of the air, as they seemed to the simple folk of the time, they were regarded with a veneration which even surpassed what was paid to church or clergy. They passed into palladiums of their towns or villages, and more prayers were uttered for the safety of the bell than for the salvation of the sinner.

The bell, from what cause we know not, was reputed to drive away diseases and distempers, and, in a word, banish every harm from those who lived within hearing of its toll. Nor were the clergy themselves free from the influence of this superstition. When a curate went to visit the sick, he would have a small model of the parish bell carried before him by an acolyth, which should cleanse the air like some fumigating drug. When a priest said mass, it was the practice, in many parts of Europe, to throw a net of bells over the vestments, with the intention that they might clear the air by their tinkling of all corruption and impurity. They were to be the miniature copies of the great bell in the belfry, and were to repeat in the case of the individual priest what the other was effecting for the general congregation.

But this was scarce a moiety of what the bell could do.

Fulgura frango, dissipo ventos

(Lightning and thunder I break asunder,
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We might be describing the fetichism of some benighted tribe in the heart of Equatorial Africa, and not the doings and beliefs of our own ancestors but a few generations removed. Did our great-great-grandfathers, for they were little more, really believe the absurdity that the bell was, in a manner, alive, about as much so, perhaps, as the savage's idol, and was therefore cognisant of the honours and veneration that were paid it? Most undoubtedly they did. Cardinal Baronius, who is no mean authority in such matters, would go so far as to record the opinion that the bells actually spoke, that their notes were intelligent words, and that there was a meaning in every tinkle, from the muffled tones of the *piano* to the uproar of the *fortissimo*. He tells us how bells grew offended at fancied insults, how they revenged themselves on recalcitrant bell-ringers, and sometimes emptied the vials of their wrath on whole towns and villages. His account of the great bell at Sens and its indignation is a marvel of credulity and superstition, though equalled in the latter respect by other bell legends of the Middle Ages.

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The Romance of Music

By J. F. Rowbotham
Author of "The History of Music"

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competition with one another, it was all no good. Though bell-founders and men cunning in the trade were brought even from Hungary and the great town of Vienna to cure the bell, they did nought avail.

There it hung, and might have hung till the present day, in its intolerable indignation, dumb. Till at last the king, despairing of ever making the bell speak, gave orders to his workmen to take it down again and convey it back to Sens, as being no good for ringing and only likely to bring evil and misfortune on those who had tampered with it. In this way the great bell was conveyed by a cart and twenty horses back to Sens from Paris. And as it neared its native place, lying as it was, suspended in the cart by its stock, it began to ring of its own accord, and rang such loud chiming and such heavenly melody, that when six miles away from the town it was heard by the inhabitants and ravished the senses of all.

Passing from the tales of credulity to the limnings of fact, how do we find the case to stand? There is no verifying—that is, we should say, discovering the one atom of truth among the mountain of fiction, in the stories of Cardinal Baronius and others. But in the ceremonies of the Church, in the religious observances of the time, we may find remarkable testimony to the fervency and fidelity of these beliefs; and after considering the story which they have to tell, we can have no option but to set down our mediæval ancestors and their bell worship as the very greatest intellectual puzzle ever presented to the mind of man.

Let us be present at the most tell-tale ceremony of all, the founding of the bell, and prepare ourselves for a series of surprises which well may stagger the sceptic. The metals were fused in a large cauldron over a wood fire, whereby a far more perfect fusion was obtained than we get nowadays by the use of coal, for coal is too hot and sublimates the tin, which is the life of the bell and should never be sublimated. To the cauldron in which the metals were fusing there was a sluice attached, which communicated with a mould, where the shape of the bell was modelled in clay. This lay in a pit close to the furnace and the cauldron, and was tightly rammed down all round with dry sand, having been carefully modelled either by hand or else by the crook, such as we use to-day in bell-founding, and baked to the hardness of iron by frequent firing or exposure to the sun.

Meanwhile the metals were fusing in the cauldron, and the master smith stood by ready to draw the sluice at the exact moment when the fusion was complete, which only he knew, having learnt it by long experience. For the knowledge when to tap the metal was the great secret in bell-founding, and was jealously kept by the guilds of coppersmiths in the Middle Ages, not to be known by any but a master workman.

At this point in the ceremony the blessing of the bell took place. Attended by a large number of the people, among them being the barons, the magistrates and the chief people of the district, the priest appeared, robed in his surplice and stole, with a cross carried before him by a cross-bearer, and a choir following, chanting hymns and doxologies. Then, stretching out his hand, he blessed the bell in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The *Te Deum* and *Da pacem* were now sung, and in the midst of antiphons and graduals intoned by the choir, and clouds of incense flung aloft by the acolyths, the crowd of bystanders commenced to throw their most precious jewellery, gold and silver bracelets, gold rings and armlets without number, into the fusing metals, invoking the blessing of God on their sacrifice, and the blessing of the bell on themselves. This strange ceremony over and everything now ready, the priest stretched out his arms in prayer, and the master smith drew the sluice; and immediately the molten liquor rushed gurgling into the mould.

For three days it was allowed to harden, at the end of which time the mould was broken and the beautiful bell exposed to view. To see it in its finished beauty and perfection, crowds came from all parts of the neighbourhood, of the district, of the province. A new bell meant in those days what a new bridge or a new museum does with us, and sightseers in abundance made the jaunt an occasion for satisfying curiosity and having a day's pleasure and holiday. In due

course the bell, after lying "on view," if we may so term it, until it had attained the age of a week and a day, which was the age at which children were baptized in the Middle Ages, was received publicly into the bosom of the Church by baptism and chrism, as other Christians were.

And first it was provided with godfathers and godmothers, in which distinction keen was the rivalry among the wealthy people of the neighbourhood; for to be godfather to a baby was a common privilege not difficult to secure, and involving no rewards or responsibilities worth mentioning. But to be godfather or godmother to a bell was to occupy a position unique in the society of the district.

A bell was baptized—like a white aloe flowers—but once in a hundred years or so; and rare was the distinction, coveted was the honour, which should add so sensational a "little stranger" to the stem of one's family tree. Besides, there was a direct inducement to the relationship, in the popular belief that the bell, so powerful as it was known to be in shielding all the countryside from evil and calamity, was yet more particularly the friend of its godfathers and godmothers, who might safely get into any scrape, under the full consciousness that the bell would "see them through." Such were the rewards and privileges which fell to the sponsors of the bell; while their responsibilities went no further than providing the christening robe, and paying the fees of the baptismal service.

For the manufacture of this christening robe willing hands were forthcoming in abundance. The same fair fingers which wove Bayeux tapestries and decorated the interior of baronial banqueting-halls with drapery and Arras, were eager volunteers to perform the same office for the bell. Its measure was taken before it was "born," and while yet the soft, plastic clay which made the mould was awaiting the hand or the crook of the modeller, the dimensions of the future bell had been carefully meted out with tape and measuring-line, to be despatched to the fair dames of the castle near, who, falling to their work forthwith, contrived to have the robe finished in time for the christening day—and, generally, let us hope an exact fit.

The day of baptism arrived, the godfathers and godmothers assembled early in the morning, and bedizened the bell in its richly embroidered dress. Like some fat, very fat, iron baby it must have looked, all arrayed in robe and swaddling clothes, waiting to be christened. Only there was no fear of its interrupting the service by an outburst of crying. It would take the water meeker than most children.

The congregation having all assembled, and the *Introit* being sung by the choir, the priest began the service as follows: "This is the day that the Lord hath made." *Response:* "And it is marvellous in our eyes." The priest, lifting up his hands, then said the prayer of consecration. "Where this bell hangs," ran the words, "may the attacks of enemies be brought to nought: the malice of ghosts, the incursion of whirlwinds, the strokes of thunderbolts, the flames of lightning, and the assault of tempests." Here followed the psalm, "Praise the Lord, O my Soul," which was sung by the whole congregation. Then the priest washed the bell with holy water, oil and salt, and prayed that, where its melody sounds, the hearts of those who heard it might increase in faith and holiness.

Then, turning to the bell, he said, "Strike down the powers of the air by the right arm of thy power, vanquish the assaults of Satan, and protect all those who are within hearing of thy chime." After saying this he wiped it with a towel, and the psalm, "The Voice of God is over the Waters," was sung by the choir. Then he touched the bell with the chrism seven times, and prayed for the Divine grace to be infused into it. And then the holy water was sprinkled over it, and also over the whole congregation; the bell was named by the godfathers and godmothers, while the priest, signing it with the sign of the cross, pronounced its name aloud.

Thus ended the baptism of the bell, and with it the bell's infancy ceased *instanter*. Divested of its christening robes, it at once stepped from child to man, and, raised from the crypt to the belfry, was there suspended,

and ever afterward remained, replete, from the first moment of its airy sojourn, with those wonderful powers which the baptism had conferred upon it, and which vulgar credulity intensified and exaggerated to the strange proportions which we found at the beginning of this chapter.

Such were the bells that hung in the belfries. But in every monastery there were many more. For there were small bells placed in various parts of the monastery, which were rung at stated intervals throughout the day to summon the monks from their avocations, or bid them begin a new one. So nicely tuned, too, were these bells, and varied from each other, that to hear them was quite sufficient to know which bell it was that was ringing.

In the refectory was the Squilla, which was a small shrill bell, on hearing which the monks assembled in the refectory, which they did for the first time after Tierce, having previously confessed in the chapter. To summon them to the cloisters, where they went after Prime was over to hear the singing practice of the boys, there was the "Cymbalum," which was a loud clashing bell, as its name imports. At other times of the day the Cymbalum was also rung, as after Sext, when they sat in silence in the cloisters, and at other times. Then there was the Nola, for the choir; and the Nolula, and the Campana, and the Signum, being six kinds of bells in all, that were used in monasteries for various purposes throughout the day. And at the ringing of the Nola the choir boys and novices would assemble in the choir, under the superintendence of their master, to practise singing, or in the Song School, which existed in most monasteries and certainly in all the larger ones throughout the Middle Ages.

Now, if we would complete our knowledge of the superstitions connected with the bells, and of the virtues that were supposed to reside in them, we must turn, in conclusion, to the legends of the bells, in which their powers are briefly but succinctly stated. For when a bell was cast, on that perishable composition which was washed over the inner mould, and over which the cope or outer mould was formed, letters were traced which were the letters of the legend, and these, imprinting themselves on the inside of the cope, when the bell was cast would appear embossed on the outside of the bell. And some of these legends are merely historical, and relate to the donor of the bell, or the year it was cast in, but others are the true bell legend which describe the powers and virtues of the bell itself. And one,

Funero plango fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

(Men's death I tell
By doleful knell,
Lightning and thunder
I break asunder,
On Sabbath all
To church I call,
The sleepy head
I raise from bed,
The winds so fierce
I do disperse,
Men's cruel rage
I do assuage.)

And another:

Laudo deum verum, plebem voce, convoco clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

(I praise the true God,
I assemble the clergy,
I drive away diseases,
I call the people,
I mourn the dead,
I am the adornment of festivals.)

And others say:

Vox mea sublimis, depellit nubeculam, etc.

(My voice on high dispels the storms,
This power has Nature herself bestowed on me);

or,

I ring out the bad, I ring in the good;

or,

Ave Maria is my name
All storms I drive away.

And this last was placed on the bell that rang the Angelus, at hearing which every one, no matter what he might be engaged in, or where he might be, must sign the sign of the cross and repeat three times the Ave Maria, which is the angelic salutation the angel made to the Blessed Virgin Mary. And this

bell was supposed in a miraculous manner to shed the influence of the Blessed Virgin on all who heard it, and it was the most sweet toned of all the bells in the belfry, and was often made of silver. And sometimes the whole Ave Maria was inscribed on it for a legend, and sometimes this beautiful legend:

Sum Rosa pulsata mundique Maria vocata.

(I that am beaten am the Rose of the world and am called Mary.)

And of a similar character was the Saunce bell, which was rung at that part of the Mass where the priest begins the Sanctus, that all might know what holy mysteries were proceeding, and if they list, might fall on their knees in reverence for the ceremony. And this bell was generally placed in a lantern in the springing of a steeple that it might be heard far off. And its legend was some appropriate one as, "Vox ego sum vitæ" ("I am the voice of Life"), for it also was supposed to have a holy and purifying influence on those who heard it, though not to such a degree as the Angelus.

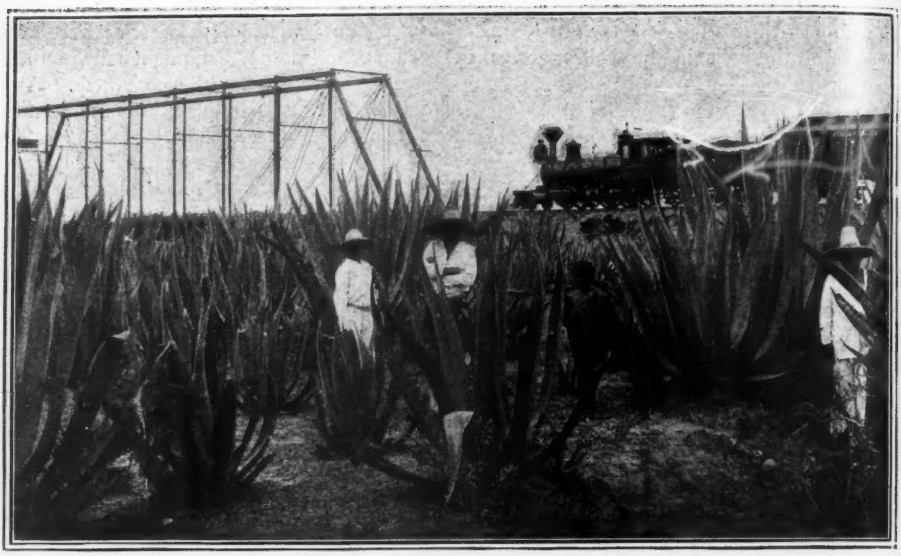
In the Dying Light

THE winds have died down and the fair day ends her reign;
The up-built towers of cloud are all edged with fire;
And mind's desires go out with a longing fain
To the far-off cliffs, to the mountains of old desire:
The sea, white-lipped, intense to its very core,
Is calling from mystic cave and from boulder gray;
And the gulls that screech as they wing, and wheel, and soar,
Are ceaselessly calling: "Away! oh, come away!"

In the light of the dying day, like great banners spread,
Or fairy floors of the castles of monarchs old,
There are stores and images sought with love and dread,
By poet and painter since Time was on earth unrolled:
And the truths that were true in boyhood lure me now;
And the laughter that rose so sweet has an endless peal;
Oh, Death and Time, ye are powerless to break the vow
Of earth's earliest love, for it comes while the seasons steal!

The winds have died down in the solemn, empurpled West,
And the sea is a fiery red in the streamers thrown;
And the hour of peace is never the hour of rest,
To the wakeful spirit where Thought has abiding throne:
For the lights on the sea, and the clouds of the coming night
In the heaven above, are sights to enrapture me;
And those sea-birds call for ever from plain and height:
"We are young, and tireless, oh, follow us oversea!"

WM. J. GALLAGHER.



(W. H. Jackson Co., photo, Denver)

A maguey field in Mexico

The Marvellous Maguey of Mexico

By Arthur Inkersley

Illustrated from Photographs

ONE of the most remarkable cultivated plants in the world is the *Agave Americana*, or great aloe, called in Mexico the maguey. In the United States it is named the century plant, from a popular idea that it blooms only once in a hundred years. In rich soil, in its native country, it flowers in from nine to twelve years, though in thin soil it reaches maturity much more slowly. It attains its most luxuriant growth on the high plateaux that lie between the mountain-ranges of Mexico at an elevation of about seven thousand feet above sea level. On large haciendas the hedge-rows and rocky land unfit for other uses are planted with magueys, which are exceedingly hardy, neither drought, frost, nor hail doing them any damage.

The plains of Apam, to the east of the city of Mexico, produce the largest number of magueys, the climate and volcanic soil being specially suitable to them. It is said that there are thirty-three species of maguey on these plains, but an eminent Mexican naturalist enumerates even more.

As the maguey grows it throws out shoots which are taken from the parent plant when they are about two years old and three feet high; these are planted at intervals of a yard, and later are transplanted. The full-grown maguey is a noble, majestic plant, consisting of a conical bulb about twenty inches long by a foot wide, with thirty to fifty tapering leaves from ten to fifteen feet high, a foot wide, and eight inches thick. Along the edges of the leaves are many sharp thorns, and at the end is a needle-point.

When the Spaniards came to Mexico, in

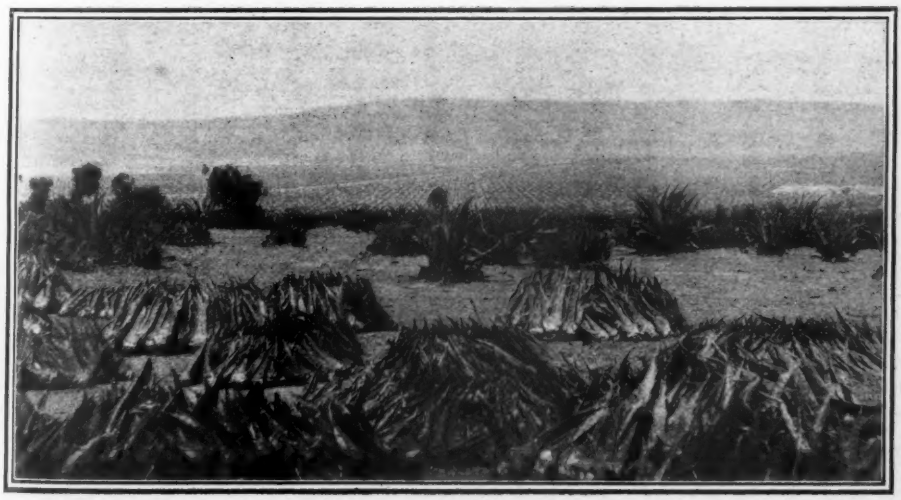
1519, they found the Mexicans using the maguey for almost every purpose. To quote an old couplet, the maguey is

Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestido,

that is to say, "food, drink, shelter, and clothing." The Mexican applies the maguey to as many uses as the South Sea Islander makes of the cocoa-nut. When planted close together magueys form an impenetrable fence, and are valuable in a country where timber is scarce. The tender leaves are eaten by poultry, and certain parts of the plant are used for scouring kitchen utensils or the floors of dwelling-houses. When fodder is scarce the leaves are cut cross-wise into thin slices, and are given to the cattle, which thrive upon it. Huts are thatched on the sides and roof with the thick, broad leaves, and hollowed leaves serve as gutters to convey water away from the roof of the cottage. The dried leaves are used as fuel, and the roasted pulp of the plant's heart makes a wholesome and palatable food. From the inner part of the flower-stalk, containing a good deal of silica, strops are made, with which a fine edge may be put upon steel instruments. When the sharp thorn at the tip of the leaf is taken and the filaments attached to it are twisted, you have a needle threaded ready for use.

Milk being scarce in Mexico, the unfermented juice of the maguey is much used as a substitute. Young children are nourished on it, and it is a wholesome stimulant for nursing mothers. It can also be used in the same way as milk for making fancy breads and pastry. When evaporated, it leaves a coarse sugar, which is used in making sweetmeats. A good soap, lathering freely in fresh or salt water, is obtained by boiling down the juice till it thickens and mixing it with ashes into cakes.

The fibre of the maguey is long, white, and coarse, and has a high commercial value. There are many varieties of it, and these enter the market as "ixtle fibre," "sisal hemp," or "Mexican grass." That which is called "Tampico fibre" is shipped from the port of that name on the Gulf of Mexico, but comes from the high table-land in the heart of the country. The fibre is gathered before the plant becomes mature and coarse. It is used in the manufacture of ropes, cordage, bagging, matting, thread and other fabrics. Much of it is sent to the West Indies, to be made into bags for coffee. Maguey fibre is strong and durable, but is not so pliant as



(*Waite, photo, Mexico City*)

Young magueys ready for planting

Manila hemp. It is, however, said to be less brittle than hemp, and to require no tar or varnish to protect it from the action of salt water. The finest fibre makes good writing material, many ancient Mexican manuscripts being on maguey paper, which much resembles papyrus. The coarser qualities of fibre are used in the manufacture of common paper. The pulp left after the fibre has been removed is a good manure for the soil.

(Scott, photo. Guanajuato)

Magueys. When the sharp thorn at the tip is taken and the filaments attached to it are twisted you have a needle threaded ready for use

But many as are the uses of the maguey, it is as the producer of pulque, the national drink of Mexico, that the plant is most famous and has the highest economic importance. It is said that more than half the national revenue of the United States of Mexico is derived from pulque and the kindred products of the maguey. Nearly ten million gallons of pulque are brought into the city of Mexico each year, for the transportation of which the railroads receive about 250,000 pounds sterling. Of the thirty to forty varieties of maguey more than twenty yield agua miel, or honey water, but only six produce the best liquor, or pulque fino. Agua miel is a limpid, golden liquid when yielded by some species of the maguey, or whitish and mucilaginous when drawn from other species. It is produced in the hollow of the bottom of the flower-stalk of the maguey, and is composed principally of glucose, sugar, and water.

The origin of pulque is lost in the mists of antiquity. The Toltecs, the predecessors of the Aztecs, have a tradition that a Toltec noble, named Papantzin, drew the sap from the maguey, and by the hands of his beautiful

daughter Xochitl sent some of the fermented liquor to King Tecpancaltzin as a present. The King showed his appreciation by keeping both the girl and the liquor, and later by placing the illegitimate son of Xochitl on the throne. Thus began for the Toltecs a long series of troubles and disasters, which ended in their dispersion and destruction. The Indians, notwithstanding, have stuck faithfully to pulque ever since.

(*Waite, photo, Mexico City*)
Hut made of maguey leaves

Magueys are grown on large plantations, each of which is under the care of a Tlachiquero—a picturesque fellow dressed in trousers and jacket of white cotton manta, with a big, broad-brimmed straw sombrero on his head. He wears an apron of leather, and dangling from his belt are his acojote (a siphon made of a large gourd with a cow's horn at one end), his machete (ordinary knife), and his raspador (a knife with a scoop in it). The tlachiquero goes daily through the plantation, marking each mature plant by cutting a cross at the top of its highest stalk.

The maguey does not yield the juice from which pulque is made until it is on the point of developing the central flower-stalk, which is the supreme effort of the plant. This flower-stalk is twenty-five to thirty feet high, and bears a great cluster of yellow flowers which are rarely seen, as, on the plantations, the maguey is not permitted to bloom. The tlachiquero must know precisely when the plant is going to effloresce, and he becomes very skilful in telling the signs. Humboldt

says that the exact time is discovered by observing very closely the direction of the radical leaves, which, till the period of efflorescence, are inclined towards the earth, but then suddenly rise and try to join each other so as to cover and shield the flower stalk about to be formed. At the same time the bunch of central leaves becomes of a lighter green. If the maguey is cut into too early or too late it does not yield the sap for which it has been grown, and perishes itself.

When the juice is ready to be extracted the tlachiquero pushes aside the spiked leaves and gets to the corazon or heart of the plant. He cuts away the central flower-stalk and the top of the corazon, scooping out the pulp with the raspador. Over the cavity thus formed he bends one of the long leaves, and putting a stone on it to keep it, down, passes on to the next plant that has reached maturity. Returning after eight days he finds the cavity filled with the clear, greenish juice of the maguey. This has a bitter-sweet flavour and an herbaceous odour. The tlachiquero sucks out the agua miel into the acojote, and empties it into a pigskin or sheepskin carried by a burro. After the pulp has been trimmed with the raspador so as to stimulate the flow of the sap, the cavity is covered and left. The plant is thereafter regularly milked three times a day—at 3 A.M., at 7 P.M., and at 3 P.M. It yields more than a gallon a day for three or four months, or from 120 to 160 gallons in all. After yielding all its sap the strength of the plant is exhausted; the leaves, once so erect and vigorous, begin to droop; the bright, glossy green fades to a dingy brown and the plant dies.

After the tlachiquero has filled with agua miel the sheepskins carried by the donkeys, he goes to the tinacal, a large barn with a clean earthen floor. The tinacal is filled with square wooden frames called tinas, on which are stretched cowhides with the hairy side up. In each vat is a little fermented juice, or mother liquor, which sets up fermentation in the newly added agua miel. As each man enters the tinacal he piously removes his hat and exclaims, "Alabo a Dios!" (Praise be to God.)

(*Waite, photo, Mexico City*)

The flower-stalk of the maguey in bloom

The agua miel rapidly ferments, becoming curdled in the process and emitting a very unpleasant odour. After some three hours' fermentation the liquor is drawn off from the tinas into barrels or sheepskins and is conveyed to the City of Mexico, where it must be sold quickly, as it spoils after twenty-four hours.

Pulque is probably the strangest, and to the novice the most repellent of all the queer beverages in which mankind indulges. It looks like thin butter-milk, and, when more than twenty-four hours old, smells like putrid meat. It is less nauseous when procured fresh at the hacienda than when it is bought in the City of Mexico, the skins in which it is carried increasing its unpleasant smell and taste. No foreigner who tastes it for the first time can overcome the repulsion

(Waite, photo Mexico City)

Tinacal and shrine

caused by its smell, but when this first feeling of disgust passes away he finds it an agreeable and really refreshing drink. It can sometimes be got where water is not obtainable, and, being drunk in a state of fermentation, it is pleasantly cool, even in very hot weather. For foreigners it is usually flavoured with the juice of raspberries,

(Scott, photo, Guanajuato)

In a pulqueria

strawberries, or some other fruit, when it is named pulque compuesto. The natives, however, drink it without any admixture from wooden vessels, tossing it off like beer. It is credited by its admirers with the possession of many virtues, being said to promote sleep and to relieve biliousness. As it contains only about six per cent. of alcohol, it is nearly harmless. But, not content to leave it in its original state of innocuousness, men adulterate it with jimson weed, which transforms it into a fierce intoxicant—the fruitful cause of quarrel and bloodshed. The Federal Government attempts to prevent this sophistication of the national beverage, but its well-meant efforts, like those of most reformers, are not wholly successful.

The place where pulque is sold is named a pulqueria, and has its walls, outside and inside, adorned with gaudy paintings. Pulquerias are as numerous in Mexican towns as saloons in American cities, and are almost as fertile causes of crime and degradation. Pulque is also often carried about the country in sheep-skins on the backs of sturdy pedlars.

The Indians, or indigenous inhabitants of Mexico, are exceedingly fond of pulque, and, whenever their slender means permit, drink it to excess. The liquor does not affect the head much, but causes the drinker to lose control of his legs. In that case the Indian wisely sits down at the side of the road until the effect of his potations passes away. Pulque when pure does not make those who drink it quarrelsome, but when adulterated is highly noxious.

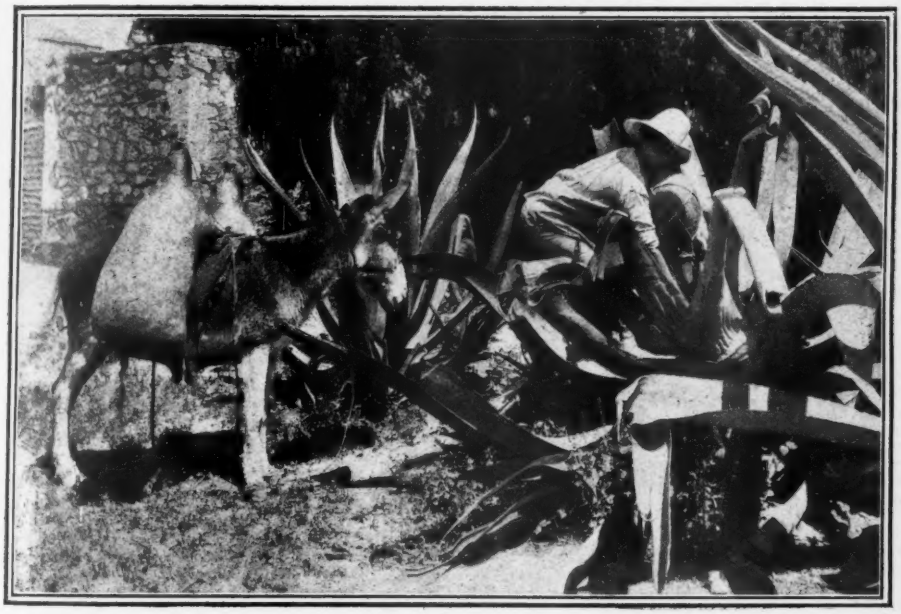
(Jackson, photo, Denver)

Pedlars outside a pulqueria

Unlike most other national drinks, pulque is not known outside of the country of its production, as it will not bear exportation, and could not be produced cheaply elsewhere. As has been stated, it is made by the simple fermentation of the juice of the maguey. But other and more fiery stimulants are obtained by distillation. Tequila is made from a smaller species of maguey than that which yields pulque, about twenty-five hundred plants growing on an acre of

the driest land. It is a strong alcoholic liquor, chiefly produced in the State of Jalisco, the largest distilleries being about fifty miles from the City of Guadalajara; each pays a tax of five hundred dollars a month to the Government. To manufacture tequila the blades of the maguey are stripped to within two inches of the heart, which is sliced off just above the roots. The bulb, weighing about five hundred pounds, is taken on the back of a burro to the distillery, where it is roasted in an oven. Then a machine expresses the liquor, which is clear tequila and improves in quality by keeping.

Another intoxicant is mescal, which is distilled from a species of dwarf maguey grown in the highest inhabited parts of Mexico and yielding a strong sap. Mescal is an ardent spirit, and has as harmful an effect on the Mexican as whiskey on the Irishman, rendering him furious and quarrelsome. If Mexicans get drunk and fall out, they draw their machetes, wrap their zarepas (or blankets) round the left arm tightly, take the sombrero in the left hand, and wave it about rapidly to confuse their adversary, fighting with the machete in the right hand.



(Waite, photo, Mexico City)

Tlachiquero drawing agua miel from a maguey

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster

SECOND PAPER

THE Christian religion claims to provide a complete philosophy of life. It offers an account of the origin of the universe, a doctrine about man, a "working theory" as to the source and meaning of evil, a large and morally satisfying eschatology. The Christian, therefore, possesses in his faith the solution of "the Riddle of the Universe." But that solution claims his acceptance as being reasonable: and, on the same ground, it would have to be abandoned if another solution, more reasonable, were forthcoming. The questions suggested inevitably to human thought by experience and introspection demand answers: and hitherto Christianity has, within Christendom, satisfied that demand; *now* the traditional Christian answers are being heavily challenged by the advocates of science. "Possession is nine points of the law" is an aphorism which has legitimate application within the intellectual sphere: and, in the present argument, it may be fairly applied in some such manner as this.

"You denounce my religion as unreasonable"—the Christian may rightly say to his antagonist—"and you call on me, in the name of reason, to surrender beliefs which have up to now satisfied both my conscience and my understanding: those beliefs are no private possession of my own, nor are they of recent origin, or limited acceptance. On the contrary, they are held by the majority of civilised Europeans, and have been so held for many generations. Moreover, they are fundamentally one with human convictions which might fairly be called universal. All this, of course, does not demonstrate their reasonableness, for error, not less than truth, may be both ancient and universal, but it does create a presumption in their favour, and does constitute their rejection on my part a very serious proceeding, a proceeding, indeed, so serious that reason itself requires that my action should be deliberate and cautious. You must be able to show that your answers to the questions at issue are more reasonable, that is, more satisfying to my reason as explaining the facts which have to be reckoned with, than the answers of the Christian Creed, which, until you challenged them, seemed reasonable enough. I frankly acknowledge that nothing properly unreasonable has any real claim to my acceptance, and I readily admit that no halo of antiquity or plea of sentiment ought to be permitted to sustain in a self-respecting man's belief doctrines which his reason rejects. If, therefore, you can offer me an account of the universe, and especially of myself, which is superior to that which I have in my Christian faith, I shall not hesitate to abandon the latter in favour of the former; but, until you can do this, you must on your part allow that, as a reasonable man, I cannot surrender my Christianity."

In the forefront of the Christian Creed is placed an assertion which forms the indispensable pre-supposition of all that follows, and which will serve us as an admirable example of the superior reasonableness (as we maintain) of Christianity over its "scientific" rival. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth." This account of the origin of the Universe is categorically denied by the scientific materialists, of whom the well-known German savant, Ernst Haeckel, is the most conspicuous representative, and, though it would certainly be extremely misleading to offer

Haeckel's theories as representing the best scientific thought of our time,* yet those theories are very widely held among men of science, and very widely promulgated among our artisans. It is alleged that no less than 80,000 copies of the cheap edition of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" have already been sold in England alone. This great popularity is not undeserved. The book is well written and well arranged. The author has at command an immense accumulation of knowledge, and if, as cannot be fairly denied, his references to Christianity do not reveal any considerable acquaintance with its literature or history, yet it may fairly be pleaded that this implies no culpable negligence, and that, in truth, Christians are as little justified in expecting exact acquaintance with theology from the specialists of physical science as are the latter in expecting exact scientific information from the professors of religion. All that can be reasonably demanded in either case is sufficient grasp of the points at issue, an honest construction of arguments on both sides, and a total abstinence from personal discourtesy. Happily the fundamental issues stand out with great clearness, and are capable of being intelligibly discussed without much technical knowledge, whether of physical science or of theology. We take then Haeckel's denial of the first Article of the Creed, and subject it to the method of consideration which we have laid down as reasonable.

The belief that the Universe (and therein, man himself) has its ultimate origin in the creative Will of a Personal God has long commended itself to men as offering the most reasonable explanation within their reach of the Universe, and especially of their own nature. Again and again that belief has been challenged both from the side of philosophy and from the side of science: and a vast apologetic literature has been called into existence by the necessity of answering this reiterated challenge. The apologists have always maintained, both against the philosopher and against the men of science, that reason is on the side of Christianity, that, though there are difficulties in the way of a perfectly satisfactory answer to the obstinate questionings of existence, yet the Christian's Creed is the most satisfactory theory known to mankind, and does more successfully than any rival hold together the truth of the unity of Nature, which is the irreducible demand of philosophy and science, and the truth of the essential spirituality of man himself, which is the irreducible demand of his own self-respect. It has never been denied that the attribute of "personality" to God is beset with considerable difficulty, and lends itself to grave misconceptions; but it has been none the less unswervingly held that, when due allowance has been made for the necessary imperfection of human language as used to describe the truth about God, when it has been frankly admitted that, in the Apostle's phrase, "here we see in a glass darkly," that our knowledge is partial and relative, and our religious language provisional and contingent, no more helpful and suggestive account of the Source of All Being can be given than that which clothes Him with personality. "The monistic idea of God, which alone is compatible with our present knowledge of Nature," says Haeckel, "recognises the divine spirit in all things. It can never recognise in God a 'personal being,' or, *in other words, an individual of limited extension in space, or even of human form.*"* Christians are entitled to demur to this paraphrase of their belief. Divine personality certainly does not mean what is here alleged. Even the dogmatic confessions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries might suffice to correct so crude a notion. Take the first of the Anglican Articles as an instance. "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the Maker and Preserver of all things, both visible and invisible." It is not for one moment denied

* Haeckel admits and tries to explain the highly suggestive fact that his theory as to the Nature of the Soul is rejected by the mature judgment of many eminent men of science. (*Vide* "Riddle of the Universe," pp. 36, 37; Rationalist Press Association's edition.)

* "The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science." London, 1903.

that there are difficulties attaching to the Christian belief in God as "personal," but, after reflection and examination renewed incessantly, we Christians can find no more satisfactory formula by which to describe the Author of our being. We maintain that to Him we cannot reasonably ascribe a lower kind of existence than that which we ourselves possess *ex hypothesi* by derivation from Him. To our thinking "personality" stands for the highest category of existence, but in conceiving of the Creator's existence as "personal" we do not, of course, carry over without correction into our creed a notion which, in its application to ourselves, has certain obviously unsuitable connections. Limitation is of the essence of human personality; the absence of limitation might almost as truly be said to be of the essence of Divine personality: but consciousness and volition are ultimate terms of thought, which represent to us the very beings we know ourselves to be; and we cannot but assume in the Author of our nature the counterpart of these. The content of human consciousness and the range and purpose of human volition become therefore necessarily ministerial to the development of Theistic belief. Man cannot but seek in the Source of his being the springs of his own intelligence, emotion, conscience, and, in a word, trace in himself the tokens of his ancestry, and, so doing, he is brought to the conception of a "Personal" God.

The Christian Theist inevitably carries his creed beyond himself. Will the theory of a "Personal" God, Creator of the Universe, fit in with the evident testimonies of the Universe as to its own constitution? Here again, there has never been absent the recognition of difficulty: Nature yields a doubtful message at best. If, in times of spiritual exaltation, the religious student has been moved to cry with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," it has never been less true that at other times, in front of other aspects of the natural world, faith has failed before the overwhelming demonstrations of non-moral force. Still, in the main, the apologists of Christianity have rested their case here also on the reasonableness of the view that this Universe, when carefully considered, is best explained by the Theist's creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth." The order and beauty of Nature have been thought inconsistent with a purely mechanical theory of origins. They have seemed more reasonably explicable as the effect of Divine intelligence and benevolence; and, though the argument from design no longer takes a prominent place in the scheme of Christian apologists, yet it is by no means discarded, nor, indeed, can it be so without consequences fatal to the Theistic hypothesis.

Since, therefore, we have received this explanation of the Universe and therein of ourselves on grounds of intrinsic reasonableness, we cannot reasonably abandon it unless those grounds can be shown to be untenable, and another explanation intrinsically more reasonable can be offered us. What then, in plain words, is the new explanation which Haeckel has to offer us as superior to the old creed?

He begins by postulating the existence of of "a primal substance," which, according to a universal "law" of evolution, has brought everything that is into being. "As this fundamental cosmic law (he says) establishes the eternal persistence of matter and force, their unvarying constancy throughout the entire universe, it has become the pole-star that guides our Monistic Philosophy through the mighty labyrinth to a solution of the world problem."* We are told further that "the recognition that such a law dominates the entire Universe, and that the world is nothing else than an eternal 'evolution of substance,' is a fruit of the nineteenth century." Thus he excludes a "Personal" Creator at the beginning of the Universe, and the possibility of Divine Providence in the course of its history. The whole process of evolution from start to finish is mechanical. The proof of this theory is offered in some detail, and consists in a series of scientific demonstrations converging to one central proof that everything we know is explicable as the product of natural evolution. The

* "The Riddle of the Universe," p. 2. I quote from the sixpenny edition, issued by the Rationalist Press Association.

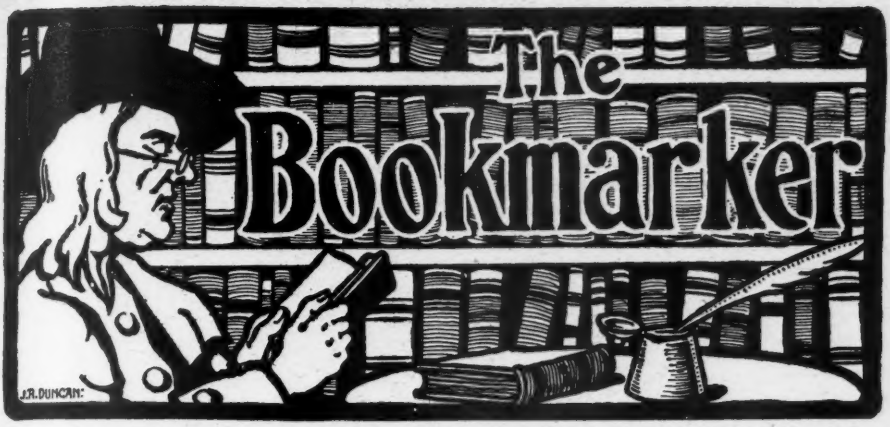
Christian properly insists with special emphasis on the congruity of his creed with the suggestions of human nature itself, and he is accordingly more than ever curious to know how Haeckel will explain, or explain away, those suggestions. He is not much impressed by the physical similarity between man and the other animals, for that similarity has always been too obvious to escape notice, nor is he conscious of any essential divergence from his creed when he hears that "our embryonic development" is exactly parallel to that of other mammals, but he receives a rude shock when the calm and interesting scientific argumemt suddenly takes a leap into the region of speculation, and boldly challenges the very bases of religion. The following paragraph must be quoted in full: "The most important moment in the life of every man, as in that of all other complex animals, is the moment in which he begins his individual existence; it is the moment when the sexual cells of both parents meet and coalesce for the formation of a single cell. This new cell, the impregnated egg-cell, is the individual stem-cell (the cytula) the continued segmentation of which produces the cells of the germinal layers and the gastrula. With the formation of this cytula, hence in the process of conception itself, the existence of the personality, the independent individual, commences." So far the Christian (though he may dislike the language) has no necessary quarrel with the statement, but the case is far otherwise with the inferences drawn from it, not without some violence. "This ontogenetic fact," continues Haeckel, "is supremely important, for the most far-reaching conclusions may be drawn from it. In the first place, we have a clear perception that man, like all the other complex animals, inherits all his personal characteristics, bodily and mental, from his parents: and, further, we come to this momentous conclusion that the new personality which arises thus can lay no claim to 'immortality.'" * As a mere matter of logic, I fail to see why the prohibition of immortality follows from the fact that man comes into the world by one mode rather than another. The conclusion has no proper connection with the premisses. Christians have never connected the hope of immortality with any denial of the unquestioned fact that men are conceived and born: nor does it matter in the least to the Christian Creed whether the whole endowment of human nature is conveyed in the physical process of conception, or by some separate creative act. The Christian Creed is quite consistent with either hypothesis, and has this additional advantage that it explains satisfactorily the general and powerful disposition of men to believe in their own immortality. That disposition, or instinct, is rather explained away than explained by the advocates of Haeckel's "monistic" theory. But, we must ask, does the view that heredity entirely accounts for every human life satisfactorily explain the facts? Take the familiar fact, I might almost as fitly say, the constantly recurrent miracle, of genius. From the unlikeliest parents there suddenly emerges on to the arena of human life a Plato, an Aristotle, a Dante, a Shakespeare. What is the most reasonable explanation of their amazing genius, which has nothing behind it which we can point to as its source, and which passes on nothing by natural succession to others? Haeckel's theory implies the denial that such genius is extraordinary: we are to see in it the normal product of a natural process, and explain, as best we may, its sudden appearance and its curious inability to transmit anything to its natural heirs. The Christian theory recognises in genius a special inspiration of the Creator-Spirit, from Which man draws his origin.

Indeed, the more closely the course of human history is studied, the more inadequate appears to be the explanation offered by a rigid doctrine of physical evolution. The amazing influence of personality defies a mechanical theory of human nature, while it corresponds exactly to the requirements of the Theistic creed. For when, in the primal substance, which we are required to postulate, we have to store the whole content of the Universe, and to find the aboriginal source of human nature itself, we are reduced to an obvious dilemma. Unless we thus clothe with infinite potencies that impersonal

* *Ibid*, pp. 22, 23.

matter, from which has been evolved so much, we cannot find any sufficient explanation of the facts, and the Riddle of the Universe remains as far from solution as ever: but, if we do this, we cannot reasonably object to the plea that, though we avoid the name, we have conceded the doctrine of Theism. Or, to state the argument in a different way: If, as is manifestly the case, we must find in a primal substance the ultimate source of all the phenomena—physical, intellectual, moral—which constitute the Universe we know, is it unreasonable to insist that such a substance is itself unthinkable save as the product of a still nobler Power, which we cannot conceive or describe save in the terms of "personality." Is Haeckel's postulate of "substance" more reasonable than the Christian postulate of "God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth?" I freely confess for myself that on this truly fundamental issue the superior reasonableness seems to me to belong to the Christian Creed. I can see that the explanation offered by the Creed is at least reasonably adequate: the explanation offered by Haeckel seems to me properly no explanation at all. It is precisely on all fours with the Oriental notion of the tortoise which supports the world: we cannot but ask on what the tortoise itself is standing. This primal substance, which is the Universe in petto, cannot be taken for granted: it can find no justifications for itself in the evidences of design in Nature, which inevitably suggest intelligence, or in those lofty human aspirations which insistently witness to a "Personal" God: it stands unexplained and remains unsatisfying. We cannot but ask from whence it draws its origin.

Haeckel's interesting and powerful volume, therefore, appears to the present writer, so far as Religion is concerned with its argument, to be an elaborate example of that subtle, ancient, and common logical fallacy known as *ignoratio elenchi*, or, in plain English, "missing the point." Evolution can never answer the fundamental question as to the origin of the Universe; it can go far to answer the secondary question by what method the Universe has come to be what it is. To say that "the world is nothing else than an eternal 'evolution of substance'" is to confuse together two essentially distinct notions. The world may be subject to an evolution, it cannot be an evolution: just as a child may be subject to growth, it cannot be growth. You do not reasonably explain the world by proving to me that it takes shape by a process of evolution; you leave me still ignorant of its origin, and if, unable to remain contented with that ignorance, I examine for myself this assertion of the Christian Creed, which meets me when I in turn emerge for a moment on to the plane of history, and which brings as its credentials a vast array of deliberate human acceptances, and if I also decide that in the ancient conviction of humanity must be found the solution of the Riddle of the Universe—if I also recognise in the evolution of substance the gradual unfolding of a Divine Purpose, and confess in the mysterious greatness of human nature the authentic traces of a Divine Original, by what authority of reason can my faith be rebuked, or disallowed? By what authority of reason is my conviction that the source of all phenomena is the Will of a "Personal" God, represented as implying a contradiction of that "science" which perforce begins its account of the Universe with a confession of ignorance as to its origin?



No. 5 February 1904 [SUPPLEMENT TO "GOOD WORDS"

* * Isbisterisks * *

A fourth edition of "The Light Invisible" is now ready. Robert Benson's remarkable collection of short stories, despite the tremendous output of 1903 books, has held its own, and seems to be already acknowledged as a religious classic. In the first number of "The Bookmarker" we gave our readers a brief extract from the book; on page 6 of this issue there appears another excerpt from the story called "The Bridge Over the Stream." A devotional book, entitled "A Book of the Love of Jesus," compiled by the same author, will be published in the spring.

Messrs. Isbister will publish shortly a new hunting book by Harold Tremayne, the author of "Recollections of a Gentleman Horse-Dealer," which had such a great success. Harold Tremayne, besides being the author of several novels, has also written handbooks on agricultural matters, and, more recently, he published "Protection and the Farmer," in which Mr. Chamberlain's proposals were discussed from the farmer's point of view.

A new volume in the "Wisdom While You Wait" Library is a thing to look forward to. Number five of this series will be published immediately. The title is "Dolly's Governess," by George Somes Layard, and it is a delightfully fresh and funny story of mistaken identity. Some beautiful illustrations have been done by Lewis Baumer.

"National Physical Training,"—an open debate, edited by J. B. Atkins—is the title of a book to be published in January. It contains the views of R. B. Haldane, M.P., Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Macnamara, M.P., Sir George Arthur, J. H. Yoxall, M.P., John Burns, Winston Churchill,

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MAXIM GORKY, THE GREAT RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

Canon E. L. Hicks, Eustace Miles, &c. &c., on all subjects appertaining to the physical betterment of the nation. The contents also includes a draft scheme of a proposed National League for Physical Education. The book is dedicated "To England."

Entered at Stationers' Hall

The Canvas City

["With the single exception of 'Peccavi,' according to *The British Weekly*, 'Denis Dent' is E. W. Hornung's masterpiece. For the benefit of Bookmarker readers we give a brief extract from one of the chapters in 'Denis Dent,' showing Mr. Hornung's vivid and dashing descriptive style. Those who like a really healthy, thrilling, story of love and adventure should read 'Denis Dent.'"]

The travellers had been variously advised as to their best road to Melbourne from a certain point; but what they did (by pure accident) was to come out on the Williamstown promontory and get a second lift (by sheer luck) in a boat just leaving for the Sandridge side. They were even luckier than they knew. The gain in mileage was very considerable. And there was sun enough still upon the waters for them to see with their own eyes the derelict sail of all nations and of every rig, swinging forlornly with the turning tide, their blistered timbers cracking for some paint—and all hands at the diggings.

But the sun was sinking when the two friends landed at Liardet's Jetty, and came at once by the Sandridge Road to the first thin sprinkling of the tents which formed the Melbourne of those days. The track ran in ruts through sand and dust as fine as tooth-powder; they trudged beside it over scanty grass, with here and there a star-shaped flower without the slightest scent. Gum-trees of many kinds, some with the white bark peeling from their trunks, others smooth and leafless as gigantic bones, made amends with their peculiar aroma. There was a shrill twittering of the most unmusical birds, the croak of bullfrogs from a neighbouring lagoon, a more familiar buzz of flies, a tinfoil rustle of brown grass at every step. Once the grass rustled before Denis's foot came down, and in a second he had stamped the life out of his first snake—a long black fellow with a white waistcoat and pink stripes. Doherty held it up in horror.

"That's not the way to kill a snake," said he. "Jump out of the road if you haven't a stick. It's lucky for you that you come down on his right end, or he'd have been up your leg like a lamplighter, and in a few minutes you'd 'a' been as stiff as him. Poisonous? I believe you, mister! You thank your stars, and don't do it again."

And Denis went on with a cold coating to an active skin, but without a syllable until Doherty drew his attention to a marquee under the trees, with a brass plate stitched to the canvas; and when they got near enough to read the legend it was ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES in bold black capitals; there was even a blackboard nailed to a blue gum, with benches fixed to stumps, and every accessory but the young ladies themselves. Denis was prepared to meet them two-and-two in the next glade, but the multiplication of tents soon put this one out of his head, and their infinite variety became apparent as they drew together into streets. There were canvas cones, canvas polygons, canvas in every figure defined by Euclid and in more that baffle definition. A cricket tent had a publican's sign swinging from an overhanging branch. A red lamp surmounted the nearer of two uprights which carried a pole with a sheet stretched across it; the doctor crawled out of this his surgery, and lit up with a brawny arm, as the travellers passed. Denis thought it still quite light, but when they came to the first bricks and mortar, as it seemed but a few yards further, there was just enough rose in the dusk for good eyes to glean from the notice-board in front of the house that its three rooms and its strip of yard were to let at £400. And in another minute it was night.

An unpleasant feature of these canvas streets was that slops and refuse were hurled into the middle of them, while cast-off clothing literally lined the sides; but as a light twinkled at one tent, and a fire blazed up outside the next, the picturesque contrasts afforded by the firelit faces, the inconceivable jumble of grades and races, blinded Denis to all else. Now it was a drayman with a single eye-glass, now a

gentle face at the wash-tub and a diamond flashing through the suds. The peoples might have been shot by the shovelful from their respective soils: yellow Yankee, gross German, suspicious Spaniard, sunny Italian, burly Dane, and murderous Malay, there they all were, so many separate ingredients newly flung into the pot. A noticeable link was the hook-nosed Jew who spoke every language and hailed from every clime. And either there were more Chinamen even than Europeans, or their blue breeches and their bee-hive hats brought them oftener to the eye. But the usually drunken blackfellow and his invariably degenerate gin were already becoming scarce in their own land.

Denis and Jim drifted with this cosmopolitan crowd across a bridge, into a region of fewer tents, better lights, more weather-board walls, and not a few of brick or stone. A verandah where a free fight was raging turned out to be that of the General Post Office; the flag flying over it celebrated the arrival of an English mail, and it was for their letters that the poor folk fought. One shook himself clear with his letter in his hand, and an indescribable look of happiness on his face, as Denis looked on enviously. In an innkeeper's yard hard by, the horns of a bullock-team scratched the panels of a resplendent brougham; and though this was evidently the fashionable quarter, judging by the numbers of regular shops, the gutters were swollen to such rivers that a dray would act as ferryboat across them. In some of the shop windows the things were marked "VERY DEAR," to tempt the plutocratic plebeian; in nearly all there was a legend which went to one head at least—the legend of "GOLD BOUGHT IN ANY QUANTITY."

"There must be plenty going after all," said Denis, "or you wouldn't see that at every turn."

Doherty agreed without enthusiasm; it was what he had always held; but the surface excitement of his years was not proof against a ravenous appetite, whereas Denis could have gone on and on without a bite. Yet they were really in search of modest fare, and were actually reconnoitring a large and flaring shanty, which rather chilled the frugal blood in Denis, when a choice harangue was poured into them from the verandah: and there sat a gorilla of a man, his shirt half-hidden by his beard, dipping a pannikin in a bucket between his knees, and spilling the contents as he waved it to the pair.

E. KAY ROBINSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE NATURE NOTE-BOOKS (see page 4) PRESENTS HIS BALD-HEADED BLACKBIRD TO "BOOKMARKER" READERS

❧ ❧ ❧

New books by the following authors may be expected before the Spring: H. J. Whigham, whose "Persian Problem" was one of the most important books of last year; a sixth volume in the "Wisdom While You Wait Series," by G. E. Farrow; E. J. Dillon, Cosmo Hamilton, Clara S. Laughlin, H. B. Marriott Watson, Harold Tremayne, Robert Benson.

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"The Bookmarker" is published on the 25th of each month by Isbister & Co., Ltd., 15 & 16 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C., and is sent post free to any address.

Crocuses and Music

[The following is taken from "Nature Note-Book for 1904," E. Kay Robinson's new volume, the successor to "My Nature Note-Book." This book is the ideal companion for a country walk; Mr. Robinson's observations will lend a new enjoyment to the study of nature. "Nature Note-Book" is printed on light paper, in a handy form, which enables it to be easily carried in the pocket, and at the end of each month blank pages are provided, so that the reader may make his own notes.]

February 16.—St. Valentine was good to the birds this year, and, although the nights since the 14th have been frosty, nature at large has continued to get on very nicely. That the sun helped more than the frost retarded her was plain from the daily growing brilliance of the groups and ranks of crocuses which blazed along the flower beds at noon; for when the sun is high each crocus spreads itself as big as three.

Perhaps there is more food for the birds than usual this year, for the sparrows have so far been merciful to our yellow crocuses. When the yellow ones grow in large numbers together, they can be protected from the sparrows by strands of black cotton stretched along and across the rows of bloom; but one would like to know why the sparrow annihilates the yellow crocus, and almost always leaves the blue untouched?

With the multiplying crocuses the chorus of the birds has swelled in volume. In January the quartet of starling, robin, hedge-sparrow, and skylark had been reinforced by the missel thrush and the song thrush, who fully resumed at once his old masterful leadership of the feathered choir. In the first week of February more recruits came in—the blackbird, like a bold street ballad singer, even raising his voice above the song thrush's most telling phrases, while the yellowhammer with rhythmic persistence compelled attention to his catchy refrain.

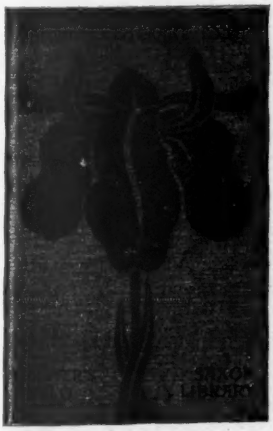
But welcome as any in early February was the wren—a little cocktailed mite, but with a voice so gladly loud and sweet that you cannot help hearing it with joy and listening for its repetition. The song of the cirl bunting, which next joined the choir, belongs to a different category. You hear its song, as you see the bird, much oftener than you suppose, because, while the bird is usually supposed to be a yellowhammer, its music is so absurdly trivial—a merely tinkling tremolo on one note—as to suggest that a yellowhammer was starting to sing but had "forgotten the last part."

In February, however, every songster counts for something; and, with the tits playing their triangle and cymbals in every coppice, the spring band is almost complete.

Only the finches remain silent—on the East Coast, at any rate, where these lines are written—because the air most usually shimmers with the dancing warmth of "really springlike" weather before the chaffinch breaks out into the glad but not too musical short song which he iterates and reiterates from every tree. And the chaffinch will not have been singing long before we may listen for the little chiff-chaff from over seas, announcing himself persistently as "chiff-chaff, chiffer, chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff," the first of the summer songsters. Unless he comes earlier than usual, however, or the weather has serious reverses in store, he will find that our home-staying birds have stolen a long march upon him this year. Thrushes' nests with eggs were to be found in January, and before St. Valentine's day blackbirds and robins began to follow suit, while you had only to listen near the gables, where the starlings build each year, to discover that something was going on in the darkness within. When the nesting fever is on them, starlings will retire together to their nest hole; and thence, by the half-hour together, will issue a wheezy, hissing sort of sound, like that which the young starlings make later in the year when food is being distributed.

"Bookmarker" Portraits. No. 5.—"Alien"

"Alien" is the pen name of Mrs. L. A. Baker, who has been called the "New Zealand novelist," although she is not a Colonial born, but went to live there at a very early age. As a matter of fact, "Alien" was born at Birmingham. When quite young "Alien" wrote an article entitled "Disagreeable People," and sent it to a high-class New Zealand journal. The paper was accepted, and a cheque sent with a request for further contributions. From that time "Alien" became a regular contributor to the New Zealand Press, until she returned to England, and there first adopted her pen-name, because in the old land everything was so different from the colony that she felt quite a stranger. Her first book, "A Daughter of the King," attracted much attention, and each succeeding story has added to her reputation. Perhaps the best known of her works are "The Untold Half," "Another Woman's Territory," and "Not in Fellowship." Her Majesty Queen Alexandra honoured the author by accepting the second named of these. "Over the Barriers," which is now in its second edition, is the best work that "Alien" has done, and we believe that our readers will agree with us in this.



DESIGN ON THE CLOTH BINDING OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON LIBRARY." THE LEATHER BINDING IS OF OLIVE-GREEN, WITH A SMALL GOLD IRIS

The Dainty Reprint-Revival

"A notable fact of 1903 has been the growth in the number of books in pocket size," says "The Book Monthly." "Some authorities had thought that the dainty little book, the reprint of some classic, has had its day, and that it would disappear in favour of another fashion. At present there are no signs of that. Book-buyers and readers have got into the habit, when in doubt as to what they shall buy or read, of turning to pretty reprints of established English literature, and surely in that they are not to be discouraged."

Perhaps the daintiest of all reprints are those in "The Anglo-Saxon Library of English and American Classics." They are neatly bound in cloth at 1s. 6d. net, and olive-green leather at 2s. 6d. net. The tops are gilt, the paper is good, and the type is clear. Among the books included are Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," Macaulay's "Literary and Historical Essays," three volumes of "Emerson's Essays," and "The Autocrat" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."

The Tender Face

By Robert Benson

"Down the hill came the loud rumble of a cart and the clatter of hoofs, terribly near.

"The girl by the side of the road began to scream to her sister, who darted off, and then remembered Johnny and turned. Johnny got up too and ran to the parapet and stood against it.

"I was shouting too by now, through the hedge: but I could do nothing more, nothing more, because the hedge was high and thick, and I was an old man. Then in a moment I remembered that shouting would only distract them, and I stopped. It was useless. I could do absolutely nothing. But it was very hard.

"Then I saw the galloping body of a horse through the branches, with a butcher's cart that rocked behind him. There was no one on the cart.

"Now there was room for the cart to pass the boy safely. By the wheelmarks, which I looked at afterwards, there were three clear feet—if only the boy had stood still.

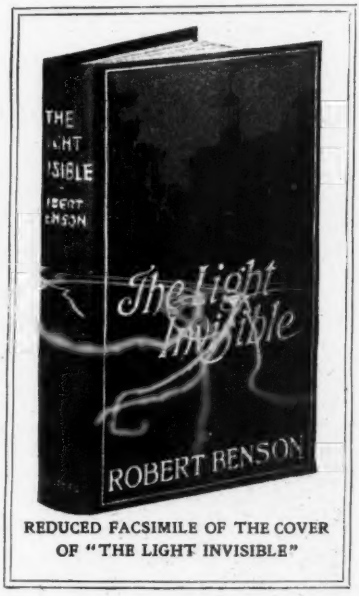
"The girls seemed petrified as they stood, one in act to run, the other crouching and hiding her face against the hedge. The cart was now within ten yards, as I could see, though I was still staring at Johnny. Then this is what I saw.

"Somewhere behind him over the parapet of the bridge there was a figure. I remember nothing about it except the face and the hands. The face was, I think, the tenderest I have ever seen. The eyes were downcast, looking upon the boy's head with indescribable love, the lips were smiling. One hand was over the boy's eyes, the other against his shoulder behind. In a moment the memory of other stories I had heard came to mind —and I gave a sob of relief that the boy was safe in such care.

"But as the iron hoofs and rocking wheels came up, the hand on the boy's shoulder suddenly pushed him to meet them; and yet those tender eyes and mouth never flinched, and the child took a step forward in front of the horse, and was beaten down without a cry: and the cart lurched heavily, righted itself, and dashed on out of sight.

"When the cloud of dust had passed, the little body lay quiet on the road, and the two girls were clinging to one another, screaming and sobbing, but there was nothing else.

"I was as angry at first as an old man could be. I nearly (may He forgive me for it now!) cursed God and died. But the memory of that tender face did its work.



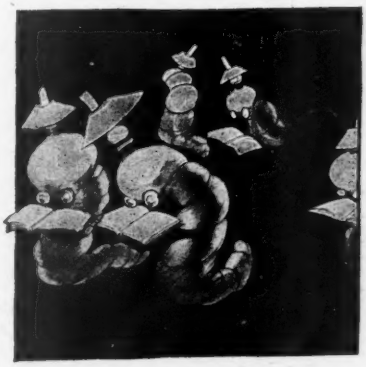
REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF "THE LIGHT INVISIBLE"

It was as the face of a mother who nurses her first-born child, as the face of a child who kisses a wounded creature, it was as I think the Father's Face itself must have been, which those angels always beheld, as He looked down upon the Sacrifice of His only Son.

"Will you forgive me now if I seemed hard a few minutes ago? Perhaps you still think it was hardness that made me speak as I did. But, for myself, I hope I may call it by a better name than that."

Dolly's Governess

ONE OF MR. LEWIS BAUMER'S BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH APPEAR IN "DOLLY'S GOVERNESS," THE NEW VOLUME IN THE "WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT" SERIES (1s. NET)



A GREATLY REDUCED PICTURE FROM "THE BUMBLEPUPPY BOOK," BY OLIVER HERFORD AND CAROLYN WELLS

The Bookworm

The Bookworm's an uninteresting grub,
Whether he's all alone or in a club.
Of stupid books which seem to us a bore,
The Bookworm will devour the very core.
Did Solomon or somebody affirm
The early reed-bird catches the bookworm?

The Gospel and the Church

Abbé Loisy's Book, which has been placed on the "Index"

The procedures which are just now occupying the French Catholic world in the matter of the Abbé Loisy, says *The Christian World* . . . show that no Church in Christendom is at the present more profoundly divided and more utterly at sea concerning the most vital questions of religion than the Roman Communion.

M. Loisy is one of the most brilliant scholars that the French Church has produced. He is profoundly versed in Oriental languages and in various departments of historical research. He was, at a comparatively early age, instituted to the Chair of Hebrew and Holy Scripture at the Catholic Institute. But his bold adoption of modern critical methods alarmed the authorities of the old school. The Seminarists of St. Sulpice were forbidden to attend his lectures, and eventually, at the instance of the French bishops, he was compelled to relinquish his position. Later the Government gave him a Chair at the Sorbonne in the school of higher studies. Meanwhile, his published works were attracting increasing attention amongst both laity and clergy in France, and to-day he is the centre of a great party of Liberal Catholics, amongst whom, it is rumoured, are ecclesiastics of the highest position. The crisis, both with him and the party he represents, has just been reached by the publication of a decree from Rome, which condemns the Abbé and places his works upon the Index. The language of the decree is worth quoting, as showing the view Rome, in the twentieth century, takes of the liberty of the individual: "Let no one, therefore, whatever be his grade or condition, dare read or retain the aforesaid damned and proscribed works in any place or in any language whatever, nor read them hereafter, under the penalties indicated in the Index of prohibited works."

The course of action towards M. Loisy which has culminated in this degree is not less interesting than the instrument itself. It reveals the strength of the cross-currents which, on vital questions of doctrine, now agitate the Vatican. Many attempts had been made during the lifetime of Leo XIII. to procure the Abbé's condemnation, but without success.

But to properly appreciate what has been going on of late in Catholicism we must glance for a moment at the inwardness of M. Loisy's own work. The book which has, perhaps, created the most stir in France and been the immediate cause of the present attack is "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," an English translation of which has just been published by Messrs. Isbister under the title of "The Gospel and the Church." This remarkable work was written as an answer to Harnack's "Wesen des Christentums," and is supposed to be a defence of Catholicism against the attack of the Berlin professor. But the defence is incomparably more destructive than the attack. Romanism is upheld at the expense of Christianity. We have a Pope and a Church, but no Gospel.

The book, and the whole Catholic movement of which it is the outcome, are a vivid illustration of the law of extremes. Rome, with its creed and discipline, has sat on the safety-valve of the human mind, and here is the explosion. It is hoist with its own petard. Its own children shatter its close-knit fabric in pieces.

* * *

The Christian says of "Sunday to Sunday," the Bishop of Durham's new book: "The treatment is simple, yet scholarly, comprehensive, yet exact, and marked by a close observation of detail which makes every word luminous. None can read the book, in the prayerful spirit in which it was manifestly written, without being helped to a fuller vision of the life that is hid with Christ in God."

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Rupert Laurier overhears Pamela Winston apply at the railway booking-office for a ticket.—She has been left behind whilst in search of a luncheon basket.—Her travelling companion has her ticket and purse.—Rupert offers assistance.—She refuses.—The train is wrecked, and he renders her help.—Rupert is fascinated by Pamela, but she refuses to allow him to follow up the acquaintance.—She has promised never to speak to a man.

CHAPTER III

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW

HE stayed four days at Brooke House and then left to go for a week-end to the Delavels, much to his uncle's disgust and Audrey's surprise. He had told her nothing about Pamela; Audrey was in a tiresomely teasing frame of mind, he had decided, and should know nothing.

Therefore his excuses had been a little lame; but he had been determined to escape, and had escaped; and early on Saturday afternoon he got out at the little Cranston station with a decided feeling of elation. Blatchlands Park was within easy driving distance of Cranston he knew, and the Delavels' house was only a mile or two from the station. They would be bound to know Miss Winston, and somehow or other he would manage to secure a meeting with Pamela.

But it was more difficult than he had expected, the Delavels were so ridiculously full of themselves and their own concerns! Even when he did manage to get a word in they barely listened, unless one spoke of golf, or hunting, or exercise in some violent form. What a nuisance people made of themselves, thought Rupert irritably, when they developed a mania on any given subject. But he persevered. Jeannie Delavel might be determined to talk of herself; he was equally determined to talk of the Winstons.

"This beastly wind!" she cried gaily. "I was biking this morning and suddenly found myself in the gutter, at the roadside, machine and all. It was all I could do to mount again; but one must do something!"

"Biking in a wind's a jolly nuisance, though. How far is it from here to Blatchlands Park? Do you know the people there?"

"Yes; and it isn't one day either," continued Jeannie complacently. "I don't think there's been a day worth having for a fortnight. I was playing golf——"

"Winston is their name," broke in Rupert firmly. "Did you say you knew them?"

"No; I don't know them. What shall we do this afternoon, Mr. Laurier? What are you good at? There are some ripping new links only two miles away. Have you quite got over your accident? Are you feeling fit again?"

He gave her up. It was quite hopeless. Her mind was firmly fixed on the sports she loved, and she took no possible interest in the Winstons. Then he would try some one else.

He tried them all, and the result was quite unsatisfactory. He could only gather the very vaguest details as to the Winstons or their mode of life at Blatchlands Park.

But as he turned away impatiently from one of the sons who had been obstinately uninterested, he heard a quiet voice say:

"You were asking about Miss Adelaide Winston, of Blatchlands, weren't you? Do you know her?"

"No. Do you?"

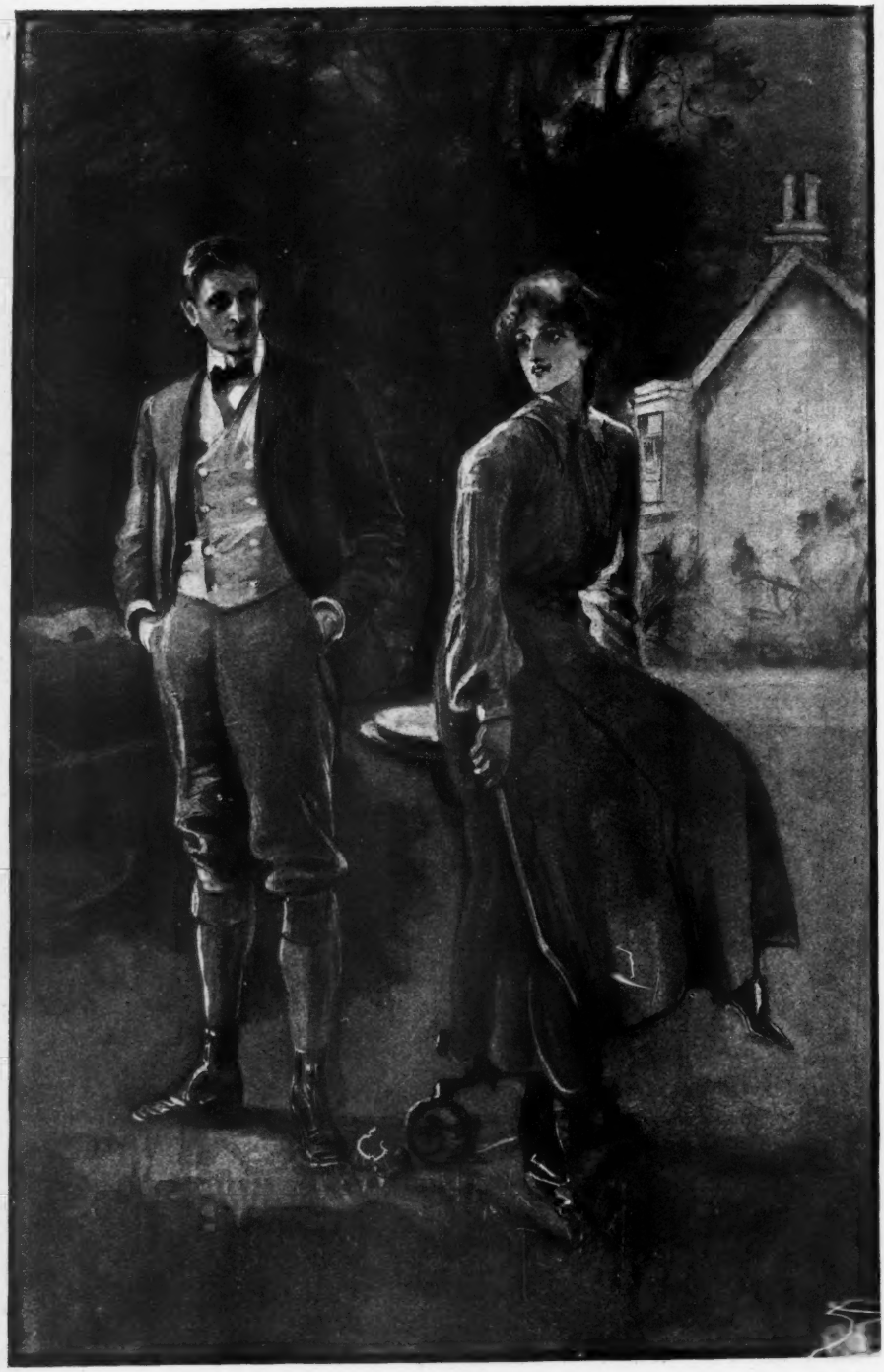
He turned delightedly, and sat down beside a plain, quiet-looking girl who had not been introduced to him, and who was, he thought, quite a stranger.

"No, I don't know her; but naturally one hears a good deal of that sort of person."

"What sort of person?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is hard to give her a name. An amiable lunatic; a monomaniac who runs her mania to rags."



No, I don't know them. What shall we do this afternoon, Mr. Laurier?

"What is her mania?"

He did not trouble to disguise his interest, and apparently she was willing to gratify it to the best of her ability.

"She is a man-hater of the most virulent type," she replied cheerfully. "Didn't you know that? Her name is very well known. She lectures on platforms, and runs all sorts of charities. She is immensely rich, you know."

"I know nothing about her. I met her—a connection of hers somewhere; that was all."

"I didn't know she had any connections; at least not people one would be likely to meet in general society," observed the girl reflectively. "I don't know her, of course, but I was interested in what I heard of her. Besides, she looks so delightfully odd, and so do all her people; one can't help being interested, unless one is absolutely wrapped up in other things."

"Like our hosts?" he said, smiling.

"Yes. I heard you trying to wring information from one or two of them, but I knew it was quite useless. I have tried it myself so often—on other topics, of course. Unless one talks of some sort of exercise it is impossible to interest a Delavel; and I personally loathe all active exercise! I am a sort of cousin of theirs, by the way, and my name is Marie Gray. You, I know, are Mr. Laurier."

"Yes. I was at Oxford with Ted Delavel. Be amiable and tell me what you know of the Winstons, Miss Gray. I confess to a good deal of curiosity."

"I am afraid I don't know much. When I stayed here in the winter we came across Miss Adelaide Winston two or three times, and, as I say, she attracted me by the eccentricity of her appearance; besides, she is a very fine-looking woman. I asked the Delavels about her, but, of course, they weren't in the least interested. They said she was mad, they believed, and that she didn't do anything, which means, in the Delavel phraseology, that she neither rides, nor hunts, nor plays any game; neither does she entertain those who do such things. In the Delavels' eyes she promptly ceases to exist. They cannot understand that one may still be curious about her."

"In what way is she eccentric? In her appearance I mean?"

"You will see for yourself." She smiled reflectively. "You are bound to come across her. Blatchlands isn't more than a couple of miles from here, and Miss Winston drives about a great deal. I won't describe her to you till you have seen her; I want to hear your unbiased opinion afterwards."

"The lady I met was called Pamela Winston," said Rupert. "Do you know anything of her?"

"I suppose she is the girl who always lives with Miss Adelaide? There are lots of girls who go there for a time, you know. I don't exactly understand why; I suppose Miss Adelaide instils her peculiar views into them, or something; but one always stays—a very pretty girl with bright hair. Is that the one?"

"I expect so; I know her very slightly."

"The surprising thing is that you know her at all!" cried Miss Gray. "For she, like Miss Winston and all her satellites, firmly taboos men. They will have nothing to do with them; and therefore they do not mix at all in the ordinary county society, although Miss Winston is of very good family and immensely rich. Blatchlands is carried on in a very eccentric style, and the county in general has made up its mind that Miss Winston is mad, and so does not bother about her, except when she runs full tilt against some of its favourite prejudices."

"Such as?"

"She owns a lot of land, and almost the whole of the village, and she has turned every inn on her ground into a coffee tavern; she is a rabid teetotaler."

"So are many very excellent and entirely sane people."

"No doubt. On her own estate she will not have a single man; everything is done by women, and some of them wear rather quaint costumes. That determination has enraged a great many of the working people against her; for before her time a great many men were employed by the owner of Blatchlands."

"Still, I suppose she has a decided right to do as she chooses on her own estate with her own money."

looked him straight in the face, with steady eyes, with an unsmiling, almost sad little face, as she drove slowly past him. If he had been the veriest stranger she could not have looked more completely and successfully as if she had never seen him before. But on the elder lady's face there had been a decidedly malicious smile; she, too, had looked at him, her eyes keen and mocking; and he had had an excellent view of her.

Miss Gray had said that her dress was eccentric. He supposed it was; though Pamela's greeting, or rather her utter lack of greeting, had taken his breath away, and left him little leisure to look critically at Miss Winston. She had a fine, strong, rather harshly-featured face; fresh coloured, with short waving grey hair, on the top of which a dark Homburg felt hat sat jauntily. She wore a man's collar and tie, as far as he could remember, a light tweed waistcoat and loose coat; altogether she presented a rather striking appearance, and if he had been in a mood to be amused, no doubt he would have smiled to himself at the idea of a woman who was avowedly a man-hater, yet giving herself the trouble to copy them so exactly.

As it was, when Miss Gray came out of the shop and announced that she had nothing more to do, he proposed that that they should return forthwith, and left Cranston that afternoon, feeling intensely indignant with Pamela.

Opposition from Miss Winston he had expected; but that Pamela should join issue with her, to the extent of cutting him, was an unexpected blow. In the face of it how could he continue his quest? How could he force himself on Miss Winston when even Pamela was showing him that she had no wish that their acquaintance should continue. She was a cold, ungrateful girl he said to himself, angrily, and it would be only sensible to make up one's mind that one had done with her; such a girl would not repay the trouble of further persistence. Rupert had never been cut by any girl before, and he found the experience extremely unpleasant.

He went back to the Lauriers and promptly announced his intention of going out to India that autumn; a friend of his had a commissionership out there, and had asked him to go; it was a pity not to see something of the world while one was young enough to enjoy it.

He and his uncle had a sharp argument about it; Mr. Laurier was of opinion that Rupert's plain duty at present lay at home; that his tenants had barely seen him for the last two or three years; that no doubt his steward was taking due advantage of that fact, and ruining the estate; that Rupert was a fool, and would surely live to regret his folly.

"The India idea is a little sudden, isn't it?" asked Audrey afterwards. "I am not following in father's footsteps, Rupert; don't be alarmed! If you want to go to India, why shouldn't you? I am sure Mr. Fane is as honest as daylight, and you have more money than you can spend already. Only you hadn't thought of India before you went to the Delavels last Saturday, had you? At least you forgot to mention it, if you had."

"I have always intended to go there when a convenient opportunity should occur," with some stiffness.

"But it hadn't occurred last Saturday! I am not blind; and a cat could see that something had gone wrong with you since you went there. Tell me all about it! You will feel ever so much better afterwards; you always did. I'll be as secret as the grave; and perhaps I may be able to help you. What is wrong?"

"There is nothing wrong."

"What or who is driving you to India?"

"Audrey, you are very tiresome sometimes."

"And sometimes useful? Tell me, please!" She dropped her teasing accent. "I am your chum; I have never repeated any confidence you have made to me; and I am hurt at being suddenly treated as an outsider. What is wrong, Rupert?"

It needed some persistence, but in the end she triumphed; and in a short time was in possession of all those facts about the railway accident, which before he had so carefully suppressed. She heard of Pamela's eccentric behaviour; of her lovely face; of the accident, and Pamela's half explanation afterwards. And then he told her rapidly of the disappointment which his visit to the Delavels had brought him; and, slowly and

"Undoubtedly. You are the first man I have ever heard who has acknowledged that, though," rather drily, "most of them say that it is proof of madness forthwith. They do not wait to inquire into her views. As soon as they hear that she will not even speak to a man, much less employ one, they say she is mad."

"Won't she speak to a man?"

"No. On that she is quite inflexible. I have heard it said that she gives away an enormous sum yearly in charity, and that if the vicar wants help he knows he has merely to send a notice that so and so stands in need, to Blatchlands. But he would no more think of calling there, or even of attempting to speak to Miss Winston out of doors, than he would attempt to fly. It would be quite as useless."

"But how can one get to know her then?"

"One can't get to know her—if one is a man."

"But how absurd!" Rupert frowned and spoke in a decidedly injured tone.

"Did you want to know her?"

"Yes."

"That is unfortunate."

"I not only want to know her—I mean to know her," he said with some obstinacy of tone.

"You will find it impossible. She will not even speak to you."

"I must find some object in which she is interested."

"None of the objects in which she is interested concern men at all; they are always rigidly kept at a distance. Unless you happen to save her life in some unexpected emergency I fail to see how you are going to make her know you; even then I think she would be much more angry at being saved by a man than grateful to you for saving her."

"You say girls go and stay there sometimes?" He spoke awkwardly; it was a little difficult to account for his persistent interest in Miss Winston and her household. "Don't they ever speak to a man either?"

"Certainly not. It is one of the chief rules of the establishment. Even the servants are expected to refrain from speaking to any male unless it is absolutely necessary; and no man is ever admitted into Miss Winston's grounds. If the lady you met is, as I expect, the girl who always lives with Miss Winston, it is not likely that you will ever have a chance of speaking to her again; certainly not here."

She continued to talk of Miss Winston, but it was evident that she knew little beyond what she had already related. A few items of the current gossip which passed from one to another th was all. No real knowledge of what Pame a's life was; and above all no hint as to how he could continue his friendship with her. He had been determined not to be disheartened; but when Monday came he left the Delavels willingly. It was absolutely useless to stay there; and he did not respond very cordially to their urgent invitations to come again soon. They were unmitigated bores, he said to himself, and one had soon had enough of them. But it was not the Delavels' dulness that had made him doubt the wisdom of remaining near Cranston. On the Sunday afternoon he had met Pamela driving, and she had apparently not recognised him; as they passed she had bent forward and spoken to the lady she was with, and he had had the merest fleeting glimpse of her face.

That was disheartening enough; but on Monday morning he drove Miss Gray into Cranston; she had some small shopping to do and he eagerly volunteered to drive her, because he thought it likely that Miss Winston would be driving through. And when he was sitting alone in the cart waiting for Miss Gray ouside a shop he thought he saw Pamela in the distance, and congratulated himself on his foresight. It was certainly Miss Winston's cart, a very smart cart indeed, and Pamela was driving; they slackened their pace as they drew near. It was quite evident that they, too, were on shopping bent, and Rupert prepared to make a bold claim on Pamela's acquaintance, to do his best to ingratiate himself with Miss Winston; but Pamela cut him dead. She did not even make a pretence of speaking to her companion, who was undoubtedly Miss Winston. She neither turned her head away nor blushed, only

"Mine aren't usually quite so all absorbing; and they don't include any young man's friendship as a *sine quâ non*. If I take up the bet I presume that you will not do anything about India during the month, Rupert?" rather sharply.

"No, I'll wait; it is a bit too early yet."

CHATTER IV

AUDREY'S PLAN

He had expressed an open disbelief in Audrey's power to do anything; yet, when two or three days passed in which she apparently made no effort at all towards the winning of the bet, he grew distinctly aggrieved. Until the fifth day he preserved a dignified silence, if against the grain, and then he remarked, with an utterly unsuccessful air of indifference, that apparently she had forgotten her longing for a sable cape.

"No one could long for a sable cape in August," she answered quickly. "In October it will be a different thing."

"I said within a month!"

He wished to disguise from Audrey even yet the intense interest he felt in Pamela, but the words forced themselves out, with angry sharpness, and as he spoke them he saw her smile fade, saw that she looked anxiously at him, and that she frowned.

"I wish you weren't so unusually keen about it," she said uneasily.

"I'm not." Once again his air of indifference was entirely unconvincing.

"Yes, you are; it makes me feel that it is perhaps unwise of me to interfere in any way."

"You have promised!"

"I can give up even the thought of a sable cape, readily, if the alternative may possibly be that I help to make you unhappy."

"It is because you find that the task is too hard for you then!"

"No. I have succeeded already beyond my expectations; the way lies clearly before me—to my cape; beyond that Rupert, dear old boy, I don't want you to enter into this thing if it is going to cost you your peace of mind."

"It has done that already." He gave a little short laugh. "My peace of mind is already a thing of the past."

"Already!" She looked dismayed. "You mean that this is the genuine thing?"

"Yes."

"No doubt of it?"

"No doubt."

She sighed.

"In that case I suppose I may as well do what I can to help you; whether the end comes a little sooner or later makes no difference. Look at that."

She held out a letter, which he took surprisedly.

"You want me to read this?"

"Yes; it is from Miss Adelaide Winston."

"From Miss Winston! Why on earth does she write to you? You surely haven't written and said anything about it to her, Audrey! You wouldn't be so idiotic?"

"Read and see!"

He skimmed through the letter quickly and saw that he had misjudged his cousin; as he reached the end he burst into loud praises of her cleverness.

"By Jove! I should never have thought of that! You are a brick, Audrey! You will really go?"

"I will certainly go if father can be persuaded to let me accept Miss Winston's invitation. Of course, he mustn't hear a word of the truth. Miss Adelaide's views, to father, would be as a red rag to a bull; and he will never consent to allow me to go if he knows she is a complete stranger. He must be led to believe that she is a friend of yours, Rupert; you will help me in this?"

"Yes," unwillingly answered Rupert. He hated deceit in any form; but he saw that in this case, if Audrey was to do what he fervently wished her to do he must actively help in deceiving his uncle.

This is what Audrey had done: she had written a long letter to Miss Adelaide Winston, in which she begged for advice and guidance; she had expressed herself in full sympathy with Miss Winston's well-known views, and had hinted that because of this she was in danger of being forced to earn her

doggedly, of the repulse dealt him by Pamela.

Audrey listened quietly, questioning sometimes when his meaning was not quite clear, and looking decidedly grave. This was not one of the usual love-affairs with which she was wont to twit her cousin. They had been very half-hearted affairs, always, and she had known it.

This was something different; never before had Rupert allowed any girl to disturb his equanimity to this extent. He was in love with Pamela whether he knew it or not; and that was unfortunate, because it was more than doubtful whether she was at all a satisfactory person for him to be in love with. Very eccentric people were not usually the most comfortable of friends, of lovers, of wives. Miss Winston's ideas would certainly not commend themselves to Rupert, either now or after he had married her—*protegée*. It was rather a hopeless business altogether; and Audrey, who was very fond of Rupert, wished fervently that he had managed to catch the right train, and [illegible] thus avoided being thrown into Pamela's company.

But it was too late for that; they had met; and Rupert, for one, would not easily forget that meeting.

"Well?"

He had finished his story, and now watched her anxiously; he had not meant to tell her anything about it, but now that it was told it was an enormous relief. At least he could talk to her about Pamela, and hear her views as to the reason of the latter's heartless behaviour.

"I am afraid it isn't very well."

"So you give up too!" (the best way to ensure Audrey's assistance was to insist that she was powerless, and he knew it). "Advise me to have nothing more to do with her; say that Miss Winston will never allow her to know me, and that is all! You are strikingly original, my dear Audrey!"

"I didn't hear myself say all that," drily. "I don't usually give up quite so easily, do I? And besides"—she smiled maliciously—"you haven't asked me to help you yet!"

"I don't see what you could do."

"But you want help? If I could find out for you all about Miss Winston and Pamela you would be glad?"

"Of course I should; but you can't."

"I am not fond of the word can't," reflectively; "you have interested me in both of them; Miss Winston must be quite charmingly out of the common; and though, to me, Pamela does not sound so interesting, still for your sake I don't mind making a friend of her."

"You won't have the chance," sharply.

"Won't I? What do you bet? Wait! If I do make a friend of Pamela, if I find out all about Miss Winston and why she hates men (there must be some reason, and if I find it out you can perhaps work against it), what good will it do you?"

The straight question was rather a facer, but Rupert fenced it neatly.

"You can't! You don't know any one who knows either of them."

"I am not usually very easily disheartened; if I set my mind on anything I generally manage to carry it through."

"Not in this case! I will bet you the sable cape I heard you hinting for to uncle this morning that you don't do either—within a reasonable time, of course," in quick addition.

"The sable cape!" Her eyes searched his face. "You know what a sable cape costs, Rupert? I mean a proper Russian sable; not a disguised dog or rabbit! It will cost anything from seventy to a hundred guineas; and father, very naturally, objects to pay any such sum for what is, after all, by no means a necessity."

"I don't mind if it costs two hundred!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I will do my best to win it then; but don't set your heart on giving it to me too much. I don't see that it will do you much good even if I succeed. Evidently Pamela does not wish to know you, or to have anything to do with you."

"If you get to know her; if you make her tell you all about it; if you find out all about Miss Winston's fads within a month you shall have your sable cape," he said. "In the meantime don't worry about me. You are always developing new whims and fancies; why shouldn't I do the same?"

own living. Audrey had a lively imagination, and had not felt herself called upon to stick to the truth in any particular. She had merely framed a letter which would, she thought, achieve her object. That it had done. The picture she had drawn of a girl choosing rather to work for herself than be forced into a distasteful marriage was one which could not fail to attract Miss Winston. Audrey had trusted to her known antipathy to any formal visiting in the country, and had not trusted in vain. Apparently the name Laurier conveyed nothing to Miss Winston, and she had accepted the story told her as true in every particular. She wrote in reply, a letter which was kindly and sympathetic, even if its sentences were curt. Audrey was to come to her at once, if possible, on a visit, during which Miss Winston promised that she would find out for what profession the girl was best fitted; and would then, in all probability, help her to obtain the necessary training.

You want me to read this?

"You know my views; you need have no hesitation in accepting from me any sum necessary to fit you to hold your own in the coming struggle. I look on my money as a trust, given to me principally that I may be the better able to help my sisters. I help the young especially, because they are more easily helped; older women find it more difficult to give up the traditions in which they have been bred. Come to me; show me that you are ready to work, and trust me to find you work, which will be neither distasteful nor beyond your strength. I am generally successful in finding out the particular work in doing which a woman may be trusted to develop the best that is in her. Write and tell me a day and hour on which to meet you at Cranston. Refuse decidedly even to consider the marriage which your father proposes to you. Trust to me.

"Your sincere well-wisher,
"ADELAIDE WINSTON."

"It seems a shame, doesn't it?" said Audrey, as she too glanced over the closely written sheet. "But I hope she won't expose me as a humbug before I have time to find out all I want to know. I feel a little mean; I did not expect she would be so kind."

"It is her particular crank; I have no doubt if you chance to disagree with her in any particular she will not be too kind," said Rupert, rather disagreeably. Miss Winston's evident prejudice against marriage found little favour in his sight.

"I don't know." Audrey shrugged her shoulders. "What I could not help feeling was: just suppose my letter had been true, and I had been exactly what I have pretended to be, what a godsend her letter would have been! And no doubt there are many girls in the world who are actually in the position I imagined. Poor girls! How they must bless Miss Winston!"

"On the other hand, if she persuades all the girls she knows and helps that marriage is a hateful bondage, and that they are bound to escape it by working like men, one can hardly believe that her influence will be entirely for good," drily.

"There will be plenty left to marry no matter how many she persuades to follow in her footsteps," said Audrey, laughing at his cross face. "One man to every three women, isn't it? I never can remember figures; but if that is it, it leaves Miss Winston ample scope, and the men can choose among those she leaves! Rupert! If you said plainly that if she had not tampered with Pamela's views you would have forgiven her, even if she had been able to persuade every other young woman in England that marriage was a thing accurst, it could not be more obvious! Cheer up! I am going to Blatchlands solely on your behalf; and even if I can find no weak spot in Miss Adelaide's armour for you to tilt against, still I may be able to persuade Pamela that work is not everything, that love counts sometimes. But don't be too hopeful! If she has lived all her life with Miss Adelaide, as you say——"

"She has had time to get thoroughly tired of all strong-minded ideas and fads."

"Let us hope so. You are not at all anxious about me?" She laughed again. "Remember, even if Miss Adelaide succeeds in converting me I shall hardly succeed in changing father's views."

"I think you can take care of yourself. The only thing I am afraid of is that Miss Winston will find you out before you have been in her house a day. In that case you will have done me more harm than good. Pamela would be very angry, I am sure."

"I won't be found out. I can play a part pretty well, I am sure. I have often done it. Neither father nor you have ever found me out; why should she?"

"What do you mean?" He looked at her suspiciously. One never quite knew what Audrey was driving at. It was more than possible that the whole thing was a hoax; that she had no intention of going to Miss Winston, and was merely laughing at him; in that case——

"Nothing. Rupert, I ought to answer this to-day and go at once. Come with me and help me to persuade father to allow me to go. I hope he has never heard of Miss Winston; if he has our chance is not worth much. He would never let me be con-

taminated by intercourse with a man-hater! He would be much too afraid of upsetting his favourite plan."

What is that?"

They were walking leisurely towards the house, and Rupert asked his question indifferently. Only when she answered it with startling frankness did he frown and look at her with disapproving eyes. Audrey allowed herself a most unbecoming liberty of speech.

"To marry me to you. Failing you (he will make quite sure of that first), to marry me to George Waterford; failing him, to marry me to any one moderately rich and in a tolerably good position; above all, not to die leaving me unmarried."

"Why should you be unwilling to marry?" asked her cousin coldly.

"I am not in the least." The mischievous gleam came back into her eyes. "May I consider this a proposal? How pleased father will be! Not? How disappointing! Rupert, Pamela has already a good deal to answer for. I never knew your temper to be so extraordinarily short as it has been during this last fortnight."

"There are subjects on which to jest is merely an evidence of bad taste, not of wit."

"And they are Pamela and marriage? There are some subjects on which it is well to be able to jest, in my humble opinion; they, too, are Pamela and marriage. But I see that you have already lost the power of considering them in anything but deadly earnest. Take care, Rupert!"

They met Mr. Laurier a moment later, and Rupert had an opportunity of seeing Andrey act a part in a manner which ought to have allayed his suspicions. She did not rush into the affair of the invitation. Instead she set herself to soothe her father's irritated nerves, and did so with marvellous tact and accuracy. The gardener had failed to obey an order—had planted a bed of mignonette close to his master's usual seat under the shade of a particular tree, although he knew, from ten years' experience, that Mr. Laurier could not endure the smell of mignonette! Audrey listened, sympathised, suggested, planned, and finally succeeded in driving away the frown from her father's forehead. Then she brought forward the invitation, carefully suppressing the letter which contained it.

"Away again!" Mr. Laurier frowned. He missed Audrey horribly when she was away, no matter how much he might endeavour to subdue her when she was present.

"It is three months since I came back from Scotland. I only want to go for a fortnight or so, father."

"To whom?"

"To the Winstons. You don't know them, but they are friends of Rupert's. I had a charming letter from old Miss Winston asking me to go to them at once; there are some things on next week which she wants me to go to."

"Show me her letter."

"Shall I go and get it now or will you read it afterwards?" Her face was so ingenuous, her manner so entirely unembarrassed, that her father answered easily.

"It will do another time. Rupert is going there also?"

"No; he is going to the Delavels. The Winstons could hardly put him up; but they are only a mile or two from the Delavels."

"I see."

He did not see. On the contrary he was being successfully blinded; and Rupert fidgeted uneasily as Audrey threw him a triumphant smile. He might wish her to go and do his will; he did not like to encourage her to deceive her father, even in the smallest particular; and if Mr Laurier ever learnt the truth of this matter there was no doubt that he would be very angry.

They talked of it for a few minutes, then Audrey won a grudging consent and went off to answer Miss Winston's letter, secure in her power of evading all future requests for that lady's letter. She fixed upon a train two days later, and then, when she had finished her letter, sat on at her writing table looking unusually grave. She jested and spoke very flippantly to Rupert, but in her heart disappointment reigned. Her father's wishes had been clear to her for a very long time, and if Rupert had fallen in with them Audrey would have raised no objection. She had always been very fond of him, they had been the best of friends.

Certainly he had confided to her sundry small love-affairs, but they had been only the merest idle flirtations, absolutely without real significance. Now all was to be different. In mere bravado she had told him the truth; had spoken of her father's wish that they should marry; and had seen that the idea was both new and repellant to him.

She had pledged herself to go to the Winstons, also in a spirit of bravado; Rupert should never know that his love-affairs had more than the most fleeting interest for her; she would sooner help this one on than that he should guess that the mere mention of it had made her heart sink.

She would go; she would do her best; and even if Pamela proved obdurate (as Audrey hardly thought she would) Rupert would surely be grateful. At any rate, if she might be nothing more to him she wished to be at least his friend, his cousin. What a fool she was! She gathered together her writing things slowly; what a fool! Why allow herself to feel depressed just because Rupert chose to imagine himself in love with a girl he had only seen once! Rupert did not care for her; but other men cared; there was George Waterford for instance! She hated George Waterford!

She got up and walked over to the window restlessly, and then laughed and shrugged her shoulders. She might be foolish—she supposed all girls were; but with her it would not last. She was no love-sick fool to grieve for a man who cared nothing for her. If Pamela would marry him well and good. She, Audrey, would soon learn to forget what little there was to forget.

He came into the room as she stood there, walked across to her, and asked eagerly:

"You have written? You will really go?"

"I have written. I will really go."

"You are a brick, Audrey! What—what will you say to her?"

"That in answer to her letter I have come," with wilful misunderstanding.

"Oh, I meant to Pamela."

"Oh, to Pamela. I shall say, How do you do, Pamela? My cousin is unable to come and make love to you himself, so he has sent me to do it for him; be good enough to return his passion as promptly as possible, and set me free to return to my own domains. Why don't you look a little crosser?"

"If you are going to make a joke of the whole thing I think we had much better give it up!"

"So do I. We will give it up. I am shaking in my shoes at the thought of facing Miss Adelaide when I know myself to be an utter impostor. We will give it up by all means."

"As you choose." He turned on his heel angrily. "I am about tired of being laughed at. I only wish to goodness I had never told you anything about it! You are enough to aggravate a saint, Audrey! There are times when I could hate you."

She let him go; she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in annoying him, even though she meant to serve him to the best of her ability.

But as he was anything but anxious to quarrel with her they made it up afterwards, and Rupert remarked stiffly that he was sorry he had lost his temper; also that he had said more than he meant.

"Don't you hate me at times, then?" she asked airily.

"Certainly not. You are a dear little girl, Audrey; and if you help me in this I will never forget it."

"You will buy me the sable cape which I have set my heart upon? I know. The bargain is set and sealed."

"I was going to say that Pamela and I would be your friends always," stiffly.

"Pamela and I!" She gave a harsh little laugh. "Just listen to him! Take my advice, Rupert; answer for yourself and not for Pamela. Girls are unreasonable beings sometimes, and I have an idea that your Pamela and I will be at daggers drawn before a week is out. According to you she is on the high road to becoming a saint, and I can't bear saints! They drive me to wickedness in very self-defence! I'll be content with the sable cape, I think, thank you, Rupert!"

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—General Paper

In returning the last examination paper of the current year, the Literary Examination Editor wishes to thank all competitors for the loyalty with which they have in every case accepted his decisions. He wishes also to acknowledge gratefully the many kind communications which have been made to him from time to time, and is glad to know that the competitions have proved interesting and helpful to so large a circle. He hopes next year, by the introduction of new features, to widen the circle of prize winners without detracting from the literary character of the examinations.

Marks for the General Paper:

Dubric, 100; Connla, 99; Crescent, 95; Penumbra, 77; Carlyon, 71; M. Kenwigs, 65; Deirdre, 62; Spero, 54; Wuzzums, 52; Plympton, 51; Elpis, 47; Devenick, 35; Logan, 35; Southern, 34; Déjà, 29; Margaret, 28.

1. Discuss the humour of Thackeray and of Dickens. In what respect does it differ from that of Miss Austen?

Thackeray and Dickens look at life from very different standpoints. Dickens is essentially a dramatist, Thackeray an essayist. Dickens laughs *with* his characters and readers, Thackeray laughs *at* his characters; and, what is worse, at his readers, too. Dickens is the nineteenth-century Smollett, Thackeray the nineteenth-century Fielding; indeed, he is an eighteenth-century humorist who had found his way into the world a century too late.

Dickens loves an eccentric character. It is enough to commend a man to Dickens that he wears an odd hat and has a bald head, brown surtout, and black tights. He delights as much as Mr. Micawber himself in writing his letters; he carves "the plain initials W. M." with a lover's hand. To Thackeray personal oddity or eccentricity does not commend itself. Jos Sedley's frogs and mustachios lower him in Thackeray's eye as much as his weakness and self-indulgence.

Dickens keeps his comedy and tragedy separate: there is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Thackeray is never so near laughing as when he is weeping, and weeping as when he is laughing. Witness Rawdon Crawley setting his house in order before Waterloo. When Dickens is angry there is no room for mirth. This is just the very time that Thackeray's mirth bursts forth. He makes fun of himself, not merely as Dickens does of David Copperfield, but of the full-grown man who has "come to forty years." Little wonder, then, that when we laugh at some absurdity or inconsistency in one of Thackeray's characters the moralist touches us on the arm, and asks, "Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te," and a very unpleasant resemblance it is apt to be!

Miss Austen's world is a narrow one, but neither of her great successors ever entered it. As far as mere chronology goes, Lady Catharine and Mr. Darcy might have claimed a place in "Vanity Fair"; but we cannot find them there any more than Mr. Woodhouse or Miss Bates. Miss Austen's characters speak, act, and dress like ordinary ladies and gentlemen. It is not his clothes but his conversation that makes Mr. Collins absurd. There may be a touch of exaggeration; in real life Mr. Collins would have had a sort of dim consciousness that Mr. Bennet was making fun of him when he inquired, "May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment or are the results of previous study?" But the exaggeration is so delicate and the touch so fine that we hardly feel that Miss Austen is over-reaching the bounds of ordinary conversation. It is true that the pin-pricks she deals her characters are really a little malicious, but it is all so well-bred, so demure, so essentially feminine, that we

cannot help feeling that, at least in this instance, future generations will allot the palm of humour to a member of the gentler sex.

2. Describe the occasion on which Wordsworth made his one recorded joke?

Wordsworth was dining on one occasion in company of the author of "Lalla Rookh," and the conversation turned on the "Sayings, Doings, and Writings" of Sheridan. "I do not know," said Wordsworth, "that I was witty but once in my life. I was standing some long time ago at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount. A man accosted me with the question: 'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?' Whereupon I said, 'Why my good friend, I did not know till this moment that you had a wife!'"

The company stared, and finding that the good bard had discharged his entire stock burst into a roar of laughter, which the facetious Wordsworth, in his simplicity, attributed as a genuine compliment to the brilliancy of his wit.

3. Judging solely from the authors we have studied during the year, what is the character of great writers for domestic affection, affability, and worldly wisdom?

Their character for domestic affection stands very high. Browning and Tennyson lived ideal married lives; Dr. Johnson faithfully and fondly remembered to the day of his death his unromantic "Tetty." Wordsworth and Lamb were conspicuous for their affection for their respective sisters. Miss Austen was a perfect maiden aunt. Dickens, it is true, separated from his wife, and Wesley was an unsympathetic husband, but there is no sign in any of the authors we have studied of that insolent superiority to moral law, which is sometimes supposed to be the prerogative of genius.

With regard to "affability" the contrasts are great.

Browning was a confirmed "diner out." Tennyson spent much of his time in avoiding his neighbours. Wordsworth was a recluse, Scott the most genial of men. Thackeray's friends complained that he neglected them for his noble acquaintances. Dickens was universally popular. Johnson had "nothing of the bear about him but the skin," but externally we cannot consider him affable. Cervantes was sweet-tempered and well-disposed. Lamb was loved by all. To a lady of Miss Austen's period a term which infers some slight want of reserve could hardly be applied.

To "worldly wisdom" great writers, as a rule, lay little claim, and it is well for the world that they do so. Wordsworth and Browning wrote persistently works which they knew the public would decline to buy. The one married on a pittance, the other eloped with a chronic invalid. Tennyson, indeed, postponed his marriage because he was unable to support a wife, but he lengthened the delay by engaging in an unfortunate speculation. It was Scott's recklessness that mainly brought on the catastrophe that he made such heroic efforts to repair. His early struggles taught Dickens the value of money. Thackeray, as editor, paid unsuccessful contributors out of his own pocket rather than pain them by a refusal. Charles Lamb alone, by a steady application to an uncongenial business, obtained an honourable competence and leisure to devote himself to literature, the mistress whom he really loved.

4. Contrast Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson, either in their attitude towards Nature or as describers of bird-life.

(1) Broadly speaking Wordsworth regards Nature *spiritually*, looking through her beauty to her power over the soul as God's agent. His ideal woman was to be perfected not by contact with the world, but by intercourse with Nature. She

> "In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
> Shall feel an overseeing power
> To kindle and restrain."

Tennyson regards Nature *æsthetically*, and *dramatically*, revelling in her beauty, and tracing in her a sympathy and correspondence with Man's varying moods. No poet has given a more perfect picture of an autumn morning than that in Canto xi. of "In Memoriam" ("Calm is the morn without a sound"), but it is a reflection of the "calm despair" of the mourner. In the same way the description of Spring in Canto cxv. ("Now fades the last long streak of

snow") harmonises with the budding of hope in the mourner's heart. As in Gainsborough's portraits the landscape behind is exquisitely treated, but always in relation to the figures.

Browning regards Nature *intellectually* and *anthropomorphically* as indifferent, even hostile to man, whom she looks upon as a new-comer in God's scheme of creation. Personally he admires her, but rather as a short-sighted man does. He dilates on beautiful details, but they are isolated details collected, not united; the materials for a picture rather than the picture itself.

(2) In the same way Wordsworth might be said to describe bird-life *spiritually*; Tennyson *pictorially*; and Browning *symbolically*.

Tennyson makes us see and hear the birds as any one might see them. He photographs them in a characteristic attitude.

"The lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool."

His blackbird's

"Sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting."

His "careful robin eyes the delver's toil," &c. &c.

Browning does not look at the birds for their own sake, unless it is to note some grotesque peculiarity, like "the flesh-bunch on some Turk-bird's poll." To Browning the birds (like Nature in Tennyson) are a kind of background to his men and women, and their songs can be translated into our language. As Pippa sings:

"For what are the voices of birds,
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?"

The wise thrush "sings his song twice over" ("Home Thoughts") to express the exile's longing to be in England, "The swallow has set her six young on the rail" ("James Lee's Wife") as a warning note that 'ove is leaving the home.

Again, while Tennyson is scrupulously accurate, Browning has a glorious disregard for ornithological lore. His cormorants tear birds (not fish) to pieces "with beak and claw"; his gannets build "amid the birch-trees of the lake"; his wild dove's nest is "a veriest trap of twigs"; his owls sweep by with a "whirr."

In every case we have "a recognisable picture, a vivid and distinct impression"—only, as Mr. Wicksteed says, "we must not mind the specific name that Browning (always concrete) chooses to give to the bird of his illustration." When we turn to Wordsworth we find observation as accurate as Tennyson, though not so detailed. He confesses, indeed, that he cannot measure the thoughts of the birds around, but no man has interpreted them as he has. There is no need for a human being in the background, he would be a troubler of their joy.

"The little hedgerow birds
That peck along the road regard him not."

Other poets may make their robins moralise and their skylarks types, but Wordsworth's birds are best when they remain birds, or better still, "A voice, a mystery."

5. If Browning had undertaken the story of "Peter Bell," how would it probably have been treated?

Among the papers of the late Mr. Gigadibs, the author of "The Life and Times of Bishop Blougram," there was found an essay on Religious Psychology. The problem of conversion seems to have attracted the special attention and research of the learned author. His instances are drawn from the third book of the "De Animâ" of Cleon, and in primitive Christianity, from recently discovered papyri, "supposed of Pamphylax, the Antiochene." Among modern writers he quotes what seems to be a poem, on rather a rough sketch of a poem, by Robert Browning, on the subject of the conversion of Peter Bell. From Mr. Gigadib's quotations we conclude that Browning abandoned the subject, and incorporated most that seemed valuable in his dramatic idyl, "Ned Bratts," where a somewhat similar subject is treated. A description of a Methodist chapel has been most effectively used in "Christmas Eve."

We subjoin the fragment which alone remains:

"D'ye see this potter? Thereby hangs a tale—
A tale both asinine and human too.
Tickle your ears? I' fackins that will I.
Send them me here, to tweak, to wring, to raw.
Behold this pot! A simple thing you see,
Slivers of clay, gleaned from the common field.
Moulded to rondure, saturate with fire,
And so turned from baked earth to serve man's use,
Like to a Miracle of Saint God-knows-who
(As we should see, but that our eyes are held,
For all the World's agog with Miracle).
Store of such pots did Peter hawk about.
Behold our Peter, with his shifty eye
Gleaming like awl or pin-point from the fell
Of shaggy hair that shades sagacious brows,
Searching perchance lest one of his twelve wives
(Thick-ankled, voluble) should scare the road
With sudden flaunt and flare of scandal-rags
Flapping disreputable feats and facts
Amidst the joyous snickering of the crowd
Who did not honour Peter, though they feared
Th' exiguous argument of brawny arm.
Well—to my story now. But first I ask
What to such bloated bubble o' the world
Could signify a primrose? What i'faith?
And then the Ass—. Why this proved quadruped
Might relish it the better of the twain,
As being less an ass, and having more
Of graze than Peter grace. But to my tale.

* * * * *

6. Identify the actors in the following dialogue:

i. "Why, am not much given to turn critic on people I meet, but as you ask me I will candidly avow that I thought him a very talkative, vulgar young person, but I dare say he may be very clever."

Wordsworth on Dickens!

ii. "Like him? Not at all. He is a dreadful old ass."

Dickens on Wordsworth!

The story is told by R. Shelton Mackenzie, who introduced the novelist to the poet, and subsequently received the confidences of each!

7. i. Misquoted or adapted by Lamb ("Christ's Hospital") from *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1. 4: "It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh."

ii. Misquoted or adapted by Lamb ("The Praise of Chimney Sweepers") from *Cymbeline*, iv. 3: "Golden lads and girls all must."

iii. Misquoted or adapted by Lamb ("On the Acting of Munden") from *King Richard II.*, iii. 2: "There the antic sits scoffing his state."

iv. From Lamb's "Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespear." As Tom Brown says of the impenetrable skin of Achilles with his impenetrable armour upon it: "Bully Dawson would have fought the Devil with such advantages." Tom Brown was a satirist (1663–1704), best known for his line, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell." Bully Dawson was a noted sharper and ruffler, immortalised by Addison (*Spectator*, 2).

8. Estimate Scott's rank as an author of prose fiction.

It is difficult, even after the lapse of seventy years, to estimate impartially the rank of Walter Scott. We have commented recently on the laxity of his grammar and the looseness of his plots, and it is true that as long as the public paid liberally for his works he cared little for an ideal standard of perfection. But he invented the historical novel; he united the sympathies of two hostile nations by the sheer force of his genius; he revolutionised our methods of writing history itself; and all reasonable deductions being made, we do not think that in mass and stature he has been, or is, indeed, likely to be reached by any other novelist who could be mentioned.

Literary Examination Paper—II.

Kingsley's "Hypatia" and "Water-Babies"

1. Consider briefly the following questions:—

i. Have lawyers sharks' teeth?

ii. Can a land animal change into a water animal?

iii. Why are there no babies in the moon?

2. Is the physical science in the "Water-Babies" to be taken as jest or earnest?

3. Comment on or explain:—

i. She took the lunars of him carefully inside and out.

ii. A boa-constrictor made of paving-stones.

iii. An old gentleman named Fourier used to say that we ought to do the same.

iv. If I could but train him into a Longinus, I could dare to play the part of a Zenobia.

v. Send to Spain for those Vandals.

vi. And so they odds it till it comes out even, as they say in Berkshire.

4. Explain briefly the state of parties in Alexandria, A.D. 415.

5. Notice any weaknesses in the dialogue or structure of "Hypatia."

6. Give a brief epitome of either Raphael's version of the Song of Songs, or of Hypatia's application of Hector's farewell meeting with Andromache.

7. What are ankle-jacks, cinque-cento, the Nine Standards, a heath-cropper — old Beeswing—Pterodactyles—Caperers. Schedule D.

Special Subject

Write a description—not more than five hundred words—of a visit by one of Cyril's Monks to the Court of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid.

In accordance with the marking the first prize for the month falls to "Dubric," and the second to "Carlyon," who has never won a first prize.

Other prizes are:—

FOURTH QUARTER.

1.	Connla, 293 . .	£1	0	0
2.	Dubric, 292 . .		10	0
3.	Crescent, 266 . .		5	0

HALF-YEARLY PRIZE.

1.	Dubric, 584 . .	£2	0	0
2.	Connla, 557 . .	1	0	0
3.	Penumbra, 546 .	0	10	0

ANNUAL PRIZE.

1.	Penumbra, 1098 .	5	0	0
2.	Crescent, 1081 .	2	0	0
3.	Connla, 1030 . .	1	0	0

The marks of the next twelve competitors were—Dubric, 981; Carlyon, 897; M. Kenwigs, 872; Devenick, 860; Deirdre, 840; Wuzzums, 780; Logan, 745; Ion, 735; Trothan, 720; Elpis, 711; Southern, 658; Rover, 619; but several of them omitted one or more papers. Total number of competitors, 352.

ADDRESSES.

Penumbra—J. Morton, Esq., Prospect Avenue, Cambuslang, by Glasgow.

Crescent—Miss A. J. Romilly, 5 Hope Park, Bromley, Kent.

Co[illegible]—Miss L. Hodgkinson, Box Grove, Chiche[illegible]er.

Dubric—Rev. S. Dunlop, Irongray Manse, Dumfries.

Carlyon—Miss Lowry, Carlyon, Kew Road, Richmond, S.W.

Ion—Miss B. Scott, The Lawn, Rugby.

Devenick—Miss M. Wilson, 1 Waresley Villa, Old Bath Road, Cheltenham.

Janus—R. B. Boswell, Esq., 2 Hawk Wood Villas, Chingford.

The next Examination Paper will be on Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym

written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Examination Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after February 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

Changes in Trafalgar Square

GREAT changes are in progress in Trafalgar Square and its neighbourhood owing to the construction of the new St. James's thoroughfare from the Square to the Mall, all in connection with the Victoria Memorial, which is making slow though steady progress.

The most notable removal in connection with the changes will be that of the famous

(R. A. Shield, photo)

The King Charles statue

and beautiful statue of Charles I.; which has stood in its present and prominent position for the past 225 years. Few works of art have such a thrilling and romantic history as this statue, the new site for which has not yet been settled upon, and its removal is likely to call forth a strong protest from the Jacobite faction, and apart from party feelings its future will greatly interest all the Roman Catholic community.

It was cast in the year 1633 by Le Sœur, for the Earl of Arundel, but before it could

be erected it was seized by Cromwell's Parliament, and ordered to be sold and broken up. It was bought for a few pounds by John Rivers, a brazier, who in the dead of night carefully concealed it, and after a time he drove a thriving trade in spurious bronze relics supposed to have been cast from its remains.

At the time of the Restoration, in 1660, Rivers brought the statue from its hiding-place and returned it uninjured to the Government, who erected it where it now stands at Charing Cross in 1678.

The fine pedestal of the statue is the work of the famous sculptor, Grinling Gibbons.

There is a story told of another event in its history, this time though of a more recent date. During the time when the statue was receiving one of its usual cleanings the sword was taken from the scabbard at the side of the statue, and to this day has never been recovered. This sword is said to have been one used by the Merry Monarch himself.

R. A. S.

Dress and Furniture after the Restoration

THE English have always lived well, so that the remarkable reaction in manners in Restoration days could not have made as much difference to their food and drink, in the serving of it and other accessories, but a great difference is to be observed in dress and furniture, and something resembling luxury became very general. Especially was this the case among the courtiers, many of the extravagant and ruinous fashions of Louis XIII. and XIV. coming over with King Charles. The fashion for broad-brimmed hats came in before the Rebellion, but they then wore their own hair, now wigs came in, probably because many people found their hair puritanically short. It was a very general impression, too, that it was easier to keep your hair clean and free from infection if you kept it short, so that men shaved and wore wigs, and sent them to the wash—occasionally.

Among the fashions brought from the ntinent a somewhat greater variety—to ut it mildly—in underwear was the most eneficial. Shirts became commoner, and were regularly sent to the wash, and the long hose or tights which we notice in preceding centuries began to give way to half-hose, socks, silk, and worsted stockings. This change had already taken place to some extent before, that is to say, knee-breeches had been worn by country gentlemen and by the Puritans. In the beginning of the next century we find harbour dues of 1*d.* on the dozen of stockings. Ruffles, lace, "bandes," —so familiar to us from Puritan portraits— and nightshirts became more or less necessities to well-dressed people. The genesis of the nightshirt was very gradual. Lady Lisle's daughter in Henry VIII.'s reign, had a "night mantle of red cloth," and Anne Boleyn slept in black satin, Queen Elizabeth in fur-lined velvet, the men of the period in nothing. A Haddon Hall washing tally, supposed to be of Charles I.'s time, mentions no night garment, unless shirts were used, as is almost a certainty. The Londoner's dress was knee-breeches, sometimes full, sometimes close, tight-fitting hose, neat shoes with buckles, and, of course, a great variety in coats, some short with a belt, like a soldier's tunic, some long and heavily buttoned and braided—this was the best coat. Riding boots still had large tops. But we cannot give here an adequate idea of the difference made in the wardrobes of the time by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Thousands of workers in silk and calico—printed and striped calicoes were taking the place of "green say" (silk) for children's frocks — light woollens, haberdashery and watches came into England, and our trade, notwithstanding the Great Plague and the Great Fire, grew wonderfully. We do not see the great quantity of jewels, often very cumbrous affairs, mentioned, so marked a feature of Tudor wills; the Rebellion saw the last of many a noble collection of plate and jewellery. But diamonds are more frequently mentioned in wills, "pointed dymons" often being specified. Tavernier's travels, we may suppose, were bearing fruit.

Now we come to the furniture, and here again a great advance is to be noted. Trestles and boards gave way to tables with solid carved legs, and Turkey carpets are

advertised for table covers, not for floors, which were still uncarpeted or covered with mats; it was a long time before we used carpets for their proper purpose. Looking-glasses became part of the furniture of the best bedroom. And down below we hear of leather chairs, cloth-seated chairs, hangings of velvet, and of gilt leather. We seem to see the beginnings of suites. For instance, an inventory of 1780 describes the better of two parlours as having tapestry, curtains of green cloth and a green carpet, two tables, a clock case, a leather chair, a plush chair, six green cloth chairs, and two green stools. Oil-cloth was now used. Some Venetian fine glass makers came over in 1670, and many French glass-blowers came over with the other exiles. Glasses had been in use a hundred years before—the Ely merchant's inventory of 1579, which I have already quoted, mentions four dozen glasses in a cupboard—but now they came into use generally. Tea—a dish of tea—had to be drunk out of porcelain, which, by the way, is seldom mentioned. Forks do not seem to be plentiful, but we hear of their being made in silver. The more elaborate musical instruments increased, virginals, spinets—the original Italian "espinetto" is actually used in letters of the time—and organs being well known in London and the suburbs. Pepys, writing of the Fire of London, says that hardly one lighter of three that carried the goods of a house, "but had a pair of virginals in it." The great Fire of London was perhaps the most powerful agent in changing and advancing the furniture and appointments of town houses. Lastly, pictures were part of the essential furniture of all wealthy houses. M. C.

Persian Carpets

WHY is it that carpets are made in Persia and transported at great expense to Europe? The answer is very simple. It is a question of the price of labour. The process of carpet-making is somewhat as follows. The warp is strung up on a loom in a small village hut, hardly large enough as a rule to hold the contrivance. In all the Sultanabad carpets. and most of the fine carpets of Persia, the warp and woof forming the ground-work are of cotton. Four or five women—according to the size of the piece—then sit down to work, each taking a width of about two feet. They have no small boys, as in India, on the other side of the loom to read out the number of stitches of each colour in the pattern, but trust to memory and good luck; hence the usual imperfection of the design. Each stitch is made by tying the front and back thread of the warp together with a piece of coloured wool, whose ends are then broken off, leaving a double end hanging from the knot of perhaps three-quarters of a inch. This forms one stitch and the double ends constitute the nap. The process is repeated along the line with the proper colours according to pattern, and when a whole line is finished the shuttle is run through by hand with a cotton thread to form the woof of the ground work. Then the whole line is beaten down with a sort of hammer with blunt steel prongs fixed close together so as to insert themselves between the threads of the warp, and usually furnished with little bells so that the women may have music at their work. Then the hanging threads, thus beaten close to the line below, must be sheared off to an even length in order that the surface of the carpet may be level and compact. The nap is thus reduced to about a quarter of an inch.

European women could certainly do the work more conscientiously and efficiently. But then, consider the cost of labour. A woman working at a piece two feet wide can finish one line of stitches in half an hour. If the carpet is to be of moderate quality there must be ten lines of stitches to the inch, that is to say, she finishes a piece of carpet two feet wide by one inch in length in five hours; in other words a square foot in thirty hours. By resorting to the rule of three we find that it would take one woman 3600 hours to make a carpet twelve feet by ten. As four or five women would work at once on a carpet of this size, the final result works out at 900 hours, which in Persia, with its many high days and holidays, means the best part of a year. I saw one large carpet on the loom in Sultanabad—six yards by four I think it was

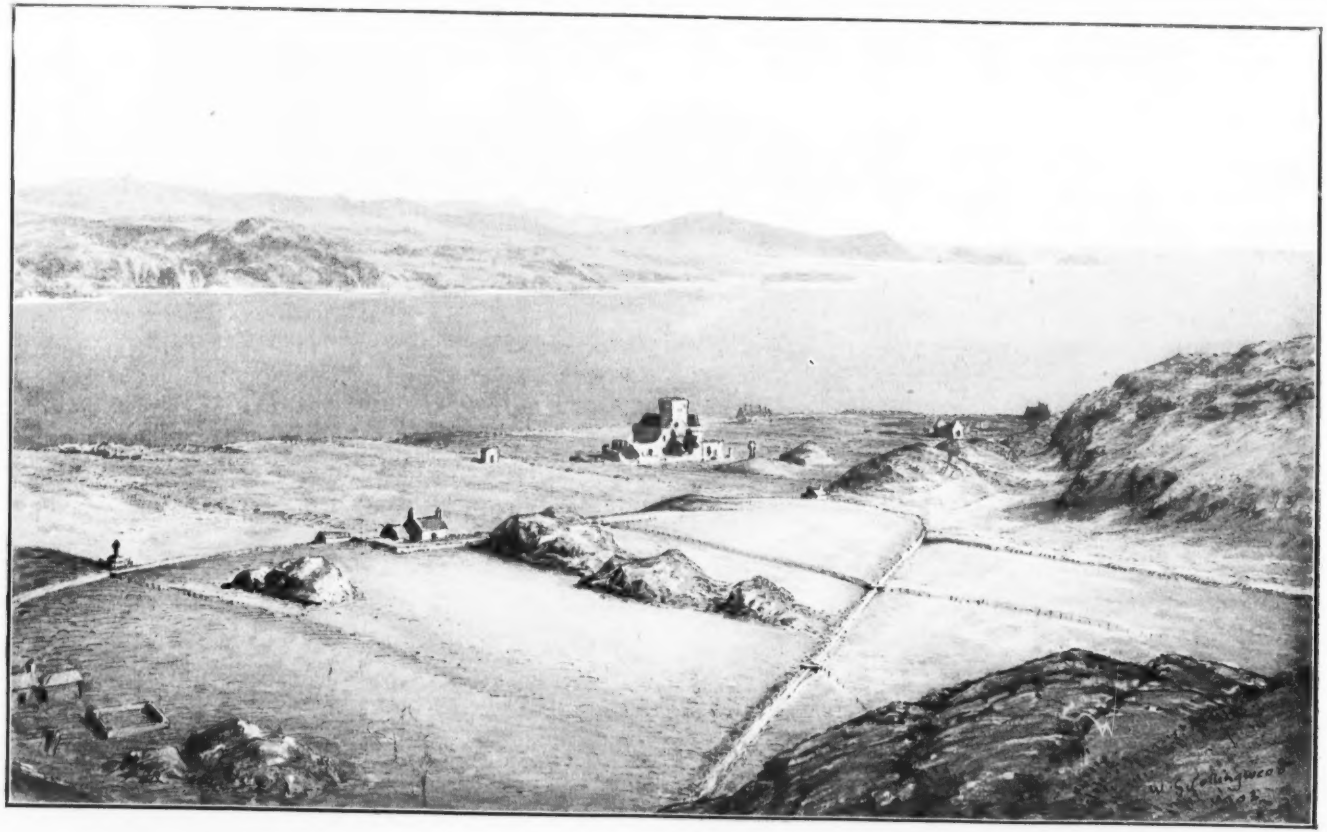
—which had already reached the end of its second year, and was a month or two short of completion. If the carpet is to be of finer quality the stitches must be closer together, and the labour expended will be doubled or trebled.

By far the greatest item, therefore, in the cost of a carpet is the expenditure of labour. In Persia all the carpets, except at Kerman and perhaps Yezd, where boys are employed, are made by women, who, being at best little more than slaves in the Mussulman household, are paid the veriest starvation wages, if, indeed, they are paid at all. In the Sultanabad district they get half a kran a day, which is equivalent to 2¼*d.*, with an occasional cup of tea thrown in. Machinery —even if it could obtain the same results, which it cannot—would still be more expensive, and even female labour in Europe would be fifteen times as costly, Hence a moderately good Persian carpet of 120 square feet, which fetches £12 in London, could, I believe, be made much better in Europe as far as workmanship goes, but it would cost £120, and no one would buy such an article at such a price. Or, again, the really fine pieces of work, which fetch as much as five shillings per square foot when exported, would, if made by hand in Europe, cost something like £1000 each, which, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

That, then, is why carpets are made in Persia under European supervision and transported, at a cost of 30 per cent. of their original value, to Europe instead of being made in Birmingham. That there exists any special faculty for the industry or the art in Persia cannot be believed by any one who examines the method or its results. Fortunately for the British and American householder, the Persian woman is still a slave. If ever she is emancipated or raised out of the Mohammedan abyss to a higher level in the scale of existence Persian carpets will become a thing of the past. As it is a good carpet is exceedingly rare. Be the designer never so artistic, the weaver will make mistakes if she possibly can.

It is customary among amateurs to look first at the back of a carpet and count the stitches, but this is the least criterion of a carpet's quality. In the first place the design must be beautiful, and this is hard to come by; while secondly, it must be truly worked out. Generally it is not properly divided, or it is executed in a slovenly manner, or it is elongated or stretched horizontally as described above, producing a sort of grimace like a countenance reflected in the hollow of a spoon; in the third place, the colours must be good and fast and comely, a thing seldom to be attained by the Persian even if you give her the colours. She is almost sure to put them in the wrong places and is especially fond of changing the shades of the background of the design two or three times in the course of one carpet. When the shades are really distinct the carpet loses greatly in value. If those three conditions are given then it is time to count the stitches in order to estimate the amount of labour expended. A large carpet, in order to come within the means of the average purchaser will contain about ninety stitches to the quarter zar, which is ten and a half inches—roughly, nine to the inch. A well-made carpet of this quality should be sold for about 1*s.* 8*d.* per square foot in London. Small rugs such as those that are made at Shiraz and Kerman may be much finer, and contain fifteen or sixteeen stitches to the inch. These fine carpets are not really intended for the floor, but in Persia are hung on the wall like tapestry. Silk carpets, which are sometimes very beautiful, are costly, not because they are made of silk, for the difference in material is a small matter, but because the number of stitches to the inch is greater and the labour expended enormous. At Karcheun, a little village near Sultanabad, there is an old landed proprietor, a rich man, who has the most beautiful silk carpets woven for himself on a ground of gold thread. The ground is left bare of silk and the pattern only put in with the silk nap, giving a relief to the design which on the rich gold ground produces the most charming effect. The old man would never sell to a feringhi; he reserves his wares for presents to Shahs and Ministers. It is, however, almost a misuse of terms to call such works of art carpets. They are really mural decorations.

H. J. W.



IONA FROM DUNII

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Wapping doctor named Phillimore rescues one of the crew of a pleasure yacht, the *Sea Queen*.—The yacht has put into dock previous to commencing a year's cruise.—She wants a doctor, and the owner, Mr. Morland, engages Doctor Phillimore. Mr, Morland is in reality Prince Frederic of Hochburg. travelling with his sister and Mlle. Châteray or Trebizond. He contemplates marriage with Mlle. Châteray, There is great wealth on the yacht and a plot is being hatched amongst most of the crew to seize the treasure.

CHAPTER V

THE WOUNDED MAN

WELL, the whole affair had been a considerable farce, in which I had played the most humiliating part. Indeed, but for the interposition of Barraclough I must have come out of it the butt of all shafts. As it was I was sensitive in regard to my position, and more than once was tempted to see myself as I must have appeared to others. But after all they had not gone through the scene with Holgate, and were not witnesses to his astounding perfidy. I was angry with every one, with myself, with the captain, and above all, with little Pye. In the universal surprise that came of the discovery of Mr. Morland's identity, my shame, so to speak, was covered, but I felt myself the mark of ridicule, from Holgate's cynical smile to the captain's open neglect of me. I turned on the lawyer's clerk in my fury, and gave him some home truths about solicitors and their ways; to which, however, he listened unabashed.

"Doctor," said he, "do you suppose a man in my position is his own master? You are welcome to know what you will about my own affairs, but I have my professional secrets to guard. What would be thought of me had I come aboard blabbing of my firm's clients fore and aft? It would have been a betrayal of confidence."

There was, of course, something in this, but the argument did not allay my irritation; it merely directed it elsewhere, so that I began upon the third mate. He heard me quietly.

"Mr. Holgate can answer for himself," he replied, "but it seems to me, if I may say so without offence, doctor, that you are misinterpreting a somewhat elaborate joke. Mr. Holgate's explanation is reasonable enough, and besides, the only other explanation is monstrous—inconceivable!"

"I agree with you," I said shortly, "and so I say no more."

He cast a shrewd glance at me but made no comment.

Now, it was quite conceivable that Holgate should have made me a derisive object in the ship, but, on the contrary, he did nothing of the sort. The charge I had made against him did not leak out at the mess-table. Day, Holgate, and Pye were aware of it, and so far as I know it went no further. This somewhat astonished me until I had some light thrown upon it later. But in the meantime I wondered, and insensibly that significant silence began to modify my attitude. Had he known me in the fulness of my disposition he would probably have spoken; but as it was he had other plans to follow. One of these seemed to include a reconciliation with myself. His quizzical smile disappeared, and he shook his head at me solemnly at table.

"Doctor," said he, "that Scotchman's head!"

"I am not a Scotchman," I retorted impatiently.

"Well," he breathed heavily, "I will admit it was a very bad joke."

I was on the point of replying that it was

not a joke at all, when I recovered my temper. After all it is trying to the temper to sit opposite to a man whom you know to be a prime ruffian, however impotent his aspirations may be. Since I had unveiled his plot, even though no credence was given it, still Holgate was harmless. But, as I have already said, I am a man of precautions and I held my tongue. I think he had taken me only for a man of impulse.

"I must confess I do not see the joke," I answered.

"Now you come to insist on it, and shed the cold light of reason on it, no more do I," he said with a laugh. "Jokes are very well behind the footlights."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Think what a fool I look!" I said coldly.

His friendliness increased. "My dear fellow," he said, bending over to me, "I give you my word I've held my tongue. I thought of that. I didn't know you'd take it so seriously."

"Your profession should have been the stage," I answered.

He nodded. "Low comedian. I wish I had. They make good salaries, I believe, instead of beggarly——"

"Oh, you have the prince's boodle," I said lightly.

He laughed. "So I have."

"And I'll be hanged if I apologise," I said, "I have suffered enough from the mistake."

"Quite right, doctor," said he gravely, "I would not apologise to a bishop, let alone a third officer."

With that apparent advance to an understanding we parted, and I did not set eyes on him again until the abrupt events that brought about the conference in the cabin.

If my personal appearance on the matter did not get out, at least the tale of the prince's identity passed swiftly from mouth to mouth. The whole ship's company was agog with interest, an interest which increased during the next two days. Sir John Barraclough expressed to me his opinion of Day's behaviour very roundly, for the captain had icily withdrawn into himself, and spoke as little as possible to his first officer.

"The man's a fool to take it this way, Phillimore," he said. "Does he suppose it was my doing? I happened to know, but of course it was not my secret."

This, too, was Pye's excuse for silence, and it was obviously adequate. But as the baronet's evidence of friendliness was thus betrayed in his confidence to me, I ventured on a question, which was not really inquisitive.

"Oh, well, you see I've known the prince off and on some time. He and I yachted together before I lost my money, and he gave me this chance. He's a good sort." With which bluff and British indifference he terminated the conversation.

I think that the mysterious aloofness of our passengers served to keep the interest warm. Had Mr. Morland and his party descended and been on show, so to say, before the company, it is probable that the bloom of surprise would have worn off with the contact. But they kept to themselves and the hurricane deck. Every morning and afternoon the prince and his sister took a prolonged walk together, and at times they were joined by my patient, who, however, in the better weather we were enjoying, reclined in her chair and took the sun. On these occasions Mr. Morland and his sister ceased their promenade and sat with their guest. Sometimes the full voice of Mlle. Châteray, or Trebizond, would come to us below, and occasionally her light laughter was heard, very musical to the ears.

Speculations, it is not necessary to say, were rife among us. It was known we were set for Buenos Ayres, and it was taken for granted that there the Prince was to effect his morganatic marriage. But what was to happen afterwards? We were chartered for twelve months. That bespoke a cruise, and guesses flew about the ship. Lane, the purser, was the most in evidence in these discussions. He was an excitable man with a passion for talk and company, and he offered to lay me a certain sum that we should pull up in Yokohama.

"As like as not paid off there. We've no contracts against it," he said in a fume.

It was the attitude of McCrae, the chief engineer, that interested me in view of his professed opinions. He unfolded his mind

to me one evening when we had been out some ten days.

"It's like this, doctor. The man's sheer sick of courts and barbarisms, and he's in search of a healthy, independent life, which he needs, I'm thinking. That's to his credit altogether. But it's a wonderful thing, when you come to think of it, that one man like that should upset the politics of Europe, and a man that does not achieve it, mind you, but gets it by mere birth and chance. The paper said he had a million of his own. A fool could be independent on that, aye, and live healthy, too, if he weren't too much of a fool. But what r-right has a man with wealth like that, I ask you? As Mr. Holgate was saying yesterday, it's an insult to decent, hard-working men like you and me."

"So that's Mr. Holgate's idea, is it?" said I, and mused. The engineer was proceeding in the strain when I saw the face of the boatswain jump suddenly into the dimness of the engine-room. It was a thin-lipped, gaunt face, lacking eyebrows, which added to the gauntness, and the general complexion was red to the shade of crimson. When his jaw was in repose it appeared as if the lower part of his face had been sucked up into the upper like a lid into its box. But now his jaw was open, disclosing a plentiful lack of teeth.

"You're wanted, doctor," he said, in his abrupt voice. "There's been an accident forward."

I left at once and followed him, asking some necessary questions.

"I don't know exactly how it occurred," he said in answer. "One of the men, Adams, fell on something and it's drilled a hole in him."

When we reached the man's berth he was surrounded by a number of the crew, whom I ordered off.

"If I've got anything to do I don't want to be hampered," I said, "so clear out and leave Adams to me and the boatswain."

When the place was clear I made an examination, and found a wound under the shoulder-blade. It was not dangerous, but might well have been so. I sent for my bag and dressed it, the boatswain looking on. All the time I made no comment, but when I had finished I turned and met the boatswain's eyes.

"That's a knife wound," I said, shortly.

"Is it, sir?" he replied, and stared down at Adams. "How did it come about, Adams?" he inquired authoritatively.

"I was larking along with Gray and ran up agen him," said the man, in a sullen voice. "I didn't see what he 'ad in his 'and."

"More fool you!" said the boatswain angrily. "D'ye think I can go short of men for a lot of horseplay? All right, doctor? Nothing serious?"

"No," said I, deliberating. "If the knife was clean there's not much harm done except that you go short of a man, as you say, for some days."

The boatswain swore as politely as an oath can be managed.

"I'll come in again later," I said. "Meanwhile keep him in bed."

But on my next visit it was manifest that the wound was not such a simple affair, for the man's temperature had risen and he was wandering. He gave tongue to a profusion of oaths, which seemed to be directed, in the main, against Gray, but also included the boatswain, raised himself on his arm, and shook his fist in my face, muttering "my share," and "not a brown less," and something about "blowing the gaff."

It was with difficulty that I completed my ministrations; but I did so, and gave the boatswain a dose to be given to the wounded man at once and another four hours later. It was entirely an involuntary omission on my part that I said nothing of returning.

Nevertheless I did return only two hours later, and just before midnight. I had had the man removed to a disused cabin, and when I got there the door was locked. Angrily I went on deck and found the boatswain.

"Pierce," I said, "the door of the sick room is locked. What on earth does this mean? I want to see my patient."

"Oh, he's all right, sir. He went to sleep quite easy. I asked one of the hands to keep an eye on him, and I suppose he's shut the door. But it isn't locked."

"But it is," I said angrily.

"The blockhead!" said the boatswain. "I'll get the key for you, sir, if you'll wait a minute."

But I was not going to wait. I was making for the hatchway when I was hailed through the darkness by a voice:

"Dr. Phillimore!"

I turned, and little Pye emerged from the blackness. "I've been trying to get to sleep, but I've got the most awful neuralgia. I wish you'd give me something for it," said he.

"In a moment," I said. "I've got to see one of the hands, and then——"

"Oh, come, doctor, give us a chance," said Pye. "If you tell me what, I'll get it myself. Look here, would a dose of chloral do any good?"

"My dear sir," said I dryly. "Every man in these days seems to be his own doctor. Try it, and if it's only satisfactory enough we'll have a beautiful post-mortem to-morrow."

"Well," said little Pye, with a return of his native repartee, "it's precisely because I don't want to be my own doctor that I've come to you."

That naturally was unanswerable, and I acknowledged the hit by prescribing for him. Then I went on my way.

The door was open and the boatswain was waiting. He covered a yawn as I approached.

"It was that fool, Reilly, sir," he explained. "He mucked my instructions."

I nodded and proceeded to examine my patient. The boatswain seemed to have spoken the truth, for the man was as quiet as a log, save for the movement of the clothes when he respired. But it was that very respiration that arrested my attention. I felt his pulse, and I took the temperature. As I moved to examine the glass, Pierce's thin crimson face, peering over my shoulder, almost struck upon me. The jaw was sucked into its socket. The temperature was still high, too high to allow of that placid sleep. I contemplated the thermometer meditatively. The port was shut, and the only sounds that broke the night were the dull beating of the screw and the duller wash of the waves against the side of the *Sea Queen*. The boatswain stood motionless behind me

"You are right," I said slowly. "He has gone off pretty comfortably, but I should like to see his temperature lower. However, the sleep will do him good, and I've no doubt I'll find him all right in the morning."

As I spoke I turned away with a nod and passed out of the cabin. Once on deck I paused to consider what I should do. Two things I knew for certain; firstly, that the knife wound was no accident, for no mere horseplay could have resulted in such a deep cut; secondly, that Adams was under the influence of a narcotic. Who had administered it and why? I recalled the man's delirium and his wandering statements to which at the time I had paid little heed, and I thought I began to get the clue. I looked at my watch and found it half-past twelve. Every one, save those on duty, was abed, and the steamer ploughed steadily through the trough, a column of smoke swept abaft by the wind and black against the starlight. I sought my cabin, poured myself out a stiff glass of grog, and sat down to smoke and think.

At two bells I roused myself and went on deck. How singularly still was the progress of the vessel! I heard the feet of the officer on the bridge, and no other sound in all that floating house. A figure like a statue stood out in the dimness by the chart-house, and I came to a pause. It turned, and I thought I made out my friend the quartermaster.

"That you, Ellison?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I want to look at that man Adams in the forecastle," I said. "Please accompany me, as I may need your assistance."

I descended the ladder and went forward till I reached the cabin which I had used as a hospital, and turned the handle of the door. It opened, but the darkness was profound, and Ellison struck a match and lit the lamp. Adams lay in his bunk groaning faintly. I turned up his sleeve and examined him. The wound was inflamed, as I had expected, and it was not that which arrested me, but a mark on the arm above the elbow. It was the prick of the hypodermic syringe. My doubts were now certainties.

As we stood there Adams opened his eyes, and struggled into a sitting posture.

As we stood there Adams opened his eyes and struggled into a sitting posture

"No, my man," said I, "you must keep to your back."

He stared at me, but allowed me to force him backwards, and continued to stare.

"Adams, can you understand?" said I firmly. "Gray struck you with a knife?"

"Between the shoulders," he growled sulkily. "Doctor, my head's bad—give me something to drink."

I had come prepared, and I did so, and he fell back with a sigh, showing more signs of alertness.

"You quarrelled?" I suggested, but he made no answer, "Look you here, my man," I went on sternly, "I know a good deal about this, and what you quarrelled over. It would be wiser, believe me, to be candid. Pierce had a hand in this."

Still he was silent. I pulled from my pocket a syringe, and showed it to him.

"Do you know what that is?" I asked.

He shook his head, staring.

"Well," said I, "it came pretty near finishing you off. You have had a heavy dose. I want to know who did it." I caught up his arm, and thrust the puncture under his nose. He still stared.

"You were talking pretty wildly in your delirium, and had to be silenced. That was how it was done. If they can't silence you one way they will another. How much was your share to be?"

The man's face worked in an ugly fashion, and he was at any time a repulsive creature. The glitter in his eyes spoke of fever.

"The devil's own," he said hoarsely. "They wanted to cheat me of it, and I said I'd split. —— Pierce, and Gray, and all!"

"So you were going for the prince's cash-box, were you?" I said equably.

"It's more than that," said he. "There's the treasure in the strong-room. That's their game."

"Now I see you are sensible," I said, "and I can undertake to make you well and sound and happy provided you tell the truth."

"Doctor, it burns like fire," he groaned.

"I will see to that," I said. "What is the plot?"

"I have cried off. That's why I got the knife," he said faintly. "But swear to God no harm'll come to me."

"I promise you that," I said, nodding.

"It's the boatswain's plot," he whispered, "and he has more 'n half the men. They are going to rise ere ever we get to Buenos Ayres. But I was no party to their plans," he continued feverishly, and as if anxious to convince me, "that's why I've this knife, doctor, because I'm an honest man."

I had more than my doubts of that, but I nodded again.

"You have only done your duty in telling me, Adams," said I, "and I'll keep my promise, provided you hold your tongue about this. They have given you a dose of morphia, and it's lucky it wasn't bigger. If you do what I tell you, we'll have you right in a couple of days."

I made him drink a draught I had brought with me, and, closing the door, left him. A passage led from here to the men's quarters, and as I came out, I signed to Ellison to be noiseless, and put out the light. Then we moved towards the hatchway. When we reached it I happened to glance round at Ellison, and through that brooding darkness, lightened only by a dim swinging lamp, I thought I saw a flitting shadow. But the next swing of the boat threw the light clear into the corner, and there was nothing. We emerged on the lower deck, and thence regained the quarter-deck. There was a bright light in the chart-room, and I led the way thither. I closed the door and turned on the quartermaster. His face was grey, and his hand trembled.

"You heard?" said I.

"Yes, sir," he replied, and hesitated. "But he's wandering, sir, ain't he?"

"My man," said I, "I'm a doctor—leave that much to me. I only want to know if you heard. That is all your part. No, there is one thing more. What about the hands?"

"They're a pretty mixed lot, sir, not exactly what I would call yacht hands, but ——"

"Were you engaged with them?" I interrupted sharply.

"No, sir, Sir John he got me on. I've sailed with him before."

"Thank the Lord for that," I said

heartily, for I had begun to suspect every one. The voyage was a nightmare. I thought.

"Who is the officer in charge?" I asked.

"Mr. Legrand, sir," said Ellison.

The second mate and I had had few exchanges. He was a reserved man, and devoted to his duty. Besides, as navigating officer he had his full share of responsibility for the safety of the ship. I moved out of the chart-house, leaving the quartermaster in a maze of bewilderment, and, I think, incredulity. The stars illumined the figure of the second officer on the bridge, and I stood in a little gust of doubt which shook me. Should I sleep over the new discovery? I had Ellison, a Didymus, for witness, but I was still sore from the reception of my previous news. I took the length of the deck, and looked over the poop where a faint trail of light spumed in the wake of the ship. Suddenly I was seized from behind, lifted by a powerful arm, and thrown violently upon the taffrail. It struck me heavily upon the thighs, and I plunged with my hands desperately in the air, lost my balance, and pitched over head foremost towards the bubbling water.

As I fell my shoulder struck the bulge of the iron carcass of the vessel, and I cannoned off into the void, but by the merest chance my clutching hands in that instant caught in the hitch of a rope which had strayed overboard. The loop ran out with my wrist in it, and I hit the water. Its roar was in my ears, but nothing else, and when I rose to the surface the ship was thirty yards away. But the rope was still over my arm, and as soon as I recovered breath I began to haul myself slowly and painfully in. As it was I was being torn through the water at the rate of from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and in a very few minutes the chill which my immersion had inflicted on me passed away, giving place to a curious warmth that stole throughout my limbs, and enabled me to continue the onward struggle. I drew nearer foot by foot, the sea racing past me, and burying my face constantly in floods of salt water. But I was encouraged to observe the *Sea Queen* was now perceptibly closer, and I clung and hauled and hauled again. My danger now was the screw, and I could hear the chumping of the steel blades below, and see the boiling pit under the stern by the vessel. If I hauled closer should I be dragged into that terrible maelstrom, and be drawn under the deadly and merciless machinery? I could see the open taffrail, through which the stars glimmered away above me. It seemed that safety was so near and yet so far. She rolled, and the lights of the portholes flashed lanterns on the sea in that uprising. I raised my voice, helplessly, hopelessly, in a cry.

I repeated this shout three times, and then I saw a man come and hang over the taffrail. Was it the unknown murderer, and did he look for his victim to complete his abominable job? As the thought struck me I was silent, and then I saw him stoop and examine the iron stanchions at his feet. Next I felt the rope being pulled slowly in. At this I shouted again, and he ceased.

"The screw!" I called. "The screw!"

He moved away to the port side and once more the rope began to move. Gradually I reached the side of the ship about a dozen feet to port, and five minutes later I was safe on deck.

"Good Lord, sir, what is it?" asked Ellison's voice in terror.

"My arm is cut through, and one leg is near broken," I gasped. "Don't ask me more, but get me brandy."

He returned in an incredibly short time, for if he was a man of leisurely British mind he was wonderful on his feet. I drank the raw spirit and felt better.

"Now, do you believe?" I asked him.

"You mean——"

"That I was knocked overboard. I knew too much," I said sharply. "Don't stand staring, man. We don't know where we are, or what is afoot. Give me your arm and let us get to the bridge. Stay, have you any weapon?"

"No, sir."

"Any available?"

"No, sir, not without waking the carpenter."

"That is the usual British way," said I.

Suddenly I was seized from behind, lifted by a powerful arm and thrown violently upon the taffrail

"Believe nothing until it happens. Nothing does happen, does it? Nothing has happened, has it, Ellison? Well, we must chance it. At least we have stout fists. We made our way under the shelter of the saloon and smoking-room, and came to the steps of the bridge. I mounted with great difficulty, and Ellison followed. Legrand turned at our appearance and surveyed us under the gleam of his lamp with astonishment.

"Mr. Legrand," said I. "I need not ask if you have weapons available, for I'm sure you have not. But you will need them."

"What is't you mean?" he said sharply,

"Mutiny and murder," said I.

He went straight to the speaking-tube without a word, and called down to the engineer's room, "Mr. McCrae, will you personally bring me a couple of pistols, or any offensive weapon at hand. Iron bars will do—at once, please."

This was a man after my own heart. I could have embraced him. He came back to me.

"And now, doctor?"

I told him. He was silent, and then brought out a string of expletives. "I mistrusted the filthy pack from the first," he said. "See what they give us to work with, sir—the scum of Glasgow and London; and none of us to have a say in the matter. I'd sooner go to sea with Satan than scum like that," he said fiercely. "As soon as I set eyes on them I knew we were in for it—but not this," he added, "not this by a long chalk."

"There's one thing to be done," said I.

"We'll do it now," he replied, his fury gone as suddenly as it came, and we descended the ladder.

At the foot we met McCrae, very angry and sarcastic, wanting to know since when the deck was allowed to order the engine-room about like potboys, but a few words put him in possession of the facts, and, I think, if any argument had been needed, my exhausted and dripping body would have sufficed.

"The old man?" said he. Legrand nodded.

CHAPTER VI

THE CONFERENCE IN THE CABIN

WE opened the captain's door without knocking, but he was awake at once, and turned on the electric light.

"What is this, gentlemen? Is it a raree show?" he inquired in his particular voice.

"It is some information Dr. Phillimore has to impart, sir," said Legrand.

Day's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I see Dr. Phillimore is taking part in some more theatricals," he said grimly. "And his costume seems suited to them."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I hotly. "If you would only listen instead of passing judgment we might get on."

"I'm learning a lot this voyage," said Day with a sneer, "pray proceed."

Again I told my story. Day got up in his pyjamas, an insignificant figure of a man without his important uniform. He might have been merely a member of Parliament, or a minor poet. But he had, with all his defects, the courage of his position and responsibilities.

"This is a matter I feel unequal to alone. It has gone on too long," he said sharply. "It is time I knew where I stand." He left the cabin abruptly, and returned in a few minutes.

"I have taken the liberty of inviting Mr. Morland's attendance," he said, "and have sent for Sir John Barraclough and Mr. Holgate. I will know once for all where I stand."

"I beg you not Mr. Holgate, captain," said I.

"And why not Mr. Holgate, sir?" he asked peremptorily. "Here is a report of conspiracy and mutiny you bring me, and I will have my officers in attendance to weigh it."

"You will remember my former charge, Captain Day?" I said.

"Well, sir?" he answered.

"If my report to-night is correct, as I have a witness to prove, does it not shed some light on my former charge against Mr. Holgate? And is it, therefore, desirable that he should be here?"

Day considered, and then he looked me

up and down. "If I were a doctor, Dr. Phillimore," he observed with sarcasm, "I should advise you to change your clothes."

"Oh, there is a more important matter than clothes," I replied angrily, "or should I be here? Is it for fun, do you suppose?"

He turned from me without saying anything, but my words had their effect, for when the door opened and Holgate's face appeared Day said civilly enough, "I'm sorry to have disturbed you unnecessarily, Mr. Holgate, but I find I shall not need you at present."

The third officer's big face moved slowly on his bull neck and his eyes met mine.

"Very well, sir," said he calmly, and there was nothing legible in his gaze. It was blank and insignificant, destitute even of curiosity.

Barraclough arrived immediately afterwards, and on his heels—Mr. Morland, dressed as when he walked the hurricane deck daily, his somewhat dull face owning and manifesting a certain dignity.

"I have asked you here, Mr. Morland," said Day at once, "because of certain rumours and mysteries and alleged discoveries which are in circulation. It is an untimely hour, but that is not my fault. Dr. Phillimore has brought me a story, which, if he is correct, is of vital importance to us. I should be glad, therefore, if you would answer a question. Are you Prince Frederic of Hochburg?"

Mr. Morland's eyes lighted up. "I have employed you, sir," he began, "to work this ship——"

"Pardon me; it is necessary," said Day with extreme politeness. "I hear a tale of conspiracy to rob my employer, who sails with me and whom I know as Mr. Morland, but who is stated to be Prince Frederic of Hochburg. I am justified, therefore, in asking if Mr. Morland is Prince Frederic; and if he has the money on board which the tale alleges. According to that answer must I shape my conduct."

Mr. Morland drew himself up. "It is reasonable," he said, as if reflecting. "Yes, I am Frederic of Hochburg."

Day's fingers trembled. "And the money?" he asked in a hard voice.

"There is some money on board," said the Prince, looking round on our faces, and now I was surprised that I had not identified long since that guttural German accent. "But I should wish to know what this scene means, sir?" he said in a haughty voice.

Day waved his hand at me.

"I have learned to-night," said I, "by an accident, that there is a plot among the crew to seize the ship and its contents before reaching Buenos Ayres."

For the third time I then told my story, to which my sodden garments were a genuine witness. The Prince listened to me with a frown.

"I do not understand," said he. "I was led to believe that I was chartering a good vessel with a good captain and crew for my cruise. I do not understand this."

"Nor I," said Day, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am not responsible for the crew. It was arranged by your agents—Mr. Morland.

"Ah!" said the Prince shortly, and then, "But you tell me they have turned out to be pirates. This is ridiculous."

"I must refer you to Dr. Phillimore, sir," said Day curtly. "As for me, if I had known what I know now you would have sailed under another captain—I am too old for mysteries."

Ignoring this, if he listened to it, the Prince turned on me.

"Where is your evidence of this?" he asked, and his eye fell on Ellison, who was plainly uncomfortable. "Ah! did what the doctor says happen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we must send for this man, Adams," concluded his Royal Highness. "Let him be brought."

I had in my hand during all this time the bar of iron which McCrae had brought. I gave it to Barraclough.

"If you are going," said I, "take this. It may be needed."

He looked at me with a lift of his eyebrows.

"All serene," said he with a smile. "This seems a pretty show altogether. Come, quartermaster."

Legrand went back to his bridge with a revolver in his pocket, and I was left with

Mr. Morland and the captain. The former scrutinised me closely and deliberately, without regard to my feelings, while Day feigned to be busy at his table.

"I stay here, sir," said I to the Prince with emphasis, "because I seem in a manner to be a prisoner on trial. I have called my evidence, and it will be forthcoming presently. But I must say," I added bitterly, "that I resent the way in which my testimony has been received, and at Buenos Ayres, if we ever reach that port, I shall beg to be relieved of my duties and have my contract cancelled."

"If Mr.—Mr. Morland does not object certainly I shall not, Dr. Phillimore," said Day dryly.

"Oh, come, captain," said I impatiently; "we are in a peril together and you stand on ceremonies."

"That has yet to be proved," he said.

Even as he spoke a noise announced the return of the party, and Sir John Barraclough entered.

"Your man's missing," said he.

Day uttered an exclamation, and the Prince's frown deepened.

"There's no one in the cabin," said Barraclough.

At that instant a knock fell on the door. "Is the doctor here?" said a voice which I recognised at once. Barraclough opened the door and Holgate stood on the threshold.

"It has been reported to me as I came on duty," he said, "that Adams is missing, doctor. It seems a bad case. He was delirious, and two of the men say they heard a plunge. The port hole is open."

"It is a lie!" I cried.

Holgate's face twitched. "It's the report made to me," he said; "I came at once," and the fang showed clear under his upper lip.

"It is foul play!" I said. "He was not likely to throw himself overboard. It all belongs to the plot."

"Was this man delirious?" asked Day of me.

I hesitated. "For a time he was slightly," I answered.

"He was delirious when he told you these things?"

"That I deny."

He turned to Ellison. "What do you say, quartermaster?"

"I don't know, sir," said the man in confusion. "He didn't seem quite—quite all right."

"Ah!" said Day, looking at Mr. Morland.

"Good heavens, sir, would you take a common sailor's word before a doctor's?" I asked indignantly.

"No, Dr. Phillimore, I am only weighing the evidence," said he coolly. "This man was, according to you, delirious for a time. He made some communication as to a plot. Then he disappears. It is either conspiracy or delirium. Either accounts for the facts. Which are we to believe?"

"You forget the attempt on me," I said hotly.

"Not at all," he said, "I have not forgotten that—accident. But it hardly gets us further. It fits in with either supposition—the plot or," he paused, "the delirium," he added significantly.

"Gentlemen, I wish you good night, or good morning," I said, turning on my heel. "And I will beg of you, Mr. Morland, to grant me the privilege of a substitute when we reach Buenos Ayres."

Mr. Morland did not answer. He made an impatient gesture, and then:

"Are you satisfied, Captain Day?" he asked.

"Quite," was the laconic answer.

"Then may I request you will see that discipline is kept among your men," said the Prince severely, and stalked out of the cabin.

Barraclough broke into laughter. "Upon my soul——" he began, but was interrupted by an angry exclamation.

"Be good enough, sir, to keep your counsel till it is asked, sir," said Day, trembling with fury. "I have too many princes and baronets here for my taste." He stamped round the room in agitation. "My men!" he cried. "Good Lord, what have I had to do with them? I wish I'd never seen the figurehead of the yacht. Good Lord! my men! I would sooner run an excursion steamer than submit to this."

Barraclough eyed him without any emotion, even with hard hospitality. The exit

of the Prince had stayed my departure, and abruptly Day came to a pause by me.

"That will do, gentlemen," he said quietly. Holgate who was at the door opened it, and his round face swung gently on his shoulders till his gaze rested on me again. Something flickered in it, something like a leer on that malicious blackness, and then he was gone. Day stood stock-still looking by me after him. As I turned to follow he addresed me.

"Dr. Phillimore, if you can spare a moment before you change," he said civilly, "I shall be glad of a few minutes."

I answered promptly, wondering, and the door closed behind Barraclough.

"Doctor, I haven't slept a wink for nights," burst out the captain suddenly, "I must have something."

He had a haggard drawn look, and his eyes seemed sunken in his head. At once I was the professional man, and not an officer of the ship.

"Sit down, sir," said I, "and tell me. What is it?"

He sat down shakily. "I don't like my officers, doctor, and I don't like my employer," he said peevishly. I held his pulse, which was jumping.

"What else," I said.

"You are not a married man?" he inquired, looking at me restlessly. "No; never mind," he paused, and proceeded in his ridiculously precise voice. "I had the misfortune to lose my wife and my son in a fortnight—about a month ago. It has rather upset me."

It might have been comic in that matter-of-fact tone, but somehow it struck me as tragic. That this vain, self-contained, and reticent man should confess to the frailty of humanity to a man he disliked was the measure of his suffering.

"I can mend the sleep, captain," said I. "You must do the rest."

"Good gracious!" he shook his head and stood up.

"No," said I, "sit down. I'll see to you. Let me ring."

In a few minutes I had my case of instruments, and carefully extracted what I wanted, while Day looked on feverishly impatient.

"I'm going to do what has already been done this night," I said gravely, "but in a better cause."

I raised the syringe, and bade him put back the sleeve of his pyjama. A rush of pain went through my arm which had been bruised and battered in the sea and suddenly the cabin went from me. For the first and only time in my life I fainted.

When I came to Day was bending over me, glass in hand, a look of solicitude on his face.

"It seems we have changed places," said I feebly, "and that you are my physician."

He set the glass down. "Doctor, I did you less than justice just now," he said quickly. "But I have had my troubles."

I picked myself up slowly. "I will now resume," I said smiling.

"If you are able," he said doubtfully, and then. "Heavens, I should like just one hour of sleep."

"You shall sleep till eight bells, I promise you," I answered, and once more I took the syringe.

He sighed as if in anticipation. "Doctor," he said, as he lay back. "Not a word of this. We must talk about the other thing. I don't like my officers. I'll tackle this question to-morrow. There's something in it."

I bade him "good-night," and left with the conviction that in the difficulties before us Captain Day would count for little. To face such emergencies as I felt must now be faced we had no need of a neurotic subject.

Nevertheless I was mistaken in one particular. Day sent for me next morning, and I found him in quite a brisk, cheerful state. He did not allude to what had occurred between us, but came straight to the subject of the plot.

"Nothing has happened, doctor," he said.

I knew nothing could happen, for the disappearance of Adams meant that the conspirators were not ready with their plans. Otherwise they would not have been so determined to rob me of my evidence. This I explained, and he listened attentively.

"You see the difficulty," he said at last. "There is no corroboration of your story, and I can take no action. I will have

an inquiry into Adams's disappearance, of course, but I fear nothing will come of it." He rubbed his hands nervously. "I wish to God it would."

This was astounding from the man, but, as I looked into his eyes, I could see how deeply his nervous system had been shocked, and once more I despaired of such a captain in such circumstances. I carried my misgivings to Legrand, with whom the events of the night had seemed to bring me in closer relationship.

"The old man's all right," he said. "A better seaman doesn't exist. There's nothing he doesn't know."

"Except human nature," said I.

"Well, that may be. But who knows much about that?" said the second officer, setting his sextant. "You say we're slumbering over a volcano. I daresay we are. It's more or less what we're paid to do, and take all risks. Things are quiet enough now, anyway."

Was this another sceptic, where I had sought to find an ally?

"I am used by this to ridicule," I began dryly.

"Who on earth is ridiculing you?" he asked. "You have only given us something to think of—and something pretty tall, too."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose it is my word against Holgate's," I said wearily.

"Holgate's!" he said, lowering his sextant swiftly. "Holgate's! I wouldn't trust Holgate if he were on a dozen oaths—not if he were swung at a yard-arm, and were making Christian confession," he said passionately.

"Nor would I," I said softly after a pause. We exchanged glances. He resumed his sextant. "The only thing to be done," he said, "is to keep a watch. We shall know shortly. Excuse me, doctor, I must take the bearings."

Routine must go on aboard ship, but this cool attitude, reasonable as it was, was not to my taste in my condition. Things moved as smoothly as before; the watch came and went, and the bells tolled regularly; but with the knowledge that I had that something evil was brewing, I fretted and worried and grew out of temper. The powers that were responsible for the safety of the ship and her good conduct were indifferent to the danger, or else incredulous. I alone knew how incompetent was the captain to secure his vessel, and the attitude of "Mr. Morland" filled me with contempt. It was all very well for a royal prince in his palace, surrounded by his guards, servitors, and dependants, to assume an autocratic attitude, and take things for granted. But it was another case when he had deliberately abandoned that security and launched himself upon a romantic, not to say quixotic, career, in which nothing was certain. Yet upon the promenade deck the Prince and his sister took their constitutionals as if nothing had happened or would happen, and, as before, Mlle. Trebizonde joined them, and her laugh floated down to us, musical and clear. Would nothing make them understand the peril in which they stood?

In all this vexation of spirit I still found time to be amused by Lane. The affair of Adams was, necessarily, public property, and the inquiry promised by Day was in process. Adams was gone, gone overboard, as I knew, and I could have put my hand on his murderer, if I could not also identify the man who had made an attempt to be mine. Lane on the rumour of the night's proceedings reaching him, sought me, and complained. It was ludicrous, but it was characteristic of the man, as I had come to know him.

"Where do I come in?" he asked plaintively. "You might have given me a call, doctor."

"I wish I had been sleeping as sound as you," I said.

"Oh, hang it, man, it's dull enough on this beastly boat. If there's any row on, I'm in it."

"Do you think you guess how big a row may be on?" I asked him.

"Oh, well, it's infernally dull," he grumbled, which, when you come to think of it, was a surprising point of view.

The Adams inquiry ended in what must necessarily be called an open verdict. The evidence of the boatswain and Pentecost, one of the hands, assured that. Both testified to the fact that they were awakened in the still hours by a splash, and one thought

it was accompanied by a cry, but was not sure. At any rate, the boatswain was sufficiently aroused to make search, and to discover that Adams was missing, and subsequently that the porthole was open. He had then, as he declared, reported the matter at once to the officer of the watch, who was Holgate. Holgate came to the captain's cabin, as has been related. There was no discrepancy to be noted in the stories of the two men, nor was there any inherent improbability in their tale. So, as I have said, though no verdict was given, the verdict might be considered as open, and we had got no further. The captain, however, took one precaution, for the key of the ammunition chest was put in Barraclough's charge. What others did I know not, but I slept with a loaded revolver under my pillow.

We were now within a week of Buenos Ayres, and had come into summer weather. When we passed the twentieth parallel the heat was overpowering. We took to ducks, and the ladies, as we could observe, to the lightest of cotton dresses. For all however, that we saw of them they might have been dwelling in another sphere, as indeed they were. The steward alone had the privilege of communion with them, and he, being a distant fellow, had nothing to say, though, I believe, Lane cross-questioned him rigorously.

I have said that we saw nothing of our passengers, but I, at least, was to see them more nearly at once, and that in the most unexpected manner. One evening I had retired to my cabin and was stretched on my bunk, reading one of the gilded books from the yacht's library, when I was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in," I called idly, and the door promptly opened, and to my amazement Miss Morland stood before me. She wore a plain evening dress of chiffon, very pretty to the eye, and over her head and shoulders a mantle of silk lace. She had naturally, as I had observed on my previous encounters, a sparkle of colour in her face; but now she had lost it, and was dead white of complexion under the electric light.

"Doctor Phillimore," she said in English, which was more perfect of accent than her brother's, but speaking somewhat formally, "I understand that you believe you have discovered some plot."

By this time I was on my feet. "Madam, no one else believes it," said I.

"I do," she said sharply; and then, "I want you to come and see my brother—Mr. Morland."

"I will do as you will," I answered, "but, at the same time, I must point out that Mr. Morland has cognisance of my story. I stated what I had to say in his presence some days since."

"Ah," said she, "you do not understand. It is impossible for one in my brother's position to entertain these suspicions. It is not for him to take precautions—or should not be," she added bitterly.

I bowed. "I will repeat what I have already stated," I said; and then, as she turned to go, I took a sudden impulse. My heart was beating faster at this unexpected appearance of an ally, and I made up my mind to confirm the alliance if it was what it seemed.

"Miss Morland," said I, "if I must continue to call you so."

"That is my name, sir," she said loftily.

"Then if that is your name there is nothing in my plot," I answered bluntly. "This plot, imaginary or otherwise, but one in which you say you believe, is dependent wholly on your name not being Morland, madam. Assure me that it is, and I undertake that the plot shall cease—disappear in a twinkling."

"You speak, sir, as if you had authority over it," she said, after a pause.

"No. I reason only on what I know. This conspiracy has been evolved on the supposition that you and Mr. Morland are not what you claim to be, and on other suppositions. If these be untrue, and the mutineers can be convinced of that, the conspiracy naturally falls to the ground."

Again she made a pause, but spoke quickly when she spoke.

"My brother is Prince Frederic of Hochburg."

I bowed. "And, madam, the ship contains treasure? Let us finish our confidences."

"There are bonds and bullion to a large amount on board," she said, as if reluctantly.

"It was unwise of him, but he would have it so."

"I may take it that the Princess Alix would not have it so," I suggested.

"You may assume what you will, sir," she said coldly.

"Madam," said I seriously, for handsome as she was and royal, too, I was nettled by her distance, "you ask me to help you, and you keep me at arm's length. I am not asking out of curiosity. I only want to know what allies I can depend on. Heaven knows I have gone through enough already to keep me silent henceforward for ever, even to the point of attempted murder."

"I will answer any question you wish to put—if I can," she replied in a milder voice. "But my brother is waiting."

"Then may I know why you credit this plot?" I asked.

"I know nothing of the plot," she said. "The news of it has only just come to my ears, through some words dropped by Mr. Morland. But this I know that he runs a great risk. He has always run a great risk ever since——" she stopped. "I am willing to believe the worst."

"Now," said I. "I am ready to accompany you," and forthwith, without more words, we went on deck.

When we reached the cabin I found not only the Prince but Day, who was clearly in one of his moods. He had a nervous way of flipping his fingers when put out, and he stood now firing off his white hand restlessly. He did not pay me any attention on my entrance, but fixed his gaze on Princess Alix.

"As I am no longer in command on my boat, Dr. Phillimore," he said abruptly. "perhaps you will be good enough to explain to Mr. Morland what you propose to do."

I looked at the Prince, who nodded curtly. Evidently there had been a scene.

"I believe that a rising is contemplated before we reach Buenos Ayres," I said. "I would advise, therefore, that we change our course for Rio Janeiro at once. We are only thirty hours steam away."

Day turned his attention on me. "There is something in that," he said. "I shall be able to get a new doctor."

The Prince frowned. "It is for me to say," he said sharply.

"You, sir, will then be able to get a new captain," said Day politely. He bowed to Prince and Princess.

"That is very probable," said the Prince, and added. "I order you to put into Rio, captain. Dr. Phillimore's advice commends itself to me."

I said nothing, but the Princess gave me a quick glance, in which I seemed to read approval.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," said Day, and ceremoniously left the cabin. When he was gone the Prince turned to me.

"I am obliged for your zeal in my service," he said, as if he were conferring a decoration; whereupon he bowed, and I followed the captain.

I went at once to Day's cabin and waited, for I had made up my mind as to the method in which he should be treated. The man was obviously incapable of discretion in his state. He entered presently with a heavy sigh, and only then observed me. A malignant look worked in his face blackly, but I interposed at once.

"Captain," said I. "If you are captain, I am doctor. This can only end one way, and I won't have it end that way if it is in my power to prevent it."

"You are wrong," he said snappishly. "You are captain and doctor in one."

"I'm going to try on you a particular drug which I have faith in," I said, ignoring his words. "It is new, but there are great possibilities in it. If it is all I believe it to be, you will get up to-morrow another man."

He put his arms on the table. "Oh, my God!" he groaned. "Night and day, night and day! For God's sake, doctor, give me something."

That was what I wanted. He was a little querulous, spiteful child now, and I had possession of him. I had seen his soul undressed and naked, and it frightened me. I felt more than anxiety for him; I felt compassion. And it was I that put him to bed that night. But meanwhile we were on the way to Rio Janeiro,

The top of the town not swept by the tidal wave, showing the rising ground called the Morro

The Great Earthquake in Peru

September 1868

By Vice-Admiral Swinton C. Holland

Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author

[The following account is an extract from the journal of a naval officer serving on board H.M.S. *Malacca*, and although this terrible convulsion of nature happened many years ago, it will prove of interest to our readers as it has not before been published or illustrated.]

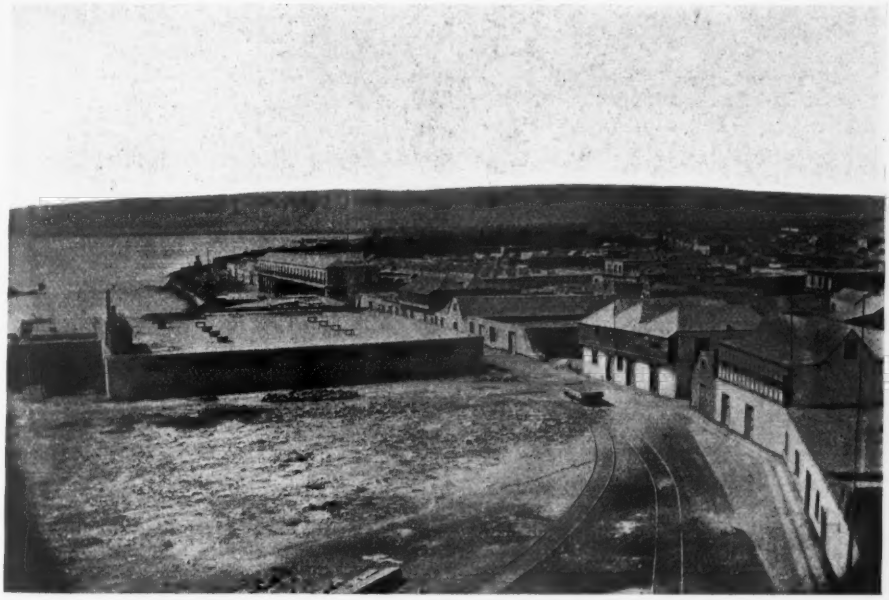
AT 8 A.M. on September 27, we came to an anchor in Iquique Bay (Peru), and such a wreck of a town has seldom been seen. By the chart we could not make out our anchorage, and a flat sandy plain appeared where the greater part of the town should have stood; but until we sent ashore we did not realise that this flat expanse of sand was the position formerly occupied by the most populous portion of the town. The cathedral and the houses around it, comprising about a quarter of the town as it originally stood, seemed but little the worse, but of the remainder, none was left save one open wooden building standing back about a quarter of a mile from the sea.

We got the following description from

one of Messrs. Gibbs' firm who resided at Iquique :

"Every one was alarmed at feeling a very heavy shock of earthquake at about 5 P.M. on September 13, but after the first fright was over one of my servants went out to put the shutters up, and happening to glance to seaward he saw the water gathering itself up in a huge wave and coming in towards the town. He immediately warned those in the house, and all ran for their lives and escaped, except the major-domo, who, being old and infirm, could not run fast enough, and also the Chinese servant who was laying the table, and who would not even take the trouble to look, but derisively declared that no wave could possibly reach the house. He of course was washed away in the flood. I looked back once and saw the crest of the wave toppling over the houses and carrying everything before it. I ran as hard as I could and at length dropped from exhaustion, and the water came up to within two feet of where I lay. Another of my party was caught by the wave before he got clear of the town, but providentially he was picked up by some beams and lumber that the water bore before it and thus floated away in safety high up inland.

"One of my friends was less credulous than most of his neighbours, and although after the earthquake his wife and sister-in-law begged him to go to the higher land, fearing the tidal wave which usually follows a serious earthquake, he declared that there was no fear of the sea, and they remained where they were. He found out his mistake too late, and when the wave was close upon them he did all in his power to save them, but before they could get downstairs their house was a wreck and all were lost except two of their party, who were picked up next day floating about in the harbour upon some wreckage, each having been more or less injured, the only survivors of a party of about nine."



The town of Arica as it was before the earthquake

This is but one of many such accounts, but is sufficient to indicate what happened. The larger portion of the commercial part of the town is entirely destroyed, and the site occupied by the houses is now a flat sandy plain, the surface of which is only broken by a beam sticking up here and there; the houses, which were built chiefly of wood on account of the constant shocks from earthquake, reached the margin of the water, and after they were overwhelmed by the great wave the sea washed up vast quantities of sand and shells which buried the *débris* beneath them.

The people were in want of water for a few days after the catastrophe, but their wants were supplied by ships arriving, and the vessels lying in the bay suffered less than could have been imagined, although there were some miraculous escapes, one vessel being washed three times through a narrow channel studded with rocks and at ordinary times without sufficient water to float her.

The beach was strewn with merchandise of every description, and the lower portion of the population gave themselves up to drink for some days after the earthquake; in fact we saw numbers of them with their lips cut by drinking from broken bottles while they were in a drunken state.

The town of Arica as it appeared after the earthquake, from about the same point of view

It seems that the earthquake itself did no great damage on account of the houses being built with a view to withstanding the constantly recurring shocks, but the wave of about twenty-five feet high was irresistible and swept all before it. I should mention that the whole coast in this region is rocky and precipitous, and Iquique is built on a flat sandy promontory touching the base of the cliffs. It has no natural resources, and the supply of drinking water is obtained by distilling sea water.

We left Iquique on September 28, and arrived at Arica on the 31st, and found that the reports which had reached us were too true. Such a scene of desolation and ruin has

seldom been met with; there is not an entire house in the whole town, and in consequence of most of the houses being built of "adobé," or sun-dried bricks, the mess and *débris* is something wonderful. An excellent account of his experiences was given by a gentleman resident at Arica, as follows:

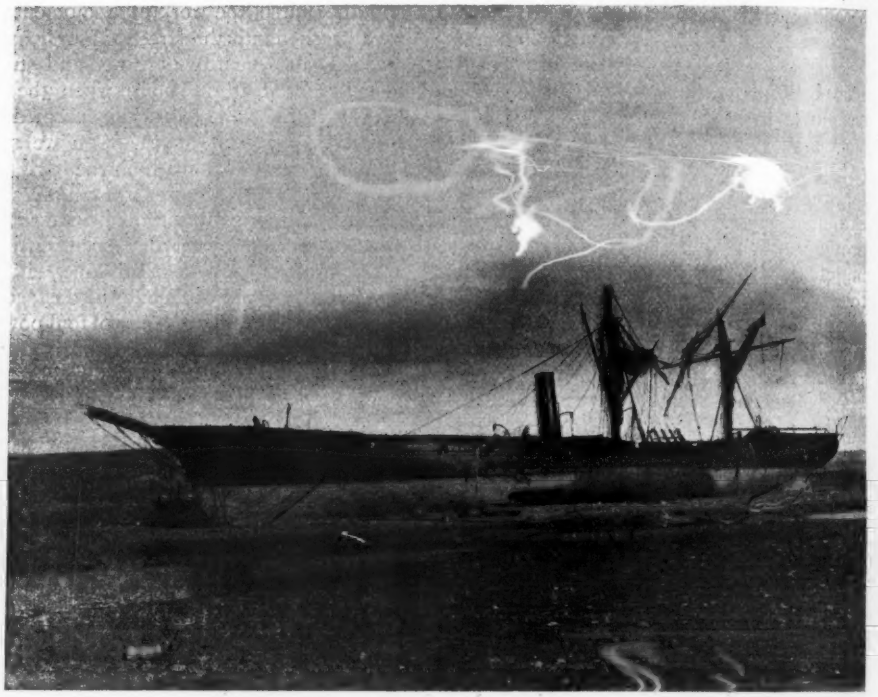
"This last calamity which has befallen Arica has left me a beggar. It was my usual custom to leave my office for home when the clock struck five, but on the day in question (August 13) there was little to do, and I told the clerks to close some twenty minutes earlier. To this accident I believe I owe the providential escape of all my family. A few minutes after reaching home I was sitting in the drawing-room reading the paper when I felt the earth moving. The shock appeared to me to be slight, but as my wife was in a delicate state of health I thought I would go to her room to quiet her, that she might not be rushing out, as was her wont, with the children. I had scarcely got to the door of her bedroom when the heavy shock commenced. To snatch up the two children was for myself and the nurse the work of a moment, and we all rushed into the street. Barely had we reached the cuatro (square) and turned round to look at the house when the walls fell—*fell* is not the word, they seemed as if they were spit out at us—then we saw a little garden we had made in the yard walking towards the house, the flowers and shrubs sharing in this strange pedestrianism as if it were an everyday occurrence. A moment afterwards the earth opened in our street and belched out clouds of dust, accompanied by a terrible stench as of foul powders, and all became dark as midnight. I could not see my wife, who was within three feet

The bluff and pier on the right showing inshore end

of me. This darkness must have lasted, so far as I could judge, about two to three minutes, although others say it was much longer. I don't think so or we must have been suffocated. When this had c[illegible]ed I had lost nurse and the baby, and my wife was frantic. Going down to the sea beach I found them, and having a holy dread of a tidal wave I deserted my household goods and started for the hills.

"We threaded our way through falling houses, seeing men struck down dead in a moment, others crushed under falling ruins appealing to me for help, help which, alas! we could not give. Thus we went out on our sad exodus, the earth working under our feet and making us stagger as drunken men. We had scarcely reached the outskirts of the town when a great cry went up to heaven—the sea is retiring. Unlike Lot's wife I did not look back, but hurried on with a child on one arm and the wife on the other.

"When I got on an elevation on the out-



Peruvian frigate "America"
The frigate was thrown high up on the beach with a loss of fifty hands

side of the town, I looked back. My God! what a sight—the whole town was a heap of ruins. The sea had retired, leaving some ships, lying at their anchorages in seven fathoms of water, high and dry; all the rest had parted their cables or carried them with them, and were rushing out to sea at railway speed.

"This outward current may have lasted perhaps ten minutes when the sea commenced to rise. It did not come in waves and breakers as one would have supposed, but rose majestically up, a great green wall without foam or ripple, and as was afterwards proved, about eighty feet high, and rushed

on, in its terrible force, carrying everything before it. It struck the mole, cutting it in two, leaving over a hundred persons as on an island, who were swept into eternity on its return, swallowed up my store and office as if they were a mouthful, struck the Custom House fairly on the head and toppled it over, and sweeping on with irresistible might, took my dwelling-house up in one swallow, and my ruin was complete.

"The railway station, with all its rolling-stock, was entirely destroyed, and not a vestige of it remains.

"The plain of Chacollata, where we had many a pleasant ride, has ceased to exist. Hardly a trace of vegetation remains.

"While these calamities were in progress ashore, the sea was also the scene of unheard-of disasters. Some of the shipping had disappeared, other ships were rushing on to the land, as mad, some turning in circles as if they would fain elude their fate, but all were rushing to an inscrutable doom.

"The Peruvian frigate *America* was thrown high on the beach of Chacollata with the loss of some fifty hands. The British barque *Chañercillio*, was a complete wreck inside her—all on board perished except the captain and three hands. The United States man-of-war *Wateree* was thrown, as if she had been placed there for launching, some 600 yards inland, over the railway track. The United States transport *Fredonia*, with cargo and specie on board to the amount of a million and a half dollars, was dashed into a thousand pieces, and all on board save two perished. A large guano ship under the American flag disappeared with all hands and not a vestige has turned up to tell her fate. The *Don Eduardo*, the last of the ill-fated shipping, was cast high and dry inside the railway track with two turns of her own cable wound round her hull as she rolled over on the bottom—only the captain was saved. Earthquake and sea had done their worst, but to these another element was added—fire—and all the top of the town not swept by the tidal wave was in flames, and when darkness came on lit up the ruins with a sickening and saddening light. Nature had done its worst, then man came in to add to the destruction—we conclude the hounds of a drunken populace with whom the soldiers fraternised. What part of the town remained was pillaged that night, and all iron safes that remained on the beach were broken open and their contents taken.

"That night I lay on the Morro (the rising ground shown in the photograph) with the family, without other covering than the clothes we stood in, without bread or water, so I started for the town the next morning at daylight to see what I could procure for the children and ourselves. I may safely say that Arica was drunk, as I saw no sober man or woman in it, and parties who had come in from the valleys were already commencing to break up packages, open bales and cord them up for the interior.

"I managed to get a couple of bottles of dirty water and a few biscuits, and returned to the hill. We then started for 'Asapa.'

"I found that my little country house still stood, although many of the roofs had fallen in; still, out of the ruins I managed to get some bedsteads, tables and chairs, which, though rough, have been of immense service to us. We have made a rancho of pieces of matting, cords, &c., and other odds and ends, wherein my wife on the 29th made me tie up an imaginary knocker for No. 8—both are doing well."

This letter, together with the illustrations, gives a very vivid picture of this awful catastrophe.

British, American and French men-of-war were soon on the spot, and sent working parties daily to clear away *débris*, make roads and build a hospital. We had three weeks' hard work, but in that time we did an immense deal to start the place again.

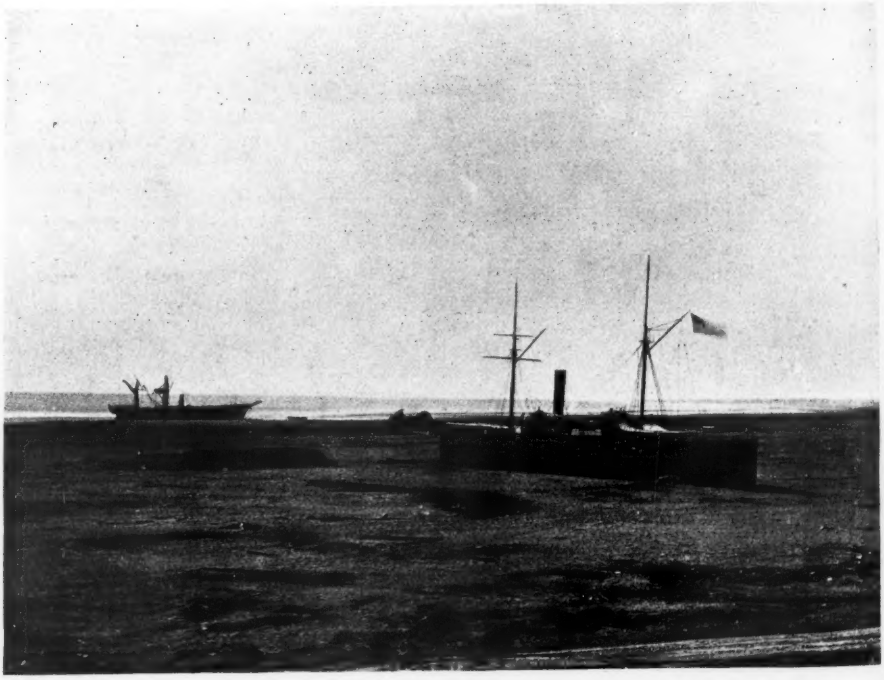
About a mile beyond the Morro, the other side of the bluff shown in the photograph, which gives also the inland end of the pier, is a sandy hill which appears to be perfectly stuffed with bodies of the old Indian tribes.

The earthquake and wave having exposed many of these mummies, curiosity hunters went to see what they could find. The bodies were in a perfect state of preservation although shrivelled, and were buried in a

sitting posture with the chin on the knees and their hands clasped round the knees. With them was buried corn, sandals, ornaments, coca leaves and their household goods. A number of the bodies fell to pieces, having become dry and brittle from being so long interred in the dry sandy earth, so we made a large fire and burnt the remains as being the most decorous and easy means of disposing of them.

We felt many earthquakes while at Arica, and the sensation on board ship is peculiar, while the noise resembles a large cask being rolled about on deck. The impression made upon one is curious and hard to describe, but all idea of stability seems to vanish and leave a chaotic state of mind consequent on the staggering shock from which it takes some time to recover.

Let us be grateful that our country is not subject to these terrestrial upheavals, or only in a very mild and modified form.



Peruvian frigate "America" and American man-of-war "Wateree." The wreck of the "Chañercillio" is seen between them in the distance

Stories of Authors' Loves

Charlotte Brontë's Late Romance

By Clara E. Laughlin

A GOOD many of those who have created romance for others have had to wait long for its entrance into their own lives. Hawthorne was forty when he married, Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett were the same age, Edmund Spenser was forty-two, and George Eliot, when she entered into her relationship with Lewes, was thirty-five. Of the women novelists who preceded Charlotte Brontë nearly all died unmarried. Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Miss Ferrier, Miss Martineau, all filled spinsters' graves. But though tragic histories are the rule rather than the exception among writing folk, though many of them waited long for romantic happiness and many never had any at all, there was none of them who had so pitiful a heart history as the little woman up in bleak Yorkshire who, by casting away from the stilted heroines of her predecessors in fiction and daring to write of the heart of woman in all the burning earnestness requisite to the theme, virtually created a new era in romantic literature.

Prior to the advent of Charlotte Brontë upon the scene, the only accepted ideal for females in the matter of romance was the attitude of coy, simpering "retreat" from the masculine advances they had been so carefully taught to attract. Charlotte Brontë came and unveiled the fierce hunger of the woman heart, and so great was the shock offered to some of the pious Lydia Languishes of her time that many of them echoed Lady Eastlake's cruel declaration that only a woman of easy virtue, a denizen of the "half-world," could or would write so.

Every one knows the Brontë story; few figures in the history of literature have absorbed so much interested attention as those that played their brief parts in far-off Haworth rectory and were so soon gathered into the quiet Haworth churchyard. Every one has read how, one February day in 1820, seven country carts laden with books, household and kitchen furniture creaked through the one long street of Haworth, the horses tugging uphill all the way to the gate of the parsonage. The new parson had come. His name was Patrick Brontë, he was forty-three years old, had been married eight years, and was the father of six children and the husband of a little, pale, worn-out wife six years his junior; she lived only about eighteen months after settling in her Haworth home, and was the first to be gathered out of that bleak stone rectory into the burying-ground separated from the vicarage garden by just a stone wall. This was in September 1821. In May 1825, her oldest child, her namesake, Maria, died, aged twelve; five weeks later, Elizabeth, the second child, died, aged eleven. There were three girls and a boy left. The girls grew up, in boarding-schools chiefly, and each tried to earn a livelihood in the capacity of nursery governess, failing in turn and drawing closer and closer together as their shy natures refused to support them in any association with the big world. They had grown up on the Yorkshire moors, wild, unloved, full of weird fancies and imaginative self-sufficiency. Like fishes which become blind in caves through not needing eyes, the Brontë children, forced in early years to rely solely on themselves for companionship, were unable, when thrust into the world of complicated social relations, to adjust themselves to new possibilities. Branwell, the son, was wild and troublesome, and gave his sisters much anxiety and distress; and they, as time went on, huddled closer for comfort, each cherishing the dream of their girlhood—to write; and each writing away feverishly, as an outlet to her pent-up feelings. Within two months, in 1847, there were published three novels, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell—

that is to say, by Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. The novels were "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Gray"; the first appeared in October, the other two in December. Two years before, at their own expense, the sisters had published a little volume of poems, but it fell still-born from the press, an utter failure so far as attracting any encouragement to their efforts or any means to their slender purses; and during those two years a novel of Charlotte's, "The Professor," had been declined by six different publishers. Still the three girls persevered, though not even their father had any knowledge of their efforts until after success had crowned them.

But not even the quick fame which leaped to meet Charlotte's novel, and which was so abundant that it readily stretched to include, in lesser measure, the less remarkable novels of her sisters, could bring much sweetness to their home, where for some time the father had been waging a bitter struggle against blindness from cataract, and where Branwell Brontë, in the most frightful orgies of drunken dissipation, was hurrying himself towards his horrible end. In September 1848 he died. In December of the same year, Emily, who had not passed the threshold of the parsonage since she followed her brother's coffin across the tiny yard to the burying-ground beyond, succumbed to consumption, after a pitiful struggle, and on May 28 of the year following, Anne, too, surrendered, after a heartrending struggle to live on.

While these awful sorrows were going over her, Charlotte was writing "Shirley," which was published in the year of Anne's death. Charlotte's letters of this period are among the most terribly pathetic things in all literature. After "Shirley" came out and was so magnificently reviewed, Charlotte dropped her incognita and made a number of visits to London and elsewhere, being much fêted and gazed at and talked about, but this result of her success pleased her little or none. It was far greater joy to her, far greater satisfaction and reward to her artist soul's craving for sympathy and appreciation, when she could talk over her work with her sisters in the long evenings at Haworth, before "the beginning of the end." Her stern, unlovely old father took some interest in her work, but not much—not a warm, active sympathy, not a helpful nor an inspiring sympathy; just a grim sort of satisfaction in the success that attended her efforts, in the fame that they brought her. She met many of the great writers and many of the nobility of her day. But with few exceptions they failed utterly to attract her; with none of them save with Mrs. Gaskell, who was to become her biographer, did she form anything like an intimacy. "Villette" was published in 1852; Charlotte was thirty-six and still immured in the old vicarage, with her father waxing more and more crotchety with age and growing feebleness.

Charlotte had had three offers of marriage, but none of them had seriously attracted her. Two of these were made in one year, when she was twenty-three years of age and long before she gave the slightest promise of literary productiveness, let alone of fame. One of them came from the Rev. Henry Nussey, brother of Charlotte's dear and life-long friend, Ellen Nussey. He was a very good man and was sincerely attracted to Charlotte, who was plain of face and penniless, but she seems not to have entertained for one moment the idea of marrying him.

"Before answering your letter," she replies to him under date of March 5, 1839; "I might have spent a long time in consideration of its subject; but as from the first moment of its reception and perusal I determined on what course to pursue, it seemed to me that delay was wholly unnecessary. . . . I have no personal repugnance to the idea of a union with you, but I feel convinced that mine is not the sort of disposition calculated to form the happiness of a man like you. It has always been my habit to study the characters of those amongst whom I chance to be thrown, and I think I know yours and can imagine what description of a woman would suit you for a wife. The character should not be too marked, ardent, and original, her temper should be mild, her piety undoubted, her spirits even and cheerful, and her *personal attractions* sufficient to please your eyes

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"There were in this proposal some things which might have proved a strong temptation. I thought if I were to marry Henry Nussey, his sister could live with me, and how happy I should be. But again I asked myself two questions: Do I love him as much as a woman ought to love the man she marries? Am I the person best qualified to make him happy? Alas! Ellen, my conscience answered *No* to both these questions. I felt that though I esteemed, though I had a kindly feeling towards him, because he is an amiable and well-disposed man, yet I had not, and could not have, that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry, it must be in the light of that adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*."

Less than five months later she did, however, have another "chance." It was a very amusing occurrence to Charlotte, for it came in the shape of a most ardent proposal by letter from a man she had seen but once, a young Irish clergyman fresh from Dublin University, who had been brought to the Haworth rectory to call. Charlotte laughed and talked with him quite pleasantly, she remembered, and only—

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"I am certainly doomed to be an old maid," she wrote in this same year. "Never mind, I made up my mind to that fate ever since I was twelve years old."

Notwithstanding, she thought a great deal on love and marriage and all subjects connected with the woman heart, and one finds many a reference to such things in her delightfully free letters to Miss Nussey and others, such as, for instance, "My good girl, '*une grande passion*' is '*une grande folie*.' Mediocrity in all things is wisdom; mediocrity in the sensations is superlative wisdom"—a dictum which Charlotte may have believed at the moment she wrote it, and at some others, but which was certainly no ruling conviction of her life, we may be sure—and,

"No girl should fall in love till the offer is actually made. This maxim is just. I will even extend and confirm it. No young lady should fall in love till the offer has been made, accepted, the marriage ceremony performed, and the first half-year of wedded life has passed away. A woman may then begin to love, but with great precaution, very coolly, very moderately, very rationally. If she ever loves so much that a harsh word or a cool look cuts her to the heart she is a fool. If she ever loves so much that her husband's will is her law, and that she has got into the habit of watching his looks in order that she may anticipate his wishes, she will soon be a neglected fool."

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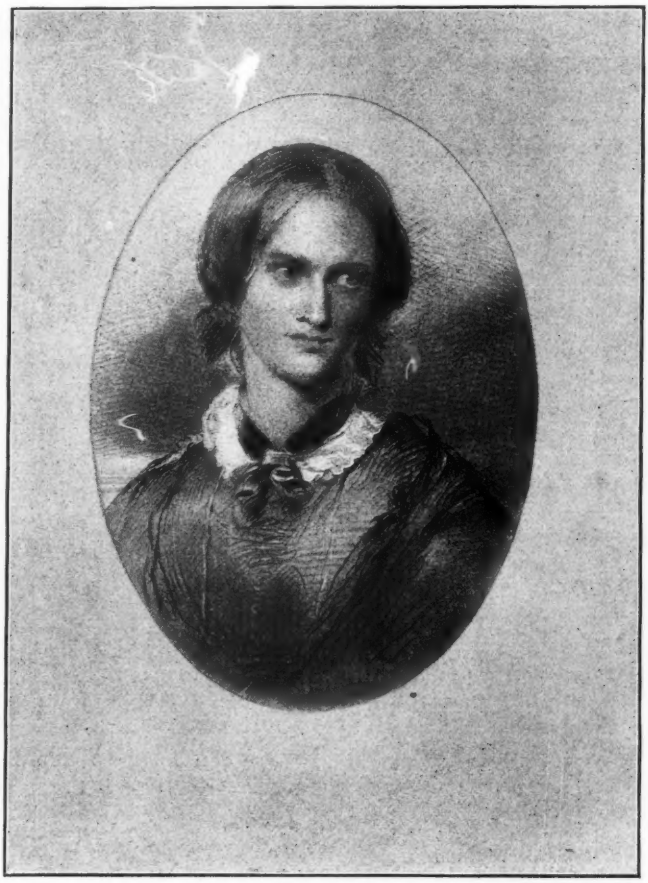
in the balance against his smallest wish should be light as air."

Evidently, like other women of delicately poised temperament and really deep capacity for loving, Charlotte vibrated between the extreme ideals of granting herself but grudgingly to any man, and lavishing herself utterly on some one who should be to her less a fair recompenser of her affections than a God-given outlet for her pent-up capacity.



Charlotte Brontë

It is probably true of most women that their first ideals of love are of some one who shall love them supremely, and that as they grow older, their cry is, first of all, for some one to love supremely; for it is not a necessity to any one to be loved, but that each of us should know the power of an absorbing love for some other creature is an essential of development if not of salvation. Peculiarly is this true of woman; a woman's first ideal is the man who can do most for her; her

second ideal is the man she can do most for, and if she be a typical, natural woman, her first ideal soon gives place to the second, and the second is never supplanted. The woman heart thrives divinely on service, on sacrifice; it is prone to a kind of moral prostitution in a situation in which it takes more than it can give. Charlotte Brontë knew the woman heart; she must have known this world-old truth about it. But the woman mind is not a stable thing; the heart of a good woman never fluctuates, but her mind does. It may be her decided opinion to-day that a woman ought to marry the man who can give her the most gewgaws, and to-morrow she may tell you that a woman ought to marry the man who depends most utterly upon her; but to-day she will know she is lying and to-morrow she will know she is telling the truth. Her moods change, but her affections are fixed, and they are almost always fixed in the direction God meant they should be when He designed women for mothers.

Charlotte Brontë was a woman of genius, and women of genius are subject to affliction with a cloud of ideas which incline to obscure the eternal feminine, which is the unchangeable maternal, in them; and, moreover, women of all kinds are given to a vast deal of untruthfulness about matters of the heart. No one can reckon with a woman's utterances or with many of her actions without knowing this. And so, not knowing what bit of pique or bit of philosophy actuated her at the moment of writing, but knowing her to be a woman, and a good woman, and a woman deeply endowed for devoted loving, one may safely say that when Charlotte Brontë wrote "*une grande passion* is *une grande folie*," Charlotte Brontë was lying, and knew it!

Just what ideals she cherished of the man who might some day come into her life to absorb it, she does not tell. Her life was always one of what most people would call great loneliness, but it is quite probable that she never considered it grievously so until her sisters died.

In September 1850 Charlotte wrote to Miss Nussey, denying a report that she was to be married, and saying:

"Doubtless there are men whom, if I chose to encourage, I might marry; but no matrimonial lot is even remotely offered me which seems to me truly desirable."

Yet at this time there were at least two very ardent suitors for her hand; one of them, a Mr. James Taylor, of the house which acted as Miss Brontë's publishers, and the other her father's curate, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls. Mr. Taylor was sent down from London to arrange with her some final details about the publication of "Shirley," and seems to have lost no time in falling very sincerely in love with Charlotte. For a wonder, his suit had her father's support, and Charlotte herself seems to have considered it with some seriousness, but to no purpose, and Mr. Taylor, deeply disappointed at his non-success, went out to India for five years "to recover." After he was gone Charlotte wrote Miss Nussey:

"I am sure he has estimable and sterling qualities; but with every disposition and with every wish, with every intention even to look on him in the most favourable point of view at his last visit, it was impossible to me in my inward heart to think of him as one that might one day be acceptable as a husband. It would sound harsh were I to tell even *you* of the estimate I felt compelled to form respecting him. Dear Nell, I looked for something of the gentleman—something I mean of the *natural* gentleman; you know I can dispense with acquired polish, and for looks, I know myself too well to think that I have any right to be exacting on that point. I could not find one gleam, I could not see one passing glimpse of true good-breeding. It is hard to say, but it is true. In mind, too, though clever, he is second-rate—thoroughly second-rate. One does not like to say these things, but one had better be honest. Were I to marry him my heart would bleed in pain and humiliation; I could not, *could* not look up to him. No; if Mr. Taylor be the only husband fate offers to me, single I must always remain. But yet at times I grieve for him, and perhaps it is superfluous, for I cannot think he will

suffer much; a hard nature, occupation, and change of scene will befriend him."

Mr. Nicholls came to Haworth as curate in 1844, when he was twenty-seven and Charlotte twenty-eight years old. He was an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and quite good-looking. But Charlotte had small use for him. Soon after he settled in Haworth Charlotte wrote to Miss Nussey, who seems to have met Mr. Nicholls and thought well of him, "I cannot for my life see those interesting germs of goodness in him you discovered; his narrowness of mind always strikes me chiefly. I fear he is indebted to your imagination for his hidden treasure."

Two years later some one started a report that she was to marry Mr. Nicholls, who seems to have been devoted to her from the first, but she denied it, saying, "A cold, far-away sort of civility are the only terms on which I have ever been with Mr. Nicholls." In 1846 Mr. Nicholls went home to Ireland for a visit, staying some time, and about the time "Jane Eyre" was published Charlotte remarks in a letter to Miss Nussey that he has not yet returned, and adds, "I am sorry to say that many of the parishioners express a desire that he shall not trouble himself to recross the Channel."

In "Shirley," Charlotte described Mr. Nicholls as Mr. Macarthy — a humorous but not unkindly portrait—and Charlotte reports that he was pleased with it, that he gave vent to "roars of laughter" over it as he read it aloud to her father. The references to him in her letters are most casual, however, until after date of December 15, 1852, she writes to Miss Nussey:

"On Monday evening Mr. Nicholls was here to tea. I vaguely felt without clearly seeing, as without seeing, I have felt for some time, the meaning of his constant looks and strange, feverish restraint. As usual Mr. Nicholls sat with papa till between eight and nine o'clock; I then heard him open the parlour door as if going. I expected the clash of the front door. He stopped in the passage; he tapped; like lightning it flashed on me what was coming. He entered; he stood before me. What his words were you can guess; his manner you can hardly realise, nor can I forget it. Shaking from head to foot, looking deadly pale, speaking low, vehemently yet with difficulty, he made me for the first time feel what it costs a man to declare affection where he doubts response. . . . He spoke of sufferings he had borne for months, of sufferings he could endure no longer, and craved leave for some hope."

Charlotte referred him to her father, but he said he dared not approach Mr. Bronté on the subject, and Charlotte had to undertake the horrid task herself. Mr. Bronté, true to expectation, stormed and raved, and swore, and heaped vile epithets on his curate, so vile that Charlotte, who had no love for the poor young man, was moved to indignation at her father's injustice to him. Mr. Bronté, who had done nothing at all to help his daughters in their literary labours, and was the last to recognise their success, had begun to be exceedingly elated and quite haughty over Charlotte's greatness and all the fuss made over her, and took it upon himself to decide that Charlotte, if she married, should not marry a curate on a hundred pounds a year, but make a "desirable match" in keeping with her celebrity.

Mr. Nicholls, in deepest despair, refused to eat, refused all comfort, and kept himself wrapped in such frightful gloom that fears for his health were seriously entertained. Now, Charlotte had never manifested the least interest in her father's curate, had thought him narrow and cold and generally unlikeable, but Charlotte was no different from other women in the strength of her pity, and Mr. Bronté could not have adopted worse tactics, from his point of view, than he did when he began to abuse Mr. Nicholls; and nothing could, in all probability, have influenced Charlotte quite as much in Mr. Nicholls's behalf as her father's injustice, coupled with the fact that Mr. Nicholls took something, whether her father's abuse or her lack of responsiveness, so hard that he was obliged to leave Haworth and fill a curacy somewhere else. When he decided to go, Charlotte, who really deplored the whole

unhappy affair very deeply, wrote Miss Nussey that "if Mr. Nicholls be a good man at bottom it is a sad thing that Nature has not given him the faculty to put goodness into a more attractive form." His disappointment certainly worked no pleasant change in him, for Charlotte says:

"He never was agreeable or amiable, and is less so now than ever, and alas! I do not know him well enough to be sure that there is truth and true affection or only rancour, and corroding disappointment at the bottom of his chagrin. In this state of things I must be and I am entirely passive. I may be losing the purest gem, and to me far the most precious life can give—genuine attachment—or I may be escaping the yoke of a morose temper."

It was not till May 27, 1853, however, that the rejected lover left the scene of his defeat. The evening before, he called to say good-bye to Mr. Bronté, whose assistant he had been for nearly ten years; Charlotte was not in evidence when he came; the timid little creature of thirty-seven years was skulking in the background, dreading to have to speak the last word to her lover in her father's harsh presence. Mr. Nicholls thought she was avoiding him altogether, and, indeed, she says she was not sure until the very last moment that she was not.

"But perceiving that he stayed long before going out at the gate and remembering his long grief, I took courage and went out trembling and miserable. I found him leaning against the garden door in a paroxysm of anguish, sobbing as a woman never sobbed. Of course, I went straight to him. Very few words were interchanged, those few barely articulate. Several things I should have liked to ask him were swept entirely from my memory. Poor fellow! But he wanted such hope and encouragement as I could not give him. Still I trust he must know now that I am not cruelly blind and indifferent to his constancy and grief. For a few weeks he goes to the south of England; afterwards he takes a curacy somewhere in Yorkshire, but I don't know where. Papa has been far from strong lately. I dare not mention Mr. Nicholls's name to him. He speaks of him quietly and without opprobrium to others, but to me he is implacable on the matter. However, he is gone—gone, and there's an end of it. I see no chance of hearing a word about him in future, unless some stray shred of intelligence comes through Mr. Sowden or some other second-hand source. In all this it is not I who am to be pitied at all, and, of course, nobody pities me. They all think in Haworth that I have disdainfully refused him. If pity would do Mr. Nicholls any good, he ought to have and I believe has it. They may abuse me if they will; whether they do or not I can't tell."

The ensuing months were very lonely for Charlotte. The village people who had not been much attached to Mr. Nicholls the curate, were loyal in their sympathy for Mr. Nicholls the rejected lover, and they seemed to have let Charlotte know it. Moreover her father did not like his new curate, and complained of him almost constantly, until one day Charlotte rose in her might and told him that it was his own fault if he did not have a curate to suit him, that he had driven away by his violence a good friend and a Christian gentleman who was anxious not only to be a devoted helper to him during his declining years, but was also desirous of assuming the care and comfort of his only daughter, who would have no one in all the world to care for her when her father was gone. She had been corresponding with Mr. Nicholls, it seemed, and he had even been to Haworth to visit, on several occasions. Charlotte had nigh concluded that the future looked pretty desolate to her and that, perhaps, she could not do better than to accept Mr. Nicholls' love and do what she could to make him a good wife. She had told her father as much, and he, less interested in her welfare than in the fact that his curate did not suit him, consented to the return of Mr. Nicholls, not only to the church but to the household, and on April 11, 1854, in a letter to Miss Nussey, Charlotte, recapitulating the past year and Mr. Nicholls's conduct throughout, says—

"Certainly I must respect him, nor can I withhold from him more than mere cold respect. In fact, dear Ellen, I am engaged."

Not a very ardent declaration, but Charlotte at no time made pretence of being very ardent about the matter.

"While thankful to One who seems to have guided me through much difficulty, much and deep distress and perplexity of mind, I am still very calm, very inexpectant. What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order. I trust to love my husband. I am grateful for his tender love to me. I believe him to be an affectionate, a conscientious, a high-principled man; and if, with all this, I should yield to regrets that fine talents, congenial tastes and thoughts are not added, it seems to me I should be most presumptuous and thankless."

Poor little "inexpectant" bride! In just this inexpectant mood she went about the preparations which most women undertake with such joyousness. Her letters, up to the time of her wedding, are quite as much occupied with prosaic little details about new wall-paper and curtains and table-cloth borders, as with references to the groom-to-be. The wedding was on Thursday, June 29, 1854, in Haworth church, in the presence of only a handful of witnesses. At the last moment her amiable old father decided that he would not go, and Miss Wooler, Charlotte's old teacher, had to give the bride away.

The rest is soon told. Mr. Nicholls seems to have continued conscientious, high-principled, and, according to his lights, Christian and affectionate, but he made no effort to adapt himself to Charlotte's life, but exacted of her, as her pitiful little letters tell, conformity to his interests, his habits, his pursuits. But she was so "inexpectant" she does not seem to have been surprised at this; as she had, all her life hitherto, denied her own longings and tastes and uncomplainingly conformed herself to the demands of her father, so, after her marriage, she conformed to two men instead of to one only, and gave herself up to the task of making them happy. She makes no more mention of writing, either of things written or of things to be—there is not a note reminiscent of the author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" and "Villette"; that part of her career seems to be closed. Instead she writes—

"It is almost inexplicable to me that I seem so often hurried now; but the fact is, whenever Arthur is in I must have occupations in which he can share, or which will not at least divert my attention from him—thus a multitude of little matters get put off till he goes out, and then I am quite busy."

Even the prospect of motherhood seems to have called from her no expressions of joy. In fact, the only chronicles of the last few months of her life are a few piteous little records of suffering, with even more piteous little expressions of appreciation of her husband's kind, tender care. Always, in her few letters, written from her deathbed, it is her "kind husband," her "dear, patient, constant Arthur," as if the fact of his kindness were a continual surprise to her.

Early on the morning of March 31, 1855, she awoke from a long, long stupor and found her husband bending over her, praying for her life. "Oh, she whispered faintly, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy." But as the Haworth villagers began to be astir that raw March morning, the solemn booming of the church bell told them that the last of the parson's six children was ready to be gathered to the side of her poor, pale little mother who, at about the same age, had begun the pitiful migration of Brontés from parsonage to burying-ground, just across the garden wall.

A typical bushman

Whom no Man Can Tame

A Story of the Kalahari Desert

CHAPTER I

FAR, far inland, out of sight or sound of the rugged coast on which the tumultuous South Atlantic breakers beat with an unending roar, right away on the confines of the Kalahari Desert, yet nevertheless in a part of the great Empire to which we belong, lies the region to which I wish you to direct your attention for awhile.

Doubtless you will picture to yourselves a barren waste of scorching sand dotted by loose stones, and with never a vestige of vegetation to break the dreary monotony of the scene. But, as a matter of fact, Nature has not been as unkind to this so-called African desert as we have been led to believe by the descriptions given us in the geographies of our early school-days. Picture, instead, a tract of country—sandy indeed, but covered by a wild tangle of lank yellow grass relieved by tall "kameel-doorn" trees (the *Acacia giraffæ* of botanists), and clumps of shrubs with blue-grey foliage, known to the people of this country by the name of "vaal bosch" meaning "grey bush" but bearing as its botanical name that of *Elytropappus Rhinocerotis*. Creeping along the earth in all directions a dingy-leafed gourd appears, by name the tsuma or sama, which is eagerly sought by thirsty travellers in that arid region for the refreshing supply of water contained in its large, fleshy, pale-green-hued fruit which is not to be confused with the poisonous, sickly, yellow-skinned production of a sister gourd—only distinguishable at times by the auundance of minute thorns with which it is covered.

In this country, then, hfde the wandering remnants of the once large bushman tribe which erstwhile inhabited the mountainous southern portion of Cape Colony, and which are closely allied to the pigmies of Stanley's "Darkest Africa."

Here they eke out their existence, doing never a stroke of manual labour, but killing what game they might come across, and pilfering what they are able to secure from the hard-earned gains of the white

man, who was ever encroaching further and further on what they believe to be theirs by right of possession.

Their huts—usually built in groups of three at the foot of a kameel-doorn tree—are amongst human dwelling-places what their owners are amongst nations—the smallest, the rudest and the most squalid. Formed of a few rough branches stuck into the ground and bent together at the top, and covered for the rest by raw skins of various animals, and having as an entrance only a small hole hardly large enough to admit a dog, these huts attain to no height above three or four feet, and are for the most part only employed as store-rooms for what spoils they can contain. Kalabashes filled with the soft fat of sheep or oxen looted under the friendly light of an African moon, stand amid bundles of skins and rags, rude stone implements of various descriptions, and skin bags charged with the luscious honey with which their land o'erflows; while from the branches of the sheltering kameel-doorn overhead hang suspended the carcasses of the stolen animals which in the course of a few days will have disappeared and have been replaced by others.

Amid such a scene, one night not long ago, a small group of bushmen were gathered around a miniature fire which, according to custom, had been kindled at the bottom of a hole scooped out in the sand.

While they were waiting for the chunks of flesh placed on stones around the fire to roast, they amused themselves by telling tales of adventure and strange fables handed down to them for generations untold. The chief speaker in this group of four men and three females was an old man whose small hard tufts of hair sparsely situated over his wrinkled yellow head had assumed an ashy grey hue by reason of his great age. Beyond this, and the fact that he supported his footsteps by means of a staff, there did not appear any other characteristic by which to distinguish him from the other males of the party, who were all equally stunted, repulsive-looking and wrinkled. It is true, though, that a special deference was shown the old man by all present, particularly by a woman, who was his daughter and seemed to be the manager of the culinary department of the little kraal. All applauded the wonderful stories supplied from the unbounded store of folk-lore of the old narrator, who with many gestures and grimaces held his listeners' attention while he rattled on in that strangest of all languages, which seems only to consist of uncouth guttural sounds and a great variety of clicks such as baboons make when addressing each other. Even the one little child—the only attractive feature of the group—sat spell-bound, as it were, gazing with an awed look in its bright little beady eyes at the old man—its grandfather.

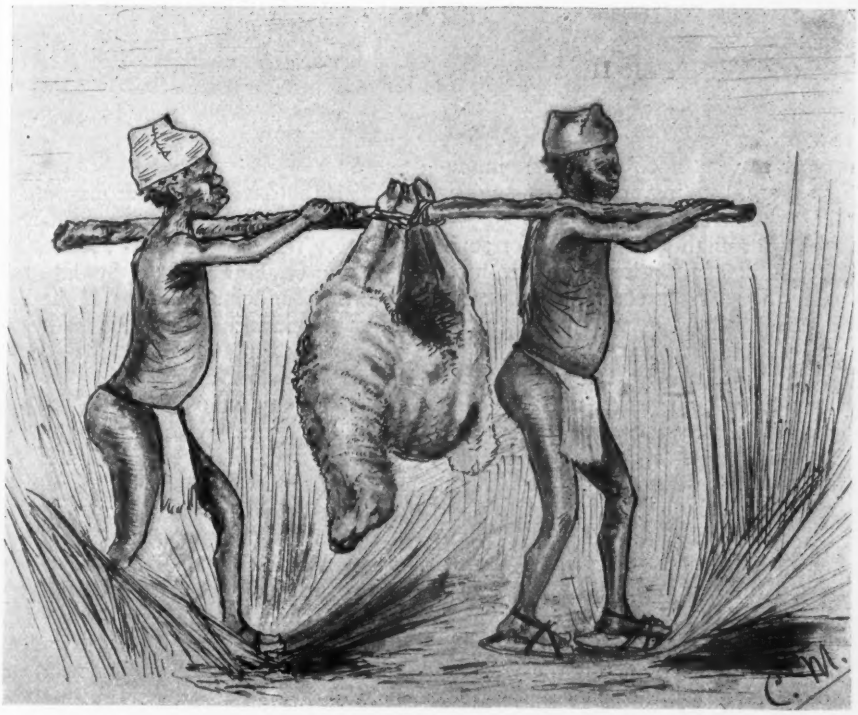
All his stories were tales of cunning—tales typical of the nature of these wily little people. For the most part, too, they described the acts of various animals—wild preferably—which inhabit the south of the African continent. Of these, very often, the apparently slowest and dullest were credited with the greatest amount of wisdom and wit. Even English children would delight to hear such tales, so like those in children's fairy-tale books familiar to most of us, in which fairyland was the scene and the actors were familiar animals. To such the little group listened, and laughed and applauded until, impatient at the slow progress of the roasting, they attacked the underdone chunks of meat and proceeded to tear them to pieces with teeth and fingers, while their little eyes danced with pleasure. The repast ended, each betook himself or herself to the various shelters prepared for the night. The bushmen do not sleep inside their huts, but build little sleeping-places under the vaal bushes, whose tops they cross by a handful or so of dried grass, with just such a handful placed on the sand beneath as a mattress and a screen to the bites of strange insects called tampaans, which burrow in the sand.

But all of the party did not retire to

sleep. The two younger men sat down to await the rising of the moon. Directly the silver light of Heaven's nightly regent appeared, they rose, clad in full walking costume, which consisted of scant red cloths tied round their bodies, queerly shaped hats of leather dyed red, and rude shoes of untamed goat's skin on their feet. With swift steps they passed on in the direction of a farm amongst the hills, where, they knew, a good number of fat-tailed sheep were kept, and for the possession of which the little bushmen's mouths watered. They reached the farm as the first streaks of dawn reddened the eastern sky, and stealthily they crept in, selected their sheep, killed it by one swift stroke, and fastening it by the feet to a strong spar intended to be carried on their shoulders, they prepared for the return journey. Only first they took the precaution to remove their shoes and refasten them to their feet—this time with the toe to their heels—and so retraced their *steps* but not their *spoors*.

Burdened by the carcass, they knew it would be useless to attempt to reach their home without fear of detection by daylight, so they crept along until a shelter was gained where they could stow their booty, and themselves enjoy a rest until the short day should draw to a close.

But even while they loitered, in spite of their cunning precautions too, they were being tracked. The owner of the sheep, wearied at the perpetual raid on



Bringing back the loot

his flock, and discovering that the thieves were human beings and no longer wild animals as he had supposed, made up his mind to enlist the services of the Cape Mounted Police stationed at distant Kuruman. So off he rode with all speed, covering forty miles in a much shorter space of time than you could credit, and before nightfall four troopers in charge of a lance-corporal were despatched with all speed on the track of the delinquents.

CHAPTER II

THE short day that followed was spent in cutting up the booty, storing away such parts as were not required for immediate use, and broiling out the fat so dear to the bushman's heart.

Revelry ran high at sundown, for some neighbours, being apprised of their luck, had come down for a share of the anticipated repast.

Never had the old warrior been in such high spirits. Tale after tale of just such clever raids made by him and his companions in the days of long ago poured from his lips as the party sat crouching around the fire. Far on into the night they talked and laughed and ate, heeding not the thick rime being spread around by Father Winter, until their fire burned low, when they rose, more than satisfied, and hied them to their shelters.

But alas for that late revelry. The police, who had been set on the track of the thieves, had lost the spoor in the thick long grass and had been beating about aimlessly all day and part of the evening. Now from their halting-place at this late hour, one of them espied a faint soft glow in the distance, and mounting their horses they once more set out, feeling convinced this time of their luck.

On and on they rode, the horses picking their way over grass and stones and bushes, till at last they arrived at the banqueting-spot just as the revellers were departing to their various "rests."

There was a scare, a cry, and a rush, and of all the party only four fell into the hands of the scouts, the old man, his daughter, the little child, and a lad belonging to the other kraal, who had been too sleepy to go further that night. Regardless of the fact that it was night, and aided by the ever-friendly moon, the rest of the party sped on with all the agility and swiftness of the spring-bok, leaping over bushes, ducking under low-hanging branches, tearing through tangles of grass. The tired horses of the few troopers who gave chase could never hope to overtake these swift runners, and as they could not fire a shot owing to the presence of women amongst the fugitives, the men were compelled in a short while to relinquish the pursuit and return to their fellows.

With the dawn preparations were made to take the male prisoners on to Kuruman.

Slowly the old man rose, feeling dazed with the twofold effect of his late revelry and the suddenness of what had overtaken them, and shaking his head mournfully to show that he did not understand, prepared, for once, to obey.

The woman, who had spent the rest of the night in wailing, now awoke to the fact that she would have to bid her parent adieu. They did not want her or her infant, which objection they conveyed to her in vigorous signs and gestures.

For a moment she debated, then, turning to the old man with a few quick words, she snatched up her child and whirling round again sped away and away across the stretch of veldt till she was lost to sight.

It was necessary, owing to the halting steps of the ancient, to travel by slow stages, and not many miles were traversed before the party were surprised at the reappearance of the woman—this time without her child. The men, who felt moved at this act of filial love, could only conjecture that she had gone to another kraal to leave her infant in charge of some women there for the purpose of herself attending to her father's wants wherever he was bound. Her husband, being strong and vigorous, would doubtless have to shift for himself for awhile. It

was in vain their signing to her to go back. She was obdurate, and even pleaded with tears, though no one understood a word of what she said.

When they halted she produced a small bag containing a mixture of ground dried roots and goat's flesh, as well as pounded locusts, which of course had also first been dried, and handed her father some of this bushman substitute for bread.

Only once on the tiresome journey did they pass some Kaffirs, whose dark lithe limbs compared bravely with the forms of the inferior pigmies. One of these Kaffirs sat astride an ox, which, with a ring passed through his nose and with woven paniers on either side containing a supply of sama, formed a very tractable steed.

That night was spent in the friendly enclosure of a Kaffir kraal, with its large airy huts of woven grass, with scrupulously clean clay floor, and surrounded by a high fence or "schanza" of woven white grass, holding guard over a small yard with bright yellow washed floor athwart which ran a path marked out in red clay.

The next day at noon they entered Kuruman, and the prisoners were found quarters in a hut over which a guard was put. This guard, except in the case of the boy, was soon found to be quite unnecessary, for the old man, ever since his entry there, refused to move from the bed of straw which had been assigned him, and his daughter remained at his side.

CHAPTER III

ALL night long the old man lay on his bed of straw, muttering strange things in his strange tongue. The forced march to the police-station, together with the fact of his having been captured for what he deemed with his countrymen a natural privilege—that of living on the fat of the land whether the property of the white "interloper" or not—had brought on a depression of spirits and vital power so great that a fever ensued.

His daughter, who had marked his failing strength and had tenderly ministered to his wants for days past, now noticed with alarm the sudden diminishing of the little vitality that remained. She, of all the souls at the mission station, could alone thoroughly understand and appreciate his ravings. His mind had wandered off to those early days when, with his parents and brothers and afterwards his wife and children, he had lived in a mountain cave hard by the roaring sea, and climbed the perilous mountain path with all the agility of a monkey. There in those happy days of long ago, untroubled yet by the native Bantu tribes who prowled around, undisturbed, too, by the white hand of civilisation, his days had been spent in chasing and trapping the spring-bok or duiker, or in the forming of rude yet cunningly devised implements from the rough hard stone supplied by the mountain fastnesses around. Hours, too, were passed in the tracing of clever—if somewhat crude—figures of men and animals in red or yellow clay on the stone slabs that formed the natural walls of his home.

Alas! the day had come when he with others of his race had been hunted down from the mountain side, and had been compelled, as it were, to seek some friendlier haunt from which they might sally forth to make raids on the stock of neighbouring farms or the game which was being protected by the white man's law. But this inevitable "law" had dogged his footsteps everywhere. He could not understand it, since he had been born without it, and it had never been explained to him. So all he could do was to flee it, and further and further he pressed, ever northwards, enduring what privations a bushman could suffer—hunger, sickness, thirst and persecution. At last he had, with his companions, lighted on this spot, where for a long, long time the white man had been defied. What would become of his children and grandchildren now that he, the wiliest of his race, had at last become the property of his dreaded foe?

It could never enter his benumbed old

brain that all that was required of them was to do with their own hands what they were all the while expecting other and superior beings to do for them—*work* for that which should support life.

Ah, well, he would soon go to the "happy hunting-grounds" which awaited all the wily warriors of his race, there to hunt and eat and sleep to his heart's content. But—oh horrid doubt, *was* there still a "happy hunting-ground" for the poor bushman? Had it not, too, been taken by the white man? In that case whither could he go?

Whither, indeed, for the poor bushmen who are unable to speak the tongues of the nations amongst whom they live, and whose tongue no white man has yet mastered, know not the purport of the visit of those "white men" to the haunts of vice and darkness of heathendom. They have not heard of God, and alas! in many instances *should* they hear, what is there in the oppressive *trading* instinct of the white man to induce them to love the white man's God?

The worn-out frame of the old warrior was sinking down bit by bit beneath the force of an unknown power. The night had never seemed so dark, and the frost had never felt so cold, and—why was he so very sleepy? Was it the transit to the "happy hunting-grounds?" Ah, who should say.

There was a flicker of the eyelids, and then—— ?

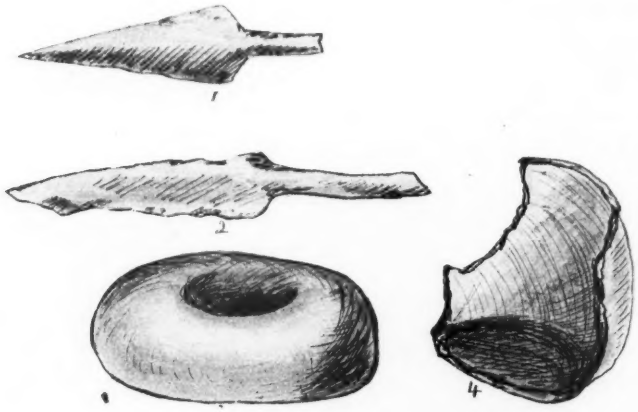
Oh, cruel irony of life!

* * * *

They laid the old man in an unconsecrated spot, and then kindly and gently tried to persuade his devoted daughter to become "one of them."

But other ties were drawing her, and the thoughts of her little child and those who spoke her tongue and shared her habits were stronger than the power of Death which made this spot one of reverence to her.

Rising stealthily one night, gathering such store of food as she could lay her hands upon, cautiously, with ears strained to hear the least sound, and with eyes peering into the dark, the little creature, hardening her heart to the promises held out to her by her would-be benefactors, set her face northwards to the flesh- and onion-pots of her Egypt, and vanished in the night.



Bushman's implements

1. Arrowhead
2. Knife
3. Grindstone
4. Fragment of cooking utensil

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

THIRD PAPER

THE more I read of anti-Christian literature, the more evident it appears to me that the confusion of mind to which I have already adverted with respect to evolution lies at the root of much unbelief. An example to my hand is provided by another publication of the Rationalist Press Association, a very interesting book, Mr. Grant Allen's "Evolution of the Idea of God." I am not concerned here with the particular theory as to the origin of religion, which the author advocates with characteristic ardour. Every one knows that Mr. Grant Allen's theories do not command the general acceptance of the students of comparative religion; but the main suggestion of his book is independent of the value of any particular theory, and, no doubt, it is this and nothing else which makes the book serviceable in the anti-religious propaganda of the Rationalist Press Association. He gives us an account of what he conceives to be the process by which the human race has become religious; but he, as little as Haeckel, faces the really vital questions, with which alone the Christian as such is concerned, namely, the questions of the origin and tendency of the process. That mankind has reached the pure, ethical theism of the Christian Creed by a long movement out of the strangest and most grotesque ignorance, in which the conception of God reflected with curious fidelity the intellectual and moral standards of the time, is no new doctrine, and certainly by no means necessarily contradicts the Christian Faith. That there has been a steadily upward process, coeval with the human race, and faithfully registering its development, accords well enough with the Christian conception of Christ's mission to the world as constituting the climax of a long and progressive education, in which the human agents have been the sages and prophets of all nations, to whom the Divine Spirit has entrusted His teachings. Of course, the writers of the Bible did not use the language of modern anthropological science, nor would they have understood or sympathised with the students of comparative religion: they thought and spoke (as men must always think and speak) under the limiting conditions of their earthly lot. But when we get home to the truth which they are uttering in their respective fashions, we find that they had got hold of a doctrine of evolution, with this feature in addition, which certainly gives precisely that reasonable basis to the doctrine which its modern exponents are not able to provide, that they traced the origin of the process to the will of a personal God. It would be by no means an unsatisfactory description of the Bible to adopt the title of Mr. Grant Allen's book, though it certainly would not be adequate. The Bible gives us "the evolution of the idea of God," and we are freed from the uncomfortable necessity (as unsatisfying as it is plainly unreasonable) of postulating so little at the start, when we must admit so much at the finish, by the great assumption of faith with which the Bible opens—"*In the beginning God.*" We have much to learn about the actual course of that long spiritual education of which we have in history only the last and briefest chapter, and unquestionably the science of comparative religion is quickly revolutionising Christian thought on that subject: but, while I find myself continually revising my notions on this secondary matter, I fail as yet to see any kind of reasonable necessity laid upon me to deny the fundamental postulate of my Christian creed. It seems to me that, although, of necessity, I now must read into the words a wealth of meanings which the sacred writer then would neither have understood nor allowed, yet it would be impossible to find a truer and more adequate description of the facts which modern science discloses, than that which he offers as containing the explanation of his own Christian belief. "*God, having of old*

time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets, by divers portions and in divers manner, hath in these days spoken unto us by His Son." * The whole religious suggestion of Mr. Grant Allen's book, as of Haeckel's, is essentially contained in the proposition that Christianity is as truly the product of natural forces as any other phenomenon: all alike come to be what they are by virtue of the same natural process. We are called upon as Christians to drop our accustomed supernatural claim on behalf of our religion, and to place it frankly on the natural plane. Now, at first sight, this demand seems to imply nothing less than the total negation of religion in any intelligible sense; but, if we examine more closely what is asked of us, we shall find no difficulty, I think, in perceiving that our first impression was mistaken. The proposition, "religion is natural to man," is more properly an assertion that man is essentially religious than an assertion that religion is essentially undivine. It is, indeed, fundamental to the Christian theology that religion *is* natural to man; and, if it be the case that Christian teachers are accustomed to describe the religion of Christ as truly supernatural, we have to remember that there are two considerations which necessarily colour their thought and determine their language. On the one hand, they hold that the religious development of man has been no unhampered process, and that human nature as it actually exists is, so to say, an inadequate version of itself. Thus they commonly use the term "natural" in a derogatory sense. The doctrine of the Fall has often been defined absurdly and pressed unreasonably, but there are few, if any, thoughtful students of human history who will deny that it expresses a fact which everywhere meets them in the course of their inquiries, and which cannot be ignored without extreme unreasonableness. The evolution of mankind has included degeneration as well as progress: at every turn the advance of the race has been strangely hindered, diverted, and, in certain directions, apparently stopped; and if, in spite of this, Theists and Evolutionists are agreed in maintaining that, on a broad view of the whole area of history, it is reasonable to maintain that progress has been the prevailing character of the development, still, the factors which make for retrogression cannot reasonably be ignored or belittled: and it is precisely in these that the Christian theologian finds confirmation in experience, and therefore also in reason, of his traditional doctrine of the Fall. Tennyson's familiar couplet is equally true as the verdict of science and as the doctrine of religion—

> Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve,
> Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

On the other hand, Christian teachers do not regard the *supernatural* as in any measure disallowing or contradicting the *natural*, but rather as confirming, interpreting and completing it. The appeal of the Christian missionary remains to-day what it was in the days of Tertullian, an appeal to the human spirit as *naturally** Christian. Christianity in fact, builds and has always built on the foundation of this natural Christianity of mankind, and it claims and has always claimed to lead on that natural human Christianity to its true climax. Therefore when the students of anthropological science bid us recognise the *naturalness* of our religion, we must demur to the inadequacy of their presentation of the facts, and we may fairly insist on some explanations, but we do not find in it any proper, still less any fatal disagreement with our own belief.

But, of course, it may be objected that religion is on its way to die; that, on the present lines of human development, it may reasonably be expected that the human race will, in a longer or shorter time, discard altogether its religious beliefs, and content itself with such a theory of its own origin, nature, and destiny as that which agnostic, or even atheistic, science can offer. In this event, undoubtedly, the whole force of the present argument could be turned against Christianity. Religion would have been shown to have been but a passing phase of

* Heb. i. 1.

* Apology 17. "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ." Tertullian has wrapped up his great thought in characteristically whimsical fashion, but nothing can diminish its abiding value.

human experience, and, whatever inferences might have been at any time drawn from it as to the quality and probable future of mankind, would be disallowed by the latest and most authoritative confessions of human experience. This, of course, is what Mr. Grant Allen thinks will actually happen. "Thus," he says, in concluding his chapter on "Survivals in Christendom," "the Cult of the Dead, which is the earliest origin of all religion, in the sense of worship, is also the last relic of the religious spirit which survives the decay of faith due to modern scepticism. To this cause I refer on the whole the spiritualistic utterances of so many among our leaders of modern science. They have rejected religion, but they cannot reject the inherited and ingrained religious emotions." *

Admitting, then, that if the human race at its highest point of development should come to repudiate all religion, we should have to abandon the belief that religion was properly natural to man, and surrender the inference from that belief, viz., that man can only then be reasonably explained when the explanation takes account of and justifies his religious instincts and hopes, we are in an impregnable position so long as we can reasonably maintain that this contingency is yet remote, that its probability is extremely questionable, and that, on the confession of our opponents, the signs of the times are unfavourable to them. We may refer again to our quotation from Mr. Grant Allen as evidence in our favour. His explanation of the religiousness of many leaders of modern science is less important than his admission of the fact. When he tells us that "they cannot reject the inherited and ingrained religious emotions," and implies not obscurely that they ought to do so if they were loyal to their own scientific principles, we cannot fairly be prevented from offering our own explanation of their conduct. We may think that their very devotion to science holds them back from so unscientific a procedure as would be implied in the neglect and even contradiction of factors in human nature, which, although along the lines of specific scientific investigations they cannot yet be accounted for, are none the less so important, so invariable, and so imperious that they cannot reasonably be excluded from a complete account of the nature of man. We may support ourselves in this view of the case with the recent opinion of that distinguished and outspoken man of science, Professor Ray Lankester, whom no one will accuse of spiritualistic utterances. "So far as I," he says, "have been able to ascertain, after many years in which these matters have engaged my attention, there is no relation, in the sense of a connexion or influence, between science and religion. There is, it is true, often an antagonistic relation between exponents of science and exponents of religion when the latter illegitimately misrepresent or deny the conclusions of scientific research or try to prevent its being carried on, or, again, when the former presume, by magnifiying the extremely limited conclusions of science, to deal in a destructive spirit with the very existence of these beliefs and hopes which are called 'religion.' Setting aside such excusable and purely personal collisions between rival claimants for authority and power, it appears to me that science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion, and that religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope for, or to fear from, science. The whole order of nature, including living and lifeless matter—man, animal, and gas—is a network of mechanism the main features and many details of which have been made more or less obvious to the wondering intelligence of mankind by the labour and ingenuity of scientific investigators. *But no sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science, and never can be."* * This is a frank statement of scientific helplessness to dispense with religion when the question of reasonably explaining MAN is raised.

* "The Evolution of the Idea of God," p. 155.

* *Times*, Tuesday, May 19, 1903. The italics in this and other quotations are mine.

That original and suggestive writer, Professor William James, concludes his "Varieties of Religious Experience" with a remarkable chapter, which may well give pause to the enthusiastic disciples of the Rationalism which makes its boast of "science," and never tires of heaping scorn on religion. He protests against the materialistic habit of "the so-called scientist," and cries a warning against a tendency which is inevitably bound up with such studies as those which Mr. Grant Allen has pursued.

"The cultivator of the science of religions," he says, "has to become acquainted with so many grovelling and horrible superstitions that a presumption easily arises in his mind that any belief that is religious probably is false . . . the consequence is that the conclusions of the science of religions are as likely to be adverse as they are to be favourable to the claim that the essence of religion is true. There is a notion in the air about us that religion is probably only an anachronism, a case of 'survival,' an atavistic relapse into a mode of thought which humanity in its more enlightened examples has outgrown; and this notion our religious anthropologists at present do little to counteract." This, we may allow, is a fair account of Mr. Grant Allen's book, which we have made the text of this paper. Professor James goes on to discuss the scientific attitude which he condemns. He allows an element of truth in the "survival theory" of religion, "for religion does in fact perpetuate the traditions of the most primeval thought," but then he holds that, in spite of all kinds of extravagance, those traditions enshrined the truth. Science in denying religion is ignoring important elements of human nature, which are none the less present and powerful because they are ignored. "To describe the world," he says brusquely, "with all the various feelings of the individual pinch of destiny, all the various spiritual attitudes, left out from the description—they being as describable as anything else—would be something like offering a printed bill of fare as the equivalent for a solid meal. Religion makes no such blunder. The individual's religion may be egotistic, and those private realities which it keeps in touch with may be narrow enough; but at any rate it always remains infinitely less hollow and abstract, as far as it goes, than a science which prides itself on taking no account of anything private at all. . . . The contention of the survival theory that we ought to stick to non-personal elements exclusively seems like saying that we ought to be satisfied for ever with reading the naked bill of fare. I think, therefore, that however particular questions connected with our individual destinies may be answered, it is only by acknowledging them as genuine questions, and living in the sphere of thought which they open up, that we become profound. But to live thus is to be religious; so *I unhesitatingly repudiate the survival theory of religion, as being founded on an egregious mistake.* It does not follow, because our ancestors made so many errors of fact and mixed them with their religion, that we should therefore leave off being religious at all. By being religious we establish ourselves in possession of ultimate reality at the only points at which reality is given us to guard. Our responsible concern is with our private destiny, after all."

All this seems to me thoroughly reasonable, and I am less than ever disposed to be hustled out of my religion by the "science" of the rationalists. Professor James is by no means disposed to accept a gloomy view of the future of religion. He even thinks we may all come back to believe much that we have now very generally discarded.

"The final human opinion may, in short, in some manner now impossible to foresee, revert to the more personal style, just as any path of progress may follow a spiral rather than a straight line. If this were so, the rigorously impersonal view of science might one day appear as having been a *temporarily useful eccentricity rather than the definitively triumphant position which the sectarian scientist at present so confidently announces it to be.*" This is turning the tables on the rationalists in good earnest, and I make no further comment on it than the single observation that Professor James has certainly as much right to speak in the name of science as Mr. Grant Allen. Personally I think he has reason on

his side when he invites us to agree "that Religion, occupying herself with personal destinies and keeping thus in contact with the only absolute realities which we know, must necessarily play an eternal part in human history." I think Sir Oliver Lodge is the spokesman of reason when he says, with reference to the phenomena of instinct and genius, that "these things are beyond science of the orthodox type," and exhorts science "to be silent and deny nothing in the universe till it has at least made an honest effort to grasp the whole." * I think he speaks what is plainly the case when he says, "The region of religion and the region of a completer science are one." Science and religion are by no means so universally divorced as the publications of the Rationalist Press Association habitually take for granted. "Forty years ago," wrote Lord Kelvin recently, "I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.'" †

I have already compared the warfare of modern science against religion to a crusade. Here I may borrow from the Father of Modern Science a parallel between the superstition which is the parasite of religion, and a kindred temper which is the parasite of science. Just as superstition refuses to take account of any facts save only those which support its favourite beliefs, so, according to Lord Bacon,‡ within the scientific sphere the same spirit may be recognised by the same signs. "But with far more subtlety does this mischief insinuate itself into philosophy and the sciences: in which the first conclusion colours and brings into conformity with itself all that come after, though far sounder and better." "The human understanding," he writes, "is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections: whence proceed sciences which may be called 'sciences as one would.' For what a man had rather were true he more readily believes. Therefore he rejects difficult things from impatience of research; sober things, because they narrow hope; the deeper things of nature, from superstition; the light of experience, from arrogance and pride, lest his mind should seem to be occupied with things mean and transitory: things not commonly believed, out of deference to the opinion of the vulgar. Numberless in short are the ways, and sometimes imperceptible, in which the affections colour and infect the understanding." In the seventeenth century, when the "Novum Organon" appeared, it was the advocates of religion who most needed the great philosopher's warning against the "Idols of the Tribe": in the twentieth century it would seem to be rather the advocates of science whom his grave warnings most affect.

Be this as it may, I am quite clear that there is no ground in *reason* for my being ashamed of religion. The arrogant rationalism which derides Christianity as a mere survival, destined to perish altogether before the advance of science, is not authorised by the masters of science. No doubt it would be unfair and unwarrantable to read into such declarations as those we have quoted from Lord Kelvin, and Professor Ray Lankester, and Professor William James, and the greatest of all, Lord Bacon, anything more than the decisive repudiation of materialism, which undoubtedly they contain, but so much cannot be disputed, and at this stage of our argument we need no more. There is no *unreasonableness* in the grand postulate of religion, and nothing in the evolution of the idea of God to throw discredit on the incorrigible human religiousness which that evolution manifests. Physical science, anthropology, the science of comparative religion—one and all may bring their distinctive contributions of knowledge to us, and we may frankly accept them all, and find in our acquisition only a deepened solemnity of conviction as we repeat the old great creed which we received from our fathers—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth."

* *Hibbert Journal* for Jan. 1903: "The Reconciliation between Science and Faith."

† *Times*, May 4, 1903.

‡ The "Novum Organon," xlvi. and xlix. I have availed myself of Mr. Spedding's admirable translation: Works of Francis Bacon, vol. iv. pp. 56, 57.

Insect Masqueraders

By John J. Ward

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature"

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

FIRST PAPER

IN tropical parts of the earth it naturally occurs that insects are produced in greater abundance, and frequently of larger and more highly developed types, than those species with which we are familiar in temperate and cool climates. It is largely these more advanced and highly specialised insect species that I propose to consider here.

That many insects resemble the leaves and branches of the plants on which they live and feed is no new fact. Their colours and external forms often reproduce such exact resemblances of their surroundings that they become quite concealed from many of their enemies. This mimicry of objects in their environment is of practical service to those insects possessing it. The advantages derived may be simply a protection from its natural enemies, or may serve to conceal it from its prey; or, in other words, an insect that is inconspicuous is better able to hold its own in "the struggle for existence" than its conspicuous neighbours, owing to the fact of its being seen less by its enemies; and in those instances where carnivorous tastes are developed it can the more readily secure its prey for the same reason, although we should not overlook the fact that there are numerous insects which gain protection by the contrary method of developing gaudy and conspicuous colours, such coloration being known as "warning colours," pointing out the species as inedible, but these need not concern us here.

A photograph of some very remarkable insects from Ecuador in tropical America is shown in Fig. 1. At first glance there apparently seem more leaves than insects; closer observation, however, shows that the illustration is largely insects and but few leaves. These curious insects are called *Mantidæ*, and, as the photograph shows, they simulate in appearance the leaves of plants. Not only has their anatomy become so metamorphosed that in general outline it somewhat resembles vegetation, but even the smaller details are carefully copied; the nervures of the wings, for example, perfectly imitate the arrangement of the veins of leaves; and likewise in colour, being beautifully blended with green and yellow in such a manner that one of the removed elytra, or covers of the lower transparent wings, would be almost sufficient to deceive a practical botanist.

And, what is more remarkable, so great is their resemblance to leaves that as the season advances and the colour of the leaves changes, so in a similar manner do these remarkable insects assume different tints from green to brown, thus keeping up the deception.

The larger insect with expanded wings, on the lower part of the illustration, shows its elytra or leaf-like wing-covers, with the transparent wings below, which fold away beneath them; while to the left is an insect with closed wings; to the right, and above, are also shown younger or larval forms of these curious insects.

It will also be observed in the example with the expanded wings that its long forelegs are spiny and stronger than its second and hinder pairs; it is by means of these singular structures that it captures its prey, which consists of other insects, and which it captures not by skill but by stealth and craft.

The method adopted by this creature for capturing its prey is to raise these raptorial

fore-legs, which are of little use for walking, in front of, and above, its head, and being slow of foot it then remains motionless, becoming part of its surroundings sometimes for hours together, until some insect happens to alight somewhere near it, when it steals slowly and almost imperceptibly towards it. When within striking distance its prehensile fore-legs are brought suddenly forward, like a flash, and its victim is grasped clasp-knife fashion between the toothed shanks and thighs of these powerful legs, after which its

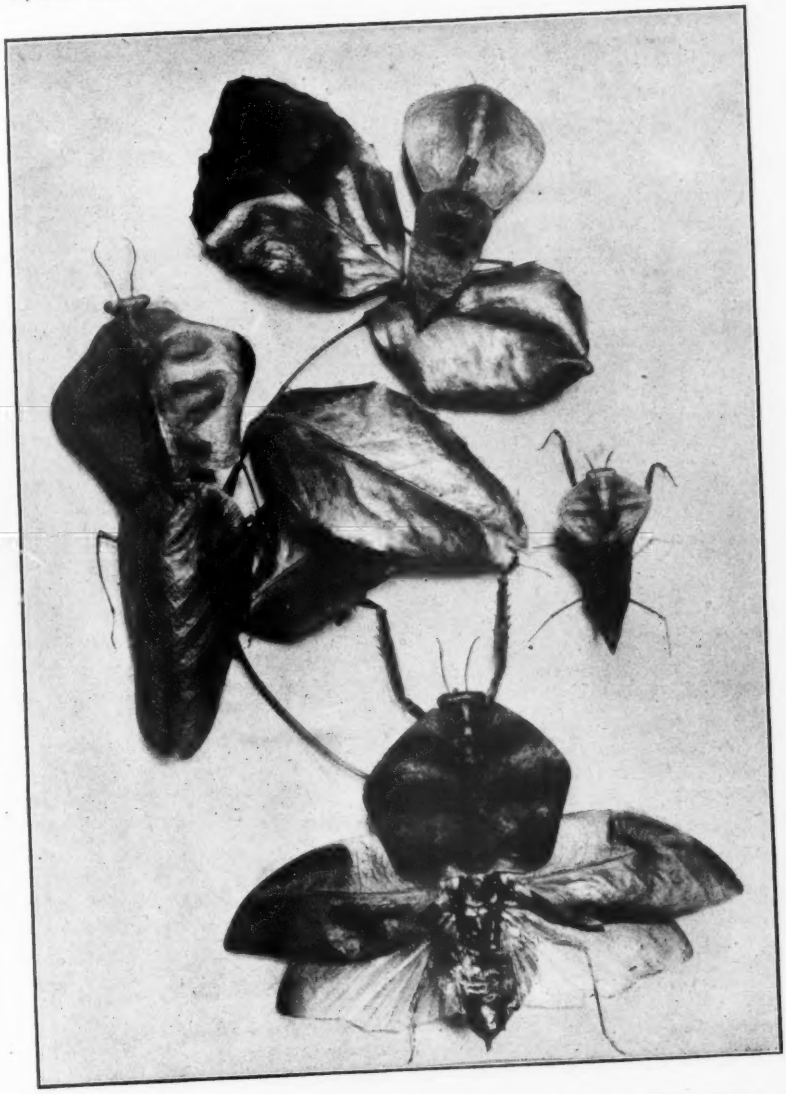


Fig. 1. Carnivorous insects of tropical America which resemble leaves and by means of which disguise they are able to approach their prey

body is quickly torn and devoured, when it once more becomes the immovable leaf-like

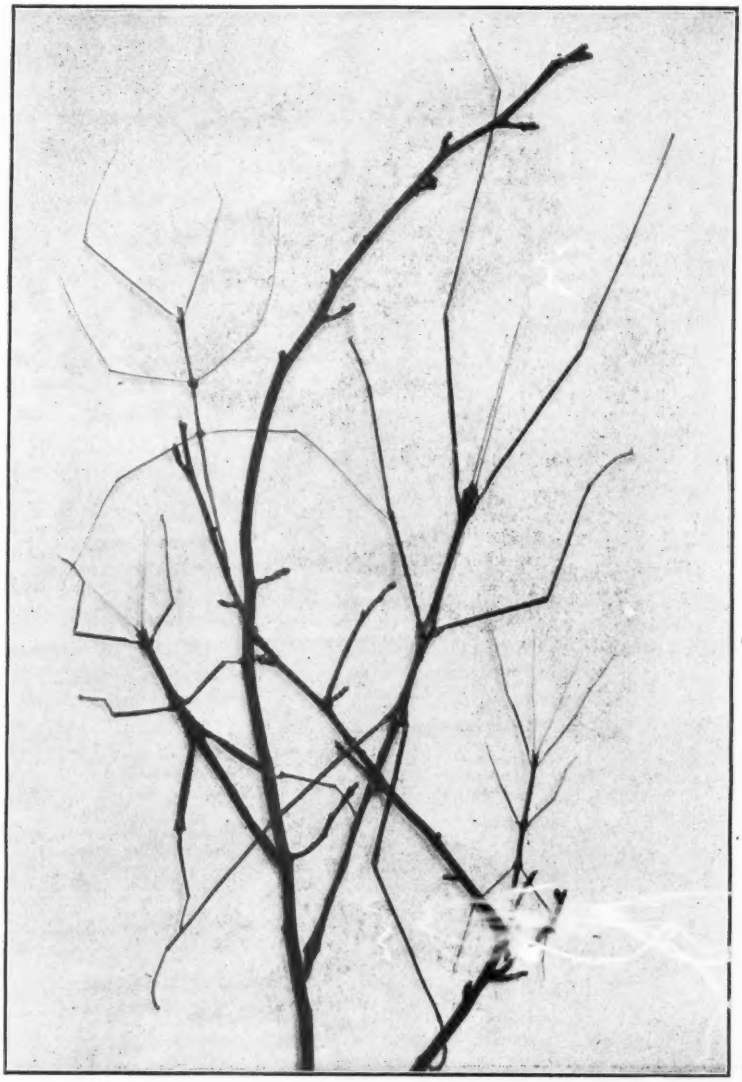


Fig. 2. Four walking-stick insects from India and the Pacific Islands about one-half natural size

insect with its fore-legs raised in readiness until other hapless victims approach.

This habit of holding their fore-legs above their heads has been curiously misconstrued, being regarded as a devotional attitude; hence one species of Southern Europe has been called the Praying Mantis, and in this way much superstition has become attached to these insects. In Africa the mantis is a deity, and is worshipped by the

Hottentots, and if one should accidentally alight on any individual, he is selected of heaven and at once becomes a saint; but if, on the other hand, a native should by accident kill a mantis, he becomes no longer a skilled hunter but is ill-fated and doomed to the end of his life.

Some species of *Mantidæ* go further than merely harmonising with their surroundings and lying in wait for their prey, by simulating some object which is of greater or of special value to them. For instance, some species present perhaps unique examples of mimicry of flowers, developing brilliant colours and markings to correspond to those of coloured blossoms; their attitudes and means of attaching themselves to plant stems and branches combining with their external contour to heighten the effect, even going so far in one species as to suspend itself head downwards amongst green foliage and sway slightly as if blown by gentle breezes.

Those species possessing these characteristics are said to feed on butterflies and other flower-loving insects, which are attracted towards these apparent flowers, which in reality are death-traps for them, the mantis itself constituting the attractive bait. Other forms have stooped even to lower devices and become mimics of the excreta of birds for the purpose of attracting flies.

Fraud and deception are undoubtedly the conditions of life amongst living things, and perhaps in no life-forms can it be better studied and witnessed than amongst insects. The greater the deception is, the more successful becomes the animal. It is therefore in undisturbed tropical forests, where the "struggle for life" is waging keen and every vacant inch of space has become occupied by living things, that "natural selection" has developed and evolved the most extraordinary and startling types of this protective and aggressive resemblance.

Belonging also to the *Orthoptera*, or the same order of insects as the *Mantidæ* we have glanced at, is another group of curious insects called walking-sticks and walking-leaves, and these represent some of the most singular of known insects. Fig. 2 shows a photograph of what without attention being called to it might readily be considered as so many pieces of stick. Stick, however, holds quite a secondary place in the illustration, it being largely made up of stick-insects of various species. I am indebted to Professor Poulton, Hope Professor at Oxford, for his kind permission to photograph these and the other tropical insects illustrated in this article, the specimens being selected from the valuable collection of the Hope Museum at Oxford.

The thickest stick-like portion of each of these insects will be recognised as the stem or branch-like body of the creature, often being slightly irregular to help the deception, while the six legs of each apparently represent but thinner branches of the main stem, the head and other swollen parts where its limbs are attached corresponding to so many natural nodes on the branch; even their antennæ or "feelers" develop into other apparently delicate shoots, and so the insect becomes to all appearances simple twigs of the tree on which it lives.

These insects are sluggish in their habits and use their legs more for the purpose of hooks or clutches, by means of which they can support themselves in some immobile and unsymmetrical attitude amongst the foliage on which they feed, than for walking with. Their entire defence depends upon this mimicry of the surrounding twigs and branches, for they are quite incapable of sufficient energetic movements to escape from an advancing enemy, their limbs often being extremely delicate and fragile. It is interesting to note that in the case of the early or larval stages of these insects, that if a limb becomes broken beyond the base of the thigh, after each successive moult of its skin it is gradually reproduced again, until eventually the limb is restored, although it does not regain its normal size, usually being shorter.

In size they may vary from an inch or an inch and a half up to nine or twelve inches, or even more, although some of the bodies of the longer species may be scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle. Some of the finer and smaller forms exactly resemble fine grass-stalks, being exactly coloured and shaped to correspond with the grass on which they feed, and if removed at once assume a form

which, no matter how it may be turned about, it never changes from, always remaining the apparently inert and dried bit of grass-stalk.

prickly feature is largely characteristic in some species; for example, the larger insect shown in Fig. 3, which is an example from New Zealand, exhibits this in a larger degree.

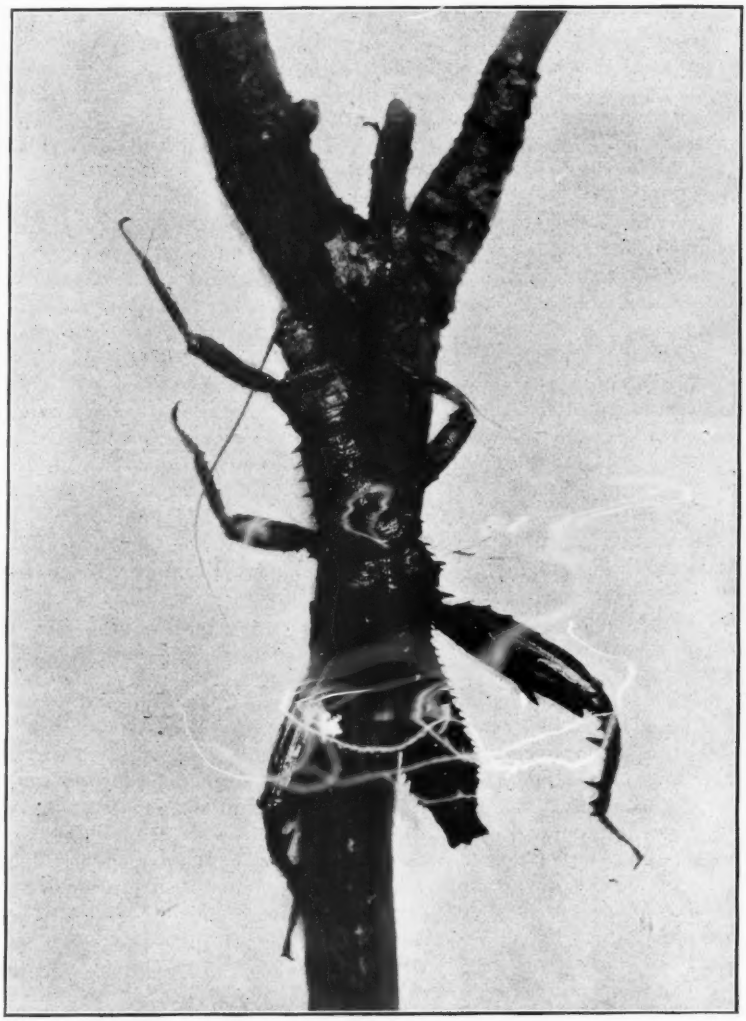


Fig. 3. A prickly stick insect from New Zealand

The insects in the illustration, which are shown at less than one half of their natural size, if closely examined will be seen in two instances to have further imitated branches by developing prickles on their legs. This

These spines, while helping to increase their resemblance to the prickly plants on which they are found, also serve the further purpose of protective weapons, and even in handling dead specimens it requires considerable

care to avoid these sharp spines, although naturally more so when the insect is alive and able to use its defensive spikes.

Some other species possess the most quaint and irregular surfaces, curiously coloured to represent rough and lichen-covered bark, as the form to the left of Fig. 4 shows, which is an Australian insect, and is extremely difficult to observe in such situations when seen in its natural colours; while other species possess wings, which although in flight may be brilliantly coloured, yet can all be folded away like a fan and become hidden under wing-covers similarly coloured to their surroundings (see Fig. 4, the right-hand example). So that even should one of these flying species be detected when on the wing by one of its insectivorous enemies, it has but to close its wings and drop down amongst the vegetation in one of its stick-like attitudes, when even if its foe should follow it, in all probability it will find nothing but a piece of stick, which it will altogether disregard while it searches further afield for the object with the brilliant colours which it was chasing.

Fig. 4. Some walking sticks from Australia which resemble the scaly barks of trees

The Dove in the Osprey's Nest

St. Columba's Castle in Iona

By W. G. Collingwood

Illustrated by the Author

YOU can hardly realise, except at Iona, how far away and forgotten are the times of St. Columba. At home by the fireside reading Adamnan's "Life," you get a vivid portrait, every touch distinct, of a strong, kindly man, most human and real. He has visions, but who has not? He prays fervently, and finds his prayers answered. He has enemies, and triumphs. He is deeply venerated, even feared; but spends a night and a day in reconciling a poor woman to her unloved husband, and little children fling themselves into his arms with kisses. He nurses the strayed bird, pets the farm-horse, and, not without a touch of lovable humour, so "blesses" the knife that it can harm neither man nor beast!

Adamnan, writing on the spot barely a hundred years after the events, could paint his figures with their true backgrounds, brightly alive. You think that surely at Iona the background at least will be there to see, and at the place every incident can be located and the past be recalled, as if fourteen hundred years ago were as yesterday.

But once landed on Iona, you find that Columba is a name and no more. The famous and beautiful ruins and crosses are centuries later than his time; some few grave-slabs date back to an age almost in touch with his. Mr. Ritchie, leading the ourist party round, shows the stone reputed to be his pillow; but when you ask where did it lie when his head was upon it, no one can say more than that the old original Columban monastery is believed to have been somewhere to the north of the present ruins out on that bare foreshore, with the rocky heights of Dunii behind and the blue sea of Staffa beyond.

Here is a bird's-eye view of the ground as you would see it looking southward from Dunii. In the centre, against the Sound, with Mull in the distance, rises the Cathedral; St Martin's Cross is plainly seen to the right of it. If it is some years since you were there, you will notice at once that the Cathedral is now roofed, to the scandal of such as like their ruins ragged; indeed, a green slate or flag roof would have been more picturesque, for this purple patch is not of a piece with the old garment of sweet russet and green which the rest of Iona wears; but still for any roof at all let us be thankful! The ancient sculptures, now housed under cover of that roof, would otherwise be mouldering to utter decay, especially those more recently unearthed and more susceptible to the weather. They don't belong to us, but to posterity; we have no right to destroy them for the sake of a bit of sentiment.

To the right of the Cross is the Chapel of St. Oran, with its famous graveyard (Reilig Orain), and a little farther, the St. Columba Hotel. The rest of the modern village is hidden behind the rocks, of which Cnoc-na-Carnan is the spur or outlier, just under St. Oran's Chapel.

To the left of the Cathedral a small ruin is known as the Bishop's House. It is about six hundred years later than anything we are looking for. Quite at the left of the picture (the spectator's left) and hardly discernible is a little cove in the rocks of the shore-line, Port-an-Duiseart, "The Harbour of the Desert," or monk-house in the wilderness. Below it is the Duchess of Argyll's (modern) Cross, on the brink of a great natural terrace (a raised beach), along which runs a path, passing the farm of Clachanach and the group of three hillocks called Cnoc-na-Bristeadh Clach, and then going out of sight down behind the terrace edge. From this spot to the little cottage under St. Martin's Cross the terrace edge is carved into the

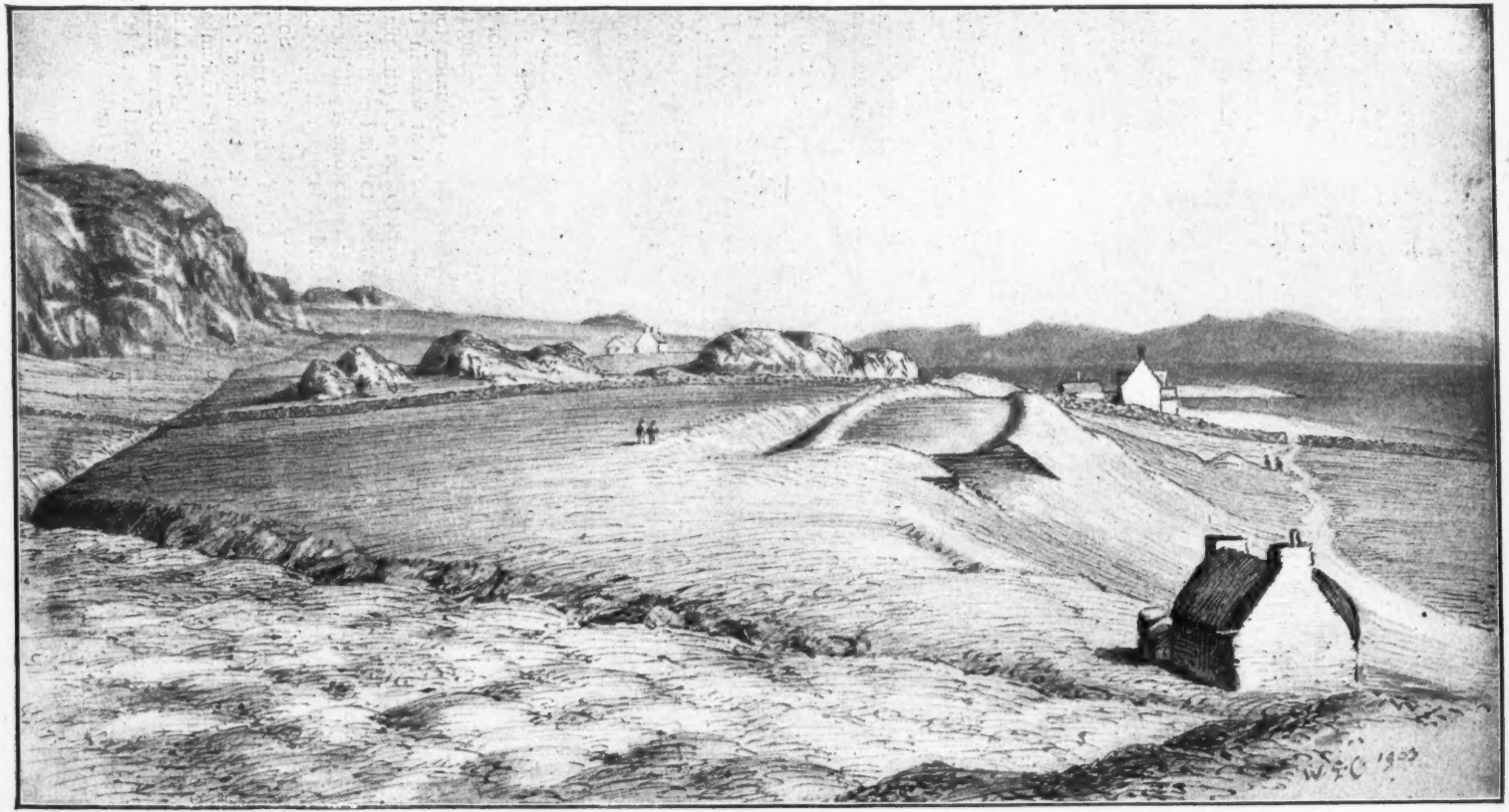
rampart of an ancient fort. Up on Cnoc-na-Carnan are bits of dykes and ruins, but nothing so huge nor so ancient as this piece of earthwork. There is also a long straight causeway, which you see to your right, the Iomaire-an-Tachair, which seems to be one of several such causeways on the island, connected with the mediæval abbey. Through it, or between it and the high ground which it was meant to continue across the bog, runs an artificial watercourse to drain the boggy ground created by the natural dam of the raised beach. This watercourse takes a turn to the left and runs out seaward through the raised beach close to the small cottage, beside which an ancient kiln for drying corn was found, and near it is the site of the later abbey mill. The boggy ground used to be a lake, the Lochan Mor, bordered with trees.

So, to see the scene as Columba found it, we must clear away all the buildings and fences, Iomaire-an-Tachair, and perhaps the fort ramparts, and fill the basin below us with a lake surrounded by trees. But to see the scene as he left it, where are we to place the monastery he built? Modern writers are agreed that it was not where the Cathedral stands nor at Reilig Orain; the prevailing opinion places it on the foreshore, between Clachanach and the sea. It was somewhere near the rampart, for Adamnan speaks of a monk going "outside the vallum of the monastery." This is the only real hint he gives of any use to us now, for he wrote when everybody supposed that Columba's foundation would last as long as the world, at least as long as any one remained to take an interest in it. He mentions a kiln; but the kiln we know may be hundreds of years later than Columba. He mentions several crosses; but though it has been thought they could be identified I venture to doubt it, and for this reason:

On the saint's last Saturday, June 7, 597, after inspecting the barn to see that his monks were well supplied before he left them, he rested on his way homeward beside "a cross stuck in a millstone." While he sat there the white horse came and put its head into his lap, crying bitterly, just like a human person. "Let him be," said the Saint, "for the Lord has somehow shown him that his master is to be taken away." Every one remembers the beautiful incident, and it has been supposed that the exact spot could be fixed at a hillock on the hither side of the bishop's house in our picture. But in those days corn was ground in hand-querns, as Adamnan clearly shows; and a cross in a quern stone could only be a light wooden one. We know that at about 600 A.D. wooden crosses were erected, and that it was some time after this date that stone crosses came into fashion. There were some rude standing stones with crosses carved on them even then; but the crosses for which Iona is famous were a later invention.

With this goes the story of Ernan, the saint's uncle, who came in extreme old age to visit him, but died of the exertion of walking from his boat up to the monastery, "while there were yet about four-and-twenty paces betwixt them. Whence," says Adamnan, "in the same place a cross is fixed in the ground before the door of the kiln (beside which he died), and another cross stands where the saint was standing at the moment; and there it is to this day." Bits of crosses have been discovered beneath the rampart, but these little crosses at the doors of wattled shanties were probably of wood, such as we see in pictures of hermitages. They must have perished long ago.

Another story is told in the preface to an ancient hymn attributed to St. Columba. He and another monk were once alone at the settlement with only a sieve of oats for all provision. Visitors arrived, and bidding the monk engage them in talk, Columba took the oats "off the stone that was in the monastery," and went to the mill (the place where the querns were) to grind meal for the guests' porridge. "This stone is still there," says the book, "and it is upon it that food is portioned out to the monks." Some writers have taken this famous stone to be identical with a huge block, standing six feet high out of the ground; but Columba's monks were not giants in anything but faith; their buttery-bar must have been a much smaller stone table—such a slab as later comers who knew not the old traditions used for a grave or built into their walls.



Columba's Castle at Iona

There is nothing to guide us except that mention of the vallum or rampart; but I think we can learn much by its help. The Columban abbey, like all or nearly all the monasteries of the age, was a fortified place. We must remember that early Irish monks were fighting men. They wore their weapons habitually until 700 A.D.; they were not exempted from military service until 804 A.D., and even afterwards indulged in regular battles with neighbouring monasteries. They were quite unlike the timid "men of peace" in Scott's novels, and they had good reason. The "Deserts" where they often settled were exposed to pirates, long before the Vikings' days. In Columba's lifetime, Erc the Pict from Colonsay and John the Scot from Kintyre raided Iona. Less fortunate settlements were even exterminated. The monks were not all saints and heroes, but mostly some pious man's clansmen, who followed him in religion as they would have followed him in rascality, had he been so minded. Every village was a fort; life was not otherwise possible; and the monks' villages were built inside Raths as a matter of course.

Columba himself had founded three great monasteries before he came to Iona. Of one, Durrow, I can find no description; but Derry and Kells were both in ready-made fortresses. It was Derry he loved best and sang in his poems. His home there was in a stronghold, on rising ground in a bend of the River Foyle, protected on the farther side by a bog, and girt with woods. Exiled, or exiling himself, to Iona, would he not be glad to form a new home as nearly as possible like the old one?

Let us go down now and look at the rampart more closely. I have drawn it from the lower spur of Cnoc-na-Carnan, looking north, with the kiln-cottage in the foreground, the millstream and ditch (where the lake used to be) to the left, Cnoc-na-Bristeadh Clach and the farm of Clachanach in the middle distance, and Dunii behind. You see the unprotected foreshore to your right, beneath the steep slope of the natural "raised beach," which has been built up with breastworks. This, whether Columba did it, or whether he found it ready to his hand, was easily done. The dark notch in the brink is a gravel pit (happily not now going to be farther worked) in which you can see that the natural bedding of the sand and shingle is undisturbed up to the top, and only the breastworks added. Behind the rampart is a ditch, which some appear to have taken for a castle-fosse and as part of the defences. It is really the entrance to the Rath above. The two little figures on the path, just over the gable of the cottage, are at its mouth. If they walk forward they will go gently up, through the rampart, turn to their left, and come out at the top where the other two figures are. This is the usual entrance to ancient forts of the kind, and it must have been a difficult gate to force when the defenders stood in rows on either hand above, behind palisades, throwing stones and darts for all the hundred yards of its uphill length.

It was up there, with this great rampart and gateway to defend it to seaward, the lake for water-supply as well as defence to landward, and the rocks of Cnoc-na-Bristeadh Clach easily palisaded to the north, that I think Columba found the "Osprey's Nest," and made it the Dove's.

There is ample space, comparing it with the plans of contemporary monasteries, and the ground is high and dry, perfectly suited to his purpose. All traces of his wooden buildings have necessarily gone, burnt by the Danes in 802, and rebuilt on a different site even before the final abbey of which we see the ruins. But the position fits all the requirements we get from Adamnan and others; you can even understand better why the aged Ernan's heart gave way after climbing that slope, and how in the thick of the houses he never saw Columba, though he got within twenty-four paces of him. And you can see where, on the saint's last Saturday afternoon, he stood on the "monticellum," the highest point of Cnoc-na-Bristeadh Clach, overlooking the monastery at his very feet, when he blessed it, saying, "This place, small and poor as it is, not only the Scots and their kings shall one day regard with deepest reverence, but even strange and foreign rulers and their folk." Have we not fulfilled that prophecy to the very letter?

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Rupert Laurier overhears Pamela Winston apply at the railway booking-office for a ticket.—She has been left behind whilst in search of a luncheon basket.—Her travelling companion has her ticket and purse.—Rupert offers assistance.—She refuses.—The train is wrecked, and he renders her help.—Rupert is fascinated by Pamela, but she refuses to allow him to follow up the acquaintance.—She has promised never to speak to a man. Rupert's cousin, Audrey Laurier, enters Adelaide Winston's establishment in order to get knowledge of Pamela.

CHAPTER V

MISTRESS ADELAIDE

THEY travelled together to Cranston on Thursday afternoon, and Rupert was not sorry to say good-bye. Audrey was in one of her most tiresome moods he considered; besides, he was desperately anxious to hear her accounts of the life at Blatchlands. He was not going to the Delavels after all, but to a small inn a mile or two from Cranston, where the fishing was good enough to serve as a reasonable excuse for his stay there. Audrey had promised to write to him constantly and to arrange a meeting if necessary. She had ordered him to keep well in the background at the station, in case Miss Winston or Pamela should be there and should recognise him; and he obeyed, meekly, watching interestedly to see who came to meet her.

Audrey herself, having called a porter to gather together her belongings, began to feel a shade nervous as she looked round for any one answering to Rupert's description of either of the Miss Winstons; perhaps Pamela would come, or perhaps only a groom—a maid, in hasty correction. No. She straightened herself up as down the platform strode some one who could only be Miss Adelaide Winston herself.

She wore a moderately short skirt which looked rather skimpy, Audrey thought, but which was not too obviously divided, a well cut coat and waistcoat, and one of her favourite Homburg hats. The was a stick in her hand in place of the conventional parasol, and a single eyeglass dangled by a cord round her neck. Looking into her honest spirited face Audrey took an immediate fancy to her, and blushed, because she felt ashamed of herself, while those keen eyes searched her face.

"You are Audrey Laurier? I am Adelaide Winston. I bid you welcome. These are your things? Rhoda! See to these, please; we will go on to the cart. Will you follow me?"

Rhoda, the page girl, had immediately attracted Audrey's attention; she was staring at her with widely opened eyes, but averted them as Miss Winston spoke and followed obediently.

Outside a smart cart was waiting, into which they got; Miss Winston nodding to the slim but elderly woman who was standing at the mare's head, and who was dressed in something closely approaching to livery, and saying pleasantly:

"Right, Martha!"

Martha got up behind with praiseworthy agility, and they drove out of the station, Audrey being divided between a desire to laugh and a hearty feeling of shame. How quaint they were! How much more interesting Martha and Rhoda than the regulation groom and buttons. How utterly indifferent Miss Winston seemed to the barely suppressed smiles, and the audible remarks of the standers by.

"Rhoda will follow with the luggage," remarked Miss Winston presently; they were driving at a sharp pace down through the small town, and conversation was neither easy nor pleasant until they turned out into the country road, away from the clattering stones of the Cranston streets. Then Miss Winston held out her hand once more and smiled; a most attractive smile Audrey thought, as she watched her with intent puzzled eyes.

"Welcome once more; do you understand that while you need it Blatchlands is your home? It is a sincere pleasure to me to be able to help any girl; I have fewer chances of helping those in your station than those of a lower class, therefore you are the more welcome. Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

Audrey answered readily, though once again she felt inclined to laugh. What a quaint question to put to a newly arrived guest! Not quite a guest though; and were not most *protegées* subjected to very strict cross examinations by ladies not accounted unduly strong-minded and eccentric as was Miss Winston?

"H'm!" It was a little exclamation Miss Winston often made use of; and it meant, generally, that she was thinking and wanted time.

"You thought me younger?" cried Audrey, reading her face correctly. "I am too old now to begin to work you think?"

"None are too old, none are too young to work, in my estimation," answered Miss Winston. "Only the work varies. You are too old to go in for some of the professions. What matter? Work there is for all, and for you."

"Of what age are most of the girls that come to you?"

Audrey rather forgot her part, and expressed her sincere curiosity and interest.

"Of all ages, as I have said. Children come to me, and they must be taught; their work lies in the schoolroom. Girls come to be trained, to learn, to practise. Women come to find a way of escape from unbearable tyranny, or poverty, or trouble. Age is immaterial. To those who come I say welcome; so long as they come honestly determined to work. In my life I have never found room for idlers. They must go elsewhere."

And she would certainly call me an idler, reflected Audrey. There is not a doubt of that.

"Then there are those who come," continued Miss Winston, "worn out in body and spirit; and those are the most difficult to help. Women who through long lives have toiled for a bare maintenance, who have known no joys, who have always been ground down under the feet of others. Women who have seen youth go by, hope fail, happiness become a mirage; those are the ones who are hard to help."

"And for those what do you do?" asked Audrey, softly.

"To those, too, I give work," answered her companion, with a little sigh.

"Work! After they have worked all their lives; when even you say they are worn out!"

"Even you." Miss Winston repeated the words and laughed, but without bitterness. "Believe me, I am no hard task-mistress, child. I give them work because it is what I should ask myself in their place; but the work is work which fills their lives again, which gives them new interests, which makes them feel that they have a right to their home here, that they are not living on charity—that hateful word! I give them work; I try to give them peace. That is all that one may give them, poor bruised souls."

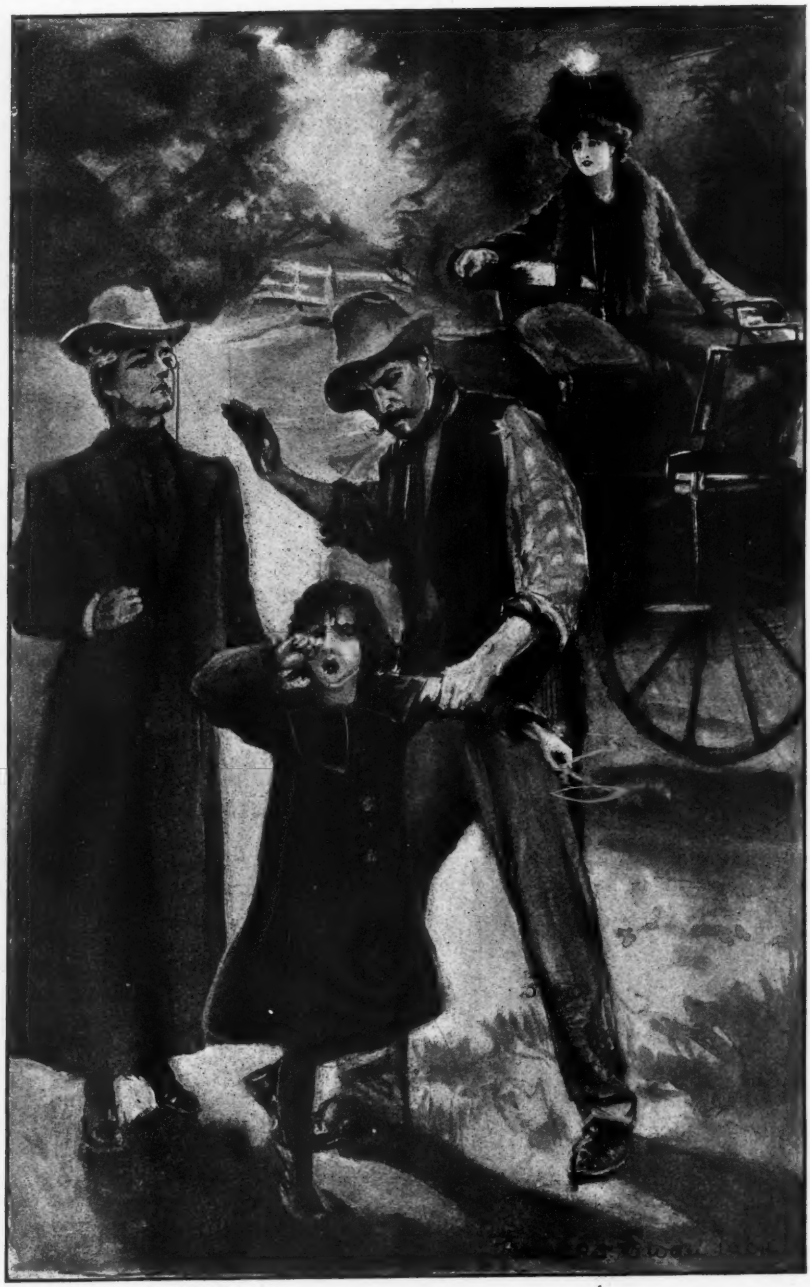
There was a marvellous magnetism about her which Audrey felt in every vein, a magnetism in her curt voice, in her rather harsh face, in her whole-hearted smile; Audrey forgot her own aims and begged to be told more with flattering eagerness.

"There are women who have passed their whole life as second-rate governesses," proceeded Miss Winston without hesitation, "who, during their whole lives, have lived in subservience; who have had to suppress every desire; to feign constantly to be that which they were not, because on their employer's favour hung for them almost life itself. There is something so bitter in poverty when one is not trained to meet it; when one is utterly unequipped for the struggle, like these poor souls. It is on the women who have been brought up in idleness, who vaguely expect to marry, to be always supported, and who are suddenly thrown on the world by the death of their parents or what not, that fate presses most hardly. And therefore I say to every young woman—work! Train yourself! Be ready! Who knows whether you, too, will not have to earn your own living? Be prepared!"

"It certainly sounds the wisest plan," said Andrey, reflectively. "But are there really many things that women can do?"

"There is nothing a woman cannot do if she makes up her mind to do it," replied Miss Winston grimly. "Surely you have no real doubt as to that? You believe in woman's work?"

"Oh, of course," cried Audrey, flushing guiltily. "Only I know so little about it; I have had no opportunity of judging; I have always been told that a woman's chief duty



One of the men was cuffing a little imp of a girl

was to make some man's home comfortable and happy."

Miss Winston snorted; there was no other word for it, and Audrey bit her lip to keep back a smile.

"You won't hear that while you are at Blatchlands! And you will see a good many branches of women's work. I have various schools, through one of which, at least, my girls pass; they are working out in the world by hundreds; many of them are prosperous and highly placed. I hear from them constantly; it is a great happiness to me."

Her face was so bright, her words so evidently genuine, that Audrey was once more filled with admiration; she was just thinking how good and unselfish this woman was, at whom the whole county jeered, how immeasurably superior in every way to her detractors, when an event happened which showed her the other side of Miss Winston's character.

In writing to Rupert and giving him a description of her first impressions, she said:

I believe that will always be the way. Just when one is most impressed, when one feels that if one could be like Mistress Adelaide, absolutely conscious of being in the right, absolutely bound up in benefiting others, small sneers would not matter, something happens; and one is made to smile, if still against the grain, as one sees that the sneers are not quite uncalled for; that the absolutely honest and unselfish woman who arouses one's admiration perforce, is yet as childishly prejudiced, as obstinately blind, as the most foolish of her sex.

She was speaking in the nicest way of her "girls," as she calls them. I was listening, and feeling what a hateful little wretch I was to deceive her, when all at once we drew up with a jerk.

"Martha!" cried Miss Winston, as she bundled the reins into my hands and began to get down at her side, while Martha (the coachwoman) scrambled down behind.

I thought something must be seriously wrong with the cart, and I was trying to see what it was when an altercation at the roadside began, which quickly enlightened me. Near by was a camp of gipsies or vagrants, and here by the roadside one of the men was cuffing a little imp of a girl who had evidently been misbehaving herself; she was yelling heartily, though I had not noticed it before, interested as I was in Miss Winston's conversation; now as she made for the man, followed by Martha, I watched her eagerly. What would she do?

What she did was to collar the child before the man had any idea of what she was up to, wrench it away from him, haul it up into her arms (it was a sturdy little monkey of eight or nine, and no light weight) and turn away, all without a word. The man had, I suppose, been prepared for some rebuke; it evidently never occurred to him that this was to be all. He stood sheepishly, expecting, I think, that she would put the child down, come back and have it out with him; no doubt he was preparing to be very insolent when she did.

But she did nothing of the sort; and it was only when she got back into the cart with the child that the man awoke from his amazement, stepped out into the road to bar our way, and began to abuse her loudly.

She took not the slightest notice. When he held out his hand to stop our progress she cut it sharply with her driving whip, and went on serenely, the man yelling after us:

"Drop that kid, I say! Do you hear? Drop that kid, or it'll be the worse for you. I'll have the law on you. Do you hear?"

It had not the slightest effect. In spite of the fact that the child, frightened by this time in its turn, now began to shriek loudly for "father," Miss Winston drove on; leaving behind her the man, absolutely enraged at her speechlessness, and carrying with her the abducted child.

For a minute or two I was aghast. I stared at her blankly, and then the funny side of it struck me and I turned my head away and laughed till I felt quite weak. Did one ever hear of such a thing?

What the man had done I did not know; struck the poor little thing I supposed, but no doubt, I felt, she thoroughly deserved it. Did Miss Winston wait to hear? Not she! She promptly picked up the child and walked off with it, her usual high-handed mode of proceeding in such cases, I hear.

When I recovered myself a little I ventured to ask a few questions.

The child was being quieted by Martha's cheerful assurances that no harm would come to it; that, on the contrary, it would be well fed and re-clothed; and that, if its father came for it it would be allowed to return to him, always providing that Miss Winston had in the meantime found out that he was not habitually cruel to it.

"What will he do?" I asked with some hesitation.

Miss Winston shrugged her shoulders; her face was serene again, she looked absolutely unruffled, and only turned now and then to smile at the child.

"Do? Come after her if he wants her, I suppose."

"And if not?"

It seemed to me that no other woman would have cared to run the risk of being stranded with this little waif on her hands for good: that view of the situation presented no fears for Mistress Adelaide.

"If not the child will have a chance of a decent bringing up, and of making something of her life," she answered promptly. "Let us fervently hope that he will leave her where she is."

"What did he do to it—her!"

"He was cuffing her on the head—brute!"

"I daresay she had been naughty," I ventured rather nervously. "Couldn't you have just heard his side of the question?"

Her answer was calm and final.

"I never speak to men."

"But suppose he comes to claim her? You will have to give her up?"

"Possibly. At the worst she will have had a bath and a good meal, and we shall see what she needs in the way of clothes; the man will have had a fright, and I shall carefully explain to the child, before she leaves, that if ever she is unhappy or neglected she has only to come to me."

One saw her view; but personally I felt sorry for the man, who was no doubt tramping after us along the dusty road, and to whom no bath or meal or clothes would be offered I was sure. The child though thin did not look ill-used, and was no doubt an aggravating little wretch. He would have to find out who we were first, and then to come after his child, with the certainty of having things made pretty uncomfortable for him! We were not very far from Blatchlands then, and when we came to the gate a lodgekeeper (a woman of course) came out and opened it, and we went through. The whole place is, I believe, surrounded by a very high strong wall, topped with barbed wire and broken glass; and there are all sorts of fiendish contrivances to keep men out.

The lodges, which are quite charming, are all in the charge of widows. I think the idea is, that they are forced to speak to men sometimes—men come to the gate and have to be answered—and that widows object to this less than the girls inside; or else it is that as these widows have mostly been the wives of men who have made their lives a burden to them, Miss Winston feels secure in the certainty that they will not be too pleasant or likely to yield when men insist on coming in and are informed that it is impossible. No man ever puts his foot inside the grounds with Miss Winston's consent; if tradespeople send their goods by men they are stopped at the lodge gates.

It all sounds extraordinary, but inside everything is in splendid order, and all the women look trim and smart, and have very pleasant manners. There are women in every possible position, and at first, of course, it strikes one as simply ludicrous; it is all one can do not to laugh openly.

Women gardeners and grooms, stable girls; page girls, messenger girls; women housemaids and cooks, and a woman who is, I suppose, the butler. There is no wine to look after, they are all total abstainers, but she is not the housekeeper so I suppose she is the butler. She looks after the parlourmaids, and superintends the laying of the table, and all that sort of thing. And on the estate there are women carpenters and joiners, even a woman blacksmith! I saw a woman mending some pipes this morning with the serenest expression of countenance; and another, in a very trim bloomer costume, has just gone up a tremendous ladder on to the roof, because there is a leakage somewhere.

But to crown all, on the estate are three women policemen! They look quite

There are women in every possible position—another has just gone up a tremendous ladder on to the roof

again, and tell you all about my first meeting with Pamela. When we arrived (with the stolen child in tow) I felt already quite at home with Miss Winston, and it had not entered into my head to be afraid of Pamela (who, from your description, I pictured as something between an angel and Helen of Troy). So I walked in quite happily. The house is a very fine one, more like a castle than an ordinary country house, and we entered into a very beautiful hall. Miss Winston delivered the child into the care of somebody, and asked where Pamela was; but even as she spoke a girl ran down the broad low stairs, and said:

"I am here, Adelaide. You want me?"

"No; only to introduce you to our newest comrade. Audrey Laurier is her name; this is my child, Pamela."

"Audrey Laurier!"

Pamela repeated the name sharply, and half withdrew the hands she had held out to me. There was a decided look of suspicion in her eyes (she has lovely eyes, as I think you noticed?). She hesitated, while Mistress Adelaide stared at her surprisedly; and then she flushed up and bent towards me, kissing me very coldly indeed, as she said:

"I bid you welcome. I hope I may be of service to you. I am your friend Pamela."

It is evidently a formula, used when she receives any girl of her own station; but this time, at least, it was utterly lacking in sincerity. She looked at me again, after she had kissed me, and the look said as plainly as if she had spoken the words: What are you doing here? Why have you come? It is my duty to watch you, because I believe you to be an impostor. I have called you my friend, but you must not think I am deceived. I have heard the name of Laurier before, under unusual circumstances.

I received her greeting with effusion. I am not accustomed to be kissed at any first meeting, but I smiled and looked as if I liked it. I said a few well chosen words as to my joy at being admitted to Blatchlands, and the delights of her society, to say nothing of that of Miss Winston and their friends. I alluded touchingly to the troubles I had come from, and to my certainty that at Blatchlands all was peace; and your stony-hearted little Pamela wasn't taken in a bit. Mistress Adelaide patted my shoulders, and said I was to be a good girl and trust to her; and then she asked Pamela to show me to my room.

"Certainly."

Pamela bowed her head graciously. She has the sweetest face I ever saw; but she is a cold-hearted little wretch, I am almost certain. Not quite.

As we turned away Mistress Adelaide called her back, and I heard her ask, in a low voice:

"What is it, Pamela? Something is wrong?"

"Nothing, dearest Adelaide. All is well," answered Pamela in the sweetest way.

"Good."

Mistress Adelaide does not usually waste words, and she believes what is told to her. She asked no further questions, but went away and left me with Pamela.

I followed her upstairs and she showed me a charming room, which was to be mine; quietly recited the principal rules of the house (there are not many), and again hoped that I should be comfortable.

Then she turned to leave me, and I was not sorry. I felt I could do with a little time in which to make up my mind what line it would be advisable to take with her. Whether it would be well to frankly confess my object straight away, and trust to her silence, or whether I had better brazenly insist that Mistress Adelaide knew my only motives for coming.

She did not give me time. She turned round again, begged my pardon for troubling me, when I was perhaps tired, and then accepted my prompt invitation to sit down and say what she chose.

"Why have you come here?"

She asked the downright question, with her big eyes fixed on my face and disapproval written clearly on every one of her pretty features.

"I wrote to Miss Winston and explained to her——"

"That you needed help; that you were being forced into a marriage you disliked; that you would have to earn your own living. I remember. Adelaide read that out to me; but she did not mention your name—at least, I think she did not. I do not remember it."

delightful. You can't possibly mistake what they are meant for, and their helmets are extremely becoming. They are great, strong country girls, and would, I am sure, face two or three burglars with the utmost readiness; besides, they have only to sound their whistles to summon an army of assistants, all well trained to answer promptly, and to do whatever they are told to do. One meets the policewomen about in the grounds sometimes, and I assure you to me it is at present quite a pleasure to do so. Pamela returns their salutations without even looking at them; to her they are, I suppose, as ordinary as the conventional "bobby" outside; not so to me as yet.

But it is all extraordinarily well managed, one can see that at once. Miss Winston ("Mistress Adelaide" to the whole establishment) must have a great gift for organisation, and I do not wonder that her time is filled up; for besides her servants she has various schools for workers—schools of every sort, outside the mere educational one where children are taught by highly-trained woman teachers. There are schools of lace workers, embroiderers, upholsterers, though I think these are what interest the "mistress" least. They are too essentially womanly. But the lace work is exquisite, and I should think the girls could make a lot of money at it afterwards. Bookbinding (which is really beautiful), high-grade gardening, poultry farming, dairy work, in every branch. I can't tell you all the things that are taught to numbers of young women who then go out into the world, equipped to fight and to conquer in the struggle. Besides this, girls are being coached for exams. in all the professions; there is a convalescent home and an infirmary, with trained nurses (Miss Winston sends about six girls every year to the hospitals and pays for their training). I can't remember half; no doubt I have missed some of the most important.

There is a splendid gymnasium, where every one exercises for a given time each day as an ordinary thing, swimming baths, and recreation grounds of every description. Through part of the estate the river runs, and the girls bathe and boat quite securely. Miss Winston holds all rights over the water on her own ground, and excludes all men you may be very certain. It is an extraordinary place and a fascinating one, they have the air of being so alive, in such a hurry to get on, so desperately interested in themselves, and also in those around them. It is two days since I came, and at first I felt too bewildered to be able to write clearly; now, though you will read this through to the end, you will be enraged that I have said nothing of Pamela. I made the omission purposely. I want to see a little more of Pamela before I write; but to-morrow I will begin and try to tell you everything she has said and done since I came here; will that content you? It must. Lights are going out. If I don't go to bed I may have the firewomen (!) round to see if all is safe, so good-night.

Your affectionate cousin, AUDREY.

CHAPTER VI

PAMELA

AUDREY was right. Rupert read her letter through to the end and was extremely angry because he considered that she had told him nothing that he wanted to know. He waited another two days before her next letter came, and by that time looked upon himself as a decidedly aggrieved individual. The little inn was not particularly comfortable, the fishing was poor, and he was bored to death. Surely Audrey might take the trouble to write oftener!

Her letter when it came was a very long one, and he sat down to read it with a mollified expression of countenance. This time surely she would write of Pamela, and hold out some hope of a speedy meeting between himself and the girl he was now quite sure that he worshipped.

BLATCHLANDS PARK, *Monday.*

MY DEAR RUPERT,—It is two days since I wrote and I suppose you are furious; but it isn't easy to write here. Mistress Adelaide is determined to find out for what particular branch of work I am best fitted, and therefore my time is well filled up. I have never gone through so many cross-examinations before, and I am afraid the result is sadly disappointing to her. But you don't want to hear about me, do you?

Well, I shall go back to the beginning

sincere grumble at that. They laugh at her, who could help it? But it is only the elder women, those who are soured by adversity, and who find it hard to believe that she has no selfish motive in what she does, who sneer and carp. The rest know that she means well for them, and are content to let her guide their lives; having seen how well such guidance has answered in the cases of their friends who have been here before them.

I can quite imagine that you are reading this through impatiently and wondering why I find it necessary to inflict it all upon you. It is necessary. I must make you understand the life Pamela leads, and has always led, since she was a child, otherwise you will not believe that it is useless for me to try to speak of you to her; and that you must believe! All I can do at present is to tell you what she does, to find out all the reasons Miss Winston has for living this life, then you can decide; if you choose I will speak—and leave! I tell you frankly that unless I am utterly mistaken in Pamela, I shall not stay after I have spoken. She is fiercely loyal to Mistress Adelaide, and she will consider it a treachery even to hear your name spoken; I know it as well as if I had already tried. Be warned; it is useless. Another thing. One of the rules is that we speak to no men, nor correspond with them, while at Blatchlands. I only saw that after I had posted my first letter. Fortunately I posted it myself while we were out, and here no one suspects or watches one; one is supposed to be on one's honour to keep the rules imposed by one's benefactress. That doesn't make it easy to break through them, as I am sure you will understand. And it means that I must always post my letters myself. If I posted one in the letter-box here, and it was seen, it would be returned to me, and I should hear of it from Mistress Adelaide. I can't risk this. So, as I suppose you will not let me break through my promise of writing, I must post my letters when I am in Cranston, and you must be patient if you do not hear so often as you expect or wish to hear. I told father I only wanted to stay a fortnight; I knew so little about it all; I did not understand. Now if I am to do anything at all I must have at least a month. If I write a letter asking father to let me stay, will you take it to him, and do your best to persuade him to consent?

I have been out with Mistress Adelaide several times; and to go out with her means certain amusement and probable embarrassment. Inside the grounds of Blatchlands one grows to feel that the situation is quite natural; but once she crosses the boundaries of her own land Mistress Adelaide is at war with all established conventions, and jars occur continually.

She will not speak to a man. If one addresses her, she simply stares at him and walks on. If he follows her, she turns her head away. If he persists, she simply puts out her hand (she is immensely strong), removes him from her path, and proceeds. It is the very unexpectedness of her actions, I think, which renders most men unable to cope with her. But it is sometimes very embarrassing.

One day we were in a shop. Mistress Adelaide does not often go into the shops (she would necessarily run the risk of being accosted by male shopwalkers, and so on), but she wanted a gift for a girl who was leaving, and decided to choose it herself. At the shops she visits she is well known, and the owners generally do their best to secure her from annoyance. As we entered I saw the fat old manager hurriedly call up a girl from the back, send the smart shopwalker away, and then himself retire. I am sure it must have been with much difficulty that he was brought to realise that even to him Miss Winston would not speak.

We entered. Mistress Adelaide is always at her best in shops when nothing goes wrong. Her manner to the assistants is perfect, and the girl, who looked nervous at first, soon brightened up and brought us what we wanted.

Then an interruption occurred.

An old man, who looked like a farmer, got up from a seat at the other side of the shop, and lumbered across to Mistress Adelaide, holding out his hand:

"They say it's Miss Winston, and if it is I've long wanted the chance of thanking her," he said heavily. "You've been good to my girl, Miss, and I'm not one of your people that's afraid to say thank you. I have a grateful heart, and I'm not above showing it."

"That will do very nicely thank you," said Mistress Adelaide to the girl who was serving

"I suppose she thought it of no importance," I answered as easily as I could, and I made up my mind promptly that confidences would be out of place. Pamela looked as little likely to sympathise with the real motive for my appearance as Mistress Adelaide herself.

"We do not use surnames here; you will be Audrey to all, as I am Pamela. She may well have thought so; but I should like to know if the reason you gave her was an honest and sincere one? Is it true that you are unhappy, that you need help?"

"It is absolutely true," I said rather sharply, "that unless I marry the man my father wishes me to marry, utterly regardless of whether I wish it myself or not, I shall have to face endless unpleasantness. In such circumstances is it not only natural that I should wish, if possible, to fit myself to go out and earn my own living, if need be, rather than live on with my father when he feels himself aggrieved, and will not fail to make my position as unpleasant as possible? What is there so surprising in it to you, who are accustomed to advise girls to work for themselves whether it is necessary or not?"

"I beg your pardon." (She held out her hand and I had to shake it. I was glad she did not kiss me.) "I have evidently misunderstood you. If your object in coming here is what you say, I shall do my best to aid you in every way that lies in my power. You must forgive me for questioning you."

But all the time she watched me. Your Pamela is not a saint, Rupert! She is a horrid suspicious girl, and there is nothing angelic about her.

I murmured something or other and a moment later she was gone; she left me anything but comfortable. We never thought of her taking it like this. I am sure she has arrived at something like the truth, and suspects me of wanting to give her a message from you. It would be as much as my life is worth at present, that is quite sure! If you expect me to do anything quickly I may as well come away at once, because I can't do it. At the first mention of your name Pamela would freeze me up (looking perfectly sweet all the time), and I should be turned out of this Adamless paradise with ignominy, in double quick time, by the policewomen! But if I stay I can find out all about Miss Adelaide's early life; who Pamela is; how she comes to be so bound up in this life; and that is something.

Tuesday.

I have been here four days now and have seen a good deal of Pamela; we are very friendly indeed (in manner) and we watch and listen carefully to everything the other says. Meanwhile Mistress Adelaide, absolutely sincere and bluntly outspoken, examines, advises, cheers, and fascinates me.

She and Pamela are wholly wrapt up in one another; at least in so far as that is consistent with a life which is chiefly given up to the service of others. And they are very happy. At least I think Pamela is happy; but, as I say, she is such a reserved, watchful, guarded young person that it is difficult to judge of her real feelings. About Mistress Adelaide one need have no doubt. Her life is what she would have it; she would not give it up to be queen; unless she could secure for herself a reign over undiluted women!

She has a great deal of power in her hands and she uses it (so far as women are concerned) generously, and, I think, wisely. She must do an immensity of good; one hears endless tales of her kindness, her unselfishness, her pity. Her temper is flawless (with women), her health excellent, her spirits absolutely dauntless. It has need to be so in the life she leads, with a thousand continual calls on her patience, her forbearance; with the necessity for judging always fairly and tolerantly in the small disputes that arise: the need for careful decision in the matter of the life and happiness of each one of the girls who puts herself so trustfully in her hands.

All this she has. I cannot fancy any one else in her place; I do not believe any one else could run Blatchlands as she runs it; could make these girls work so hard, and yet keep happy and contented; could find out with such marvellous accuracy the right work to give them to do, wasting no time in hesitation, giving them little choice (she expects them to accept her decision as final), and yet making so few mistakes. They worship her; grumble of course, though it is a very good-natured, only half

us. One could have sworn that she had not heard a word of the old man's address, that she did not even see his hand thrust out before her.

"Jennie said as you was queer about speaking to men," he proceeded tactlessly, but looking rather uneasy, "but I thought you'd not mind me. I don't hold with such views; but you've been kind to my girl, so I'm willing to overlook it, so to say, and to thank you just the same as if you'd take it pleasant."

Pamela blushed and I laughed. Miss Winston looked absolutely unconscious and proceeded to pay her bill, while the manager came up and insisted on our worthy friend removing himself.

It took some time to persuade him, and as we left the shop I still heard him murmuring that he had a thankful heart, and meant her to know it.

And sometimes it is pitiful.

Mistress Adelaide has the kindest heart imaginable, and yet: As we drove home yesterday we had a scene which was not amusing, only painful.

As we drew up at the gates of Blatchlands we saw a little knot of men gathered there; Mistress Adelaide characteristically turned her head away. I looked to see what they were doing; and I gave a cry which made the men turn round, and Mistress Adelaide and Pamela ask me what was the matter?

There was a man, who had apparently had some sort of an accident; what I do not know. His bicycle was lying smashed to fragments on the roadside; he, himself, was ghastly pale, the blood was dripping from his head, and one arm was hanging limp by his side. He was evidently suffering horribly, and the men were consulting as to how to get him to the nearest possible place where he might be attended to.

They hailed us with effusion; either they did not know Miss Winston, or they thought that in the face of such genuine distress she would for once break through her rule. They begged for help. They asked her either to have the poor man taken in to Blatchlands, or at least to lend her carriage that he might be quickly taken to Cranston.

We had been delayed for a moment while the gates were opened; she could not help hearing what they said; but her face was absolutely expressionless. I had heard Pamela give a little gasp when she first saw the poor man; but she, too, sat silently, not interfering in any way. It was left for me to burst out: "Mistress Adelaide you will help him? He is horribly hurt!" Then the gates opened and she drove through without a word. I saw Pamela's head droop and a burning tide of crimson rush over her face; saw her bite her lip and struggle to regain her self-control. The she turned to Mistress Adelaide and made some small ordinary remark, and Mistress Adelaide turned and smiled at her. Such a smile it is! A smile that warms and fascinates one. But I was cold with indignation; I was ready to abuse her as heartily as, no doubt, those men were doing at the other side of the gate; only something kept me silent. The instinctive feeling, I suppose, that I was not capable of judging; that something there must be which she holds to excuse her from even ordinary humanity where men are concerned.

I tell you this, Rupert, to show you how hopeless is the task you have set yourself. Mistress Adelaide will never consent to see you or speak to you; Pamela will never disobey or deceive Mistress Adelaide. There you have the affair as it really stands, and I hope you will give up thinking of her; it can only bring you unhappiness.

I cannot write any more to-day, and you must not expect to hear from me for a few days at least. I ought not to write at all. Under Mistress Adelaide's roof I am surely bound in common honesty not to go against her openly stated wishes; you must see that? But if you insist on my keeping to my part of the bargain I will do it; only I will tell you the truth. I will not pretend that I think you have any chance of succeeding. I am sure you have none.

Good-bye. I am sorry you are having a wretched time; why not give it up and go somewhere else? Go even to India! I am not sure that it would not be the wisest thing you could do. Go and forget that there is such a person as Pamela; then you will soon be yourself again. Good-bye.

Your affectionate cousin, AUDREY.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Rudyard Kipling's Poems and Shorter Stories

THE first paper of the new series produced excellent work, but we should have expected more competitors for the "special subject." Perhaps Mr. Kipling's style is inimitable, but that need not have deterred any one from attempting to imitate it. We print a specimen or two of the answers actually sent.

The marks for the paper are: Baloo, 100; Crescent, 95; Onoro, 88; Mowgli, 84; Kaa, 83; Logan, 80; Grobian, 76; Connla, 75; Puffin, 75; Isis, 73; Pomegranate, 72; Deirdre, 70; Aherlow, 67; Llentrad, 66; Stalky, 63; Candle, 61, Carlyon, 60; Ismaem, 59; Opal, 58; Beatrice, 50; Gertrude, 46; Truth, 44; A Frump, 42; E. F. C., 41; Topaz I., 37; Monica, 20; Ganymede, 18.

For the special subject: Connla, 30; Baloo, 25; Deirdre, 22; Onoro, 20; Aherlow, 17; Plains, 16; Logan, 15; Beatrice, 15; Mercury, 12.

1. What constitutes Rudyard Kipling's peculiar excellence as a writer of stories? Which do you consider his best story, and why?

Rudyard Kipling's peculiar excellence as a writer of stories consists not in one point but in many. He understands little children better than any other living man. He has brought fairyland to our very door. Not only Rikki-tikki and the Maltese Cat, wonderful as they are, but every bolt and screw of his engines, every plank and spar of his ships, is instinct with individual life. He has opened to us realms practically unexplored before; the wild denizens of the jungle have become as familiar as the inhabitants of our own farmyards. He has photographed with absolute fidelity the stately mask of the Oriental—whether he has got behind it we do not know, nobody knows, for "East is East and West is West." But the triumph of his story-telling is the Englishman, not, unfortunately, the Englishwoman, in all ranks of life, from the clean-minded public schoolboy, setting the honour of his service a little above the honour of his God, to the drunken, reckless private who cherishes somewhere in the depths of a muddied intellect an image of Queen and country, that sends him grim and dry-lipped against the Boer bullet or the wild rush of the Mahdi's men.

To "play the game" and talk little about it may be Kipling's highest gospel, but it is a gospel dear to the British nation. If its light shines dimly amid ignoble surroundings, or be half concealed by a transparent veil of cynicism, it is none the less suited to the idiosyncrasies of our race. Your true Englishman is never happier than when he imagines himself an Adelphi villain and knows that he is a respectable citizen at heart. Add to the delicate flattery of this portraiture a piquant style, bristling with the unexpected, and equally domesticated in the boudoir and in the smoking-room, and there is little wonder that Rudyard Kipling is the most popular writer of the day.

To say which is his best story is obviously impossible. "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right." There is reason, however, to believe that the author himself would award the palm to "The Man who would be King"—a story that "touches on the one side the railway and the telegraph and on the other the days of Queen Elizabeth." Here in railway stations and newspaper offices are two loafers planning an adventure grander than John Oxenham's, and carrying it out with the courage of Drake. What imagination is shown in the description of Kaffiristan! What knowledge of human nature in the "contrack," and what deeper knowledge in its breach! What pathos in the return of poor demented Peachy and his ghastly burden! Yet, admirable

as this story is, there would, we think, be little difficulty in selecting from the same source a score at least as good. The judgment of Paris is ever difficult.

2. Has he any claim to be considered a poet? Will his admitted coarseness interfere with his reputation?

That Mr. Kipling has written excellent ballads nobody would be bold enough to deny, and in his National Songs the elevation of the subject has often led him to the confines of higher poetry. But it is the fate of poets in modern days to be voices crying in the wilderness, and his genius is too practical to be content with so unappreciated a *rôle*. He has chosen for his audience the "Man in the Street," and while pouring contempt on some of his ideals he has written down very much to his level and method of speech. It is true that he is a clever versifier, with a great command of rhythm and metre. He likes to show his mastery over alliteration in such lines as "The heave and the holt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-haunted." He can parody himself (as Mr. Chesterton says) in that monstrosity quoted below, "or hang with the reckless seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star." But the man who, at a solemn moment of a nation's history, has nothing better to say than: "We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us jolly well right," may be many other things, but he is not a poet. It is journalism, and bad at that. As for his coarseness it is another matter. Sailors have an immemorial licence to use strong language, and our soldiers in India and South Africa carry on the tradition of "our army in Flanders." It would be absurd to make single men in barracks talk the language of rural deans. Mr. Kipling is merely carrying out Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction to its logical consequences, and very successfully he carries it out too. But when the coarseness is a coarseness of fibre, not easily hurt in itself, nor comprehending sensitiveness in others, it must interfere with his reputation. Lovers of poetry are not insensitive, and it is by their verdict that his reputation must finally stand or fall.

3. "The Stormy Petrel." Mrs. Hawksbee.—"At Simla her name was the 'Stormy Petrel'; she had won that title five times to my certain knowledge."

"Three and an Extra," in "Plain Tales."

"Shackles"—"b.w.g. 15.1⅜—coarse, loose, mule-like ears—barrel as long as a gate-post—tough as a telegraph-wire—and the queerest brute that ever looked through a bridle."

"The Broken-Link Handicap,"
in "Plain Tales."

"Paddy Doyle," marine outfitter?

"Plain sail, storm sail, lay your board and tack again,
And that's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

"The Merchantmen"
in "The Seven Seas."

"Ould Double Ends."—"My lord the elephant."

"Many Inventions."

"Horse Egan," regimental humorist of the Mavericks.

"The Mutiny of the Mavericks"
in "Life's Handicap."

"Sergeant Whatisname," sergeant-instructor attached to the army of H.H. the Khedive of Egypt.

"Said England unto Pharaoh, I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do,
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname."

"Pharoah and the Sergeant,"
in "The Five Nations."

"The lumpy-'umpy 'umming-bird," the "commisariat camuel."

"Oonts," in "Barrack-Room Ballads."

"Billy Fish," a Kaffiristân chief. "Billy Fish we called him afterwards, because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank-engine."

"The Man who would be King."

"The Debilitated Ditcher." Otis Yeere, a Bengal civil servant, at Simla on sick leave.

"The Education of Otis Yeere,"
in "Under the Deodars."

"The Little People." The busy, furious, black wild-bees of India."

"Red Dog,"
in the "Second Jungle Book."

Elsewhere applied to the Boers. "A little people, few, but apt in the field."—"The Islanders.")

4. Give a reference or two to show that Mr. Kipling is a confirmed Imperialist.

It is thirteen years since Mr. Kipling first sounded in the *National Observer* the note of Imperialism: "What should they know of England, who only England know?" Born in a distant city "between the palms and the sea," he early learnt the strength of the tie that binds the children to the motherland. "Deeper than speech our love, stronger than death our tether."

He tells us how we came into possession:

"Fair is our lot, and goodly is our heritage!
For the Lord our God most high,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth."

And how the

"Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom weave us main to main."

The conditions of possession are given us:

"Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

The price is also given:

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years and she calls us still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves but marks our English dead."

And it is summoned up in the "Recessional."

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

5. *Athleticism.* "Then ye returned to your trinkets, then ye contented your souls; With the flannelled fools at the wickets, or the muddied oafs at the goals."

"The Islanders."

(A different view is given in "The Brushwood Boy.")

Russians. "The Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt—as an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists on being treated as the most easterly of western people instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle."

"The Man who Was,"
in "Life's Handicap."

Also

"Make ye no truce with Adam Zad—the Bear that walks like a Man."

"The Truce of the Bear."

Politics. "You pick out and discuss in the company of congenial friends all the weak points in your opponents' organisation, and unconsciously dwell upon all their mishaps till it seems to you a miracle that the hated party holds together for an hour."

"The Mutiny of the Mavericks."

The White Man's Burden. No tawdry rule of Kings, but the toil of serf and sweeper.—The tale of common things.—To seek another's profit and work another's gain.—To bind your sons to exile, to serve your captives' need." And the reward is, "The blame of those ye better, the hate of those ye guard."—"The Five Nations."

Native States were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers and tall writing. They are the dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the railway and the telegraph on one side, on the other the days of Harun-al-Raschid."

"The Man who would be King."

6. i. "The Waddy has set her five young on the rail and fled" . . . because the Bent baby had diphtheria.

"A Second-rate Woman,"
in "Under the Deodars."

(Mrs. Hawksbee parodies Robert Browning's "James Lee's Wife.")

"The swallow has set her six young on the rail and looks seaward."

ii. "E sez to me, 'Shun!' and I shunted, the same as in days gone by."

"Back to the Army Again,"
in "The Seven Seas."

("Shun" *i.e.*, Attention!)

iii. "The Gurkhas' stall at the bazaar was the noisiest," for the men were now engaged—to a nasty noise as of beef being cut on the block—"with the kukri which they preferred to the bayonet."

"The Drums of the Fore and Aft."

iv. "Enough for me in dreams to see,
and touch thy garments' hem,
Thy feet have trod so near to God I
may not follow them."
"To the True Romance,"
in "The Seven Seas."

v. "The meat is very near the bone," Gray Brother gasped. "But the bone has yet to be cracked," said Mowgli.
"Red Dog,"
in "The Second Jungle Book."

vi. "Down to Gehenna or up to the
throne
He travels the fastest who travels
alone."

L'envoi to the "Story of the Gadsbys" conveys the gist of the whole story.

vii. "This business is our Fifty-seven."—
"The Man who would be King."
('57 was the year of the Mutiny.)

viii. "Lo all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."
"Recessional, 1897."

ix. "'Twas the most ondasint parade I ever tuk a hand in."
"The Taking of Lungtungpen,"
in "Plain Tales."

x. "Der big drum brass-hat pizness does not make the trees grow."
"In the Rukh,"
in "Many Inventions."

(Inspector-General Muller's opinion on official reports and other red-tapeism in connection with the Woods and Forests Departments.)

xi. "Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star."—To Woolcott Balestier, Dedication of "Barrack-Room Ballads."

cf. Archbishop Trench:
"The tasks, the joys of earth, the same
in heaven will be,
Only the little brook has widened to a
sea." "Century of Couplets."

xii. "Whatever game we fancied most, you
joyful played it too,
And rather better on the whole—good
bye—good luck to you."
"The Parting of the Columns,"
in "The Five Nations."

Special Subject:

An Unrecorded Incident in the South African War, told by Mr. Mulvaney

THE C Company of the Royal Erin Fusiliers, of which mesilf was a full pri it, was lyin' on its extinded belly, and cursin' and sweatin' free in betune the bouldhers of a bloomin' kopje. Every mother's son of us was shtuck there, takin' all the cover he could git, and wantin' more, for the Boers was spittin' at us with their Mausers, and the bullets hoppin' off the ges like jack-rabbits —while as for the sun 'twas blazin' down on us till our throats as dhry as lime-kilns. In fact, 'twas as tasty a little spot as you'd find in a day's walk. The orficer of my section was Left'nant O'Hara—just a fat little squidgereen of a bhoy, but a fine child for all, as I knew later. Well, sorr, this suckin' soldier comes up to me, and he sez —sez he, "Privit Mulvaney, of all the God-forgotten men in my section, 'tis you's the worst. Fwhy, in the name of blazes, aren't you takin' cover closer?" he sez, and then—ping!—just as the curses was walking out of his mouth like Father Regan's procession of a Sunday—a Mauser got him in the leg, and he fell slap atop of me. Well, 'twas all my fault, and he'd report me as sure as blazes, and I don't know what all, and his langwidge was disgraceful to be coming from his pink and white face. I was considherin' of him, sorr, when the news come that another party of Boers commanded our kopje, and the worrud was give by signal to be off. The orficer bhoy was lyin' there wid his leg undher him, and sez he, "Be off out o' this, ye beggars, and obey ordhers." He was bleedin' like a pig, and the sun on his head fit to fry him, and I thought 'tis the likes of him turns out well when they get a bit of lickin' into shape, so I hinted respectful that he was to get on my back. And he said he'd be damned if he did—straight out he sez it, sorr. Well, I like a talk as well as any, but 'twas gettin' a little bit hot for discusshing, so I tuk him and shuk him, and he cursed me for an insubordinate privit, and I cursed him for an orficer, till he fainted, and I didn't know but he was dead. I'd got a bit to the rear, when a bloody-minded Boer got me in the off arm, so I

hooked me child under the other, and went on. And that's the story, sorr, excipt that when he come round he called me all the names that he could lay his tongue to for a disobedient dog, and just as I was a-layin' him handy on the ground, I saw our great little man lookin' on and laughin'—long life to him! The next day the colonel had me up and called me a ruffian, and said he'd have shtopped me grog if there was any to stop, for disobedience to orders; and Mr. O'Hara, he sez, "Mulvaney, ye Turk, ye deserve three dozen good, and here's me gould watch for ye to wear."—CONNLA.

High Politics on the Veldt

The uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the Gaul,
Was entrapped once more, my country, by that suave, deceptive drawl.

THIS tale was told in a little tin hospital near Colenso, amid the smell of iodoform and the clink of bottles. Here Mulvaney lay recovering from alcoholic poisoning—"Conthracted on the field av battle in the service av my counthry."

. . . . .

"Sez I to McBurnie, the Scotchman who owned the waggons, 'This is a bad business; the escort is not fit to conduct a nursery-maid home from a tay-party, not to spake av waggon-loads av hospital comforts through a wilderness swarmin' wid depraydacious Boers.'

"'The orficer's map,' sez McBurnie, 'is a good riprisentation av the ace of spades. An' we're marchin' into a trap wid our oies open.'

"'Can ye trust wan av your naygghur men to slip away wid a note to Colonel Brazen-nose. He knows me, an' he knows I don't call out the risarves before they're wanted.'

"'Shut your dirty mouths, you bullock-men!' sings out my orficer. And we shut them, but McBurnie sent aff the Kaffir.

"In the course av nature we was *mausered*. Thin I whispered to McBurnie, 'Spike the guns.' 'What?' sez he. 'Shoot the bullocks,' sez I. 'It's an awfu' waste o' cattle,' sez he. 'It's our wan chanst, ye fool,' sez I, 'an' ye'll git compinsation.'

"Before we was *hands-uped*, we had dishabled most av the tame. Thin the escort fell in to jine Krooger's Sunday School. 'Your comin'?' sez my orficer. 'Afther you, sorr,' sez I, 'it's *Birkenhead* dhril; wummen and children first.' 'Mulvaney y're a thraitor,' sez he.

"'Where's the thraitor?' sez a red-faced son av Satan. 'There,' sez the orficer, pointin' to me, 'a disgrace to the British Army.' 'Y're Oirish?' sez the Boer. 'I am,' sez I. 'Were you ever in Limerick?' sez he. 'Was I iver in hell?' sez I. '*Quis separabit?*' * sez he, takin' me by the hand. '*Erin-go-bragh*,' sez I, answerin' in his own language, for he was a black murtherin' Faynian.

"'Fwhat's to be done wid the loot?' he axes me. 'To be conshumed on the primises, for somebody has been moonlightin' the bastes.' So the commando conshtituted itself into a jug and bottle department, me and McBurnie helpin'.

"Whin we had dhrunk more than sufficient, we began talkin' politics. That commando was recruited in a Port Said casino, for not two av thim spoke the same *bat*, an' most av thim was spacheless wid liquor. My Limerick friend proclaimed the Oirish Republic wid himself for Prisidint an' me commander-in-chafe. When I was replyin' in shuitable terms, wan of the pickets cries 'Lances!' 'Let them all come,' sez I, 'y're undher the patronage of Field-Marshal Mulvaney.' Begad the Lancers came, removin' McBurnie from 'a sinful deboosh' and me from the grandest dhrunk I iver expayrienced, besides capturin' more dhrunk men than twinty corporals' guards could manage."

BALOO.

Literary Examination Paper—III.
Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"

1. "Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?" (*i.e.*, "the present Work"). Suggest an answer to this reasonable question asked by the author of "Sartor Resartus."

2. Explain the following, if necessary giving context:

i. "Man is by birth something of an owl."
ii. "There is safety in a swallow-tail."
iii. "America is here or nowhere."
iv. "Society is founded upon cloth."
v. "The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as you please."

* The motto of the Irish Volunteers in 1782.

vi. "Thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles."

vii. "Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas."

viii. "One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible."

3. Explain the allusions: Potatoes and Point—Waterloo-crackers—Pitt diamond—Silk Montgolfier—the two Buchan-Bullers—Baphometic Fire-baptism.

4. Give briefly the substance of Teufelsdröckh's remarks on: Bishops' aprons—Movable types—Gerund-grinders—Utilitarian Philosophy—Lapidary Inscriptions.

5. What are the merits and demerits of Carlyle's literary style?

6. "Sartor Resartus" has been compared to the prophecies of Jeremiah with the marginal comments of the Rev. Mr. Sterne incorporated by some accident in the text. Notice any direct references to Sterne or his contemporaries.

Special Subject

Write a short supplementary chapter to "Sartor Resartus" on "Fiscal Clothes," embodying Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on "Free-Fooders," &c.

The next Examination Paper will be on Charlotte Bronté's novels.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Examination Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after March 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

Will Adams, the Founder of the Japanese Navy

ON April 19, 1600, there put into the Japanese port of Bungo a Dutch trading fleet of five ships, of whom the pilot-major was one Will Adams, a native of Gillingham, near Rochester. Will Adams never returned to England, was never allowed to return, and became the founder of the Japanese Navy. He died about 1620, and to the last never forgot the wife and children he had left behind in England. It is an extraordinary story, nevertheless it is true. And to-day grateful Japanese offer flowers on the tomb of Adams and his Japanese wife at Hemi, and hold a yearly festival in his honour in the street where he lived in Tokio.

Adams tells us that he was apprenticed at Limehouse for two years, afterwards serving as master and pilot in the Royal Navy, and later entered the service of the Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants, whom he served twelve years. When the Dutch trade with the Indies began he seems to have thought his experience could be turned to better purpose by transferring himself to Mynheer's service. He was accordingly engaged by the Dutch East India Company as pilot-major of a little fleet of five sail, and set out for the East in 1598. They reached Japan in 1600, Adams being compelled to touch land as he was shorthanded. At the time of Adams' arrival there were many Roman Catholic converts in Japan. Xavier had landed in 1549, and in the last years of the sixteenth century an embassy had been despatched from Japan to the Pope and had recently returned. The Jesuits, jealous of English and Dutch interference, accused Adams of piracy, and he was imprisoned. The rule of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns began almost immediately

after Adams' appearance, and Iyeyasu, the founder of that dynasty of regents, declined to allow the Englishman to be "crossed," as he had not been proved guilty of any crime against Japan. He was moved to a better prison, finally released, and asked to build a ship for the Emperor, as he called the Shogun. He pleaded ignorance of carpentry, but the sagacious Shogun told him to try, and if he failed, well, it did not matter. The major-pilot's first vessel was eighty tons burden. Up to that time he had been receiving twelve ducats a year, about as he reckoned, and the ordinary daily ration of two pounds of rice. Now he received presents and his stipend was raised to seventy ducats a year. When he had been another five years in Japan, ten since he landed, he petitioned for leave to return to his wife and family. Iyeyasu, however, was a statesman, the builder of the navy was too valuable a man to lose, and he was made Lord of Hemi and a hundred vassals. In 1609 the Governor of Manila was wrecked on the coast of Japan, and the Shogun lent his Adams-built vessel of 120 tons to his Excellency wherewith to continue his voyage to Acapulco in. Next year the Governor replaced this with a ship of his own, and also her value in goods and money. Adams made voyages for Iyeyasu, and laid, indeed, the foundation of Japanese sea-power. The view from his grave to-day commands Yokosuka, the naval arsenal, where, doubtless, 300 years ago Adams built his 120-tonners, and Tokio itself, the modern capital of Dai Nippon, *i.e.*, "Great Japan," as the Japanese proudly call their island empire. Will Adams belongs, one may fairly claim, to those European adventurers and men of action who in India, China, and Japan have so marvellously affected the course of modern history in Asia. To-day Japan has 6 battleships, 20 cruisers, 24 torpedo-boat destroyers, 40 torpedo-boats and 2 gunboats; to these we must add a small battleship, an armoured cruiser and a gunboat bought from Chile, a fleet that no European Power can afford to despise. (Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things about Japan.")

Variable and Compound Stars

As a general rule the starry heavens may be taken as a symbol of eternal unchangeability. The proverb-makers have told us in all time how everything on the earth is subject to alteration and decay, while the stars of heaven remain as we see them, age after age. But it is now known that, although this is true of the great majority of the stars, there are some exceptions. These are so little striking that they were never noticed by the ancient astronomers.

The first person in history to observe a change in a star was one Daniel Fabritius, a diligent watcher of the heavens, who lived three centuries ago.

In August 1596, he noticed a star of the third magnitude before unknown in the constellation Cętus, which soon faded away again, and disappeared from view in October. In subsequent years it was found to show itself at regular intervals of about eleven months.

Two centuries elapsed before another case of the kind was known. Then it was found that the star Algol, in Perseus, faded away from the second to the fourth magnitude for a few hours at intervals of a little less than three days.

Early in the nineteenth century other stars were found to be subject to a more or less regular variation of their light. As observers studied the heavens with greater care, more and more of such stars were found, until at the present time the list of them numbers four or five hundred, and is constantly increasing. Of these some vary in an irregular way, but a large majority go through a regular period.

The easiest of these objects to notice is Beta Lyra. It can be seen at some hour of any clear evening, spring, summer, or autumn. If the reader as he takes his evening walk will, night after night, compare this star with the one nearest to it and nearly of the same magnitude, he will see that while on some evenings the two appear perfectly equal, on others Beta will be of a magnitude fainter than the other. Careful and continued watching will show that the change takes place in a period of about six days and a half. That is to say, if the two stars are equal on a certain evening, they will again appear equal at the end of six or seven days, and so on indefinitely. Midway between the two times of equality

the variable one will be at its faintest. If the observer notes the magnitudes at this time with the greatest precision, a curious fact will be brought out. Every alternate minimum, as the phase of least light is called, is slightly fainter than that preceding or following. The actual period is therefore nearly thirteen days, during which time there are two maxima of equal brightness and two slightly different minima.

It is now known that the variation of light in this case is not really inherent in the star itself, but arises from the fact that the star is a double one, composed of two stars revolving around each other, and so near together as almost to touch. As they revolve, each one in succession wholly or partially hides the other. This fact is not brought out by the telescope, because the most powerful telescope that could be made would not show the two stars separately. It is the result of long and careful study of the spectrum of the star, which is found to be a double one, the lines in one of which alternately cover and recede from the lines of the other.

In the extent of variation of its light the most remarkable of the more conspicuous variable stars is Omicron Ceti, already mentioned as seen by Fabritius. It is now found to go through a regular period in three hundred and thirty days. During about two weeks of this time it is at its brightest, and is then sometimes of the second magnitude and sometimes much fainter—occasionally only of the fifth. After each maximum it gradually fades away for a few weeks and disappears from view to the naked eye. But with a telescope it can be seen all the year round.

The period of eleven months makes the maximum occur about a month earlier every year. During some years it will occur when the star is so near the sun that it cannot be easily observed. This will be the case during the years 1903–5.

Algol, also called Beta Persei, being in northern declination, can be seen in our latitudes at some time on almost every night of the year. In autumn and winter it is visible in the early evening. The peculiarity of its variation is that it remains of the same brightness nearly all the time, but fades away for a few hours at intervals of about two days and twenty-one hours. It is now known that this is due to the partial eclipse of the star by a dark body nearly as large as itself, revolving round it. It is true that this body has never been seen by human eye and never will be. Its existence is made known by its causing the star to revolve in a small orbit. It is true that this motion of the bright star is too small to be observed with the telescope, but it is made certain by means of the spectroscope, which shows a change in the wave length of the light coming from the star.

Different variable stars differ very widely in the extent of their variation. In most cases the latter is so slight that only an expert observer would notice it. Frequently it cannot be determined until after a long study by various observers whether a "suspected variable" is really such.

These objects form a very interesting subject of observation for those who have at command little or no instrumental facilities. No telescope is needed unless the star is, at some of its phases, invisible to the naked eye. The points to be noticed and recorded are the exact magnitude of the star from minute to minute or hour to hour, as it is going through its most rapid change, in order to learn at what moment its brightness is greatest or least.

What adds to the interest of the astronomer in these objects is the evidence now being gathered that many, perhaps most of the stars, are not single bodies, but more or less complex systems of bodies having the widest diversity in their construction. Double stars have been familiar to every observer of the heavens since the time of the great Herschel. But it is only in the time of our generation that the spectroscope has begun to make known to us pairs of stars revolving round each other, of which the components are so close together that the most powerful telescope can never separate them. The history of science offers no greater marvel than the discoveries of invisible planets moving round many of the stars which are now being made, and in which the Lick observatory has recently taken the lead.

It now seems more or less probable that the changes of light in all stars having a regular and constant period is due to the revolution of large planets or other stars around them. Sometimes the variation is slight and is caused in the way we have described, by one body partially eclipsing the other as it passes across it. In this case there may be no real variation in the light; the star eclipsed shines just as brightly behind the eclipsing body as when it is not eclipsed. But it now seems that, if the darker body revolves in a very eccentric orbit, so as to be much nearer the bright body at some times than at others, its attraction produces such a change in the other as greatly to increase its light. Just how this effect is produced it is as yet impossible to say. S. NEWCOMB.

Dalny—the future New York of the East

ON the southern side of the Bay of Talienwan lies the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Its position at the end of that gigantic system would in itself lend interest to the new seaport, but Dalny, apart from its railway connection, is, even in its present incipient form, unique among all seaports of the world owing to the method of its birth and growth. Nature has done little to mark out the new terminus as a future metropolis. The southern end of the Liao-tung Peninsula is an outcrop of barren hills, rising here and there to the dignity of mountains, into which the Bay of Talienwan inserts itself for many miles without affording even a natural harbour. The shores of the bay are shallow and shelving, and because of its large expanse the deep water is exposed to the violence of any tempest. The land is almost treeless, and cultivated only in the valleys which lie hidden among the brown hills; the inhabitants grow a scanty crop of giant millet, and manage to exist on the narrow margin between bare sufficiency and starvation. On such an unpromising site the Russian Government is building a large seaport town with ample docks and wharves, with a splendid sea frontage and convenient railway dépot, with wide streets and boulevards and shady gardens, with a commercial quarter that will eclipse every foreign settlement in the East and a residential district which might grace Manchester or Philadelphia. Of course, that is the plan. The Russian Government provides the docks, wharves, railway, and roads and trees. The houses are to be built by the population which is to be. But even in its present embryo state Dalny is one of the marvels of the present age. For surely nowhere else in the world has a Government built a city and port of such dimensions on absolutely barren soil, hundreds of miles from its own borders, without a penny's worth of trade already in existence to justify the expense. Dalny is, in fact, a "boom" town without any reason for a boom, but different in this respect, that the mushroom growth is the work of a Government which is determined to build itself a metropolis complete in every detail.

There is something splendid and Oriental and almost barbaric in this wholesale creation. Another Power would have been content to build its railway and begin the harbour tentatively, and let trade do the rest. Not so Russia. Dalny is to spring into the world full grown and armed at every point, Minerva-like, from the brain of the Russian Jove. The harbour, which has to be constructed at enormous expense, by filling and dredging the bay by the square mile, with moles and breakwaters and dry docks, is to be capable of accommodating the largest ships afloat alongside its wharves, and will eventually take in all the shipping which could be got together at any time in the East. The sea front and warehouses are to stand on ground which was in 1901 under the water even at low tide. The administrative portion of the town is already in existence. Then comes the commercial quarter, with wide macadamised streets, which are to-day being dug out of the hillside, and beyond that is the residential quarter, for which nearly two square miles of hill slope are being levelled off and intersected with magnificent roads. Back from the town runs a gully through the hills right to the open sea on the far side, which is to give space for a beautiful wooded drive of seven or eight miles, and will finally debouch on a sandy beach, where the future millionaires of Dalny will have their summer bungalows. Even

this drive was already half completed, though there was hardly a soul in Dalny except the Russian officials and contractors. Along this valley trees are being planted and conserved, as elsewhere on the peninsula, in order that the barren hillsides may some day be pine-clad and the valleys green with oak and hickory. Nor have the Chinese been forgotten. Their city is apart, but well laid out, with a fine theatre where the labourer may spend some of his wages for the good of the place instead of hoarding them and sending them at length to his family in Shan-tung.

The whole elaborate and munificent scheme was to have been completed by the year 1903, and then nothing would be wanting but the population. In 1902 the port was partially open to trade, and the small breakwater afforded berths to several large ships at a time with a draft twenty or twenty-one feet, and building lots were auctioned realising a sum of 400,000 roubles at the first sale. The bigger moles and the Eastern breakwater were already begun in 1901 and are now practically finished, so that wharves are provided for the biggest ocean liners afloat. When we examined the plan of the harbour two years ago it seemed almost chimerical, so immense was the work mapped out for the contractors. To-day the plan is realised and only the shipping is wanting.

Unless you go to Dalny you can hardly believe in the creation of so large a town on a barren hillside with nothing but prospects to justify its existence. And when you have seen the place and had ocular evidence of the lavish outlay of the Government you can hardly help remarking that at least half the work might have been left to the future merchants of the place to accomplish. To cut a forty-foot pleasure drive through the hills for seven or eight miles before the municipality is actually in existence seems to be almost an act of supererogation. On the other hand, Dalny is the terminus of the greatest railway in the world, and to spend a million roubles more or less in glorifying the terminus is no more to be taken into serious account than the cost of the gold leaf in the scroll of a battleship. For Dalny is now the definite terminus. The alignment has been brought south from the Amur Province to Manchuria and altered again and again, but a little reflection shows that there is no other port available in China to the south, and even if the Russians had Corea to-morrow Dalny is much more favourably situated than Masampho.

Dalny is, after all, the best, if not the only, place which could have been selected. By spending money the harbour can be increased to any size, and the same might almost be said of the town. Those who love analogies see in Dalny the future New York of the East, and the exaggeration is not so great as to be grotesque. It is, or will be, the only harbour north of Hong Kong where large ocean-going steamers can comfortably discharge cargo, for the Woo-sung anchorage is often impracticable for lighters in rough weather and the German harbour at Tsing-tao has no such trade prospects as Dalny to induce ocean liners to call there. But apart from the Trans-Siberian Railway Dalny has great importance as the future port of Manchuria. Other foreigners, and especially Britishers in China, ridicule the idea of Dalny capturing the trade of New-chwang. But this is exactly what is going to happen. As far as imports are concerned, America and Japan are the two great Manchurian traders. At present American goods must be shipped to Shanghai, and there transhipped to New-chwang. The railway from Dalny to New-chwang is two hundred miles. Yet so high are the freights on the coast of China that it will be much cheaper to ship direct to Dalny and carry by rail to New-chwang and Mukden than to ship to Shanghai and tranship to New-chwang. New-chwang can never be a port for ocean-going steamers, and it is closed for four months in the year. Dalny is open all the year round, and will take in all the liners that want to go there. The American trading company which is the medium for American trade in the East will ship its goods direct from the States to Talienwan Bay. For Japan Dalny is more conveniently situated than New-chwang, and very soon Dalny will have captured 50 per cent. of the Manchurian trade.

H. J. WHIGHAM.

(*From the picture in the possession of the Corporation of Glasgow*)

THE COMING STORM
By J. Linnell

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Wapping doctor named Phillimore rescues one of the crew of a pleasure yacht, the *Sea Queen*.—The yacht has put into dock previous to commencing a year's cruise.—She wants a doctor, and the owner, Mr. Morland, engages Doctor Phillimore. Mr. Morland is in reality Prince Frederic of Hochburg, travelling with his sister and Mlle. Châteray or Trebizond. He contemplates marriage with Mlle. Châteray, There is great wealth on the yacht, and a plot is being hatched amongst most of the crew to seize the treasure.—The doctor discloses the plot to the Prince, and the ship's destination is changed from Buenos Ayres to Rio de Janeiro.

CHAPTER VII

THE RISING

IN advising that the yacht's course should be laid for Rio I assumed that possibly the mutineers would not have completed their arrangements, and would be taken by surprise. My assumption was justified, though its very correctness came near to wrecking what reputation I had left as a man of sense. I had long recognised that I was looked upon as having a bee in my bonnet, and the fact that we arrived safely in the port must have increased the doubts of those who knew I was responsible for the alteration of the course. The change could not, of course, be concealed very long. The watch was privy to it, when Day set the new course, and by next morning it was all over the ship. Yet the same dignified routine proceeded; no one volunteered any act of violence; and if I believed in myself no one else did, I am sure. Little Pye mused openly on the change, but withdrew himself at once into his legal reticence when I also expressed my surprise. To say the truth, I was not anxious that it should be known that I was the author of the alteration, and so made inquiries with a show of innocence. Nor do I think that any one suspected me, for neither the Prince nor Day would be likely to talk. Day, indeed, surprised me. He thanked me privately for my medical advice, and, with a smile, added:

"Perhaps I should say also nautical."

I shook my head smiling also. "It was political, captain, and that's all."

He nodded absently, and said suddenly, "I think, doctor, I will get rid of Pierce at Rio."

I was heartily glad to hear this, and would have suggested that Holgate also should go, but refrained. I knew not how far his improvement would bear the strain of the suggestion.

We lay at anchor in the bay to coal, and the passengers took themselves off to the shore, Mlle. Trebizond in a wild flutter of excitement. This meant for her the nearest approach to Paris, I suppose, that was available. At least she was in great spirits, and appeared for the first time on the deck and talked with the officers. As we entered the harbour we heard the sound of music pouring from the saloon, which had never yet been used by the party, and on that the rich notes of a fine mezzo soprano. The little exhibition arrested the men at their work, and, after that long passage of silence, seemed to wake us up, and put us in a better mood. As it was disagreeable on board during the coaling operations I too followed the party on shore in the company of Barraclough.

We had arrived at mid-day, and the yacht was to sail on the following evening, for the simple methods of coaling in Rio protract the business. I lunched at the English Hotel, and occupied the time in the usual manner of the sight-seer; visited the summit

of the hill by the Alpine Railway, and walked negligently in the Botanical Gardens. I slept ashore, and was joined on nightfall by Lane, who was full of the gust of living. He could only be said to enjoy himself when he got ashore, and yet he could not keep off the sea. I learned from him with satisfaction that Pierce, the boatswain, was gone, paid off at the captain's orders. So there was something for my consolation. I breathed a little more freely, and inquired further. But the rest of his information was not so satisfactory. Besides the passengers, Day, Barraclough, McCrae, and himself had come ashore, leaving Legrand with Holgate and little Pye to represent what might be termed the aristocracy of the deck. And next morning I got a glimpse in the streets of Pye, so that Holgate was, barring the second officer, master of the yacht. I will confess I did not like this look of things; so deep was my distrust of Holgate. In the Rua do Ouvidor I had a fleeting vision of Princess Alix and Mlle. Trebizond as they turned into a shop; but for the rest I enjoyed myself as a stranger to the *Sea Queen*, and one with no concern in her fortunes.

It was late afternoon when I got to the quay to take a boat to the yacht; for, as I calculated, that would leave me a full hour to the time appointed for sailng. Judge, then, of my amazement when I saw her standing out, the smoke-wrack flying abaft, and trudging steadily for the mouth of the harbour. I stood there, I think, fully three minutes before I moved or took action, but during that space of time I had jumped at the conclusion. I was not wanted aboard. Was it Day? No; the idea was absurd, as he was most meticulous in his observation of the conventions. It certainly was not the Prince. The inference was only too obvious. The hour of sailing had been shifted. By whom?

I sprang down to the foot of the quay, where one of the big two-decked harbour ferry-boats was lying.

"Is your steam up?" I shouted to a man on the bridge. "I want you to catch that yacht."

He stared at me in astonishment, and shook his head. I shouted back again, and he replied in Portuguese, I assume, of which tongue I am quite ignorant. I clambered aboard and made my way to him, by which time he had been joined by another man, with gold lace round his cap. I repeated my query in French, and the second man replied indolently,

"It was impossible."

"I will give you twenty pounds if you catch her," I said, and fumbled in my mind for some computation in their wretched currency. I do not know how many hundred thousand reis I mentioned, but it seemed to make some effect. Both men stared after the yacht. I added several hundred thousand more reis, and they were plainly shaken. Heaven knew why I should have been offering my poor money for the sake of Prince Frederic of Hochburg. I did not stop to reason, but acted merely on impulse. The man with the gold band went to the speaking tube and shouted down it. The other man began to give brisk orders in a small thin voice. Evidently my offer was accepted. I turned and looked out into the bay, and there was the *Sea Queen* still steaming leisurely for the heads.

When once the ferry-boat shook herself loose she made fair way. She champed and churned in a fussy manner, and the great steel crank in her middle began to thud in a terrifying manner. We had backed out, and were driving down the harbour at the rate of perhaps nine knots. Was the *Sea Queen* making more? It was impossible to judge at that distance. The yacht might have been a mile away, and if she were going as fast as we it would probably be impracticable to attract her attention for some time, until, at any rate, we were clear of the shipping. Surely then the sight of a cumbrous ferry-boat beating down on an unwonted journey to the heads would draw their eyes and fill their speculations. We were three miles out twenty minutes after starting, and now it was obvious that we were not making ground, but losing. The trail of the smoke swept the water behind her, and her nose was plunging for the open sea. I was in despair. I shouted to the captain in the effort to get him to hoist signals, and at last one was found which suited the emergency. I have forgotten

what it was, but it apparently signified that help was required immediately. But still the yacht held on, and the distance between us grew.

It seemed that I was after all destined to be free of the fortunes of that ship, whatever they might be; and I stood by the captain of the ferry-boat with a feeling of defeat and helplessness, silent, and almost resigned. And then, by one of those strange ironies the solution came to me, came to me too just as mere selfish considerations were asserting themselves. I had thought of the Prince and the conspirators, if I had thought at all, certainly not of myself; and now came the reflection that I had pledged my last sovereign in the endeavour to catch the yacht, and that I was to be landed again in that foreign port penniless. Was it under the stimulus of that thought that I recalled of a sudden the first appearance of the *Sea Queen* in my life, and remembered the flash of the rocket?

"Have you any rockets?" I asked, turning abruptly round.

The man stared, smiled deprecatingly, and shook his head. He addressed his mate in Portuguese, and they held an animated conversation. Finally he turned to me, and the mate went below.

"There is one, he believes, monsieur," said the captain. "It was for saving life, but it is old."

Well, old or new, I was resolved to try it, and presently, when the mate appeared with a huge bomb in his hands, we set ourselves to work. The men by this time were interested, and we had the rocket rigged in a trice. The anxious moment was when we came to fire it. Would it fizzle out? Was the touch long gone?

It resisted sullenly for some minutes, and then unexpectedly took the bit in its teeth, if I may put it that way, and bolted. In the summer evening sky was a great rush of light, and in my ears the hissing of a hundred serpents. Then there was silence, and the light, describing its arc, vanished into the water ahead. I gazed anxiously, but it was not until ten minutes later that we were able to judge of the success of our venture. Then the little captain touched me on the shoulder, beaming. He did not trust to his inadequate French, but pointed. I had already seen the *Sea Queen* lay-to.

A quarter of an hour later I stepped aboard her, and the man who let down the gangway was Holgate.

"Why, doctor, we thought you were in your cabin. A near shave!" said he.

"Pretty close," said I; "I thought the hour was six."

"It was changed to five by captain's orders," he replied. "Notice was sent duly."

"It missed me," I answered cheerfully. "I wasn't at the hotel all the time."

I passed him and met Legrand, who stared at me.

"It's not your ghost, doctor?"

"No," I said in a lower voice. "But maybe it will come to ghosts yet."

He stroked his short beard, and turned about. Day, I found, was surveying me from the bridge in the most elegant suit of ducks.

"Now that you have arrived, Dr. Phillimore, perhaps we may be allowed to proceed," he said sarcastically.

I made no reply, but went aft, where my adventures must be poured into Lane's ears. Barraclough looked me up and down in his cool, indifferent way.

"Come aboard, sir?" he said, with a grin.

"Yes," said I with a deliberate drawl. "It cost me just twenty-five pounds."

"I would sooner have stayed and had a good old time," said Lane. "What's the use of a bally ship?"

"Oh," said I, "being a millionaire I can't tell. If I'd only thought of it, Lane, I might have followed your advice."

"Didn't you get the notice?" asked Pye.

"No, I was enjoying myself, you see. I'm a careless fellow, but I'm a modest one also; and I've made too much of a sensation for my taste."

"You're fond of sensations, my good sir," said Sir John, with his abominable arrogance.

"Well, if you'll allow me, I'll shed all I can of this—that is, clothes," I replied calmly, and I went below.

When I had had a bath and assumed my yachting costume I came on deck again, only to meet Day in a furious temper, as I could tell from his eyes. I explained the circumstances of my mishap, adding that I had not received my notice, which was no doubt my fault.

"I certainly might have made more changes at Rio than I did," he said maliciously, and passed by me.

It was ungracious, but the man was not responsible. From the deck above the face of Mlle. Trebizond peered down at me, smiling and handsome.

"It was an adventure," she said in her English, showing her pretty teeth. "It was most exciting, doctor, to be chased by a pirate."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, mademoiselle," said I politely. "I take some credit to myself for the rocket."

"Oh, but it should have been dark—that would have been much better," said she. "Come up and tell me all about it."

After a momentary hesitation I obeyed, and when I reached the deck I found Princess Alix there. Once more I explained my misadventure, and Mlle. Trebizond chatted and laughed in great good-humour. She had made many purchases, but complained of the shops. She could not get her favourite perfume, she protested, and wondered how people could live in such remote regions. Then she tired of me, I suppose, and walked off, leaving me to the Princess. Her blue eyes, as cold as her brother's, flashed a question at me.

"It was not an accident?" she said.

"The notice, I find, was sent last night, after Mr. Morland had communicated with Captain Day. It should have reached me at the hotel early this morning. It didn't."

"I see." She looked towards the forts at the mouth of the harbour, which we were then passing. "I am glad you did your duty in rejoining the yacht," she said next.

I think I was between amusement and irritation at her words, for, after all, I considered that it was not a time to talk of duty when I had been the victim of a trick, and had, after my own poor fashion, paid so heavily for it. I might even have looked for a sentence of thanks for my zeal. But the Princess was a princess still, despite that she was also Miss Morland and the sister of a man who had thrown away all to contract a morganatic marriage. But amusement got the upper hand. I smiled.

"Oh, we English have usually a severe sense of duty," I replied, "at least, when it comes to a pinch. On the other hand, of course, we lack discipline."

She glanced at me, and, with a little bow, moved away. I was dismissed.

The yacht was pointed now for Buenos Ayres, at which port it was clear that, for reasons of his own, Prince Frederic was anxious to arrive. It was not until the second evening, however, that anything of importance occurred. But that was of considerable importance, as you shall see. I had occasion to pay a visit to the stoke-hole, where one of the men had injured his hand, and I had finished my work and was mounting the grubby wire ladder, when a fireman passed me with averted face. I hardly glanced at him, and certainly did not pause the least fraction of a second; but to the half-glance succeeded a shock. The nerves, I suppose, took a perceptible instant of time to convey the recognition to the brain; but, despite the grime on his face and the change in his appearance, I could not be mistaken. It was Pierce, the discharged boatswain.

Here was news indeed! Pierce, of whom Day thought he had got rid in Rio, was employed as stoker on the yacht. How came he there? This bespoke treachery again. And now I began to get some notion of how vast and subtle was the web of the conspiracy. It could not be that only a few men were concerned in it. Holgate had been right. How many hands could we depend on? Who put Pierce in his present situation? I went on deck in a fume of wonder and excitement. Plainly something was hatching, and probably that very moment. If Pierce thought I had recognised him it would doubtless precipitate the plans of the villains. There was no time to be lost, and so, first of all, I went—whither do you suppose? To see the Princess.

She received me in her boudoir, where

she was reclining in an evening gown that fitted her beautiful figure closely, and she rose in astonishment. But at once her eyes lighted.

"You have something to tell me?" she inquired.

"Yes," said I. "The man who was dismissed is still on board. He is acting as stoker."

She compressed her lips and eyed me.

"That spells, madam, business," said I.

"What is to be done?" she asked quietly, but I could see her bosom moving with excitement.

"I have come to you first because it is you who must prepare the Prince and persuade him of the crisis. I will go to the captain with my tale, and Heaven knows how I shall be received. It is the Prince who must act."

"Yes—yes," she said quickly. "Go at once. I will find my brother."

Day was in his cabin, and, knocking, I entered without waiting for permission. I found him with his arm bared and a syringe in his hand. He stared at me and scowled.

"There is no time for words, sir," said I. "Pierce is on board, and there is danger. There will probably be a rising to-night."

He threw the syringe down. "I'm very glad to hear it," he declared, in even tones. "Take that away, doctor. Where's Sir John Barraclough?"

I told him that he was on the bridge.

"Send Mr. Legrand to me, and ——" he broke off. "But how do you know?" he asked suspiciously.

"It is not a case of knowledge. It is a case for preparation," I said. "If we have the arms distributed ——."

I was interrupted by a sharp report from below. Day ran out in his pyjamas, and I followed. We heard Barraclough's voice from the bridge, raised angrily.

"Go back there, man; get back, Gray."

It was a pitch black night, save for the glittering stars, and I could only make out a knot of men at the head of the ladder leading from the lower deck.

"What do you mean?" shouted Barraclough; and then all of a sudden the knot of men opened in a struggle, and a man burst through and dashed towards us, falling at my feet.

"For heaven's sake, sir," he panted out. "They've seized the engine-room, and Mr. McCrae's shot. 'Twas Pierce done it."

I recognised by his voice Grant, one of the deck-hands, and I helped him to his feet.

"Who's in this?" I asked; but before he could reply the gang of men approached nearer, and some one spoke from their midst. It was Holgate.

"Captain Day, I regret to state that the men are not satisfied with the way things are being conducted," he said, in a level voice. "They are not satisfied with their pay, for one thing, and there are other matters. No harm is intended, but they have decided that I am to take your place, and for the present you are to consider yourselves prisoners — particularly the doctor," he added.

The offensive assurance of the man made me boil, but on Day it seemed to have a curiously astringent effect.

"So, Mr. Holgate, there has been a council of war," he said quietly, even dryly, "and you are to step into my shoes. I will give you three minutes to retire from the deck. Go back! I tell you, do you hear, men? Go back!"

His acrid voice rang out thinly, but Barraclough above shouted hoarsely.

"Can't you do something to them?"

At this moment I was aware of noises in the promenade deck, and, looking up, saw the Prince's figure outlined dimly against the stars.

"You have your orders," he called out in his deep voice. "Go back to your quarters."

There was a pause, and then the silence was broken by a shot, and one of the men fell. A second report rang out, and a curse rose on the air. A third followed, and the men turned and retreated.

From the hurricane deck came still another shot, and they tumbled down the ladder pell-mell. The Prince was shooting as calmly as at so many partridges. I ran down stairs and fetched my revolver, and when I returned I could hear no sound from

The silence was broken by a shot, and one of the men fell

the lower deck. Barraclough met me at the door of the saloon.

"There's not a pound of steam on her," he said. "The brutes have shut off the valves."

"Let her go," said I. "We have something more important on our hands. They'll be here again. The Prince took them by surprise. No English captain would have used his weapons so."

"No, by Heaven," he exclaimed. "This makes it a question of ——"

He paused, Mr. Legrand came running along the deck.

"We've got it now," he said. "Oh, we've got all we want now."

"Look here," said I. "Is Ellison with you? I'm sure he's not in this?"

"Yes," said Barraclough.

"Well, post him at the ladder, and here's Grant. Let's find out how we stand."

"It'll be hot work to-night," said Legrand.

Day's voice came to us from his cabin door. "Sir John Barraclough, be good enough to place all the men you can trust on guard, with orders to fire in case of necessity. I shall be obliged for your company and that of the officers in my cabin."

We had four men, including Ellison, on the deck, and there was also the man at the wheel, who had not quitted his place through all these events. One could surely rely upon a man with such a sense of duty; so, having made such dispositions as were possible, Barraclough followed us to the captain. The ladies, I hoped, were safe in their cabins, as I had heard no sound of them.

Day was brief and businesslike. "Dr. Phillimore was right," said he. "I ask his pardon. We must see how many men we have. There is Mr. Lane and Mr. Pye. Where is Mr. Pye?"

"I am here, sir," said the little clerk from the back.

"That makes, including Mr. Morland, twelve men to depend on, so far as we know—if, that is," he added almost with a sneer, "we can depend on them."

"Grant may know more," said Legrand.

"Bring him," said Day, and opened the door to the Prince.

Prince Frederic was cool and collected, and showed little to mark the disturbance and bloodshed of the last quarter of an hour, little, unless it were in the increased blue of his eyes, which shone frostily.

"Have you all your men, captain?" he remarked in his determined German way, quite free of vivacity.

"We are sure of twelve," said Day, "and we are trying to find out about the others, so as to separate sheep and goats."

But here was Grant arrived, blood on his face, and a brisk air of savagery about him.

"Grant, who are the mutineers?" said the captain.

"Couldn't speak to 'em all, sir," said the man. "I knew nothing of it till half an hour ago, when I ran into them, and they seized me. There was Gray and Pierce and Mr. Holgate and Granger, and half a dozen in the lot that took me."

"Do you mean to say that you had no inkling of this?" said Day, with asperity.

"I'll take God to witness, no, sir," said the man earnestly, "and I'll take my oath Williams and Naylor hadn't neither."

"That makes two more," said the Prince, nodding. "But where are they?"

Grant looked over his shoulder in the direction which would indicate the forecastle. "If they're not here, sir, your highness," he said hesitatingly, "I don't know where they are. The stokers is all joined, I heard 'em say."

"Good heavens, they've made a clean sweep," said Barraclough, with a laugh. "And what's this about McCrae?"

"Mr. McCrae was shot at the first, sir, in seizing the engines."

"And they've fetched her pretty nigh to a standstill," growled the first officer. "Phew! No, there she goes," he exclaimed, as the screw began to bump. "They've picked her up. That'll be Crossley. He's with them, confound him."

"Then that leaves twelve," said the purser, "and forty odd t'other side. Oh!" he whistled, "this makes swank, don't it?"

"Silence, Mr. Lane," commanded the captain. "We must first of all be on our guard, armed; and, secondly, see if we are in a position to add to our numbers. But we have the deck, which can only be

reached one way. The stewards, Mr. Lane?" he asked quickly.

"I'll answer for the three, and the cuisine," declared the purser boldly. "I'll go bail on them. I've known Jackson on other voyages. I engaged 'em myself."

"Then who engaged the others, I'd like to know?" asked Day, in his old irritable tone; at which, to the astonishment of all, a small voice broke the silence.

"I did, sir."

We all wheeled round. It was Pye. The little man fixed his gold glasses on his nose with two fingers in his nervous way, and blinked through them at us, unruffled as a cock-sparrow that yet had doubts.

"He, by heaven!" whispered Legrand to me, with infinite scorn. "He chose 'em!"

"And I regret to find, sir," pursued Pye, "that some of them have gone wrong. I feel myself in a way responsible."

"It all comes of putting things in the hands of lawyers," said Lane, with innocent recklessness.

Day looked down his nose. "Well, Mr. Pye," he said dryly, "we'll try to forgive you. You fell in with the wrong crowd. If I had known—" he paused. "The question is, how are we to get in touch with the faithful men who may be in the forecastle?"

"If you will allow me, sir, I will venture into the forecastle and find out," said Pye, with a restrained sense of importance.

"You!" cried Day in amazement, and there was a general burst of laughter, except on the part of the Prince, who was eyeing Pye severely, and on the part of myself, who did not see anything for ridicule in the unexpected courage of a timid man.

"I feel in a way responsible," repeated Pye; but his protest was feeble in effort, for Day put him curtly aside.

"I fear you will not do, sir," said he.

"But I will, captain," I called out. The Prince's eyes came over to me, leaving Pye. He nodded and addressed Day in an undertone.

"My dear sir, they've marked you out first and foremost," said Barraclough.

"I'll back the doctor," declared Lane excitedly.

"Oh, I go only in the mission of humanity," I replied. "McCrae may not be dead. No one knows. And, what's more, the mutineers have two or three cripples on their hands. They won't lay a hand on me at present."

"That's true, Dr. Phillimore," remarked Day. "Well, if you have weighed the risks I will not prevent you. It is essential we should know something more. It will come to blows again, and that without notice. Mr. Morland," he hesitated, "wishes me to express his thanks for your offer."

"In that case," said I, acknowledging the compliment with a bow, "I may as well take time by the forelock," and nodding to Legrand I slipped out on the deck.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAPTURE OF THE BRIDGE

I WALKED through the darkness to the head of the ladder, where Ellison was on watch.

"Any news?" I asked the quartermaster.

"No, sir; all quiet," he answered, and as I made to go down he cried out, "Where are you going, sir? Don't do that. You can't go there."

"It's all right," I answered. "Keep your eyes open. Nothing will happen to me. And don't be lured from the staircase, whatever occurs; and here, take my revolver. I'm on a mission of peace." I slipped down the ladder and found myself in the gloom of the orlop deck. A lantern was hanging in the shrouds, and I had not reached it before I was challenged.

"It's the doctor, Gray," said I, recognising his voice, "and come no earlier than you want him, I'll wager. There's more than one of you has got his gruel, I'm thinking."

He came into the light. "Are you armed, doctor?" said he.

"You can feel," said I, and he clapped his hands down my pockets.

"Well, I don't know," he said, in a hesitating way. "It's true enough, Davenport's dead as mutton, and Stephenson and Coyne are down in their bunks. But it's Mr. Holgate commands here. I'll call him." He went forward and whistled, and presently

two other men approached, one of whom I saw was Holgate by his rolling form.

"Glad to see you, doctor," he said cheerfully. "I was hoping to be honoured by a visit, but, hang me! if I expected it. Come along now, and let's get some light on the case."

He led the way into the forecastle quarters, and emerged into the room in which the hands had their meals, which was lit by electricity, as were all the cabins and saloons of the *Sea Queen*.

"These digs are not what I'm accustomed to, doctor," he said, taking a seat. "I'm frank, you see; but of course I retire only to jump better. Isn't that how it goes? We jumped too soon, you see; and that was you. If it had not been for that fool Pierce! Twice the essential ass played into your hands. You were pretty smart, though I gave you a lead. There I was the fool."

"Well, Mr. Holgate, as between man and man you were," I said.

He laughed. "Oh, it will work out all right, but it makes it bloody. Now, there was no need of blood in this little job, not if it had been rightly managed, and I'll take blame for that. No; you were my mistake."

He looked at me in his tense unblinking way, as if he would have torn out of me on that instant what I thought and what I really was.

"I shall not be your last," I said indifferently.

"Have a drink," he said. "We've got some good champagne, all under lock and key, you bet, my son. That's not going to be my mistake, at any rate. I've not lived forty years for nothing. I'm going to pull this off."

"Thank you," said I. "But it's business I've come on."

"Business and 'the boy' go together in the city, I've heard," he answered. "Well, is it terms you want?"

"Oh dear no," I replied. "Only an affair of mercy. You've got two wounded men, and there's McCrae."

He looked down for a moment. "McCrae was another mistake, but not mine," he said. "You can't do any good to McCrae. But you can see the others, if you will. Not that that's what you've come for. Shall I tell you what, doctor? You've come like the gentlemen who went to the Holy Land, and came back carrying grapes, eh? I remember the picture when I was a boy, a precious huge bunch too. Well, you can have the grapes if you'll take 'em in a liquefied form, and carry them in your belly."

I rose. "I'll see these men," I said abruptly.

He led me to the bunks, and I examined the wounded men. One was beyond hope; the other was but slightly injured; and I told Holgate the truth. He nodded.

"I don't much want Coyne," he said musingly. "I've no use for him. He's a bungler."

The cold-blooded way in which he delivered this heartless criticism raised in me a feeling of nausea. I was moving away when he stopped me.

"Stay, you're not going back empty-handed, doctor, after all your kindness. Any one you'd like to see?"

I thought. "Yes," said I. "Naylor or Williams."

Holgate moved out, and lifted the hatch. "Naylor!" he called. "Granger, let Naylor up." He turned to me. "We don't starve 'em. It's pretty comfortable tween decks when you're used to it."

I made no reply, and presently a voice hailed us from below.

"Is that Naylor?" asked Holgate.

"Yes."

"Naylor, here is the doctor inquiring after your health. Any questions he puts to you you are at liberty to reply to."

He moved away whistling cheerfully, and I called out, "Naylor, I only want to know one thing. How many of you are there?"

"Six, sir," said the man.

"All under hatch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; keep up your hearts. This is not the end. Good-night."

I went to Holgate. "Really," said I lightly. "I find there are more honest men in this ship than I had anticipated."

I don't think he liked that. "You've got

twelve," he said dryly. "And there's over thirty with us."

"You forget one thing," I said. "We have the wheel, and to-morrow you may find yourselves steaming cheerfully up the river to Buenos Ayres, like any good liner."

"That would be a pity, wouldn't it?" he said with a grin. "But you also forget one thing, doctor—that is, I've got the engines. Supposing those engines stopped?"

"Well, we can get a press of canvas on her," I suggested.

"Great heavens!" says he. "Can you? What are we doing?"

"I think," said I, "that we have a good marksman on board."

"You're right," he said savagely, "and, by thunder, I won't forgive him for that. I had meant— By thunder, I'll play Old Harry and merry Hades to him for that. Lord, doctor!" he ended with a sneer, "to think of you sucking up to a potty prince! or perhaps it's the ladies."

"Yes; I hope you remember the ladies," said I. "It's not too late, Holgate."

He was silent a moment. "I take no stock in women," he said at length. "They're nothing to me. Let the little innocent birds go free. I'll tell you what, doctor. I'll offer terms, and generous terms considering I've got the trumps. I'll drop the whole pack of you at the mouth of the river, ladies and all, and add all personal possessions of every one save what's in the Prince's safes. Now that's fair. I'll make you ambassador. By gad, it will be the only chance you will ever have of being a prince's ambassador." He laughed.

"Holgate," said I, "I've met many generous men, but you appropriate the gingerbread, as you might say. Now I wish you good night."

He advanced two steps towards me. "Doctor," said he gravely, "you've got to consider this. It's important. I'm not here to play marbles. It's a sure thing. I give you up there," he made a movement of his thumb to the quarter-deck, "just this chance. Strike a bargain and I'll see you through. There's not a hap'orth of harm will come to any. Otherwise——" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Holgate," said I, "I will deal with you as frankly as you seem to desire. This spells for you, in my opinion, one thing, and that's the dock."

"Oh, dear no," he interrupted, smiling. "The men were discontented, despatched a deputation, and were fired on by the Prince. English juries don't like these arbitrary German military ways."

"You forget McCrae," said I.

"No, I don't. There was an accident in the engine-room, and the second engineer can bear witness to it, as well as some others. Oh, we stand very well, doctor."

Even as he spoke I saw a shadow steal out of the deeper darkness and draw to his side. I made it out for Pierce, the murderer. I will say that that irruption of the ruffianly boatswain turned unexpectedly the course of my blood. I had seemed somehow to have been dealing with Holgate, as a scoundrel, certainly, yet upon terms of fair warfare. But that shadow struck us all down to a lower level. Murder had been committed, and here was the murderer. Without one word I turned and made my way towards the ladder communicating with the upper deck.

I had no good news to offer to my comrades; indeed, had I spoken quite what was in my thoughts, it was a black prospect with which I must present them. But I did not wish to increase the tension of the situation, and merely recounted the facts I had gathered.

"Thirty against twelve," mused Day, "and there are six true men in the hold. Three dead men. We have opened well, gentlemen."

He looked round sarcastically as he spoke, but at once returned to his colder formal manner. "They have the engine-room and we the bridge. That means that their attack will be on the bridge."

"I have no doubt that is what they mean," I said,

"Very well, gentlemen," said Day. "We know exactly where we are now, thanks to Dr. Phillimore. You have your stations. I shall be obliged if you will take them. We are likely to have a lively night."

"And let me say, gentlemen," said the

Prince, raising his voice, "that I do not conceive it possible that a pack of mutineers can secure the control of their ship from their officers. It is inconceivable, I repeat. I shall be at your disposal, captain," he turned to Day, "when it is necessary. I will take my share in the common danger and struggle."

There was a murmur of applause at this, and we dispersed to our quarters. Legrand had the bridge, and the man at the wheel was turning the spokes as calmly as if there had been no such thing as an alarm or a rising. Down below all was quiet, and the engines were moving slowly. It was now about one in the morning, and on our beams the wind was rising. The yacht was making about eight knots and no more, and we were still a day's steam from Buenos Ayres. I paced the deck in cover of the chart-house for an hour or more in a condition of nervous impatience. Holgate, I knew, would move deliberately, but when he moved this time he would strike hard.

It was towards the dawn that, stopping in my walk, I listened, and heard amid the whistling of the wind and the wash of the water a little mutter of sound somewhere in the disintegrating darkness below. I called to Legrand under my breath, and I heard his "hist." He was at attention, his ears straining in the wind to get news of what was passing. Then there was a shot, and the noise of a *mêlée* at the ladder. Oaths and shouts and the reports of revolvers echoed from the wooden walls.

"Can you see, Phillimore?" screamed Legrand against the wind.

"They are attacking the gangway," I shouted back. One of the two men who stood armed near me rushed forward.

"Go back, go back," thundered Legrand from the bridge. "Go to your post."

I was aware that the Prince had come out on the hurricane deck, which was on the level of the bridge, and as I peered into the gloom, suddenly a shout from the second man in my neighbourhood made me wheel sharply about. I turned in time to see him fire at some figures that came over the port side of the yacht. Immediately I guessed that this was the real attack, and that the assault on the ladder was but a diversion. I ran forward, calling to Legrand. I found Barraclough on the other side of the deck-houses, using a cutlass, and I moved to his assistance. Three men had reached the deck, and a fourth was clambering over. The seaman who had called out fired wide, and the next moment went down under a heavy blow from the figure in front. I discharged a shot, but missed the man as he made his rush. Barraclough simultaneously gave way, and I saw him being pushed backwards against the side of the saloon. I fired again at one of his assailants, who fell away with a curse, and just then the first flush of the coming dawn moved over the waters, and shed a little light on the scene. It disclosed the burly form of Holgate in grips with Legrand, who had descended from the bridge, and Barraclough still struggling with his opponent. I had just time to make this out when one of the mutineers struck at me with a heavy bar, and the blow, owing to a movement on my part, fell on my right arm and paralysed it. He raised his weapon again while I fumbled to get the revolver out of my useless hand into my left, when Day suddenly emerged from somewhere with a levelled pistol. My antagonist dropped like a log. Day fired again, and then with an oath Holgate threw the second officer heavily to the deck, and pointed a revolver. There was a pause of two seconds, then a report, and Day slipped, moved his arms helplessly, and slid along the deck. A shout now came from the other side of the ship where the struggle at the gangway had been going on; and in a moment a stampede was upon us.

I was forced back by sheer weight of numbers to the head of the companion way, using my weapon with some wildness, for all was passing before me in confusion. I had received a hard crack on the head and scarcely knew what I was doing, but was merely sustained in my resistance by a sense of continuity, inherited, as it were, from the earlier part of the struggle. Somehow I found myself in the shelter of the corridor that led to the apartments of the Prince, his sister and his guest, and, for some reason I could not with my dizzy head conjecture, I

was alone. I looked down the corridor which was in gentle light, but saw nothing; it was as silent as though it had been plunged in the profound peace and slumber of the night. Without the racket of noises reached me as in a dream, and I remember that I sat down on a couch in the corridor, my empty revolver in my hand.

What ensued or how long I sat there I do not know; but I think it could not have been very long. I was aroused by a voice, and looked up stupidly. A face floated in the mists before me, and I nodded in a friendly way, smiling, and opened my mouth to speak. Instead I lurched forward and was conscious of warm arms, the soft pressure of a human body, and the fragrance of a dress. There was a time when I seemed to sway alone in a cold and dreary vacancy, but soon there returned to my senses the warmth and the fragrance and the ineffable comfort of some presence. Some liquid was forced between my lips, and I drank; and as I drank my brain cleared, and I looked and was aware who was supporting me with her arm. It was Princess Alix.

"Madam ——" I began stuttering.

"Hush! Drink this," she said quickly. "We have need of you. We cannot spare a man like you. You have no dangerous wound?"

"I think not," I said with difficulty. "A blow on the head——"

My hand went feebly to it as I spoke, and came away with a patch of red. I rose and totteringly picked up my revolver which had fallen. "What has happened?"

She shook her head. "I was up in the hurricane deck, but my brother sent me down. There is nothing to be heard. I was going out when I found you here."

"It is good of you," I said vaguely. "Let us go out then. Take this weapon."

"I have one," said she quickly.

I nodded. "Brave girl!" said I gravely. "Brave heart, as brave as beautiful!" I felt vaguely I was paying her a necessary compliment, but that was all. Yet the corridor was clearing before me now, and the light of dawn was filtering through the curtained windows.

Princess Alix had turned to the door which gave on the deck.

"If they have won," she said suddenly in a low voice, "why have they not come here?"

I shook my head. "They do not want the saloon. They want other things," said I. "They want the strong-rooms."

"Then are they——?" she began.

"I cannot tell," said I. "I will go out."

"No," she said imperatively. "Wait." Of a sudden a voice was raised in a scream from the further end of the corridor. "It is mademoiselle," said she, with a little frown. "She is impatient of my return. I must go back."

She glided off swiftly, and I stood by the door waiting for some moments. As she did not return I opened it softly, and the strong wind off the morning sea took me in the face, refreshing me. I stepped out upon the deck. The sky was as grey as the sea, and the silhouette of the spars and funnel was ghost-like. The *Sea Queen* thundered on her course, heeling to the broad wash of the water. As I stood watching, my ears alert for any sound that would give me information, I saw a figure detach itself from the bulwarks and move uncertainly about, and as it drew near I discovered it was Pye's. His face was of a colour with the grey steel of his revolver, which he held loosely, as if he was not aware he held it.

"Oh my God!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Oh my God! I didn't know it was like this. Oh my God!"

"Pye!" I called softly; and he started and dropped his pistol.

"Pick it up, man, and keep silence," I whispered. "Come this way." I took his arm and stealthily withdrew him into the corridor. "What has happened?"

He gazed at me wildly. "They've got the ship," he said with a whisper. "Oh, I didn't know it would be like this."

I gave him a dose of the brandy which the Princess had brought for me, and it seemed to pull him together. He blinked at me through his glasses, and eyed me with some terror and distrust.

"Do you know how things stand?" I asked.

He shook his head. "The captain's

killed," he said, falteringly. "I don't know about the others."

"We've got to find out," I said, and thought. Then, for I saw he would be of little use to me in his present state, I said. "Look here, Pye, I'm going to explore, while you keep this door. Mind you let no one in. We'll bolt it, see."

I did so as I spoke, and turning found the Princess coming down the corridor. I explained to her the situation, and added that Pye would be placed on guard. She cast a glance at him, and looked at me inquiringly.

"I'm going down to the saloon below," I said. "This set of cabins is isolated, except for the doors at each end to the deck and the door that gives on the staircase to the saloon. Can I depend on you to hold out for five minutes? A shout will bring me up at a moment's notice."

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

I opened the second door that admitted to the staircase and glanced down. No one was visible, and no sound was audible. I turned, nodded reassuringly to the Princess, and descended. The saloon was empty, and there were no signs of any struggle. I passed along the passage towards the officers' quarters, but everything was in order; and finally retraced my way towards the kitchens, which abutted on the engine-room, but were separated from it by a thick partition of steel and wood. As I went the yacht rolled and sent me against a closed door with a heavy bump. From within issued a sound, subdued but unmistakable as that of a human voice. I reflected that the mutineers would not be here, for it was evident that the door was locked, and no mutineer would secure himself in a cabin in the midst of his triumph. I rapped loudly on the door and called out:

"It's Phillimore. Who is in here?"

After a pause I heard the bolt go back and the door opened a little, disclosing the face of Lane.

"You, doctor?" he said. "Thank the Lord we're not all done yet." He flung the door wide, and I could see now that his companion was the head steward.

"Where's the Prince?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said, heaving a big sigh. "Thank the Lord there's some one else alive. I was forced down the companion and fell. Lost my weapon, too, or I'd 'a showed more fight. Great Scott, I rolled all the way down, not before I'd done for one or two, I tell you."

"Well, you're wanted upstairs now," said I, "both of you. We've got the ladies on our hands, and we've got to find out where the Prince is. Day is dead."

Lane whistled. "Poor beggar!" he observed. "But Jackson must stay here. This is our magazine, my boy—where the grub is. If we've got to stand a siege we've got to seize the grub-chest. The storage chamber's along here."

The advice seemed excellent. "Yes," I answered, "that is true. Well, let Jackson wait here and lie low. He won't be discovered here."

"I dare say the cook's somewhere hidden about here, sir," observed Jackson.

"All the better. Find him if you can. And remember that, if we pull through, this means a big business for you, Jackson, and cook, too."

"Yes, sir," he assented mildly.

"Now, then, Lane," I went on, and the purser followed me into the saloon. We mounted the staircase, and I took the chance of closing the doors at the head that gave access to the deck. Then I rapped on the door that gave on the Prince's corridor. It was opened by the Princess eagerly.

"We are two more, Miss Morland," I said cheerfully, "and here is one of them."

"But my brother!" she cried out.

"I've not discovered his whereabouts yet," I said evasively.

"Do you think that he's——" She did not finish.

"Not a bit of it," I said, as decidedly as I could, for, to tell the truth, I had my grave doubts. "I have unearthed Mr. Lane and the steward. Why shouldn't I unearth Mr. Morland, too?"

Yet, if the others were alive, why was the yacht so quiet?

She sighed, and then looked over at the couch on which Pye sat huddled. "That man's no use," she said contemptuously.

"He's been doing nothing but drink brandy."

Lane crossed over to him. "The beggar's drunk," said he in disdain.

"Then you must hold one door and Miss Morland the other," said I.

"But you——" She paused.

"I am going on another expedition. You must let me out and in. Two knocks will warn you."

So saying I slipped the bolt and got out on deck. From the appearance of the sky I judged that it was only half an hour since I had found myself in the corridor. It was light enough to make out things fairly well, and now I could discern on the bridge the portly form of Holgate struck with this light. The figure of a man was visible a little in front of me by the chart-house. I heard Holgate's voice raised wheezily in orders, and the replies of the men came back to me inarticulately. As I crouched under the shelter of the cabins on the lea side I became aware of a faint but continuous line just over the bulwarks, and then the explanation of the mysterious silence on the yacht dawned on me. It was the coast line, from which we could not be more than a couple of miles away, and in the confusion of the fight, no doubt, the *Sea Queen* had lost her course and been driven inshore. It had, therefore, become imperative for Holgate to devote his attention and the activities of his men to the danger that threatened, more particularly as the heavy wind had threshed itself into a gale abeam.

Now at this juncture I must confess that I was entirely at a loss. I could not move a foot across the deck without being discovered, since it was merely the fact that I was in the lea of the cabins and in the deeper shadows of the dawn that enabled me to skulk where I was. Yet I was reluctant to go back without having carried the search a stage further. It was obvious from the calm which reigned among the mutineers that the Prince and his following were either dead or prisoners. Which had been their fate? The shadow of the man in front of me, scarcely a dozen paces away, turned and stopped and seemed to put his ear to the woodwork. It must be (I reflected) the chart-house door by which he stood. What was he listening for? Was it possible that some of our men were shut up in the chart-house? I shuffled a step or two nearer and watched him. He was fully armed, for I could make out a weapon in his hand, and he had something by his side, probably a cutlass. It was probable that he was placed guard over the prisoners. I drew two steps closer still. Holgate's voice still painfully dominated the wind and water, and I ventured yet a pace nearer. Did he turn now the man must see me, for I was in the grey light of the dawn, a deeper shadow than the wooden walls by which I lurked. My hands twitched, and I almost seemed to have sprung before I did spring. Then I knew I was on his back, and had a leg twisted about his legs. He fell heavily, and I thrust a hand across his mouth. He struggled hard, writhing upon the deck under the weight of my body like a snake, and a choking splutter issued from his throat. Hastily I dragged a handkerchief from my pocket, and pushed it into his mouth. The struggling increased. I glanced up and found that we had fallen under the door of the chart-house; also in that same glance I observed that the key was in it. No doubt it had been turned on the outside. I reached up a hand, but missed the key by a few inches. The endeavour had loosened my hold of my prisoner, and I was flung against the door with a thud; but I hurled myself upon him again just in time to prevent him from withdrawing the gag. In the struggle which ensued I managed to push him a little closer under the door, and then, with a desperate effort, stretched out and turned the key. I was fumbling for the handle when the man once again evicted me from the possession of his body, and I fell in a heap, jamming the door, which opened outwards. But on that I was aware that my back was being jarred and scored, and the next instant I was tumbled over at the foot of the mutineer, who had got on his legs at last. The door was thrust open with a noise, and men issued from it, stepping over my body.

"It is I—Phillimore," I gasped. "Run for the cabins."

I hurled myself upon him again

Some one helped me to my feet, and I saw the mutineer drop with a sword point through him; and then we ran, I between two of the others, one of whom I was conscious was Ellison. A shout sailed down to us from the bridge, and there was the noise of a revolver shot, but luckily it missed us, and we gained the companion way in safety, locked and barred the door, and knocked on the entrance to the corridor. Lane opened it.

"His Royal Highness, by gum!" he cried excitedly, and for the first time I was able to recognise my companions. The Prince was there, safe and scathless, and with him Barraclough, Ellison, and a fourth man, who was Grant.

Princess Alix rushed on her brother, and was taken to his arms. He kissed her affectionately.

"Yvonne?" he said.

"She is safe," said the Princess, withdrawing herself. "She is safe, dear, but frightened."

She spoke in German, and he nodded.

"Ah, she would be frightened. It is no woman's work this, Alix. We must be tender with her."

"We have done our best," she replied, I thought a little coldly; and at that a door down the corridor opened, and mademoiselle herself appeared.

"Frederic!" she cried ecstatically, and hastened towards us with graceful movements. "Ah, Frederic, it is cruel to leave me so. I wish I were back in Paris. Oh, *mon Dieu!* what a voyage, what a ship!"

As they embraced I turned my head away, for this reunion of lovers was no sight for public eyes, and as I did so I swept the Princess in my vision. Her face had fallen dead and chill, and I thought that a little curl of her lips betrayed some impatience with these demonstrations. Meanwhile Barraclough was narrating in his deliberate way the adventures of the party; but I cut him short, only asking one question:

"Where is Legrand?"

"They took him up and carried him forward, but I couldn't say if he were dead."

"We have no time to lose," I said. "They may attack at any moment, and we have too much space to defend for comfort."

"Why, we can manage this well enough," said he easily.

"And be starved," said I. "No; we must keep the access to the saloon and the kitchens, and that means precautions. Look at the windows through which we may be approached."

"Dr. Phillimore is right," said the Prince in his deep voice. "We must guard the windows."

"We must close them," said I. "Grant, you can use tools. Ellison, you and Grant do what you can. There is plenty of woodwork to draw on—doors and trappings in the cabins. The portholes are useless to the mutineers, but they can enter by the skylights or the windows. They must be all barred. We are in a state of siege."

"You hear your orders," said the Prince in his imperious voice. "The doctor speaks sense. See that it is done."

Barraclough and Lane and the Prince himself were left on guard, and the rest of us sallied down to hunt for tools and timber to carry out this primitive fortification. In this we had the assistance of the steward, Jackson, and the cook, who had been discovered in one of his pantries. The work took us a full hour or more, but at last it was decently accomplished The windows of the saloon and music-room that gave on the deck were shuttered, as also the windows of the cabins. Nothing but the skylights remained unprotected, and these we could trust ourselves to guard. I reckoned that we were in a position to stand a siege indefinitely, unless something untoward occurred. The fortifications completed, we stationed our guards, two in the corridor, two in the saloon, and sat down at last, wearied out with the fatigue of that abominable night.

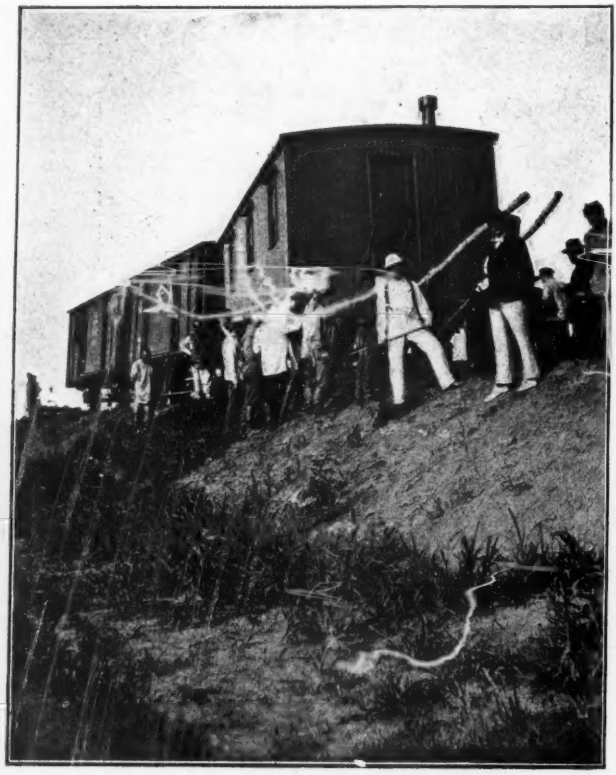
On the road near Kirin in Manchuria

Manchuria and Korea *

QUITE apart from its "timeliness" Mr. Whigham's new book on Manchuria and Korea makes fascinating reading. Mr. Whigham himself is an interesting personality. An Oxford man who lived for some years in America, and was the amateur golf champion of the United States; who was twice captured by the Spaniards during the Cuban war when acting as a newspaper correspondent, and finally nearly died of Cuban fever; who was with the allied forces in China at the rescue of the Legations, and then made a most adventurous journey through Manchuria and Korea; who has written, as a result of his personal travels, the best book extant on the Persian Gulf question; who was one of the most successful English correspondents in the South African War; who attracted a wider than national attention by his correspondence last year from Macedonia, and who is now already again at the scene of hostilities in the far East—a man who has done all this and is not yet forty years of age, is, unquestionably, a person of some interest. Not unnaturally, too, with this wide experience of the world, he writes an interesting book.

Just at this time it is for its political information, as bearing upon the Russo-Japanese War and British interests therein, that the book will be most read. But the real charm will be found, not in the political chapters, but in the altogether delightful pictures of the countries and their people. Tales of the devious ways of Russian officialdom when dealing with unwelcome foreign travellers in the remoter spheres of Russian influence are common enough, but few better have been told than the following:

* "Manchuria and Korea." By H. J. Whigham, With a map and illustrations. London: Isbister & Co., Ld. 7s. 6d.



Replacing the author's carriage derailed on the Manchurian railway

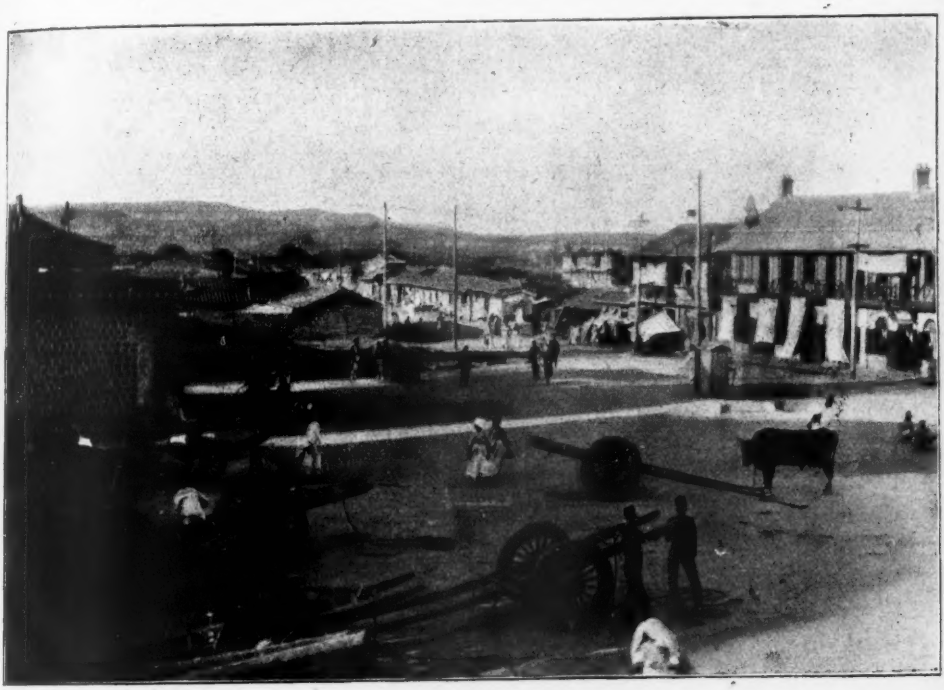
"A newspaper correspondent had started from Peking, hoping to travel through Manchuria, armed with the best of recommendations from the Russian Minister, and was received with great cordiality by the Admiral at Port Arthur. No sort of obstacle was placed in the way of his travelling through the length and breadth of Manchuria, only it would be necessary to have the permits countersigned by the military commissioner, whoever he might be, at Mukden. If he would go on to Mukden he would find everything waiting for him, and he would have no further difficulty. The correspondent followed out his instructions, took the train for Mukden, and, arriving there after a somewhat protracted journey, found all his papers in order awaiting him at the bank. But, unfortunately, he had been so long on the road that the permits were just out of date by the time he got them and no longer available. 'Of course,' said the Russian official who told me the story, 'we never had the slightest intention of allowing him to travel, and that was the easiest way of refusing him.'"

It is not easy to imagine British officials having recourse to tricks like this.

Whigham himself travelled without recommendations and trusted to luck to carry him through—a luck which, in spite of several narrow escapes, did not fail him. And, through all the difficulties and dangers of the trip, he has a cheery, comrade-like way of speaking of the various peoples—even though they are Russian officials — with whom he comes in contact that is infinitely winning. There is a delightful picture of a "happy Korean who trudged along by our carts for a whole day. His costume consisted only of brown leather riding-boots, a Homburg hat by which his top-knot was concealed, and a pink umbrella. The rest of his clothing he had prudently wrapped in oil cloth and carried in a bundle on his shoulder." There is the Russian lady "who came up with us riding sturdily through the deluge soldier-fashion on a Cossack saddle," and "gayly forded the deep torrents, kneeling on the saddle as Cossacks do, to escape a wetting." There is the Russian Colonel "whose knowledge of Shakespeare put both myself and the missionary who was interpreting for him to shame," and there is Yao—the inimitable Yao—the Chinese magistrate, whose business it was to hunt brigands and "at councils of war drew plans of attack with

his forefinger in the mud, and suggested cunning wiles of the snaring of the Hun-hu-tze. If you wanted anything from a junk to a water-melon, Yao was summoned, and the necessary article was generally forthcoming." And here is a story of gentleness and heroism in a Chinaman that deserves to live:

"A Cossack, in a fit of drunkenness, had shot a Chinaman, and it was necessary to bring several of the men to the bedside of the dying victim for purposes of identification of the culprit. The Chinaman, however, refused absolutely to single out the guilty man, saying: 'Why should he be killed, since I must die in any case?' Then they explained to him that the man would only be severely punished, to which the Chinaman responded that since he forgave the culprit there was no reason why he should suffer. Then the theory of punishment was induced as an argument—the Cossack must be punished in order that he might not repeat the offence. 'But,' said the Chinaman, 'he will never do it again when he knows that I forgive him.' And there the matter ended."

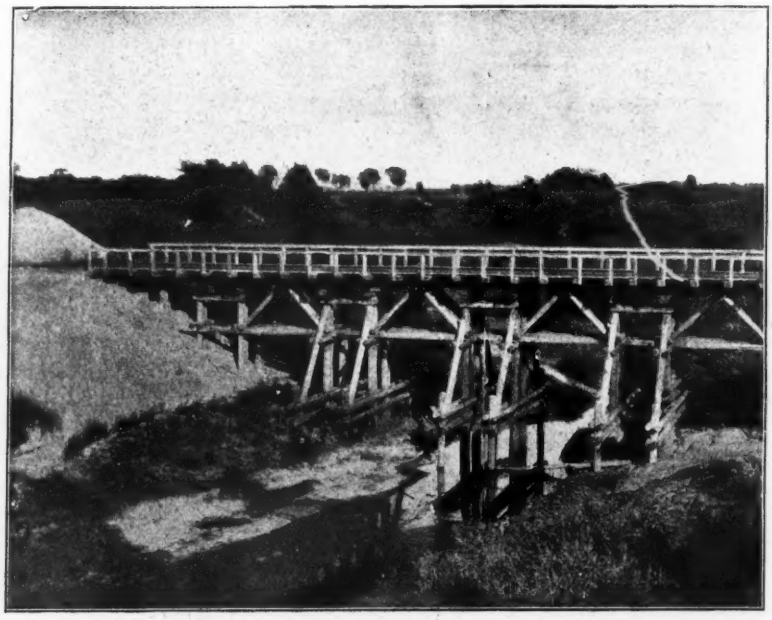


Seoul—the square before the new palace

But, though Mr. Whigham's book is most pleasant reading, it is primarily a serious book—a thoughtful contribution to the political study of the complex Far Eastern question. At the time when Mr. Whigham wrote—in the autumn of 1903—he did not believe that war between Russia and Japan was by any means inevitable; but his comments on the military aspects of the situation are none the less peculiarly interesting.

First, he does not believe that Japan can turn Russia permanently out of Manchuria. She might as well, he says, "sail over and try to take Gibraltar or Cronstadt as attempt to reduce Port Arthur by assault." He

foresees that she can "blockade Port Arthur and Vladivostock, but, as Russia has little trade to ruin, that will not hurt any one very much. She can land Army Corps by the dozen in Manchuria, and seize the valley of the Liao, establishing, perhaps, her head-quarters at Mukden. Russia would adopt her old tactics and retire. Then the real war would begin. . . . One cannot seriously believe that Japan would ever invade Manchuria unless, indeed, she be caught by the madness with which the Gods first visit those whom they wish to destroy; but if ever her army did occupy Mukden she would only find another Moscow." Japan, says Mr. Whigham, could no more hope to hold Manchuria against Russia than Great Britain could hope to hold Normandy again against France.



Temporary trestle bridge on the Manchurian railway

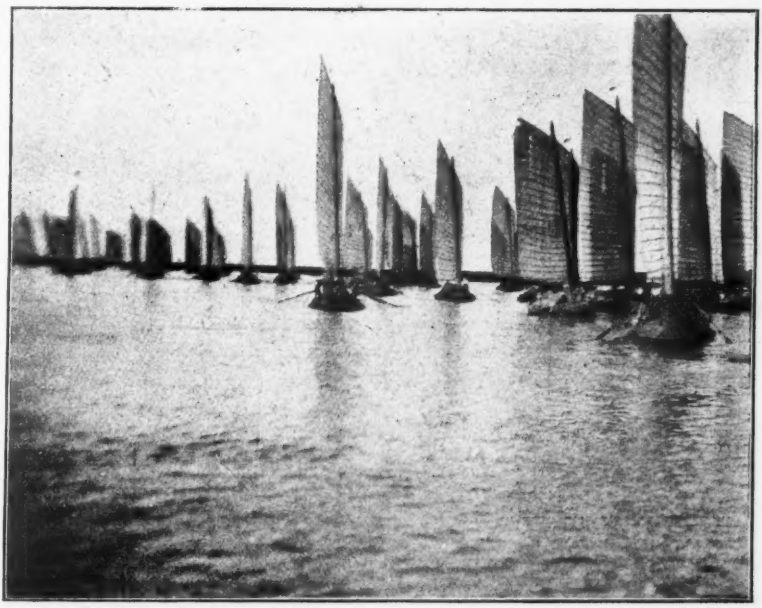
But, if Japan cannot oust Russia from Manchuria, Korea she must take and hold. Moreover, Mr. Whigham thinks that Great Britain is almost as interested in seeing that Japan does this as Japan herself. "The possession of Korea, with all its splendid harbours, would infallibly make Russia the greatest naval power in the Far East; it would also give her a splendid base for operations against Japan; so much so that Japan would inevitably become a vassal state at the beck and call of the Tsar. That is not a state of things which we can contemplate with any satisfaction, for it would mean the eventual breaking up of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, for which would be substituted a Russo-Japanese understanding excluding us from all political influence in Northern China. The loss of Northern China would be followed by so great a loss of prestige that we should finally be compelled to abandon even the advantages which we have gained, and gained for the world at large, in the Yangtze Valley. In fact, we should cease to be a predominant factor in the Far East."

All this was written, be it remembered,

some months before the prospect of war became imminent. We may not agree with Mr. Whigham always. He may be wrong in some details and mistaken in some inferences; but, in the light of events since war began, it is impossible not to be struck by the acuteness of his observation and the breadth of his vision; while he manages to convey a singular impression of vividness and truthfulness to all the pictures that he draws—whether they are the pictures of individuals, of the rich province of Manchuria as a whole, of the Trans-Siberian Railway (of his praise of which as a feat of engineering enterprise and strategic foresight he is unstinted), or of the internal condition of Korea and of the great game of diplomatic chess which the Powers have been playing with that much-misgoverned country as their chess-board for these many years back: "Some one has said that the answer to Confucianism is China; but the best and most completely damning answer is Korea. . . . The Korean has absolutely nothing to commend him save his good nature." And even this virtue has helped to his undoing, for the Land of the Morning Calm has been "the happy hunting-ground of concessionaires," and Mr. Whigham gives us more clearly than any writer has done before an understanding of the by-paths of Franco-Russian intrigue and the difficulties of English and American diplomacy at the Court of Seoul. The continued existence of Korea as an independent nation Mr. Whigham regards as unthinkable. As a dependency it must be subject to either Russia or Japan, and one of these alternatives would be intolerable to Great Britain.

In the real making of history in the Far East perhaps the greatest factor must always be the missionary. And here is an estimate of the work of Protestant missionaries which it is good to read:

"In the space of fourteen months I travelled over a large part of Northern and Central China and met a correspondingly large number of missionaries—English, American, and Roman Catholic—and I can



Chinese bean junks

truly say that I never knew one who was not sincerely and effectively working for the good of China. There are far too many warring sects in the Christian world, and these sects are represented in China as elsewhere, but I never was able to discover that denominational jealousy was interfering with the work of education and enlightenment carried on by individual missions. The one fair charge against the missionary movement in China is that attempts have been made to gain a political footing under the cloak of evangelism. This is a charge that can never be brought home to the Protestant organisations of England or America. On the contrary, the two Anglo-Saxon Governments have availed themselves far too little of the splendid sources of information furnished by the Protestant missions in China. It is not too much to say that the siege of the Peking Legations might never have taken place if the warnings of the missionaries had been listened to."

Altogether, Mr. Whigham has given us a book as full of entertainment as of information, as cheery and liberal minded as it is eminently valuable as a contribution to the study of world politics.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

A typical Manchurian landscape

The Romance of Music

By J. F. Rowbotham

Author of "The History of Music"

III—The Flute

THE flute has gone very much out of fashion of late years. But this is merely a temporary ostracism. So beautiful an instrument can never long be out of fashion; and in addition, its place in the modern orchestra gives it an immutable guarantee of permanency, if all else were wanting. But of itself and in itself lies all its charm.

Probably if ladies could play the flute, the instrument would be even now as popular as the violin. Perhaps we must place to the account of feminine influence the temporary neglect into which the flute has fallen. Minerva, in ancient Greece, began to play the flute; thinking it such a beautiful instrument she needs must learn it. But one day, looking in a mirror while she was playing, she saw to her horror that the act of blowing the flute communicated a very inelegant distortion to her face—and in a pet she threw the instrument away. Perhaps the feelings of the fair sex towards the flute have been insensibly influenced by a similar consideration.

But this objection is of course a trivial one, and in the flute we have the most melodious, the sweetest, the most romantic of musical instruments. Its voice approaches most nearly the accents of perfect nature. While some might object that the violin has a touch of artificiality about it, because there is no actual sound in nature to which it may be compared, the flute is almost an exact repetition of the song of birds.

Beethoven in his "Pastoral Symphony" makes admirable use of the flute, when he imitates the voices of birds after the storm. Haydn in *The Creation* depicts some of the softest and sweetest sounds in nature by employing the flute for that purpose; and in *The Seasons* the same composer makes it whisper like the breeze, rustle like the foliage, and murmur like the brook. Mozart has devoted a whole opera to singing the praises of the Magic Flute. When Handel brings in Galatea in the operatic cantata which bears her name, he ushers her in with a chorus of flutes, which depict the voices of the birds that sing around her. To represent the sleep of the Saviour, Bach can think of no more appropriate instrument than the flute for that purpose. Gluck accompanies his *Hymns to Diana* with the flute, as being the purest and softest in sound of all musical instruments.

Since the great composers have made such tasteful and appropriate use of the flute, and have been moreover so fastidious in the employment of it, we cannot doubt that the instrument has most remarkable qualities and powers of expression, and it will be interesting to see in what scenes in the past it has figured.

We find flutes in the caves—in the caves of Perigord, of Belgium, and of other places. The cave men, who had as contemporaries the mammoth and the elk, the gigantic rhinoceros and the cave bear, must have often whiled away their time in their leisure hours by playing on the flute. It is strange to think of the first flute symphony proceeding from a human being clad in skins, sheltering in caves from the cold, and leading a life in its general outlines but little different from that of the animals around him.

If we examine the use of the flute among the uncivilised peoples of recent times and of to-day, we shall find that their chief use of it is *to make love with it.* It is, or perhaps we should say it used to be, played by the lover to act as a lure to the maiden of his heart, and affect her feelings in much the same way that birds woo their mates by singing their most beautiful notes, and endeavouring to conquer their coyness by the soft influence of music.

The most remarkable instance of this very peculiar, but none the less rational, custom is "the Winnebago courting flute," as it was called by the trappers and settlers who first observed the strange use of the instrument among the American Indians of Winnebago, with whom they come into contact. To the surprise of the Europeans, the Indians employed the flute only in order to woo their future brides, and engaged in sedulous practice to attain dexterity on the instrument, in the full knowledge that he who played best would surely succeed in fascinating the prettiest or the richest maiden of the clan.

"The Winnebago courting flute," says an old writer, "is made of the bone of a turkey's leg, and is pierced with sundry holes, giving a mellifluous tone. The young braves hereabouts all use this flute when their thoughts are on marriage. They practise it sedulously in order to gain dexterity and skill upon it, and when they have arrived at this result they betake themselves to the wigwam of the maiden, and sitting in its vicinity they play for hours together, more especially when she appears moving in and out of the tent, and they commonly succeed by this means in gaining for themselves the girl they want."

In the island of Formosa, when it was first made known to the world, that is to say about the sixteenth century—a place as remote from Winnebago in North America as may well be conceived—the ordinary method of wooing, says a historian of China, was not by purchase as among many nations, nor by capture as is frequently the case, nor by soft persuasion and alluring arts of speech, or by gifts, as we commonly do in Europe, but the suitor for the hand of a maiden provides himself with a little flute of wondrous beauty of tone, and having mastered all its lore he betakes himself to the lady. The maid listens, if she is pleased with the playing, and coming nearer and nearer signifies by her looks and signs that she is quite satisfied with such a youth for her husband, if so be that the playing affects her so far. Then the young man, being assured of the maiden's constancy and devotion, throws away the flute and takes the maiden in his arms instead, and they twain live for better or worse henceforth together as man and wife.

In other parts of the southern coast of China we also read of the Formosa courting flute, and passing from thence to the voluptuous Malays who inhabit the Malay Peninsula and the South Seas, we have numerous accounts of the use of the flute for a similar purpose.

Strange as it may seem, the primitive way of playing the flute was probably not by the mouth but by the nose. Nearly all the flutes of the South Seas were so played, and some of the flutes in America. Reed flutes, which are slight and frail in construction, admit of this species of blowing, but bone flutes do not so easily. But the possibility of playing the flute by the nose is not so incredible as may at first sight appear. Any one who tries to blow the flute in this peculiar manner will soon find that he or she will succeed beyond expectation. The breath comes from the nose at the precise angle which is necessary to pass into the hollow of the flute. All that is needful to cultivate is the strengthening of the breathing. When this is once attained, the ease of the nose style of playing is considerably greater than that of the mouth. The flute-players of the Marquesas used to close one nostril with the finger, while they blew into the tube with the other.

But whether inspired by the nose or the mouth, the original use and object of the flute seems to have been the same in all cases—to win the affections of the fair.

The Greeks, who were nearer the elements of civilisation than we are, assigned the invention of the flute to the great god Pan. They say that Syrinx, the maiden whom Pan wooed, was changed into a reed, and that out of that reed the astute god made the first flute. And if he made the first flute out of the body of the maiden Syrinx, who was changed into a reed, we may be pretty sure that he had another maiden in his eye at the time who was not changed into a reed.

Pan invented his flute to woo a maiden with it, and so was the flute used in its infancy the world over. In Peru, at the time of its conquest by Pizarro, the flutes in use among the courtly and refined society of the

Inca's dominions were called "love flutes." They were beautifully made, we are told, and of a very sweet tone. They were commonly wrapped in a network of embroidery or lace, to preserve the tone and to add to the elegance of their appearance. The gentlemen of the Inca's court, and, indeed, all through Peru, made it their object to play these flutes to perfection, since by this means they could pay their addresses best to the ladies with whom they desired to stand on a good footing, and were most readily listened to by them. Sometimes the ladies themselves learned to play on these flutes, and then there was a regular love-language in the music, by means of which the lady and gentleman could converse. We draw these particulars from the interesting "Annals of the Incas," by the Spanish chronicler Garcilasso de la Vega, who was a contemporary of the events he records, and has devoted nearly a whole chapter to these love flutes of his nation.

The Greeks and Romans were fully conscious of this peculiar characteristic of the flute, and of its sovereign virtue in matters of the heart. For this reason it was the sacred instrument of the god of marriage, Hymen, and, indeed, the only instrument ever employed in the music of weddings. The Latin legend goes that when Venus found Hymen he was playing the flute under a plane-tree. "He practised the Mænalian strains, lost to all around," says the poet Claudian, "and he did but desire to play the flute for ever." It was his chosen instrument, and for this reason the flute-players and their performance at a Roman wedding were as important an element in the ceremony as the "Wedding March" with us, but doubly significant.

The flute was always the symbol of love among the Greeks and Romans, and to show this they feigned that the chariot of Venus, which is drawn through the air by a team of sparrows, is accompanied on its way by a chorus of flutes, which play without ceasing, and whose breath helps to waft the chariot along.

At Constantinople and at Rome the flute was the great instrument of the pantomimes. Perhaps, except in the palmy days of Greece, when it accompanied the tragedies (of which we shall speak later), the instrument never had a more glittering arena or was heard in more sumptuous and magnificent surroundings than in Rome and Constantinople at the pantomimes. A great deal was expected of the instrument, because by its playing it had to express the emotions of the performers and help them tell their difficult tale, which they were expected to do without the aid of a single spoken word. Great bands of flutes were employed for this purpose, as many as three or four hundred playing together. The reason of this multiplication of instruments was that the theatres and circuses were so enormous that any smaller number of instruments would, perhaps, have been useless. In Pompeii two classes of theatres have been discovered, one with an awning and the other without. The object of the awning was to assist the sound, in the same way that at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace canvas is hung at various angles to prevent the too great spread and diffusion of the music. The theatres with the awnings, we therefore learn, were intended for the pantomimes, those without for the gladiatorial shows.

The pantomimes were generally constructed on some well-known legend, such as "Leda and the Swan," "The Argonauts," "Perseus and Medusa," &c. They were in their style of action a counterpart of the modern "silent play," but infinitely grander and more elaborate in staging and costumes. Perhaps an historical ballet would come more nearly the exact description of the pantomime, since the stage was often in possession of hundreds of coryphées, and dancing and processional pomp formed a large item in the display.

Before the stage was stationed a band of flutes, a band of enormous size, which played an overture at the beginning of the pantomime, and during the course of it kept up a running accompaniment of music, which described, as far as music can, the action which was being represented.

But the Roman pantomime was only a later and more highly coloured copy of the great Greek tragedy, which was with the ancient Greeks both a religious usage and a glorious national drama, and the music

of which was expounded by the flute alone. No other instrument was ever permitted in the tragedies—and having spoken of the glorious scenes in which the flute has figured, perhaps we may single out this as at once the most glorious, the purest, and the highest. The actors in the Greek tragedy were divided into two well-organised and distinct groups—the actors proper, who stood and moved on the stage, and the chorus of singers and dancers, who gyrated and marched in the arena, called "the orchestra."

Led by a band of flute-players pouring forth a wild and romantic swell of sweet sound, at a chosen moment in the drama the chorus, dressed in pure white, consisting of the most noble youths and maidens in Athens or the city where the tragedy was played, entered the arena four abreast, marching in military ranks, until they were all grouped in a great and commanding mass of fine figures and statuesque poses in the vast arena which was to serve them as their dancing-ground. They were generally fifty in number, and an imposing body they must have been. The flute-players who led them took up their station in the centre of the arena, round the altar of the god Bacchus, which stood blazing there, being fed with an aromatic gum instead of any sacrifice, and so stationed to show people that this tragedy was a religious festival in honour of this god, who was the god not only of the tragedy but of the flute.

But almost immediately, when the chorus in their white dresses and gauzy robes had filled the arena, the flutes broke off from their melancholy wail into a high frolic of joyous sound, and the fifty dancers started at once asunder in endless lines and files, weaving and interweaving their ranks, and performing the most difficult evolutions and manœuvres with the greatest ease of movement and never with a single hitch.

The flutes were never silent during the chorus, and the choruses were the most lively and popular moments of the drama. It is in this way that the great tragedies of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were played and written, and there seems little doubt that these poets were at the same time such good musicians that they were quite as competent to write the flute music as the soliloquies and dialogues of the heroes, and proved themselves Shakespeares and Handels in the same person, a union of functions that has never taken place in ancient or modern times before or since.

There gradually arose in Greece and Rome a race of flute virtuosos, who were far more popular than our most worshipped pianists, inasmuch as they were thought the equals of princes and received fees compared to which the takings of Paderewski and Patti are nothing very remarkable.

By the ceaseless cultivation of the flute from early childhood, these crack players gained such extraordinary powers of expression and execution that their performance was looked upon as something more than earthly, and their fame attracted crowds from every neighbouring city to hear them whenever they played at a capital or at a king's court. They took advantage of the popular infatuation, and turned it remorselessly to their own profit. They wore garments of a splendid hue, shimmering with all the colours of the rainbow and covered with gold and precious stones. Arrayed in this dazzling raiment they stood on an eminence in some public place and played their flute, to the playing of which thousands listened in breathless silence. The champion flute-player always wore a veil, which fell in graceful folds over his brow and round his temples in order to hide the distortion of his countenance, for the effort of blowing in this miraculous manner was so great that the features were generally for the time being, if not permanently, disfigured.

The cheeks were also liable to crack, and to prevent so dire a catastrophe bandages were wound round the central portion of the face, covering the cheeks, and fastening behind the head with buckles or bows. By means of these cheek-bandages the player was enabled to stretch and strain his cheeks and face without fear of the result, and to attempt unterrified the most abnormal prodigies of playing.

The sums which these flute virtuosos demanded for their performance were something fabulous. The flute-player Ismenisa, who played at Athens and Corinth in the

third century B.C., demanded usually £200 for one performance, which at the present computation of money is at the least £600, or possibly £800. He was not the only one who demanded these large sums and got them. Antigenidas, Philoxenus, and several others whose names we might mention asked such extortionate terms and received them.

The people in Greece at this time must have been music mad. They would stand for hours together in the market-place listening to the performances of these flute-players, and comparing the marvellous execution of the one with the tender and poetic expression of the other, the brilliancy of this champion with the pathos of that one. It is said that Antigenidas the flute-player could make the tone of his instrument ascend in such perfect beauty, like the voice of a soaring bird, and then descend in such a cascade of sound that it seemed as if "the heavens were open and all the choirs of Olympus were falling from the sky." Anon he would play with such melancholy and sorrow that "the sighs of the hearers resembled a breeze rushing through a wood of aspen-trees." Then when he changed and played melodies of love, the maidens and their swains would whisper and make alliances, "nor could any maiden ever resist a youth if the flute of Antigenidas were ringing in her ears." But when he executed his *tours de force* and the tone of the flute pealed forth like the flash of the trumpet, "braying forth in the midst of the market-square and breathing forth defiance to enemies, then would the Athenians, as their forefathers defied Philip on hearing the orations of Demosthenes, if there had been any foe to face, have rushed forth at the notes of Antigenidas the flute-player, and conquered or died for the sake of his flute and their country!"

Such are some of the romantic episodes connected with the flute, and such are some of the strange scenes in which it has figured. Its later life, since the dawn of modern times, has, perhaps, not been so romantic, but certainly has been in point of tone, structure, and mechanical development exceedingly progressive and advancing. The flutes nowadays, with their elaborate masses of keys and intricacies of leverage are, in point of ease of execution, very far in advance of the earlier flutes in that romantic age of which we have been speaking, so much so that a moderate performer can produce with comparatively slight effort some of those miraculous flights and cadenzas which the earlier players needed a whole artillery of bandages, veils, cheek-straps, and straining breath to accomplish. But while mechanical ingenuity has advanced, the prestige and supremacy of the instrument have vastly faded, and we must turn to past centuries, not to to-day, if we wish to become acquainted with the romance of the flute.

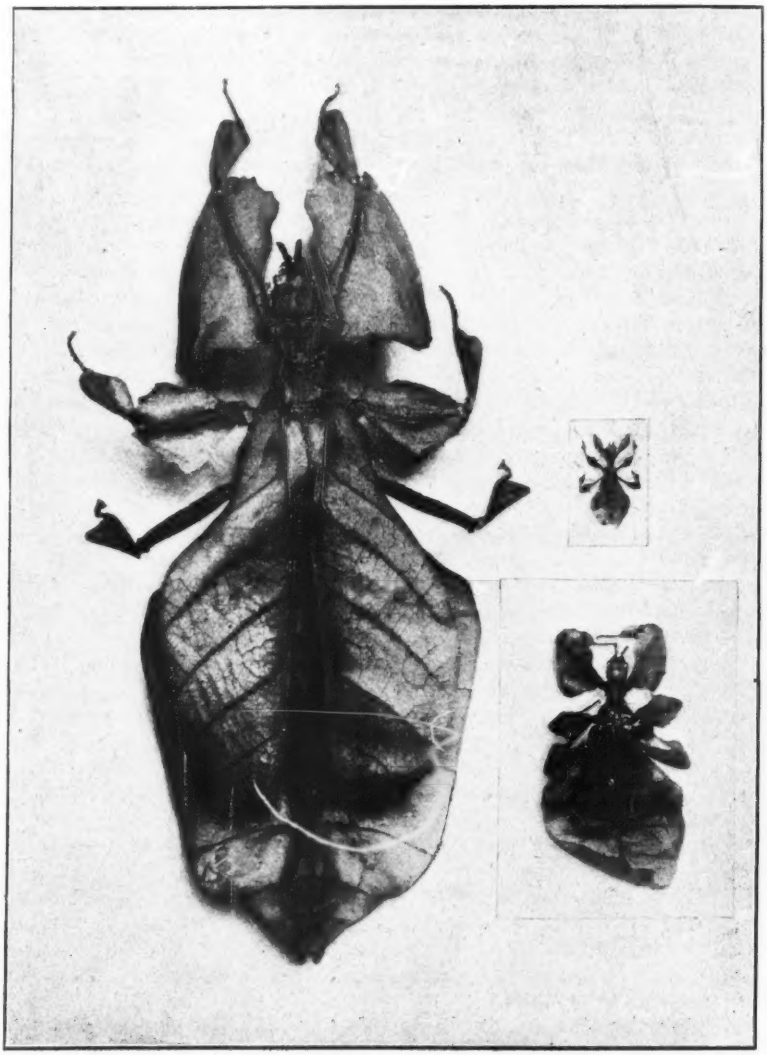


Fig. 5. A walking-leaf from India. The small specimen is a newly hatched insect, whilst the wider example is more developed

Insect Masqueraders

By John J. Ward

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature"

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

SECOND PAPER

LEAVING walking-sticks we may glance at some walking-leaves (Fig. 5). These leaf-insects, when amongst their natural surroundings, can rarely be observed, their imitation of the leaves of the food-plant being so exactly carried out.

Instead of the elongated bodies of the family type, such as the walking-sticks we have considered, we get a much broader and depressed body; the long antennæ or "feelers" almost entirely disappear; while the elytra, or wing-covers, have developed an extraordinary resemblance to vegetable structures, and do not serve to cover the hind wings, these having become almost completely atrophied; the legs, too, have also become very much modified, being flattened and clothed with leaf-like expansions, which are best explained by reference to the illustration. It scarcely need be added that the whole "get-up" is of a bright leaf-green colour, although this varies with the age of the insect and the vegetation, assuming analogous tints to its food-plant according to the season, even suggesting autumnal hues and decaying leaves.

Apart from breaking away from its family type, the female leaf-insect, to perfect its resemblance to foliage leaves, has even had to violate a recognised rule with regard to insects. The male insects have not the same foliaceous elytra, or wing-covers, as those of the female, but instead, short elytra, altogether unlike a leaf, and hind wings which are large and gauzy.

The rule is that when a modification or difference occurs in the wings of the two sexes of an insect, the male has the flight organs largest. While this applies in the case of the hind-wings, it is just the opposite that occurs with regard to the fore-wings, or leaf-like wing-covers, those of the females greatly exceeding in size those of the male. It should be observed that these wing-covers are the most striking foliaceous developments of the female insect, and each central nervure or vein is arranged so as to fall together and constitute one central mid-rib of a leaf, with lateral veins branching from it, and so a perfect mimicry of a leaf is produced.

It is evident, then, that Nature, in attaining perfection of purpose and function, does not always consider family characteristics, or even the normal rules which govern life-forms.

These insects not only mimic green leaves by their appearance and habits, but curiously display in their eggs a wonderful resemblance to seeds; so remarkable is this mimicry of seeds that when these eggs are microscopically examined by practical botanists they are frequently described as vegetable structures. Even the insect's method of dropping them carelessly amongst the foliage when feeding, from which they eventually patter to the ground to lie amongst seeds of various kinds without further protection until they hatch, is extremely suggestive of ripe falling seeds.

When the leaf-insect leaves the egg, it possesses many external features of the form it is ultimately to assume. A newly hatched specimen is also shown in Fig. 7, while below this is a more developed form. In the latter it will be observed that the wings, or rather wing-covers, have not yet appeared, these scarcely showing until after the third moult, or casting of its skin.

Leaf-insects are voracious vegetable feeders, feeding mostly at night, increasing their "protective resemblance" during the daytime by remaining motionless amongst the foliage.

The specimens shown in the photograph came from Assam.

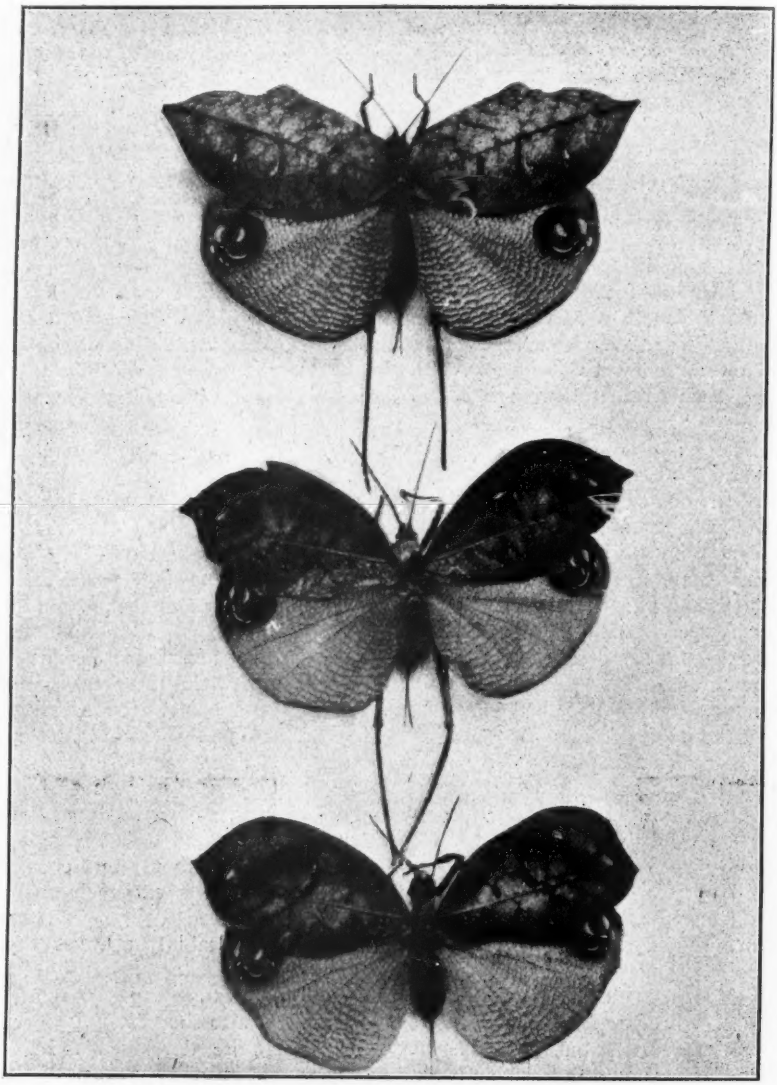


Fig. 6. Locusts from Brazil, which when at rest conceal their delicate and coloured flying wings by means of their leaf-like fore wings

In the Indies these are thought to be transformed leaves. It is imagined by the inhabitants that after a certain amount of growth attached to the plant they are ultimately detached and become walking-leaves. Such a belief can readily be accounted for; in fact, it is highly probable that many natives could vouch for having seen such an

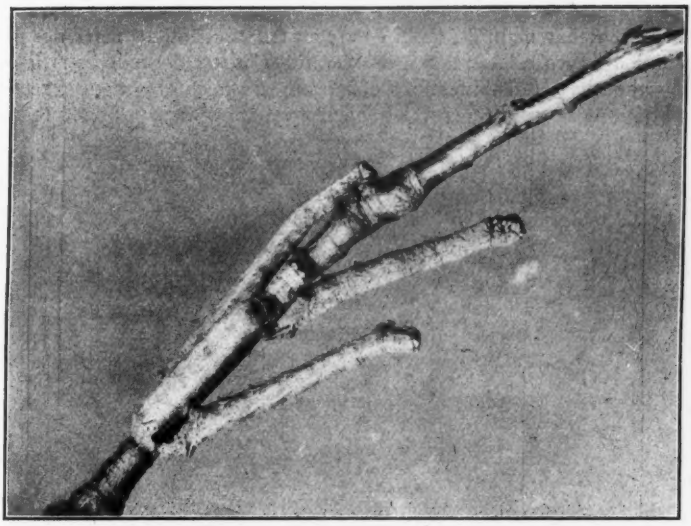


Fig. 7. Four British stick-caterpillars resting in their protective attitudes

Fig. 8. The buff-tip moth, which mimics a broken bit of stick when it closes its wings, as shown in the fork of the branch

instance occur, after having witnessed one of these insects when disturbed.

Having, then, seen that mantids, walking-sticks, and walking-leaves all develop even to small details the characteristic features of their surroundings, it is not so surprising that locusts, which also belong to the same order of insects, should likewise simulate leaves.

Some examples of the *Locustidæ* from Brazil are shown with expanded wings in Fig. 6. Attention need hardly be called to the resemblance of the elytra or wing-covers of these insects to leaves. The colour of the elytra is of a reddish brown, varied by irregular and white greyish markings and spots, wonderfully suggestive of withered leaves, accompanied by the usual cryptogamic growths and other markings produced by various insect depredators, the whole being given a finish by the exact mimicry of leaf-venation, and often irregular indentations around their edges.

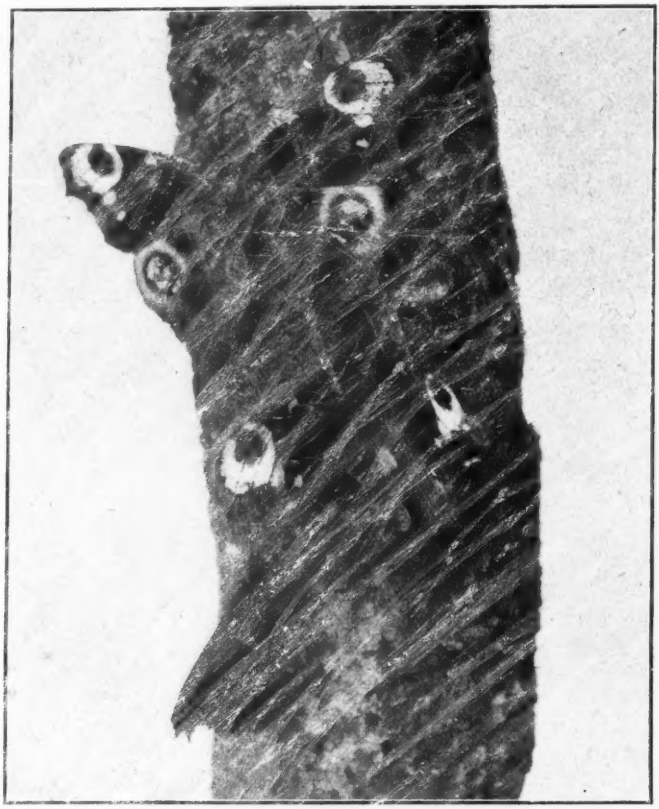


Fig. 9. The peacock butterfly extinguishing its brilliant colours by closing its wings and apparently becoming a bit of torn-off bark or dry and tattered leaf

The delicate and beautifully coloured wings seen below these leaf-like elytra of course become completely hidden by these foliaceous organs so soon as the insect alights, and it at once becomes the inconspicuous brown and withered leaf.

In briefly considering these examples of tropical insects the thought will probably occur to my readers whether instances of

this "protective resemblance" or mimicry of surroundings can be found amongst insects of temperate climates like our own?

In replying to this query and considering examples of British insects, although we cannot take instances from the same order of insects to make a good analogy, yet by glancing at some of our *Lepidoptera*, or the order to which our butterflies and moths belong, we can, by observing them in their larval and perfect forms, readily show that this protective mimicry is a common feature of the insect world.

Quite a large number of British insects in their larval or caterpillar stage perfectly imitate a broken twig or bit of stick. The photograph in Fig. 7 represents four living caterpillars of the scalloped hazel moth (*Odontopera bidentata*) quietly taking their rest in their characteristic attitudes. These, it will be seen, exactly resemble in detail a twig of the stem on which they are resting, their head and fore legs being a good imitation of undeveloped buds. Their colour is a perfect resemblance to that of the branch, and their habit of standing away from and forming an angle with it when resting, it is needless to say, completes the deception.

Fig. 10. The lappet moth, which with closed wings resembles a dry and shrivelled leaf. Note the example to the left

Even in the perfect insect we have at least one instance of stick resemblance which is shown in Fig. 8, being that of the common buff-tip moth. The fore-wings of

this insect are mottled with various splashings of greys and browns very much as the bark of trees often are, owing to minute plant-growths covering their surface; but at to extinguished their gaudy and flashing colours simply by closing their wings, when they are at once concealed by their resemblance to the bark of trees or weather-

Fig. 11. Some moths which make themselves inconspicuous by the resemblance of their fore wings to the bark and bark growths of trees

the tips conspicuous buff-coloured patches appear. When the wings are expanded the insect becomes most conspicuous, but on closing its wings the moth apparently becomes a bit of broken stick, the buff patches at the tips of the fore-wings representing the broken end where the new wood is exposed, as is shown in the example in the fork of the branch in the illustration.

Many of our most handsome yet common butterflies, in a similar manner, are able beaten leaves; the undersides of their wings presenting a similar coloration (see Fig. 9).

Neither are we without insects which simulate leaves. The lappet moth shown in Fig. 10 exactly resembles a brown and withered leaf, its fore-wings when closed projecting their leaf-like edges above its body, while its jagged lower wings show their edges below these, which together produce a wonderful resemblance to a dry and

shrivelled leaf, as the example with closed wings represents in the illustration.

In Fig. 11 some British insects are shown which possess, like the tropical locusts shadows of the trees, as the shaded side of the insects shown in the illustration represents, beautifully blended with the lichens and other plant growths; some apparently

Fig. 12. Butterflies which mimic flowers when at rest

we have previously glanced at, brightly coloured lower wings, but which are hidden by the fore-wings resembling and blending with the colours of bark of trees and their various surface growths. The largest moth in the illustration represents the common yellow underwing moth, whose golden lower wings are quite hidden when it closes its wings, as shown by the example beneath it.

The other various moths with closed wings become, when seen amongst the even mimic bird droppings with their irregular splashes of white colouring.

Finally, in Fig. 12, we have an example that we may even compare with the mantis which mimics flowers, although in our present instance the mimicry is purely for protective purposes and not aggressive like that of the mantis.

The six butterflies shown in the illustration are those of the common orange tip, familiar during the early summer. The

upper surface of the wings of these insects is white with a black spot near the centre of the fore-wings; and in the case of the male, also a large bright orange patch at the tip. The white of the hind-wings on their undersides, however, is curiously mottled with green, and as these butterflies frequent hedgerows and cultivated fields, in which situations various umbelliferous plants, or species of the wild parsley tribe, are invariably found growing, it frequently happens that these insects rest in amongst the flower-heads of these plants, and it will be seen from the illustration how conspicuous are the two insects with expanded wings amongst these blossoms. But the four other insects with closed and partly closed wings are much more concealed, the green mottlings of their underwings assimilating wonderfully with the tiny white flowers and their green centres and stalks.

Although, then, we have but glanced at a few examples of British mimetic insects, many more of which could readily be shown, yet I think these will be sufficient to place beside those more perfect instances which one would naturally expect to find amongst those species inhabiting the tropics, where insectivorous enemies are more numerous and the "struggle for existence" is therefore more keenly fought, to claim that this "protective" and "aggressive resemblance" of insects is no mere myth or fancy, but undoubtedly a stern reality.

Some Old Custom House Customs

By J. Carlisle McCleery

ABOUT twenty years ago, when the present writer was in the service of H.M. Customs in London the officers of that department used a peculiar hail, the origin of which has never yet been traced. A superior officer, about to pay a visit to his subordinate on board a particular vessel in the river, would row alongside and roar out "Hoo-oy!" to which the subordinate would reply "Hilloa!" What gave birth to the peculiar hail of "Hoo-oy!" is not known. Official antiquarians have traced it to "Le Roi" (the king), which, in time, became corrupted into "Le Roy," and, in the course of centuries, lost its identity in "Hoo-oy!"

The hail has been productive of many a laughable incident. On one occasion, for instance, an officer wished to leave the ship on which he was "boarded" in order to spend the evening at a theatre. Unauthorised absence was, in those days, a punishable offence, and probably is so still. In order, therefore, to avoid detection the officer arranged matters with the negro cook on board. The arrangement was that when the superior officer's hail was heard the cook should shout, in response, the necessary "Hilloa!" so that the visitor would pass along in blissful ignorance of the absence of his subordinate. The visit was made about midnight. Over the water came the raucous "Hoo-oy!" when the unfortunate black cook, in his confusion, gave the whole thing away by shouting back: "Dat's me!"

Whether the old hail still exists I do not know. In all probability, in these more up-to-date days, the visiting officer will call out the telephonic "Are you there?" and the visited one will reply with the stereotyped "Who are you?"

"Let them pay the established duties at the proper places," wrote Charlemagne, King of the Franks, to Offa, King of the Mercians (A.D. 757-794). One of the earliest mentioned of these "places" was Billingsgate, or as it was then spelled Billynggesgate, for, at a Witanagemote held by Ethelred at Wantage in A.D. 979, it was decreed that every small boat arriving at

Billingsgate should pay for toll or custom one halfpenny: a larger boat, with sails, one penny; a keel or hulk, four pennies; a vessel with wood, one piece of wood; a boat with fish coming *to the bridge*, one halfpenny or one penny according to her size. One wonders how a Chancellor of the Exchequer could manipulate his budget nowadays with such figures as a basis!

Wool and wine seem to have been the principal commodities taxed in the earlier days of the Customs, in order to replenish the monarch's purse. The monarchical money-bag had, however, very elastic properties, and it does not surprise one to find that in 1660 no fewer than 1630 articles were liable to duty. Nor does one envy the Customs' Officer who was compelled to memorise the list. So late as 1797, 1200 articles were dutiable. As a matter of fact, little more than half a century ago the list consisted of no fewer than 414 articles—a sufficiently formidable catalogue for the brain-power of the last generation.

In the early days of Customs duties the latter were "farmed" to some enterprising speculator at a specified sum per annum, and these "farmers," strangely enough, were often foreigners. In 1329 the Bardi of Florence farmed the entire Customs revenue for £20 a day, Sundays excepted. That the farmers found it profitable may be gathered from the fact that, in the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Smith was the "farmer" at a rental of £14,000, a sum that was afterwards raised to £50,000. "Compensation for improvements" was evidently not unknown—on the Crown side at any rate—in the days of good Queen Bess. The system was, of course, inherently bad, but it was not till 1671 that the Customs were finally taken out of farm, and not until centuries later that the not quite imperfect system of to-day came into being. I use the term "not quite imperfect" advisedly. No one acquainted with the department, its antiquated methods and red tape, would hesitate to assert that perfection—or such perfection as can ever be expected from a Tite-Barnacle'd administration—has still to be attained.

The evolution of the department has, indeed, been painfully tedious. Little more than a century ago there were three Boards of Commissioners, one for England, another for Scotland, and a third for Ireland, each having its own establishment, and comprising no fewer than twenty-three Commissioners in all. Even when the three Boards were amalgamated thirteen Commissioners were considered necessary. In another century or so, perhaps, the Post Office example will be taken to heart, and a Customs-Master-General will be found to give a sufficiently ornamental sanction to the work performed by experienced subordinates.

Up to a very recent period appointments in the Customs were obtainable, practically, for the asking, by any one capable of utilising the necessary social or political lever. The higher offices went to His Grace This, His Lordship That, or Sir Knight The-Other-Thing; the lower to "gentlemen's gentlemen." In 1792, for example, the first Earl of Liverpool was Collector Inwards; the then Duke of Manchester Collector Outwards; the Duke of Newcastle Comptroller, and Lord Stowel Surveyor of Subsidies. The offices, of course, were sinecures pure and simple, the "duties" of the noble office-holders consisting merely of appointing deputies and clerks. Even the holders of less elevated offices seem to have had a most enviable time of it. For instance, in 1784 the principal "Customer" or Collector of Hull lived in London, the Assistant-Collector in Glasgow, and the Principal Searcher in Dorchester! An even more Gilbertian situation was developed during the same year. The Deputy-Controller of Chester died—Liverpool in those days was a sub-port of Chester, and the neighbouring Parkgate was not the forgotten watering-place it is to-day—and it was necessary, therefore, to fill his place. Unfortunately, the "Patent" Controller, to whom alone the right of nomination belonged, was in the East Indies. The Archipelago was somewhat less accessible then than now and a wire, of course, was out of the question. What was to be done? After some consideration, the Lords of the Treasury authorised the Commissioners of Customs to issue a "deputation" in the missing one's stead, and so the matter was temporarily arranged, not, I fear, before a goodly hand-

ful of intermediate officials pocketed their pickings from the transaction.

The names and surroundings of some of these ancient offices read quaint in ne early days of the twentieth century. The Customer, or, as we would call him to-day, the Collector, was the principal officer. The Comptroller had to sit beside him, "and in all things to cheque and imitate his transactions, and to take the like accounts," *i.e.*, the Comptroller was the ancestor of the "Check Officer," or, as non-official readers would call him, the Auditor of to-day.

The father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, was a Comptroller in his time, and probably found that his not too exhaustive hours left him an ample margin for the cultivation of the muse. Civil Servants of a later date have had a similar experience, I am told.

Here is a quaint extract from an official document of Chaucer's time: "Custom and Subsidy, £23,062 19*s.* 1*d.* Rates same. 1306 merchants export. £500 of above granted to the King for his own person, delivered into the hands of Simon Burghley, under-Chamberlain. NIC. BREMBRE and J. PHILPOT, Collectors; GEOFFREY CHAUCER, Comptroller."

Another ancient office was that of the Searcher, the title of which, I believe, still remains. In early days, however, the Searcher, unlike his present descendants, had no salary, but worked purely on commission. That is to say, his remuneration consisted of a proportion of the fine upon all seizures he made of imported or exported goods. It is, perhaps, as well that the searcher of to-day is not similarly recompensed. In such an event the modern magistrate would, I am afraid, have but little time to attend to the drunks and disorderlies. A goodly portion of his attention would be commandeered for smuggling cases.

The office of "Aulnager" has long since been abolished. His duty was to measure all cloths imported, and his fee for doing so was a halfpenny per cloth. According to an Act of Edward III. striped cloth had to be 28 yards long by 6 quarters broad, and coloured cloths 26 yards long by 6½ quarters broad. The Act, however, did not last long, and thenceforward the Aulnager's duty was to mark the dimensions of the cloths, such dimensions affecting the price. A curious, though, in detail not absolutely strict, survival of the Aulnager's duties is—or was, in my time at least—to be found in the measurement of deck cargoes of timber. I am not quite certain that I ever really knew *why* I used to measure such cargoes—the regulations said it had to be done and I did it—but in any case the reason why has long since escaped my memory.

The "King's Butler" was another Customs official who now rests in peace. He seems to have had considerable authority, and most certainly cannot have been a teetotaler. He might taste a whole cargo of wine and (if at the conclusion of the performance he was able to see one cask at a time) he could "take away the best wines, allowing only 20*s.* per ton for freight." Were a King's Butler in existence to-day Sir Wilfrid Lawson would be able to extend his poetic horizon. "Gaugers" and "Weighers" were other ancient offices, and the "Troneur" (a mistake, probably, for *Trouveur*, "Finder") of the time of Edward I., became in due course a "Landing Waiter," and finally blossomed into the "Examining Officer" of 1904.

As I have already remarked, these appointments, up to a very recent period, were obtained through influence. Nowadays, a stiff competitive examination must be passed before even the first rung of the ladder can be reached. Immediately prior to the competitive era, indeed, a qualifying examination had to be undergone after a nomination was obtained, but the examination cannot have been a very trying ordeal. In 1855 and 1856, for example, 904 candidates presented themselves for examination for various posts—clerks, searchers, gaugers, &c.—and the rejections on account of deficient education only numbered 249. How happy would the present-day candidate be if he knew his chances of success would be 4 to 1 "on"!

As this article is intended to be more of a chatty sketch than a historical *resumé* readers must not be surprised if my incidents or extracts are not quite in chronological order. I must be forgiven, then, if I jump back at random from the era of Victoria to

that of Edward I. to relate a little incident that occurred at the, now almost unknown, port of Cockermouth during the "great" Edward's reign. The men of Cockermouth, it appears, complained that "a fair was held weekly on Sundays, *within a church* adjoining their liberties, to their great damage through loss of Customs and other port dues and tolls." The reply of the King I have not been able to unearth, but the very quaintness of the complaint justifies its being recorded. Imagine the authorities in Lower Thames Street to-day being disturbed by a fair, even were it held in a neighbouring church! And if such an ancient institution were ever revived I can answer for the Customs people that they would prefer the holding of such fair upon a Sunday than upon any other day of the week. Officialdom in Lower Thames Street on Sunday is conspicuous by its absence.

Collectors, Comptrollers and Searchers must have been a thorn in the side of the authorities for many generations, and indeed, from all accounts, they must have been very shady "customers" (in the modern sense of the term) to have required to be hedged round with so many "Thou must nots." At one time they were not allowed to own a ship, nor to "meddle with"—*i.e.*, have interest in—freight; they could only hold office at the King's pleasure; they were required to be resident, though this enactment, as we have seen, was a dead letter for generations. Searchers were forbidden to take any extra fees for their "welcome" or "farewell"—a most daintily worded regulation—nor were they supposed to be hosts to any mariner. The accounts of all Customers, Comptrollers, Aulnagers, &c., were to be examined and approved in order to avoid fraud, but—and the exception is distinctly amusing—Customers serving in Parliament were *not to be distressed* in the matter of their accounts. The use of the word "distressed" leads one to think that there must have been humorous M.P.s even in the time of Henry IV.

Another Parliamentary paper enjoined all Customers to be "upright and courteous in their dealings with merchant strangers of Italy," and the spirit of this injunction is alive to this day, I believe, in a Customs regulation, which specially directs the officers to be respectful and attentive to the Ambassadors of foreign nations.

Another amusing enactment—amusing on account of its portentous solemnity—is one issued in the reign of Henry VI. to the effect that Collectors &c., who were convicted of concealing any Customs duties, were to forfeit treble value, and that this ordinance was to "be observed *for evermore*."

The Collectors of Fowey, Plymouth, Poole and Dartmouth must have had but little reputation for honesty, as a law was passed in the same reign allowing merchants to have "a writ of trespass" against them with £40 damages in each case. Indeed the entire south-west coast must have been in very bad odour about this time, as only in the previous reign the Customs of Southampton were assigned to a neighbouring clergyman, the Bishop of Winchester to wit, but not before he had paid £14,000 for the privilege! This latter fact rather damages the suggestion that Parliament may have hoped that the presence and authority of a spiritual pastor and master might have a moral effect on the local Collectors. That it had not such effect may be gathered from an Act passed later on, in Henry VIII.'s reign, which relieved Southampton from a yearly payment to the Crown of £200 a year "in consideration of the great *falling off* in their Customs from foreign imports."

The manner in which imports were classified in the olden days would evoke a smile from the most sober-faced Chinaman. Imagine eels being classified as "necessary" and children's caps as "superfluous"! Here are a few examples from a list containing nearly three hundred articles :—

Necessary	Superfluous
Almonds	Adzes
Balances	Buttons
Curtain-rings	Cabbages
Diaper tablecloths	Damask tablecloths
Looking-glasses	Gloves
Hour-glasses	Handkerchiefs
Kettles	Knives
Plaster of Paris	Purses
Sugar candy	Spoons
Tassels	Trunks

The entire classification seems, to the modern reader, delightfully humorous. Two of the commodities (not mentioned above) will, however, commend themselves as being rightly labelled superfluous, viz :—"Daggers for childeren" and "Childeren rattels." Smokers, I am afraid, will hardly agree that "Onyons" were necessary and that "Pypes" were not.

Many other old Customs existed, the whys and the wherefores of which it is impossible to deal with here, so that the mere narrative of the most curious must suffice. In the days of the wool duty, to quote a quaint regulation, no bargain could be made for the sale of wool "on the sheep's back." The sheep had to be shorn first. Horses could not be exported without a licence, and no mare above the value of six-and-eightpence. The importation of hats was prohibited, and no one under the rank of a baron was allowed to wear woollen cloth made out of this country or Calais.

At one time, again, it appears that the importation of herrings was not allowed, but the prohibition, evidently, did not last long, as an Act of Parliament was passed in the same reign (Elizabeth's) rendering the importation legal. The fact was that when the North Sea fishermen, who formerly brought their herrings to the "County of York," found they were not allowed to do so they simply set sail for the Continent and landed them there. The inevitable result was a scarcity of fish in England and a big rise in price ; twin effects which compelled Parliament to take off its embargo.

Much might be written upon the vagaries of what were termed "Local Customs," or, as perhaps we would call them now, harbour dues, but an exhaustive recital would probably be voted tedious. It will suffice to say that these dues seem to have been collected mainly for the purpose of keeping the harbour in repair, and building defences for the port. Their application, however, must have been somewhat elastic, as it is recorded that the Southampton officials obtained permission to appropriate part of the local customs to the repaving of the High Street in that town, on the ground that the well-to-do foreigners who came to the port barked their shins after nightfall!

One or two examples of Local Customs tariffs may be of interest. It ought to be noted, however, that the tariffs in each port did not coincide. In Sandwich, for instance, an ox was mulcted in *2d.* whereas the same animal could have run the gauntlet at Dover for a halfpenny. Appended are a few examples taken indiscriminately :—

1000 herrings . . .	*1d.*
1 man	*1d.*
Leather	*2d.* the dicker
A ship with nuts . .	*4d.*
Do. with gurnard .	2 gurnards.
Do. with herrings .	100 herrings.
Do. with porpoise .	*1d.*
Eels	*1d.* the cart.
Apples, &c. . . .	*1d.* for the horse.
Pig . , . . .	*1d.*
Sheep	*6s. 8d.*
Adieu	*1d.*

The last named item requires explanation. I have referred in a former portion of this sketch to the "welcomes" and "farewells" exacted by Customers. "Adieu" was evidently a farewell. It appears to have been a corruption of "denier à Dieu," and, though forbidden by law, the "God-penny" held its own for many a day.

Many more old Customs customs might have been referred to, but probably sufficient illustrations have been given to warrant both reader and writer congratulating each other upon living in an age when prohibition tariffs, in this country at any rate, are conspicuous by their absence.

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Rupert Laurier overhears Pamela Winston apply at the railway booking-office for a ticket.—She has been left behind whilst in search of a luncheon basket.—Her travelling companion has her ticket and purse.—Rupert offers assistance.—She refuses.—The train is wrecked, and he renders her help.—Rupert is fascinated by Pamela, but she refuses to allow him to follow up the acquaintance.—She has promised never to speak to a man. Rupert's cousin, Audrey Laurier, enters Adelaide Winston's establishment in order to get knowledge of Pamela.—She finds it entirely conducted by women-gardeners, grooms, page-girls, &c.—Pamela she describes as loyal to Mistress Adelaide and a thorough man-hater.

CHAPTER VII

TRIALS AND CHANGES

FIFTY years before, the seeds of Miss Winston's hatred for men were sown; sown by her own mother.

Adelaide Torrington, a great heiress, had married Captain Winston against the wishes of her people, who distrusted him. They acknowledged readily that his face was handsome, and that his manners were charming; they agreed that Adelaide was by no means bound to marry a rich man, having already a great fortune of her own; but they repeated (in and out of season) their conviction that Captain Winston was not the man to bring her happiness, and that she would surely live to regret her marriage.

Perhaps she did; she did not say so. She was a proud, reserved girl, and if she suffered, she suffered in silence; also she never lost her almost insane worship for her husband. She died when little Adelaide, their only child, was six years old; and her will handed over the child, bound and helpless, into her father's care.

Everything was to be his for life, during which Adelaide had not a halfpenny to call her own; the capital he might not touch, it was securely tied up, but until he died he was master of everything; and the daughter who one day would be a great heiress, was absolutely penniless and dependent on him. It was a most unfortunate will; and it pleased neither Captain Winston nor his wife's relations. Captain Winston was furious because, though he had the command of a large income, over the principal he had no control.

When he married again, which he did only a year after his first wife's death, he could neither make the smallest marriage settlement nor promise to endow any children that might be born to them; and the second Mrs. Winston received this news as a crushing injustice, and did not fail to din into little Adelaide's ears that a horrible wrong had been done to them all.

"But you needn't have married father!" cried Adelaide smartly, repeating what she had heard in the servants' hall.

There the strictures on the late mistress's will were scathing, but not because of any lack of generosity on the part of the late Mrs. Winston. The servants said that it was cruel to keep little Miss Adelaide out of everything while her father lived; cruel to give her into his sole guardianship, knowing him as his wife must have done.

Adelaide's pert answer enraged her stepmother, and from that day war was waged, energetically at first, afterwards more quietly. It was not until ten years after their marriage that the second Mrs. Winston dropped her arms; appealed for help and sympathy to Adelaide (then a girl of sixteen), and instead of the usual complaints against the girl's mother, inveighed instead against the cruelty and the callous selfishness of her father.

"He is hard enough on you, God knows," she wailed. "I am not denying it. But some day you will escape from it all."

"I shall escape from it the day I am twenty-one," replied Adelaide.

"But how? He won't give you a halfpenny."

"No; but I shall go out and earn my own living. Oh, I know I am not half educated! Some day I shall have thousands, but during my whole youth my father has had the power to deny me the ordinary privileges of any farmer's daughter. He chooses to hold me to blame that my mother left me her money at his death. He has made me pay for it; he has utterly abused the power given him; and his one hope is that he may live long and thus keep me out of my own. Perhaps he may. But the day I am twenty-one I shall go out into the world."

"Without a halfpenny! You poor child; you don't know what you are talking about! Other girls, who have been highly educated, find it difficult to get work; how can you earn a living?"

"I don't know how." Adelaide set her lips. "I only know that I shall do it!"

She had ample reason for her determination. With the passing years her father had developed a feeling of absolute hatred for her, and had shown it in every possible way. Her half-sister, Elsie, had been sent to expensive schools, while Adelaide had stayed at home, in an unrecognised position, picking up some sort of education as best she might.

Since she was thirteen no governess had been given her, she had never been to school; it was only the inherent determination of her character that prevented her from growing up as ignorant as any peasant.

She felt it bitterly. The money squandered was her mother's; surely enough might have been spared to educate her fitly?

Captain Winston, knowing best how to bring her dependence home to her, thought otherwise. He did not try to hide his intense bitterness towards her. She kept out of his way as much as she could, and when he sent for her went, expecting the scene which invariably resulted.

His temper had always been uncertain; with the years it grew intolerable; he railed incessantly at his daughter; declared that she wanted to see him dead so as to be free to squander his money, but that he would live until she, too, was an old woman.

"My father lived to ninety-nine, my grandfather to ninety-four," he often cried, exultingly, "and I will live too! Do you hear? If I do not die till I am ninety-four, you will be sixty-eight; and during all that time I shall have kept you out of the money you were clever enough to induce your mother to leave to you!"

"I was six years old when she died."

"And a cunning little cat at that! But you haven't benefited much; and you won't benefit. I can't afford to do much for you, unfortunately," with an evil sneer; "it is as much as I can do to keep the place going; and I have my other daughter to think of. My poor Elsie at her father's death will not have a penny. She has her good time now; yours is to come! Be content with that!"

It was an intolerable life for a young, high-spirited girl. Adelaide Winston rarely complained; and listened to her stepmothers' continual outpourings with hardly-won patience. But the mark of those long years was on all her after life. The years passed, each one seemingly longer and more full of unpleasantness than the last; but at last the day dawned on which she was twenty-one—and free.

She had a final interview with her father, in which she threw off the yoke he had made so heavy; then much against his will she went forth free if almost penniless. She had only a few pounds in her pocket, and they had been lent her by her old nurse. Captain Winston had kept his word; no servant on the estate was so penniless as its future mistress.

Adelaide had accepted the loan hesitatingly at first, but afterwards with generous and hearty words of thanks.

"You shall not repent it, you dear old Biddy! Some day I will repay it a thousand times. Oh, not in money! I know you don't want to be paid in that way, and money has been made to appear a curse in this house! But when I am able to earn my living you shall come to me, Biddy, and I will love you and make you happy; as I will always do my best to make happy those who live with me. Soon, soon, you shall come to me!"

She went; and no one heard of the hard-

ships that were hers. She lived almost on a crust; she fought and struggled; when her father died, two years later, she was earning her bread even if her path was still strewn with difficulties.

The shock of the great change was almost too much for her. One day to be working in a small shop, the victim of long hours and scanty pay, to be leading a life in which hard words must be received humbly, together with poor fare and a miserable attic for a lodging; and the next? To own a limitless income (or so it appeared to her), a great house and widely stretching acres; with many servants to call her sole mistress, with dozens of friends suddenly appearing; with freedom and power. A great change indeed.

Adelaide went back to Blatchlands; back to the place where she had known so much unhappiness; back to her stepmother, waiting anxiously to hear her views; and to Elsie, her half-sister, who, spoilt by her father, had never hesitated to behave with a half contemptuous indifference to the girl whom their father openly said he hated.

Adelaide behaved wonderfully well every one said. She installed her stepmother and her half-sister comfortably at Blatchlands; she insured them an ample income; and then she went away, and wandered about for nearly two years, trying to forget, and learning to forgive. Through strange lands, into curious places she went; silent at first, reserved, almost grim; but, as the months went by, beginning to remember that she was young and free and rich, and to take joy in the thought.

She did not go back until a telegram came summoning her home because her stepmother was dangerously ill; and then she went straight through without breaking her journey, but arrived just too late. Mrs. Winston was dead; and her daughter, with a white, tear-stained face, sobbed out that she knew Adelaide must hate her, that she deserved it; but that she was very miserable; and surely now Adelaide might try to forgive her.

"I don't need to try." There had never been any pretence of affection between them, but Adelaide bent and kissed the tear-stained face kindly. "I don't want even to remember that I have anything to forgive. You mustn't look upon me as an enemy, Elsie; indeed that would be a mistake. Trust me, and let us try to remember that we are sisters at least."

"You will be good to me?" Elsie raised her face hopefully. "You won't turn me out? I am an awful little dunce; I couldn't possibly earn my own living."

"There is not the slightest need that you should think of doing so. Surely Blatchlands is big enough for two of us! You will miss your mother, Elsie, but nothing else need be changed. This is your home, as it always has been."

"And if I marry?" demanded the girl, eagerly.

"You shall have a suitable dowry," answered Adelaide, a shade coolly; surely Elsie need not be so quick to ask for promises! "I will ask the lawyers what you ought to have, and you shall have it. Rest assured of that."

"Thank you."

"Do you mean that you are engaged?" asked Adelaide, after a moment's rather puzzled silence. The thought had come to her and seemed likely to be true; that would account for Elsie's rather ill-chosen and untimely demand.

"Not exactly engaged," was the reply, made with some embarrassment, and Adelaide learnt no more. She was herself reserved, and she knew very little of her half-sister. If Elsie wished to tell her more no doubt she would do so.

At first they got on very well together, Adelaide's rule was a very light one; she was much more afraid of failing to make Elsie free and happy, than given to remembering the days when the younger girl had gone no step out of her way to do anything for her despised and down-trodden elder sister. And Elsie seemed happy enough at first.

Only afterwards she grew pale and silent; and Adelaide, at a loss to account for her depression, tried to reason her out of it, and only desisted when she saw that her attempts were absolutely useless.

Her own concerns filled her life pretty fully just then; there had been numerous difficulties to be solved on her first coming to

Blatchlands as its mistress; but she had faced them bravely, and at twenty-five was a fine, strong, handsome girl, looking the whole world straight in the face; generous, if inclined to judge rather hardly; kind in heart, if little given to soft words.

Many men had displayed a willingness to shower attentions on her, but she had received them coldly and distantly; until one came who laughed at her reserve, and never rested until he had made himself master of the heart which he openly told her he believed to be composed chiefly of ice.

When the ice had fairly melted, when Adelaide, hardly believing in her own happiness, but fascinated and blinded by her love for the man who had pointed out to her a quite new and dazzling future, went to her sister and asked for her congratulations, Elsie burst into tears; and during the days that followed, wept continually.

Adelaide, at first alarmed, grew finally restive. Her sister gave no reason for her tears, and the only possible cause for them that occurred to Adelaide was that she was afraid of losing her home.

"You shall live with us always if you wish to, or I will give you an allowance if you would rather be free!" she said. "Be reasonable, Elsie! I haven't had so much happiness until now that you need grudge me Frank's love; it shall make no difference to you; you need not be afraid of that."

"You don't understand!" wailed Elsie. But she refused to explain more definitely; and Adelaide, feeling distinctly aggrieved, left her and went back to Frank.

He was a charming companion; seen under his auspices life seemed quite a different thing, and Adelaide, putting behind her the memories of all her long sad years of drudgery, delighted in picturing the future of which he spoke so confidently. He loved her; their life together should be one long dream of happiness.

The dream was short. Only one week after she had asked for Elsie's congratulations it ended.

Elsie's words had been vague; during that week she had given no hint why the news to her had been such a crushing blow; but at the end of the week she kept silence no longer. She came into Adelaide's boudoir one afternoon with a white, set, tear-swollen face, and announced that she had something to say.

"Speak then," Adelaide frowned a little impatiently. She was the most generous of women, her heart was full of kindness; but she thought Elsie horribly ungrateful! "What is it you wish?" she added as Elsie was silent. "You know I will do anything for you. Be a little sympathetic, Elsie! Remember that I, too, have a right to happiness and love!"

"You have no right to his love!" flashed out Elsie, almost savagely. "That is what I have come to tell you."

"No right to his love?" Adelaide repeated the words blankly, and then added sharply, "Explain please. I do not understand what you mean!"

"I mean that it is I whom Frank loves; that we were engaged—oh secretly of course! He is poor and so am I; we could not announce it, mother would have been furious. But for three years we have been engaged; he has sworn that he will never love any one but me. And now you come and take him from me, and I won't bear it! I can't, and I won't!"

"I don't understand," repeated Adelaide stupidly.

The new structure of her happiness was tumbling down about her ears; but for a few minutes she made some sort of fight for it. Why should she trust Elsie? Elsie who had never given her the slightest reason to suppose that she had the smallest affection for her. It might be that Elsie cared for Frank; that would be unfortunate; but if Frank was true, if Frank loved her as he had told her times without number that he did, she would not have lost everything as for one minute it seemed she had done.

"He loves me," Elsie repeated sullenly. "We have been engaged for three years. He never thought of marrying any one but me; he was content to wait, as I was, until you came."

"I don't believe you."

"But you must; you shall! Listen! He has told me even during this week that he cares for me still; that it is only for your

money that he is going to marry you. He wants me to be quiet, to let him marry you; and then—he says that he will still love me always; that he will take care I have all I want. Oh, it is true, Adelaide! You must believe it; it is true."

"Then why do you come to me?"

Unwilling conviction had come to Adelaide already. Some instinct told her that her sister's words were true, and showed her the pit which had been spread before her willing feet and from which she had so narrowly escaped. Her face was white, but she was calm, and she turned and asked her question, facing the tearful Elsie with something like a smile on her white lips.

"Why do you come to me? Why not carry your plot through and reap all its attendant advantages? You have made a great mistake, Elsie!"

"Because I couldn't! Oh, I know I have behaved badly to you always; I don't forget that any more than you do. But this is too much. Believe me or not as you like, I am speaking the truth. If he had said that he loved you I would have gone; I had made up my mind to that. I would have gone away and let him marry you and have the money he wants so much. But when he told me he loved me still I thought of you. It is true! I thought that you had been unhappy almost always and that I was going to help you to worse unhappiness. And so I came and spoke the truth. He will never forgive me. He vowed if I said one word to you that he would never see or speak to me again, and I daresay he will keep to his vow. I don't even seem to care. I can't let it go on, not without, at least, telling you the truth."

"And what do you expect me to do?"

"I don't know," Elsie sobbed wearily. "You must do as you like. Tell him what I have told you and he will explain away everything; he will do his best to convince you that I am lying; very likely he will succeed. Then I will go; and you can marry him."

"And if I believe you?"

"Then don't marry him! It is for your own sake, Adelaide, as well as mine; believe me if you can! To me it will make little difference now; I shall have earned his hatred by betraying him as he will call it, and he is awfully hard. He will never forgive me whether you marry him or not. I know that; I knew it before I spoke."

"And you love him still?"

"I don't know. Honestly I don't know. I did love him; even now if he forgave me, if he said he still loved me, I suppose I should believe in him again. I don't know. What are you going to do?"

"I must have time to think. I must see Frank. I—have loved him; I cannot believe that he is false without hearing it from his own lips. I must hear him, too."

"Then hear him here and now!" Elsie rose from her crouching position and listened eagerly; she had heard Frank's voice in the hall, and knew that he would come up in search of Adelaide. "Hear him now. Oh, just for one moment do as I say, Adelaide! Stand there; he will not see you for a minute, and he will speak the truth. You must!"

She pushed her sister behind a screen, much against Adelaide's will, just as Frank called at the door:

"It is I, Adelaide, may I come in?"

"Come in; but it is not Adelaide," cried Elsie sharply, and Adelaide heard him come in, heard him say surprisedly:

"You, Elsie? And crying again! Why will you be such a little idiot? Adelaide will begin to suspect soon; why she hasn't guessed the truth before I don't know. You will ruin me and yourself, too, and then I suppose you will be satisfied."

"I have told her the whole truth."

It was evidently only by an enormous effort that Elsie brought out the words. Adelaide had already come out from behind the screen; she considered such a position intolerable; but Frank did not see her, though she was standing within a few yards of him. At Elsie's words he turned on her, and for one brief moment Adelaide thought he was going to strike her sister as she cowered before him.

"It is a lie!" he cried savagely. "You daren't! You have threatened before, but you daren't; and she wouldn't believe you if you did! I tell you she worships

It is a lie! he cried savagely

me! I shall be able to twist her round my little finger, and if you will only be a little sensible——"

"But you don't love her; you love me?"

And then he turned to face Adelaide's eyes, to read in her white proud face the fact that she already believed Elsie's story.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMING OF PAMELA

"WHAT are you going to do?"

She moved past him holding out her hand to Elsie, and he asked the question anxiously.

"I am going to cut you out of my life from this moment," she answered steadily, "and if Elsie is wise she will do the same. Come, Elsie!"

During the next weeks he made many attempts to overthrow that decision; but in vain. Adelaide was adamant. She believed what she had heard and was determined to hold to her decision. Then he changed his tactics, acknowledged his love for Elsie, and begged to see her.

"You will not see him, Elsie?" cried Adelaide.

"I must. I know all that you could say, Adelaide, but I must see him. He loves me; he never did love you, that makes all the difference. Let me see him!"

"Do as you choose!" icily.

From that interview Elsie came back with shamefaced exultation and made her request:

Adelaide had promised to provide for her; would she still keep her promise? Frank's uncle had offered to make him an allowance if he married suitably; if Adelaide would give her ten thousand pounds she thought he would be satisfied, and Frank would marry her at once.

Adelaide consented curtly, not disguising her contempt. How could they beg from her after deceiving and wronging her? She made over the money and they were married very quietly, Adelaide refusing to be present; and then they left, and Adelaide buried in bitter reflections told herself that she had been a fool to trust any man.

"They bring me nothing but unhappiness, and have done so all my life long! First my father, who never spoke a gentle word to me, who consistently did his best to make me miserable; then Mr. Thomas," with a little shudder at the recollection of the manager in the first small shop she had worked in, "and now Frank. I was a fool to believe in him; I never will believe again! I will have nothing to do with men; I will live my own life honestly and uprightly; I will find some work to do which only I can do; but from this day men shall not exist for me, I will neither speak to nor look at one if I can help it." She kept to that vow. When Elsie and Frank, after a month or two, appealed to her for forgiveness and hinted at a wish to come to Blatchlands, she wrote coldly to Elsie, and told her that though she herself would be welcome if she cared to come, Frank should never "enter the door of Blatchlands either now or after my death."

"I am waiting to find out to what it will be best to devote my time and money," she added. "It will not be given to pay Frank's debts or to enrich your children. I had better speak frankly, and then you will know plainly what you have to expect. I have provided for you; now my life and my money are my own, to do with as I may think best."

After that there was silence for a time. Adelaide travelled, inquired, gathered information, and soon determined to devote her energies to the furthering of woman's rights. There was her life work ready to her hand. She had money, time, and strength; Blatchlands should become a home for women who needed help; she would not only feed and clothe their bodies, she would furnish their minds; she would train and fit them to go out into the world, and be independent of all help from men. That should be her work.

From that she never faltered. After the first year Elsie's complaints and requests grew to be incessant, but Adelaide took little notice of them. Very soon she begged her half-sister curtly not to mention Frank to her, to ask for what she wanted for herself.

But that soon became unbearable, too;

Elsie, prompted by Frank, grew more and more insistent and grasping; and at last Adelaide settled an income of five hundred a year upon her absolutely, regretting while she did so that she had not tied up the ten thousand pounds she had already given her, and which Elsie said was almost gone.

"More than this I will not do," she wrote, "and it will be useless for you to ask. I will not give any more of my money to be squandered by a worthless man when it might be used to help good women. This income will be enough to keep you from want, and he will not be able to touch the capital. You must not ask for more; I will not give it."

Soon after that Elsie died, and Frank had the audacity to write and repeat that Adelaide had been his only love; to beg her to marry him. He was not likely to repeat that. Adelaide's reply was couched in no very gentle terms. She was already wrapped up in her busy life at Blatchlands, and now regarded her past love for this man, whom she knew to be worthless, as a passing madness, from which she had been lucky to escape so lightly.

That year she put into practice another scheme which had occurred to her and which was dear to her heart. She was succeeding beyond her hopes at Blatchlands, the only shadow on her path was the thought that if she died there would be no one to take her place. She would never marry; she was quite free to leave her money as she chose; but what would it be wise to do? An idea occurred to her, and after thinking it well over she followed it. It was this: she determined that she would adopt a girl of some twenty years and bring her up as her successor. The girl must promise never to marry, promise to carry on the work, and in due time, also to repeat Adelaide's action, to adopt a girl, some one whom she could absolutely trust, who would in her turn follow the same plan. Thus, thought Adelaide, a long and worthy train of châtelaines for Blatchlands might be secured, and thus only. Should one be faithless to that trust, then all power would promptly be taken from her; but if the girl learned to love the work before power was placed in her hands, surely she might be trusted. She made her own choice, after much deliberation, and fixed on Isabel Roche. Isabel had been at Blatchlands almost from the first. She had been one of Adelaide's earliest pupils and one of the most promising. She had been rescued from a life of much poverty; she was almost relationless; she threw herself into the work at Blatchlands with fervent enthusiasm; and she gave to Adelaide a devoted affection which provoked a ready response; there could be no fitter follower for Adelaide than Isabel.

Isabel heard all, begged for a little time to consider, and then gave the promise readily. She said only that she thought Adelaide might have found some one better fitted and cleverer; but that if Adelaide was satisfied, then she would only too gladly do her part, trusting that for many long years Adelaide might be spared to do the work which no other would ever do so well.

For a year or two all was peace; before then there had been some lonely hours for Adelaide, but after that she took Isabel into her whole confidence, gave over into her hands some of the power, much of the management, and trusted and loved her deeply. She was herself thirty-three and Isabel some eight years younger. She was happy, and looked confidently forward through a vista of useful years.

Then came a bitter blow. One day Isabel was missing, and she did not come back; instead, she wrote a penitent, humble letter to confess that she had broken her promises; that she had fallen in love with a man who was now her husband. She told the story of their chance meeting, and begged Adelaide to forgive her and choose another for her companion and successor. She begged for a line in which Adelaide should say that she forgave, and thanked her once more for all the kindness lavished on her.

"I shall seem to you horribly ungrateful; you will think me faithless to the trust you have placed in me," she wrote. "I suppose I am. Yet I love you dearly; if it could be that I could have both you and Wilfrid in my life I think I should ask no more; but I know that cannot be. Will it not soften

you a little to learn that I am giving up all the secure future you would have assured me to throw in my lot with a very poor man? I am afraid not. I gave you a solemn promise never to marry, to have nothing to do with men, and I have broken that promise. That fact will be enough to make you renounce me finally. But forgive me! I shall not be able to forgive myself unless I am at peace with you. Forgive me!"

She was not surprised that she had no reply. Miss Adelaide was hard on that one point only; deception and desertion she would not forgive.

Perhaps if Isabel had married wisely, had loved a good man, in the years to come she might have been able to reconcile Miss Adelaide, even to bring her to consent to see her husband; but the fate which seemed to decree that any man who came in contact with Adelaide Winston must of necessity be a scoundrel ordained that Isabel's husband should be ranked in the same category. Poor girl! In the years that followed she had plenty of time to repent her broken faith, her reckless marriage, but she repented in silence. She would not beg from Miss Winston, no matter what she suffered in consequence, and that determination infuriated her husband.

For four years they dragged on a miserable life together, and then he went off to Africa, leaving a letter behind him in which he callously stated that he had with him another woman; that Isabel might consider herself free, as she would never hear from him again, and that now she and her brat might go back to Miss Winston and live in luxury.

That Isabel did not do; instead she worked for herself and her child, and at first succeeded well. She had been trained to work at Blatchlands, and while her health lasted found it no hardship but only a delight to work for the child she worshipped. But her health had been too much tried during those years of incessant anxiety and poverty; the strain had weakened her, and she soon began to feel herself failing, and to look at Pamela with miserably anxious eyes. When she grew too weak to be able to work for them both what was to become of Pamela? Only one thing. The answer was there, plainly written. Pamela Miss Winston would take in, would care for, would train, would keep in all safety; and even if that meant parting with the child no other future was possible for her. So a parting would come, for Isabel did not believe that even now Adelaide would forgive. She had broken faith and that would, she thought, prove an insuperable obstacle in the way of any reconciliation between herself and the woman whom she still loved.

But she could trust Pamela to her care, and Pamela ought to go soon. Already she suffered in seeing her mother suffer, although she was such a tiny thing; already her childhood was being darkened by the sight of the misery around her.

For a little while longer Isabel struggled on; then one day she dressed Pamela in the poor neat clothes which were her best, and told her to be glad because they were going into the country to see a kind lady who lived in a beautiful house.

"I think I shall leave you there for a little while, darling," she added, forcing a smile to her lips. "It will be good for you to be in the country for a time. You will be a very good girl, Pamela, and do everything the lady tells you to do?"

"Not without you, mammy!" cried the child anxiously, "I'll stay here with you!"

That she repeated constantly during their journey, clinging to her mother feverishly, and almost breaking Isabel's heart by so doing. If Pamela would have consented to go gaily, distracted by all she saw, and forgetting for a few moments at least the loss of her mother, it would have been easier, but Pamela was not like that.

So when they arrived at Blatchlands Isabel, who had intended to send the child in with a letter, was driven by the child's persistent refusal to leave her, to take her in herself. As she passed in at the lodge gates (the keeper was new and did not recognise her) she gazed round with tear-filled eyes. All this had once been hers, this life of peace and work, and she had thrown it up—for what? For a few affectionate speeches from a man who had said he loved her

Not without you, mammy ! she said in her sweet little voice

dearly! And for more! Pressing the child more closely to her Isabel said that after all she did not repent; she might have lived through hard years, but she had had the companionship of Pamela!

She was admitted at once, and as she crossed the hall with Pamela still clinging closely to her, they came face to face with Mistress Adelaide, who stopped short and cried "Isabel!" then spoke no more.

"Yes, Isabel."

"You may go, Rose," said Mistress Adelaide rather sharply to the girl who was showing Isabel the way to the ordinary reception-room for strangers, "I will show this lady the way."

"Thank you," murmured Isabel, gratefully.

She wished for no scene before this strange maid, who stared at her surprisedly. As she followed Mistress Adelaide into her private study remembrances crowded into her mind fast and thick. She had been the only person admitted there at all times; Adelaide had made her free of everything, had trusted her completely, only to be deceived!

"Well?"

The door closed behind them, and Adelaide pushed forward a chair, motioned Isabel to be seated, then uttered her curt exclamation, "Well?"

Isabel forgot all that she had meant to say and said what she had determined not to say. Her wish had been to keep herself entirely out of the conversation, to speak only of Pamela, to express her determination of giving the child entirely into Mistress Adelaide's hands, but instead she cried out:

"Adelaide! I have broken faith with you, deceived you and ungratefully deserted you, but I loved you always! Forgive!"

"Your husband?"

"Has left me for another woman."

"You repent?"

"No. What I did I did with my eyes open. I repent only my conduct to you, and I have come to make reparation. I bring you a gift, Adelaide. I offer you what to me is priceless. Pamela! This is the lady of whom I spoke to you. Ask her to kiss you, darling, to love you as she once loved your mother!"

She pushed the child forward and Adelaide held out both her hands, but the child shook her head gravely and turned her head persistently to her mother.

"Not without you, mammy," she said in her sweet little voice; "never without you."

"She is right!"

Mistress Adelaide stood up, came over, and, throwing her arms round Isabel, bent first and kissed her before she drew the child into her arms.

"Pamela is right. 'Never without mammy,' you said, dearest child, and so it shall be. I will not take your gift, Isabel, but I will share her with you. The place you once had is yours still; I have given it to no other; take it again."

"No." Isabel looked radiant and returned Adelaide's kiss warmly, but she shook her head. "No, I will not take it; but if you will give it to Pamela, I can promise you that you will never be deceived or deserted. Even now she is the soul of honour, one can trust every word she says; she is the most unselfish child I ever knew, and the dearest. Let us both stay, if you are good enough to have it so, Adelaide, but for me the sands of time are running out fast. Despite my eight years to the good I look much older than you do, and I have not half the strength; the power to work is leaving me, almost the will. Let me stay here and do what I can; train Pamela to take my place. That is what I beg of you!"

That was how Pamela came to Blatchlands when she was only six years old, and how she came to spend her life there, growing up to the work as to a thing which would naturally fill her life always. Isabel lived two years, and they were years of much happiness; her strength failed rapidly, but she was tenderly nursed; she had Pamela, and her friend was her own again. When she died Adelaide gave herself up to the task of comforting Pamela, and succeeded as time went by in filling the place of the dear mother whom the child had loved so faithfully.

Pamela turned gratefully to the woman

who had taken in that dear mother, and loved her almost solely.

Over the whole estate the two might be seen together as Mistress Adelaide supervised, planned, guided, always with tiny Pamela hanging on to her, listening gravely, and nodding when Adelaide turned, as she often did, to smile and ask:

"What do you think, childie? Some day you will have all this to do, you know!"

"I want to do it just like you, Adelaide," replied the child. "I want to be just like you."

And Adelaide, bending down, would catch the child up in her arms and stride away, the gray flecked head close to the bright gold one, both content and happy.

It had been her wish that the child should call her simply Adelaide; "Mother" was out of the question, "Auntie" she did not like, and, as she said to Isabel, Pamela was to stand in her mother's place, and should therefore use the same name her mother had been the last to use.

"To all the rest of the world I am 'Mistress Adelaide' or 'the mad Miss Winston,'" she remarked grimly; "to the child and to you I will be Adelaide always."

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

FOURTH PAPER

THERE is yet one more preliminary objection with which we must concern ourselves. I may call it a difficulty in the way of the Christian Faith which arises, not so much from the religion itself, as from a disturbance of the imagination, caused by the altered proportions in which all human affairs are now seen. Rationalistic science speaks with two voices. The one is the voice of an exaggerated modesty,* the other that of an exaggerated pride.† Thus while, on the one hand, we are confidently assured that no mystery of existence will ultimately be found to be beyond the scope of the human intellect, we are, on the other hand, continually warned against the excessive and irrational conceit which is implied in the Christian hypothesis. It is with the latter contention that in this paper we are concerned. Of course it cannot be denied that the disturbance of the imagination is a very serious fact. The old simple scheme of the Universe which made our earth the centre of everything, and the old notion of the world's

* *Cf.* Haeckel, "Riddle of the Universe," p. 6. (R. P. Ed.)

"It (*i.e.*, the 'magnificent cosmological perspective' which science discloses) not only clearly indicates the true place of man in nature, but it dissipates the prevalent illusion of man's supreme importance, and the arrogance with which he sets himself apart from the illimitable universe, and exalts himself to the position of its most valuable element."

† Mr. William Watson, in "The Dream of Man," has effectively rebuked the inordinate vanity of scientific man, who in the conceit of his knowledge denies the existence of any superior to himself, asking:

"In what room of the palace of Nature
Resides the invisible God?
For all her doors I have opened,
And all her floors I have trod.

If greater than I be her tenant,
Let him answer my challenging call:
Till then I admit no rival,
But crown myself master of all."

history which made man obviously the central factor in time, seem to be at every point disallowed by modern science. Time has been immensely extended ; the periods which the geologists and the biologists contemplate are of unimaginable duration, and even when we come to recorded history, we find that, although of course on a vastly smaller scale, the same process has continued until the period with which the historian must reckon has to be extended far indeed beyond good Archbishop Usher's 4004 B.C. with which we are all familiar in our English Bibles. So also with regard to space, our ancestors contemplated a bijou edition of the Universe, in which the earth was manifestly and beyond all question the vastest thing they knew, and had an unquestionable title to the supreme position which Christianity conferred upon it ; but now astronomers speak of worlds immensely greater in bulk than our own, and distant so far from us, that the light which left them 400 years ago* is only now coming within the limit of our vision. Whatever branch of science we take up we are encountered by a similar enlargement of view. The microscope, in the opposite direction, dismays us with its revelations hardly less than the telescope, and everything converges to one result—a kind of involuntary and irrepressible disgust with the assumption of Christianity that this world has been the scene of the direct personal manifestation of the Creator of the Universe, and that man holds a princedom by title of the Incarnation which elevates him above all things visible and invisible.† Two observations occur at once. In the first place, the enlargement of the Universe is itself some measure of the corresponding enlargement of the human faculties which have perceived and in some sense measured and interpreted it, so that it becomes a question whether the enhanced greatness of man is not an even more impressive phenomenon than the enhanced bulk and lengthened antiquity of the Universe. In the next place, it is a fair retort to rationalistic men of science, that they cannot have their argument both ways. If human faculties are competent to do all that they ascribe to them, then at least Christians must be set free from the embarrassment of man's relative insignificance, which in other connections they are wont to press as an objection to Christianity. If, however, the latter point is to be insisted upon, and the relative insignificance of man is to be accepted as requiring an abandonment of a religion which assumes his primacy in the world of phenomena, then it would seem to be plainly irrational to attribute to the human pigmy the immense competence which the rationalistic hypothesis assumes. Be this as it may, we are far from denying that the difficulty is a very grave one, and if, none the less, we insist that it cannot be allowed to prevail against other and still more cogent considerations, we hold ourselves bound to confess that its gravity is very great.

It must be observed that, though the difficulty presents itself to the modern mind under new forms, still it is a difficulty which never has been altogether absent from the mind of religious thinkers. The physical insignificance of man is perhaps most of all evident to the undeveloped intellect of the savage, exposed as he is to all the perils of nature without the multitudinous protective devices with which civilisation equips him. He cannot fail to realise how pitiably weak he is. The author of the Eighth Psalm utters, in a religious way, the despondent consciousness of human insignificance in front of nature: "When I consider Thy "heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon "and the stars which Thou hast ordained, "what is man that Thou art mindful of him "and the Son of man that thou visitest "him?"

Indeed it is no mean argument against the anti-religious inference which rationalists

* *Vide* Wallace, "Man's Place in the Universe," pp. 94–95. Professor S. Newcomb is quoted as authority for the estimate that the light from Canopus, the brightest star in the southern hemisphere, would take almost exactly 400 years to reach us.

† An effective summary of the effect of modern science on the imagination is provided by Mr. S. Laing's "Modern Science and Modern Thought" (No. 3 of the R.P.A. cheap reprints). See especially the chapters on "Antiquity of Man" and "Man's Place in Nature."

draw from the relative pettiness of man and his planet, that those primitive thinkers, who were the first religious teachers of mankind, should have been able, in the face of the overwhelming facts of existence, to construct their religious theories and build up the fabric of faith.

In truth the paradox loses nothing of its old significance and gains nothing of new significance by the constant enlargement of its scale. The antithesis was at the first and remains at the last one between two kinds of power, not between two measurements of one kind of power. Granting to the full that the physical insignificance of this planet and its inhabitants is as great as the advocates of rationalistic science care to say, and disdaining to draw to the help of religion precarious scientific speculations such as those set forward, with his usual ability, by Dr. Alfred Wallace in his book, "Man's Place in the Universe," we rest our case on what we conceive to be the impregnable position of the intrinsic superiority of moral over physical life.

Christianity throughout its course has been continually enlarging its conceptions of its own influence and destiny, and it would only be what all previous experience justifies us in expecting, if the Christianity of the future should have to realise, as it has never realised yet, that the revelation of God in Christ had a far-reaching influence beyond the race of man and its world. It seems to be properly implied in the notion of a Divine incarnation that its effect should embrace the whole Universe, and when once this conviction is rooted in the mind, the difficulties suggested to faith by the comparative unimportance of the earth and of the race of man lose most of their relevance. The question at issue becomes now, if we may adopt this manner of speaking, not a primary but a secondary question. The primary question is disallowed, for, however vast the Universe may be, it is of the essence of the Christian hypothesis that the whole of it should be embraced within the action of the Incarnate Creator. The secondary question is one of method. Unquestionably it is extremely unlike, what on *a priori* grounds we should have expected, that one of the most insignificant of planets should have been chosen as the scene of events which have critical importance for the entire Universe. But, then, there are two considerations which mitigate this improbability. On the one hand, we are faced by precisely the difficulty which inheres in the whole method of the Incarnation. On *a priori* grounds it must ever be amazing to the Christian believer that the Almighty Creator should have selected mankind to be the instrument of His supreme self-revelation. From the first, indeed, the note of astonishment is habitual in Christian literature. The Incarnation is always presented as an amazing mystery of Divine condescension, a supreme example of voluntary Divine self-limitation. A single example will suffice. One of the earliest utterances of Christian faith is that of St. Paul in the famous Christological passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, and there it is the marvellous humility of God which arrests the wonder of the Apostle:

"Have this mind in you,"* he writes to his converts, designing to check their self-sufficiency by the most amazing example of self-suppression he knew, "which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the Cross." And having thus stated so strongly the voluntary humiliation of God (if we may so speak) implied in the Incarnation, St. Paul proceeds to state the other side of the paradox by extending the range of Christ's influence to the utmost limits of existence. "Wherefore also," he continues, "God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

St. Paul, of course, describes the Universe after the fashion of his time, and his descrip-

* Philippians ii. 5–11.

tion may move the mirth of an instructed modern man of science, but there can be no question that the Apostle's argument fits the facts disclosed by modern science quite as well as it fitted the facts within his own knowledge.

On the other hand, human experience suggests many examples of the same kind of paradox as that which, on a vast scale, is presented by Christianity. Mere size is, in common reckoning, no satisfactory measure, either of worth or of importance. Examples occur to the mind with such profusion that it is hard to make a selection. But whether we select for illustration the world of organic life, or of history, or of politics, or indeed of any sphere of human endeavour, we shall find examples of the same paradox. Thus, two of the least numerous and least powerful of all the nations of mankind, the Greeks and the Jews, have been, as all the world confesses, the most permanently and beneficially influential.

This is precisely a parallel to the unique importance ascribed by the Christian hypothesis to our planet. Again, almost any period of great intellectual distinction and literary achievement will present the same astonishing discrepancy between the most considerable works effected and the insignificance of the workers. Take the most famous period of all—the Golden Age of Antiquity. Of all productions of that wonderful period, who could have guessed that those which succeeding ages would come to acknowledge as the most precious and potent would be a small collection of documents, of which the chief were anonymous, having their origin and first circulation among an obscure and mostly unlettered sect? The fact is as certain as its astonishing character is evident; and again, this is the same paradox as that which is pressed on us with such inexorable persistence by rationalistic men of science.

Examples of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied, but there is no need to multiply them. The inference to which they point is the *a priori* probability of that very fundamental paradox which disturbs the imagination, and operates so commonly as an argument against the Christian hypothesis, or at least it points to the absence of any *a priori* unreasonableness on this account in the Christian hypothesis. We have said already that the antithesis is properly one between two kinds of power, and not one between two measurements of one kind of power. We must add, as bearing on this point, that science provides no evidence whatever as yet that throughout the ever-expanding Universe there is any other kind of physical law prevailing than that which obtains within the limited scope of this planet. We have simply the fact of an enlargement of the area over which known laws are operating.

Throughout the vast spaces which astronomical science brings within the range of our knowledge, and equally throughout the almost unimaginable tracts of time which the geologist is habitually assuming in his argument, it appears that precisely those laws prevail with which the chemist is familiar in his laboratory when at work in the humblest of his experiments. It follows, therefore, that nothing new is really brought by science into the question with which as Christians we are concerned, but only the old question shown on an immensely greater scale. Moreover, as far as we know, there is no sign anywhere in the Universe that moral life as we recognise it in ourselves and in human history exists elsewhere than on this planet; and if, therefore, our fundamental assumption of the intrinsic superiority of the moral life over the physical be sound, there is not only nothing advanced by science which properly contradicts the incorrigibly geocentric thought of Christianity, but rather the testimony of science to the apparent absence of the highest kind of life from every part of the Universe save ours, seems actually to require that a true religion should, in a very high degree, be geocentric. We do not mean to say that the legitimacy of the Christian hypothesis is in any way contingent upon the inability of science to discover somewhere else in the Universe new examples of moral life. But we do say that, as the evidence stands now, we are under no reasonable necessity to contemplate a situation which has not yet occurred No doubt, if necessity arose, there are many theories which would suggest themselves to

Christian thinkers, and which might even justify themselves to impartial reason, which would be able to correlate with the Christian doctrine the fact of the existence of moral beings and morally constituted societies in other planets than our own. Indeed it is sufficiently well known that there is a considerable amount of more or less intelligent speculation among Christian folk as to the probability of that fact. We are not required here to pass any judgment on such speculation. We have said enough for our purpose if we have made it clear that, at the point where scientific thought now stands, there is nothing in the comparatively dwarfed position of the earth in the hierarchy of worlds, certified unquestionably by modern science, which should dispose us to resent what I have called the incorrigibly geocentric character of the Christian religion. I admit that, at first sight, there is an apparent incongruity between so petty a scene and such vastly significant events. I concede a legitimate and indeed inevitable disturbance of the imagination, but I cannot concede that that disturbance ought to be permitted by a reasonable man to intrude itself into the process of the argument by which he must determine the reasonableness or the contrary of the Christian religion. It comes to this: Christianity in our epoch is once more confronted with a necessity, which it has often been compelled to confront in previous epochs of its existence—the necessity, namely, of correlating its fundamental truths with a wholly new and larger conception of the facts to which those truths have relevance. I repeat that this necessity has been encountered many times already. At the very start of Christian history the Gospel of Christ found itself compelled by circumstances to accept at the hands of St. Paul a great revision, perhaps the greatest it has ever accepted, in order to become competent to include satisfactorily within its theory the facts of Gentile Christianity. When Christianity, in the course of its expansion, had come into contact with the current philosophies of Antioch and Alexandria, its range of vision and knowledge was greatly extended, and, accordingly, its theory was again and again revised. The history of Dogma, as Harnack has conclusively shown, is a history of a continual revision, determined by accessions of new knowledge, and always having the effect, when broadly estimated, of bringing under the control of the Christian theory new tracts of knowledge and experience.

At the Reformation, Christianity in the West more or less successfully rose to the perception and recognition of this necessity of continual revision and expansion, and now, in what we call the modern age, the acceptance of that necessity has become almost universally an agreed point among thoughtful Christians. I do not say that there is agreement as to the extent, or the nature, of the revision of the Christian theory, which the new knowledge of the modern epoch requires, but that all thoughtful Christians are agreed that some such revision is necessary, and that no violation of Christian principle is implied in the attempt to make it. It may be that the current and generally accepted versions of Christian truth are becoming inadequate and unsatisfactory. Personally I make no secret of the fact that I think this is the case.

I believe that we have entered on an epoch of transition, and therefore of revision, but I claim that no lesson emerges more clearly from an impartial study of Christian history throughout the whole period since Christianity had a history, than the compatibility of frequent and drastic revision of accepted versions of Christian truth with the continued maintenance of the truth itself. We modern Christians are in our turn being called upon to see the revelation of God in Christ in larger connections, and the verdict of posterity upon us as faithful or unfaithful stewards of the sacred tradition will be determined by the frankness with which we recognise all the newly disclosed facts with which we must reckon, and the courage with which we allow them their legitimate influence on the theory of Christianity which we maintain and transmit.

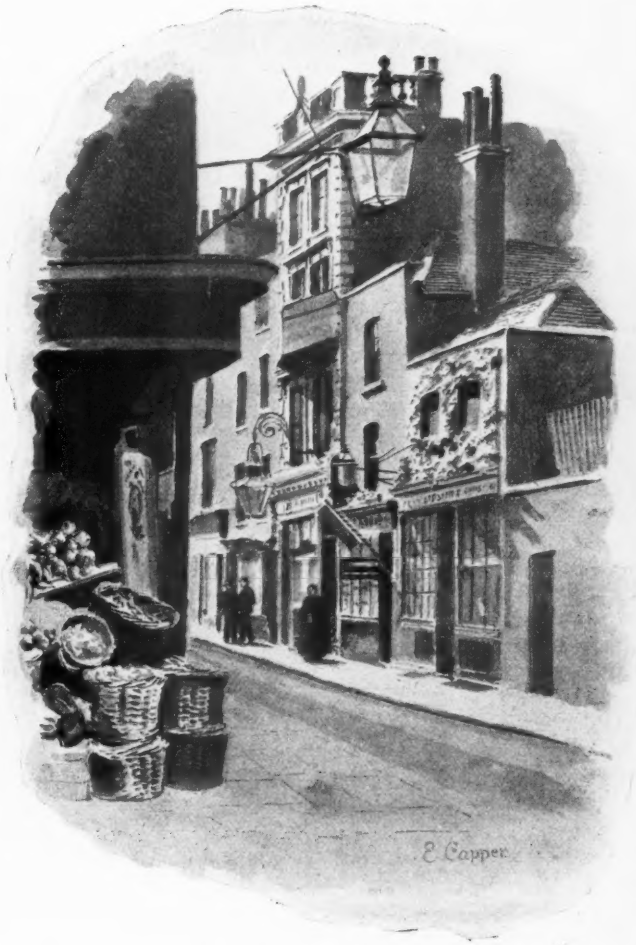
The Haunts of Sarah Gamp

By Edith Capper

CHARLES DICKENS is fast becoming a classic author. While the late Queen lived, who was seven years his junior, the generation that welcomed his works was represented; now that she is gone, and those who remember him have reached middle life, we begin to look to the contemporaries of his grandchildren as the representatives of modern literature, and they know not Dickens as their fathers knew him. The quite young people even own to a certain amount of effort in attacking his works, and for the light recreation of the passing hour they look elsewhere, either to pure romance or to the novel of to-day.

I, for my own part, hold that Dickens was rather a realist than a caricaturist, and think there are as strange fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and that many of his characters are as true to life now as they were fifty years ago. It is fashion and custom that have changed.

Very soon most of the localities in London that Dickens has immortalised will be unrecognisable. Just now the very last relics of Mrs. Gamp are to be swept away, for Kingsgate Street and the "Black Bull" in Holborn are both doomed to fall before the County Council improvements. Social reform has long since eliminated that "sober creetur," who could "be got at eighteen-pence a day for working people and three and six for gentlefolks," unless she still lingers among the very poor, in unswept purlieus along with the rare specimen of humanity who cannot read, or the still rarer survival who has never been in a train. But



Kingsgate Street, 1901. This is now pulled down

it was not in some out-of-the-way, gruesome corner that Dickens found her; she rubbed her nose along the high fender of his friend, and doubtless indulged in her other favourite relaxations in the intervals of her professional labours, adding additional terrors to the sick bed of the well-to-do; for Mr. Forster has no hesitation in identifying her. One can imagine what would be the feelings of the modern-trained, certificated nurse if her wraith should appear at the bedside in the watches of the night, or if her living counterpart should offer assistance. In her professional capacity the mortal Mrs. Gamp was, as Mr. Forster remarks, "handsomely put into her grave" by the genius who called into being her immortal prototype. Unfortunately it is impossible to look round in her old neighbourhood without seeing that the unsavoury species to which she belonged is not really extinct, nor is it likely to be so long as there are quite young people as well as middle-aged and old who are ruining bodies and minds with drink.

Looking down Kingsgate Street from the Theobald's Road end, or down what is still left of it, there is no difficulty in selecting the house that best fits Dickens' description of Mrs. Gamp's dwelling. On the right-hand side are two small houses, quaint and irregular, which look like little country cousins who have accidentally got into a crowd. One has two storeys over the shop, the other one storey and a high-pointed, tiled roof, which would be red if it were not for the grime of London. This last is gay with a box of flowers and green with a Virginian creeper, but it is the first that may be at once identified as the abode of Poll Sweedlepipe, for a tiny barber's pole indicates that a successor still carries on his business there. Above the little shop is the first-floor window that was easily reached by the pebble or walking-stick of the impatient visitor, and which the historic Mr. Pecksniff did really reach with the driver's whip, when he roused Mrs. Gamp from her slumbers to pay the last services to the mortal remains of Anthony Chuzzlewit, and to make her *début* before the public. It was this first-floor room that witnessed the final quarrel between Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig and the exit of the latter after the announcement of her tremendous heresy with reference to Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

It was on the second recorded journey of Mrs. Gamp from Kingsgate Street that she went to the Bull in Holborn, where she and Betsy Prig—at that time firm friends—nursed the unfortunate Leewsome, and dressed him, after their own original fashion, for his journey into Hertfordshire. There is not much left now of the yard where she overheard the landlord, the landlady, and the chambermaid discussing with John Westlock the case of the patient, nor are there any "intricate passages" and galleries, for all the back part of the premises has long ago been converted into modern dwellings. The most interesting part of what remains is the figure of the Black Bull over the entrance to the yard.

The other scenes in which Mrs. Gamp appears—the dim offices of the Manchester merchants, Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Jonas, "somewhere behind the Post Office," and the establishment of Mr. Mould, the undertaker, "deep in the City, and within the ward of Cheap"—cannot be identified, and the Antwerp boat no longer comes up to the wharf from which Tom Pinch and Ruth watched with Mrs. Gamp the attempted escape of Jonas. She appears, for the last time, with most of the other characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the chambers in the Temple where Tom Pinch had been employed. From this scene, after old Martin's valedictory remarks to her, she makes her exit, "in a walking swoon," saying faintly, "Less liquor! Sairey Gamp! Bottle on the chimbley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I feel dispoged."

The humorous possibilities of Mrs. Gamp made her a very favourite character with Dickens, and when he gave his public readings she never failed to attract large audiences. Four years after her first introduction to the public, when he wanted to make an extra hundred pounds for the fund earned by his dramatic company to assist Leigh Hunt, he would have given the public another little visit from her if the artists Maclise, Egg, Stone, Cruikshank, and Leech had co-

operated with him. His idea was a small illustrated book, descriptive of their Manchester expedition, the account of the journey and the criticism of the plays to be given by Mrs. Gamp. But the artists did not respond as he expected, and the project fell through after a few pages had been written. This fragment is given by Forster in his biography of Charles Dickens. Like Sam Weller's love-letter, what there is has the merit of making one wish there was more of it, for it does not include any of Mrs. Gamp's dramatic criticisms. She begins her history:

The Black Bull, Holborn

"Which Mrs. Harris' own words to me was these: 'Sairey Gamp,' she says, 'why not go to Margate?' . . . 'But ma'am,' I says to her, 'talk not of Margate, for if I goes anywheres, it is elsewheres, and not there.' 'Sairey,' says Mrs. Harris, solemn, 'whence this mystery? If I have ever deceived the hardest working, soberest, and best of women, which her name is well-beknown is S. Gamp, midwife, Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, mention it. If not,' says Mrs. Harris, with the tears a-standing in her eyes, 'reweal your intentions.' 'Yes, Mrs. Harris,' I said, 'I will. Well I knows you, Mrs. Harris; well you knows me; well we both knows what the characters of one another is. Mrs. Harris,' then I said, 'I have heerd as there is a expedition going down to Manjester and Liverpool a-play-acting. If I goes anywheres for change it is along with that.' Mrs. Harris clasped her hands and dropped into a chair as if her time was come, which I know'd it couldn't be by rights for six weeks odd. 'And have I lived to hear,' she says, 'of Sairey Gamp, as always kept herself respectable, in company with play-actors?' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'be not alarmed, not reg'lar play-actors—hammertoors.' 'Thank Evans!' says Mrs. Harris, and bustiges into a flood of tears."

The most interesting part of this last communication from Mrs. Gamp is that which gives personal descriptions of the group of strollers.

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris," she says, "when I stood in the railway office this morning with my bundle on my arm and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmangers which was a-lumping against me, continual and severe, all round. I was drove about like a brute animal, and almost worried into fits. . . ."

Mrs. Gamp was helped into the train by a gentleman with a large shirt collar and a hooked nose, an eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipe's hawks, long locks of hair, and whiskers that, as she says, "I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to, meet suddenly coming round a corner for any sum of money you could offer me."

As this gentleman stands near the carriage door, taking a sketch of her on his thumb-nail, he is joined by another, "tall, slim, and melancholy, with a bass voice," who looks over his shoulder, and says that he also has drawn her several times. These two are George Cruikshank and John Leech. Presently comes up a fat gentleman with curly black hair and a merry face, he rubs his hands together, and shakes his head and shoulders very much. Mrs. Gamp hears, with indignation from her travelling companion, Wilson, the wigmaker and hair-dresser belonging to the company of strollers, that he is Douglas Jerrold, a person to whom, as the author of the "Caudle Lectures," she has a great antipathy. While the bell is ringing Mr. Wilson points out "an officer-looking gentleman, whom a lady with a little basket is taking care of," "a fine portly looking gentleman, with a face like an amiable full moon," "a short mild gentleman, with a pleasant smile," "a resolute gentleman, with tight legs, his waistcoat very much buttoned, his mouth very much shut, his coat flying open, and his heels giving it to the platform."

These are Dudley Costello, Frank Stone, Augustus Egg and John Forster.

Last of all, just as the train begins to move, Mrs. Gamp asks her companion "who is the wild gent, in the perspiration, that's been a-tearing up and down all this time, with a great box of papers under his arm, a-talking to everybody, very indistinct?"

"Why?" asks Mr. Wilson with a smile.

"Because, sir," she says, "he's being left behind."

"Good God!" cries Mr. Wilson, turning pale, and putting out his head, "it's your beeograffer, the manager, and he's got the money, Mrs. Gamp." With this brief description of Charles Dickens, by himself, we may conclude this short notice of Mrs. Gamp, whose spirit may occasionally flit up and down those haunts, now to be invaded by the axe and hammer of the destroyer.

A Meeting With Tolstoy

By G. W. Robinson

IN the autumn of 1900 my Russian hosts invited me to accompany them on a call at a neighbouring country house. Your "neighbourhood" covers a good many versts, and I found myself started on a four-hours' drive in a small open carriage, drawn by three horses abreast, through such mud as could hardly be matched out of Russia. The black ploughed land stretched away to the horizon on either hand, and an occasional equally black village was threaded on our road. The drive would have been monotonous but for the lively movements of the carriage as it swayed and lurched and sometimes stuck fast in the deep mud. However, the discomfort was more than compensated for by the fact that Madame S., to whose house we were going, was Count Tolstoy's recently married daughter, who had been to some extent his secretary, and who is reputed his favourite child.

At a lull in our advance my host, to whom I am giving the name of Sheerboff, remarked that he had heard that Tolstoy might pay his daughter a visit at the fall of the year. What good fortune it would be to catch him! My friends were a real Russian type, "superior" people who generally talked Nietsche and Schopenhauer, their attitude towards the apostle of peace being that which is usual among the upper classes in Russia, merely a homage to his fame and not by any means an appreciation of his doctrine. Great, therefore, was my surprise to hear them suddenly begin to talk Tolstoy. And, as the Slav is adaptable to circumstance, the nearer we came to Katchitee the more Tolstoyan their creed became. Monsieur Sheerboff even admitted that he had called on Tolstoy in Moscow some years before, "to talk philosophy with him." The philosopher, however, had had the bad taste to continue listening to a lot of students who were telling him their foolish ideas.

We drove in at a plain wooden gate with coachmen's cabins at each side, and were almost immediately at the house—a wide one-storied building with large, sparsely furnished rooms inter-communicating, quite the usual style of Russian country house.

Just as we were sitting down a thin old man in a worn grey blouse passed through the room towards a garden door. It was Tolstoy. Seeing us he came forward. My friends introduced themselves, and he chatted for a few minutes with the air of a man whose only desire is to be just as simple and kindly as he can. I transcribe literally what he said. "Yes, yes. I remember you both. You lived in Moscow then. And your brothers, how are they? Not married? Oh, why not? And you had a little child. Six now! Has there been time. Fourteen years is it? How time flies! Well, and here am I so long a grandfather that I look forward to seeing my great-grandchildren before I die. Now I must ask you to excuse me. I must go for my little walk. I shall see you again later on."

Then Madame S. came and talked to us, chiefly about her father. She took us to see his bust and portrait in her room, and showed us a picture she had found in a newspaper in Italy, representing the Czar coming forward gallantly and ceremoniously to kiss him, while he is looking shy and uncomfortable at the prospect of the embrace. One of her stepsons, a boy of about fourteen, was preparing a lesson in a corner, and his new mother remarked that she was teaching him English, as her father had had it taught to all his children from earliest infancy. We stayed to dinner as a matter of course, being in Russia and then Tolstoy appeared again. Russians are as yet too uncultured to feel that they should not "talk shop" to a celebrity, and the Sheerboffs at once began to question him about his religious creed, vegetarianism, and various theories, professing agreement with most things, and

catechising him about others with perfect confidence. He answered them most patiently and gently, though he who reads motives like an open book must have known how little they were prompted by any wish to learn. Thus we heard the sage's doctrines from his own lips, and saw him practising that of non-resistance. I remember that in reply to what we would consider a very indiscreet question he said, "Yes, it is true I have no money. If I want fifty kopecks to go to the baths I have to ask my wife for it."

He spoke feelingly of the fate of one of his followers who had had his children taken from him for refusing to have them baptized. Tolstoy himself has been protected from much by his world-wide fame, for the government has been ashamed to lay its tyrannical hands on such a man in the sight of the nations. It therefore strikes him through his followers, and he deeply feels such blows.

After dinner Madame S. took possession of her father and set him to play chess with one of her stepsons, and begged an old gentleman present to read aloud. This was, I suspect, a manœuvre to release the Count from the catechising he was bearing with such mildness. The piece read was French, François Coppée's "L'Ordre de Bavarie," and Tolstoy laughed at the fun and joined in the admiration of the story.

Afterwards some one took up an English volume of Max Müller's reminiscences which he had been reading, and there was some discussion of it, till, the conversation threatening to become abstruse again, his daughter came to his rescue and asked him would he not like to go away and be quiet. He held up a sore finger which appeared to be troubling him, and asked to have it bound up first. This was done very tenderly, and then Tolstoy left us, his frail figure moving slowly through the doorway. Soon after there was a call for a red pencil, and my friend's curiosity gained us the information that he was at work on a drama. At ten we left, and as we lurched along in the dark, I heard a great deal of the current cheap criticism of the great man.

Why is the general attitude of Russians towards him always one of hostility? Not because of his excommunication, already threatening at the time of which I write. That has affected only a small number, chiefly of the merchant class, who knew very little about him before it, and know less since, accepting as they do all the contemptible anecdotes circulated by the priests. And the educated class is little influenced by political reasons—they themselves indulge privately in seditious conversation of a really alarming character—yet their feeling of irritation against Tolstoy is indisputable. The fact is, there is a very general type of Russians who discuss all the virtues, and, I had almost said, practise none. They think right doing is excellent, and should be made obligatory for the common people, but that of course they are themselves superior to that sort of thing. They conform to the rites of the church, an occasional mass and half-observed fast, but profess themselves followers of some special foreign "philosopher," Nietsche or Schopenhauer as often as not. Or else they hold a general jumble of all "advanced" theories. They must have some pose; anything to appear intellectual. Other and former Russian writers, nearly all pessimistic and unbelieving, in no way interfered with this manner of thought. But, as people instinctively feel, a greater than any of them is here. Tolstoy is the greatest man Russia has produced. And how pleasant it would have been to have had a Russian philosopher to follow instead of those of Germany, a country they hate.

But then he asks too much! He calls them, not to an inert, disdainful unbelief, but to active earnest belief. Their great sin is contempt for the weak, the peasants; and Tolstoy, contrary to Nietsche, Haeckel, and their kind, puts the poor and ignorant up. Then he has absolutely no "way" about him, he never talks in clever or "superior" style, his manner is of no use whatever to people in search of a pose; he is simple, gentle, kind, he treats the peasant as a brother, and he would have *them*, the noblesse, do the same. They are not going to do it! What an impossible philosophy. And they are angry and disappointed with him and speak of him as a man who should have remained the artist and never have stood out as a thinker.

Hast thou not heard no hate is like the hate
Of men for those who stand with patient hands
To lead them onward to the fields of truth.

A few weeks after our call at Katchitee, my host met Mons. S. at a neighbouring town, and learnt that Tolstoy had left for his own place, Yasnaia Poliana, also the manner of his going. It appears that he refused to drive to the railway, fearing the jolting, and started in the afternoon to do the long versts (fourteen if I remember rightly) on foot. A lady visitor was also going by the night train, and Mons. S. was to drive her to the station, starting later. As they did not pass Tolstoy on the way, and he had not been seen at the station, his son-in-law returned from it to a fork in the road, thinking he might have gone wrong there. Some distance down its other branch he came to a forest in which were several confusing tracks; the mud there was heavier than on the main road and, though it was not yet the cold season to make them dangerous, still there are always a few wolves in the woods round about ; and, darkness having come on, and Tolstoy being an old man, the searcher felt rather anxious. He drove along, shouting from time to time, till he saw a glimmer through the trees and received an answer in the voice of his father-in-law. Tolstoy had been wandering about quite at a loss, had fallen and hurt himself, and had at last been reduced to striking matches in the hope of showing his whereabouts.

He said he had been inadvertently set on the wrong road by a boy whom he had engaged in a village as a guide when twilight came on. When Russians go to catch a train they allow a margin of an hour or two, so the station was reached in time.

The Count travels third class on principle, but Mons. S. in getting his ticket took one for second class, hoping he would consent to use it in consideration of his fall and fatigue. He did raise an objection, but, the train coming up, his son-in-law helped him in, thinking with amusement that his fellow passengers would probably be offended that a man in peasant costume, muddy and wet, should travel with their nobilities.

The most reliable Russian news is found in the English papers, and some of it slips into Russia through the Censor's hands unblackened, especially at seasons of festivity when his alertness appears to flag very much indeed. Any mention of Tolstoy is usually rigorously blotted out ; but, while we were saying we must send all the way to Katchitee for news of him, Christmas drew near, and an English paper ran the blockade unexamined, and told us, and through us a countryside that he had just recovered from the effects of a fall and would shortly, to the joy of his disciples, take up his winter quarters in Moscow.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

New Series—Second Paper

Kingsley's "Hypatia" and "Water-Babies"

THE Kingsley Paper was an easy one, and we are glad to see some new names coming to the front. The prize for the "special subject" has been allotted to "Crescent," who has been the most successful in imitating the author's style.

Marks for the Kingsley Paper:—Onoro, 100; Baloo, 94; Connla, 87; Aherlow, 83; Elpis, 82; Ion, 80; Amicus, 78; Southern, 75; Puffin, 74; Isis, 74; Crescent, 73; Pomegranite, 73; Venture, 71; Trothan, 70; Toomai, 67; Deirdre, 67; Patna, 66; Llentrad, 65; Ganymede, 65; Beatrice, 63; Emilia, 59; Logan, 59; Larboard, 57; Heather, 54; Freda, 50; Erica, 48; Betsy, 48; Nixus, 47; Boggane, 44; Topaz I., 44; Plympton, 43; Mercury, 40; Crocus, 26; Turk, 23; Monica, 19.

SPECIAL SUBJECT:—Crescent, 30; Ion, 28; Baloo, 26; Connla, 26; Elpis, 24; Logan, 24; Aherlow, 23: Haricot, 20; Larboard, 20; Plympton, 19; Patna, 20; Venture, 18; Onoro, 17; Topaz I., 16; Crocus, 15; Mercury, 15.

In accordance with the marking, the prizes for this month are: 1, Onoro; 2, Baloo; 3, Connla. Special Subject—"Crescent."

In accordance with the marking the prizes for last month are: 1, Baloo; 2, Crescent; 3, Onoro. Special Subject—"Connla."

1. Consider briefly the following questions:

i. Have lawyers shark's teeth? ("Water Babies," ch. 1.) "Likely enough," as Kingsley says: For sailors have always called them "landsharks," and "sea-lawyers" ought to understand the anatomy of land ones. Also "lawyer" and "layer" are derived from the same root; indeed, Dr. Skeat unkindly couples them both together under the verb "lie," so that the "nice sharp quillets of the law" mentioned by Shakespeare may be appropriate to the vegetable, "lawyers" which tore poor Tom, as well as to their human prototypes. It must be admitted, however, that since a late noble lord apologised "to the attornies" Kingsley's jest has become rather musty.

ii. Can a land animal change into a water animal?

If a water animal like a queen-drake or a dragon-fly can change into a land animal, why should not a land animal sometimes change into a water animal? Did not the whales once live on shore as next-door neighbours to the dugongs until they got fond of swimming and found their long tails so perfectly suited to it that their hindlegs became no longer necessary? Do not the jelly-fish, the acephalæ veræ, pass by "metagenesis" through the forms of monad and polype before acquiring the acephaloid character? Anyhow, until we understand this, and a great deal more about Nature, we must not fancy anything is too wonderful to be true.

iii. Why are there no babies in the moon?

It was once held that all little babies came from the moon; but this is a mistake, for the moon has no atmosphere, therefore there is no evaporation, therefore the dew-point cannot fall below 71.5 below zero of Fahrenheit, therefore it cannot be cold enough about 4 A.M. to condense the babies' mesenteric apophthegms into their left ventricles, therefore they cannot catch whooping-cough, and if they cannot have whooping-cough there cannot be babies in the moon ("Water Babies," ch. iv.)

It has, however, escaped the ingenious author that there is a man in the moon, and that he must at some time presumably have been a baby!

2. Is the physical science in the "Water Babies" to be taken as jest or earnest?

Kingsley himself wrote to Maurice: "I have tried in all sorts of queer ways to make

children and grown folks feel that there is a quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature . . . and if I have wrapped my parable in seeming tomfooleries it is because so only I could get the pill swallowed. . . . Meanwhile remember that the physical science in the book is *not* nonsense but accurate earnest as far as I dare speak yet."

In 1862 Darwinism was a sore subject with theologians; however, Kingsley is as kindly towards it as Henry Drummond. The great history of the "Do-as-you-likes" is Darwinism turned the other way. On the other hand, he hated with a deadly hatred (1) spirit-rapping and all that borderland of science; (2) positive assertions, long names, and unverified facts; (3) dogmatism of any kind, whether scientific, Roman Catholic, or Evangelical.

3. Comment on or explain:

i. "She took the lunars of him carefully inside and out" ("Water Babies," ch. iv.).

A nautical method of taking observations, here appropriately employed to discover how far the lunatic professor was out of his mind.

ii "A boa-constrictor made of paving-stones" ("Water Babies," ch. iv.).

The long sentences and jaw-cracking words of the medical report, "squashed and strangled" My Lady as effectively as a boa-constrictor made of paving-stones could have done.

iii. "An old gentleman, named Fourier, used to say that we should do the same," *i.e.*, pay necessary but unpleasant work best, useful labour next, and pleasant work the worst of all. This was the actual doctrine of François Fourier, the French sociologist (1772–1837).

iv. "If I (Hypatia) could but train him (Philammon) into a Longinus, I could dare to play the part of Zenobia" ("Hypatia," ch. x.). Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, under the advice of her tutor, Longinus, a distinguished philosopher and grammarian, threw off her allegiance to the Roman empire and claimed to be Queen of the East. She was defeated by Aurelian and taken prisoner, but treated honourably. Longinus, however, was put to death.

v. "Send to Spain for those Vandals" ("Hypatia," ch. iii.). After the death of Alaric (410 A.D.), his brother-in-law, Adolphus, led the Gothic troops from Italy into Spain, and conquered the Vandals, who had settled in Andalusia. (He was assassinated by one of them, 415 A.D., and could not have been joined by Wulf after the death of the Amal, ch. xxx.) A few years later the Vandals did cross over into Africa, on the invitation of Bonifacius, where they practically exterminated orthodox Christianity.

vi. "And so they odds it till it comes out even, as they say in Berkshire" ("Water Babies," ch. vi.), *i.e.*, "by giving spiritual causes for physical phenomena, especially in parlour tables; and of course, physical causes for spiritual ones, like thinking and praying, and knowing right from wrong." Kingsley gets in a double-barrelled shot at his pet aversions—Materialists and Spiritualists.

4. Explain briefly the state of parties in Alexandria, A.D. 415.

There were five parties worth consideration:

(1) *The Christians.*—Since the taking of the Serapeium (391 or 389 A.D.) by Theophilus, Cyril's uncle, Alexandria was nominally Christian. Cyril commanded two-thirds of the population, and was reinforced at need by swarms of Nitrian monks, ready to dare anything. He had strong support as well from Constantinople, through the influence of the Empress Pulcheria.

(2) *The Jews*, less numerous than the Christians, but hardly less ferocious. Their expulsion by Cyril deprived Alexandria of much of its wealth.

(3) *The Official Class*, or representatives of the Emperor. Their strength consisted in the army, which was largely composed of foreigners (Goths), who were ready to conspire with their fellow countrymen to place Almaric on the throne of Egypt.

(4) *The Philosophers*, or followers of Hypatia, who were rich and well born, but did not believe in their own philosophy. They were philosophers because Christianity was a low-class religion.

(5) *The Middle Class*, lukewarm, covetous, and cowardly, siding with Cyril, Orestes,

Hypatia, or the Jews as the occasion demanded.

5. Notice any weaknesses in the dialogue or structure of "Hypatia."

Much of the weakness of "Hypatia," both in structure and dialogue, arises from the fact that Charles Kingsley, the novelist, sometimes lays down his pen, and Parson Lot, the Christian Socialist and Broad Churchman, takes it up. The novel centres round Philammon, its theme is his education through love—love of Hypatia and Pelagia. The sermon is mainly devoted to the insufficiency of Neo-Platonism to satisfy the needs of man or woman. It has five heads—(1) Philammon, (2) Raphael, (3) Orestes, (4) Pelagia, and (5) Hypatia herself. There are digressions on the abuse of spiritual power (Cyril) and mob-orthodoxy (Peter the Reader), and other things to which Parson Lot objected.

From an artistic point of view, the Raphael episode is a mistake. It does not help forward the story. Not content with this long episode, Kingsley dovetails into it another, that of Synesius, "the Squire Bishop." It is delightful to meet with the author's fifth-century prototype, but it makes Raphael's appearance at Alexandria, just before Hypatia's murder, a physical impossibility. The very Platonic dialogue which he then holds with Hypatia is psychologically improbable, and in the whole account of Raphael's conversion the author allowed his heart to get the better of his head.

It is astonishing how difficult it is to render in tolerable English the conversation of a foreigner, and when the scene to be depicted belongs to the classical, or semi-classical, era, the difficulty becomes insuperable. Literal reproductions, such as the Anglo-Greek of Bohn, or the Museum product of Becker's Gallus, are unworthy of the name of language. Kingsley has fallen into the other extreme. Pelagia talks like a pert child of his own time: "Who spoke to you, you stupid darling?" Orestes and Aben Ezra like Barnes Newcome at his club. The Goths like the boys at St. Winifred's: "Don't look angry, Wulf. . . . I knew he was humbugging us all along." Theocritus has shown us that the tone of conversation at Alexandria at a very early date was strangely modern, but that is no reason for representing the conversation of the fifth century by the inferior models of the nineteenth. A comparison of the (genuine) letter of Synesius (ch. xxvii.) with the conversation put into the bishop's mouth, will show that this criticism is not too severe.

6. Give a brief epitome of Raphael's version of the Song of Songs, or of Hypatia's application of Hector's farewell meeting with Andromache.

(1) Raphael Aben Ezra treats the Song of Songs as Ewald or a modern critic might treat it. He rejects on the one hand the allegories of the Targum which make it a glorification of the Jewish race, and on the other the allegories of Origen and the early Christian Fathers who see in Solomon and the Shulamite Christ and His Church. He reads the poem as it was written. Solomon, the great king, with all sensual pleasures at his command, for the sake of one pure, noble love—the love of a peasant maiden—forgets his seraglio and luxury. Under the influence of that love he himself becomes pure, gentle, and simple in life and thought. He finds that God has made the one man for the one woman, as He made them long ago in Eden.

(2) Hypatia, the Neo-Platonist, "seemed to see glimpses of some mighty mystery" in this passage from Homer. Astyanax is the elect Soul, the name signifying "King of the City," though by reason of infancy it knows it not. Andromache is Nature, the Mother, and yet, as her name betokens, the enemy of man. Hector, the all-pervading Soul, defender of the mystic city. Priam, the First, the Absolute Reason, amenable only to that mysterious Power behind the gods which mortals call Fate. The Universal Soul works throughout creation for the elect Soul, fulfilling the behests of the Absolute Reason, which sits apart; but the elect Soul knows it not and clings to the bosom of Mother Nature, rejecting its divine Father, scared by the flash of his armour and the glitter of his crest. Happy, thrice happy, are those who dare gaze on the vision, though their eyeballs, blasted by excess of light, wither to ashes in their sockets.

7. What are—

Ankle Jacks. Short boots worn by Master Sweeps (also by Captain Cuttle in "Dombey and Son").

Cinque-cento. Italian architecture of the sixteenth-century (lit. mille-cinque-cento).

The Nine Standards. Mountains in the Pennine range between Westmoreland and Durham.

A Heath Cropper. A native of the moors.

Old Beeswing. A famous mare, daughter of "Dr. Syntax," and dam of "Newminster" by "Touchstone."

Pterodactyles. Extinct flying reptiles (lit. wing fingers).

Caperers. The fly which comes from caddis cases when they split.

Schedule D. The schedule of the Income Tax which grants his Majesty a not inconsiderable proportion of "the profits derived from any profession, employment or vocation."

Special Subject

A VISIT BY ONE OF CYRIL'S MONKS TO THE COURT OF MRS. BE-DONE-BY-AS-YOU-DID.

One day Tom found quite an excitement at Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did's Friday Court. There was a new visitor there, who didn't seem to relish the goings-on at all. He was a thin man, dressed in a brown serge frock, with sandalled feet and tonsured head, and Tom thought he looked very funny, but did not say so, for he was learning that a thing need not be ridiculous just because it was new to him, and that there might still be a thing or two that he did not know.

But he did open his eyes and mouth too when he saw how the stranger behaved. It was school-drill, and when Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did boxed his ears and "pandied" him with the ruler, he answered back! He called her all sorts of names!—"Woman" and "Jessie Bell" (though Tom could not see what that mattered) and "Radix maleficorum" (which made him feel funny down his back, though he didn't know what it meant), and a great many other names longer than you find in a chemist's price list or a gardener's catalogue.

"Now," thought Tom, "she'll pay him out. I wouldn't be him for all Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by's lollipops," for Tom had not yet got rid of the wrong ideas that Grimes had knocked into him, and didn't understand that Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did punished people for love and not for spite. She only looked at the monk very sadly and very kindly (and certainly his head was very sore with the thwack of the ruler).

"Poor Brother Peter," she said, "don't you now feel for the poor children you bullied into their alphabets?"

Peter was feeling worsted, and didn't like it. "It's no worse than I got myself," he mumbled.

"No worse! But you were trained in heathen schools. I know all your life. You became a Christian at eighteen. Could you do no better for the children entrusted to you than the heathen?"

Peter hung his head, but still showed fight. "It's what every one else did," he growled.

"Oh, Peter, Peter! Adam again! Some were cruel, but not all, and you each one had a message of love to deliver! How could you deliver it with blows? It took a thousand more years for Christians to learn that brutality brutalises and humanity humanises. You see that row of Tudor schoolmasters? Next week I shall have good Dr. Colet to teach them to write grammars fit for tender understandings. I will have holy St. Aidan to teach you that babes must be fed with milk, for I cannot be altogether angry with you or your order, Peter. You made mistakes; you were often cruel and unjust; but you kept a light burning in one of the dark places of the earth—you cared for the sick and poor when no one else cared, and in your bigotry were true to death to the creed you professed."

"Well," thought Tom, as he paddled off, "I hope he won't call her a radish again"—and he didn't. CRESCENT.

To his Holiness Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, his servant sendeth greeting.

I would impart to your Holiness wisdom, a night vision of my head upon my bed. Methought that in the cause of the Church and your Holiness I hunted the blaspheming Jews from the city, and in my zeal as I

pursued and drove them into the sea I fell in myself. And I was drawn leagues away to a spacious hall at the sea's bottom. There saw I many gathered together, and whom they were at first I discerned not, for fear of the Thing before me. A woman was it: and yet were all such women they were no temptations to be fled from, and St. Antony the blessed had known peace. Ill favoured was the hag and fearsome as the witch of Endor, with nose like a hawk's beak and black hood and mantle. And I opened my mouth to say, "Aroint thee," but spake not, seeing in her hand a great birch rod. And looking, I beheld all our company, and with the rod she motioned me among them. . . . Then with that same birch rod she scourged us round the hall full seven times, till she was weary. And when we cried for mercy she answered, "What mercy have ye shown to the Jews? As ye have done so must I do to you." And she drove us withal out into the sea. And as we fell fainting on the rocks she shook her rod and there came up innumerable troops of crabs and lobsters and oysters; and she said, "Do unto them even as they did to Hypatia." Then the creatures tore the raiment off us, and the oysters scraped the flesh from our bones. And I saw one stand apart like unto your Holiness, who cried in anguish, "I am innocent of the death of Hypatia. I knew not of it. Call off thine army, that they rend me not likewise." And she said, "Thou knowest not of the murder because thou wouldst not know, nor didst thou will to stop it, and right glad wert thou when it was done—thou who hast stood by. So must I do to thee, even as thou hast done. I know not of thy suffering, nor care I to know it. Right glad am I that thou hast thy deserts. So stand I by —nor say I to my servants, 'Hold, enough,' till thy measure is full." . . Whereat the figure like unto your Holiness gave a cry so loud that I awoke. . . . ION.

Literary Examination Paper IV.

Charlotte Bronte's Novels

1. Has Charlotte Brontë any claim to be numbered among English authoresses of the first rank?

2. How does she illustrate in her novels her favourite principle that "conventionality is not morality"?

3. Discuss the character of either St. John Rivers or Mr. Hemsden.

4. Show by examples that the originals of her portraits were often drawn from real life.

5. Explain with reference to the context:

(i.) That caps the globe, however.

(ii.) It is vulgar and puerile to confound generals with particulars.

(iii.) The brute has thrown him twice already.

(iv.) Pelet's school was merely an epitome of the Belgian nation.

(v.) What tales she would tell me at such hours.

(vi.) Language at once choice and chaste.

6. Examine briefly Miss Brontë's views on discipline.

7. What are her expressed opinions on almsgiving, painted oak, foreign tea making, an excellent wife, English folly, and the advantages of self-advertisement?

Special Subject

A Special Prize of 10s. will be given for the best imaginary conversation between any two of Charlotte Brontë's characters.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Examination Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not

later than the 20th of each month, addressed to The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after April 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

Daily Newspapers at Sea

THE *Cunard Bulletin* is the first newspaper to be published on ship board. This unique and interesting sheet is now being published on almost all the big liners belonging to the Cunard Company. The news intelligence is obtained by means of wireless telegraphy, and is gathered from passing ships and from the various Marconi stations on both sides of the Atlantic. A liner leaving Liverpool, provided she has the necessary wireless telegraph installation on board, can keep up communication with the Marconi coast stations for about two days. During her passage across the Atlantic she picks up messages from the numerous liners passing her, and often holds conversation with vessels that she cannot see. When within a certain distance of the Atlantic seaboard she comes within range of the American Marconi stations and receives from these various items of intelligence which find their way into the pages of the *Cunard Bulletin*. The time is not far distant when every liner on the high seas will be able to communicate with the country she has left and the land she is approaching during the whole of her voyage. To be able to wire one's broker whilst in mid-Atlantic, or to consult one's solicitor while tossing in the Bay of Biscay, is a prospect which will probably be viewed with mixed feelings by travellers. The man of affairs on board a liner was in the old days, at least for a short time, free from the worries of business life, and the telephone and the telegraph had no fears for him whilst at sea. Now all will be altered. Bad news will pursue the passenger wherever he may be, for there will be no escaping from the wireless message, which depends only on the all-pervading ether for its despatch. There is, of course, a brighter side to the picture, and it will be readily conceded that the possibility of signalling to the port he has left, or to the port he is making for, will be eagerly welcomed by the captain of a vessel. For the passengers, too, the system will have its advantages, especially when applied to the cross-channel boats, which sometimes have to re-cross the water after coming across owing to the impossibility of landing. Such a state of things will not occur when wireless telegraphy becomes universal on passenger vessels. There are other fields in which the Marconi system is likely to prove valuable, and it may be as well to mention a few of these. One of the most important is lighthouse and shore communication. It will be remembered that the Trinity House authorities allowed Mr. Marconi to connect up the South Foreland lighthouse and the East Goodwin lightship, which lies some twelve miles from the coast. For a period of more than thirteen months the system worked continuously in all weathers, and on many

A reduced facsimile of the heading of the first newspaper to be published regularly at sea

occasions was the means of saving life and property. The sailors were instructed in the use of the instruments, and they soon learnt both to send and receive messages. Having proved the trustworthiness of his system Mr. Marconi removed the instruments, as he naturally expected that it was now time for the Trinity House to act in the matter. So far, however, nothing has been done, although doubtless the officials are "considering the question." Some years ago a Royal Commission had under consideration the subject of lighthouse and lightship communication, and the evidence went to show that some efficient method was urgently needed. The difficulties in the way of laying a cable to a rock lighthouse or to a lightship are so great that it is impossible to use ordinary telegraphy, and it is in a case like this that wireless telegraphy can be of use. It is to be hoped that neither false economy nor red tape will prevent the Marconi system from being installed on all the isolated lighthouses and lightships around our coasts. The Admiralty are more alive to the use of wireless telegraphy than are the officials of Trinity House. Already some thirty men-of-war have been fitted with the necessary instruments for sending and receiving signals, and more ships are to be fitted later on, while installations are to be made at several shore-stations. During the past two years the Marconi system has been tested pretty severely during the annual manœuvres, and it has now been officially adopted in the navy. As almost every other navy has adopted some one system or another, it is imperative that all our battleships and cruisers should possess the means of signalling across space. Another application of wireless telegraphy has suggested itself, namely, the connecting up of islands or groups of islands with the mainland. There are many islands which at present possess no means of telegraphing to the nearest shore, and wireless telegraphy will prove serviceable in such cases. So far as the army is concerned Mr. Marconi has been unfortunate. He sent out some assistants to South Africa, but as no preparations had been made for them, and as they could not obtain the necessary appliances for carrying out the work, the system was of hardly any use to the army. The War Office is solely to blame in this matter, for there is no doubt that the military applications of wireless telegraphy are many and various. Doubtless the military telegraphists will see to it that on the next occasion they will be able to make some use of the instruments entrusted to them. For temporary installations wireless telegraphy has a great future before it. The apparatus required is neither expensive nor cumbersome, and the simplicity of the arrangements constitute its chief value. The future of the Marconi system will be watched with interest, and we believe it will find many applications.

Domestic Habits after the Restoration

THERE is a great gap between the social life at the beginning and at the end of the seventeenth century, so great a gap that to obtain a fair estimate of the Stuart period we must take the last quarter of the century only. Elizabethan manners merged into those of the first Stuarts gradually, but the Puritan period and the great reaction of the Restoration led to radical changes in dress and living. We have a fairly good notion how the Londoner lived in the time of Charles II. He made a small breakfast off cold meat, small beer, and oat-cake, and he had been up some time before he had that. Well-to-do people had wine instead of beer, and bread and butter; and a more sumptuous breakfast would include oysters, anchovies, neats' tongues. A country breakfast was, of course, a more solid affair, men who had been out and afield naturally would want more; yet we hear of a country breakfast consisting of wine alone. Dinner, which in Tudor times was eaten at eleven o'clock and noon, was taken later at one o'clock, so that men who, like Archbishop Sancroft, took two cups of coffee and a pipe for breakfast were quite ready for the beef, tongue, veal, chicken, pigeons, goose-pie, and fish, such as carp and salmon, which appeared at a middle-class board. Pigeons were common enough at a good table; old pigeon cotes (columbaria) supplied most landed proprietors with a good deal of

bird meat. All this comes under the description of plain cooking, and that means, of course, a greater consumption. It was becoming more the fashion among the well-to do to serve the courses separately instead of placing everything on the table at once. The supper was at six, and was meat and ale again. The labourer probably breakfasted still off bread and bacon and ale; he does not now eat a big breakfast, and he eats herrings for dinner, or bacon or cheese and bread. Bread, indeed, was, is, and will be his great stand-by. Prices had risen considerably since the first years of the sixteenth century, ever since the rise of prices at the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. Contemporary authorities, however, tell us that the standard of comfort in the working classes had risen considerably. I have already stated that the vital defect of the Tudor diet was the lack of vegetables, and it seems that two hundred years made little difference. The gardens of big houses had "greens" in variety, but I cannot make out that they appeared regularly. Potatoes had been known for two generations, but they are scarcely ever mentioned; asparagus was known to the citizen, but it was dear. Artichokes and pease are mentioned. Herbs there were by the dozen, but they only served for flavours and physic. In the winter people still fell back on salted or pickled beef, with which they ate parsnips. Ever and always they drank beer, the average daily allowance for an adult being three quarts. This was small beer, no better than what is called nowadays "swipes." But many people took a cup of wine or ale on rising, and such potent liquors as metheglin or sack or claret had to be taken warily on an empty stomach. We scarcely realise life without tea or coffee, but neither of these indispensable beverages are heard of till the middle of this century. Tea was 16*s.* to 60*s.* a lb., and never, indeed, came within the labourer's means till Queen Victoria's reign, unless it was smuggled. In the early tea-drinking days—afternoons to be precise—it was considered most unwise to drink it without taking a cordial afterwards; yet this was China tea and taken in small cups. Chocolate too became very much the vogue after the Restoration, especially in Anne's reign. The mention of cordials also recalls to the memory an interminable list of sweet waters, essences, and waters for various complaints. The returned cavaliers brought back with them many strange tastes, and when one recollects that the plague hung over London the whole of the century, visiting it severally four times—James I.'s and Charles I.'s entries into the city were shorn of their glory on account of the epidemic—there need be no surprise at the extraordinary variety of liquors consumed by choice or for health's sake. Ratafia, Barbadoes waters, "the most noble spirit of clary," orange brandy, cinnamon, citron, &c., and waters for every complaint under the sun. They pickled everything and preserved everything. Brandy was imported in large quantities, and indeed the consumption of wine very largely increased. One is astonished, for instance, at the quantities of sack imported into Ireland. Verily people drank by the bottle and not by the glass. Above all, they smoked. Tobacco, looked upon with suspicion fifty years before, became the universal habit. One hears of 150 hogsheads in a single cargo, and the Customs were busy at southern and western ports watching the smugglers.

M. C.

The Aspen's Sorrow

WHILE kindly slumber swathes the misty world,
And all things sad are sleeping,
What voice awakes,
And, sorrowing, breaks
The stillness with her weeping?

Silent the soul of Night
Lies, listening with affright,
Like a tired child awaking,
In wonder what the enfolding dark may be:
And lo, a deathless grief,
Seeking in tears relief,
A murmur like the breathing of the sea,
Lone, deep, heart-breaking.

Hush! 'tis the aspen trembling in the shade
For Calvary's sorrow.
Her anguished breast
Can know no rest,
Her night no morrow;
Ever the tide of her remorse comes sweeping,
For Jesus weeping.

He toiled in Nazareth, waiting till His hour
Struck through His heart, and bade Him cease His dreaming;
And, in the hills, or by the blue waves' gleaming,
He lingered, till their power
His soul o'ershadowed, and a Voice He knew
Called Him, and made Him answer, and He went,
Into the hard world's passion, to be spent,
Telling the vision true,
The Real behind the seeming.

All fair things loved Him. Streams and sounding seas,
Birds in the cloudland, shaking melodies
Like softly falling rain,
The lilies in the long, lush, meadow grass,
The whispering trees,
The waves of shadow and of sheen that pass
O'er hill and plain,
Spoke to His Spirit, and the weary smiled,
Out of their care beguiled,
As He passed by;
The dying turned to bless Him ere they slept,
Nor feared to die;
And earth's sad outcasts crept
And sought His pity, and He looked, and wept
Above them, in their shame, about His feet.
Till the deep wonder of a love like God
Lighted the dust He trod,
And, like an old song sung in days long dead,
Ere Faith sank slain, and Hope lay withered,
Peace came again,
And drew to life sad women and tired men,
Crushed in Sin's trampled street.

But, on a day, when hate of the world was king,
One that had walked beside Him, basely sold
His Lord for gold,
To base men's cruel will;
And they who bought,
Out of the woodlands green the graceful aspen sought,
And, from her body Christ's cross fashioning,
They nailed Him there upon the wind-swept hill.

And there His agonisings entered her,
And, for her doom, His pain
Her heart must stir,
In daylight, starlight, sun or shade or rain.

Nor can she find relief
Through all earth's years;
For ever sounds, across their gloom, her grief,
With shuddering sighs, and sound of falling tears.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

THE CROFTER'S TEAM

By Hamilton Macallum

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Wapping doctor named Phillimore rescues one of the crew of a pleasure yacht, the *Sea Queen*.—The yacht has put into dock previous to commencing a year's cruise.—She wants a doctor, and the owner, Mr. Morland, engages Doctor Phillimore. Mr. Morland is in reality Prince Frederic of Hochburg, travelling with his sister and Mlle. Châteray or Trebizond. He contemplates marriage with Mlle. Châteray. There is great wealth on the yacht, and a plot is hatched amongst most of the crew to seize the treasure.—The doctor discloses the plot to the Prince, and the ship's destination is changed from Buenos Ayres to Rio Janeiro. The crew, to the number of forty, mutiny, seize the ship, and there is sharp fighting. The Prince with a few followers fortify themselves in the cabins and saloon.

CHAPTER IX

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

WE were not interrupted during all this time, and from the sound of the screw we could tell that the yacht was still ploughing her way, but clearly it was not now for Buenos Ayres. At six we took some food prepared by the cook, and considered the position with more equanimity. Counting the cook, who had not been reckoned in our previous numbering, we were now reduced to a party of ten men, if Pye could be accounted a man after his cowardly behaviour. There were six sailors in the hold at present useless, and the mutineers, even after their losses, were not far short of thirty. Of Legrand we knew nothing, but could only hope for the best. So long as we could hold the saloon we had plenty of food and water, and our stock of ammunition was ample. The outlook did not appear so bad. Only on the other side we had to remember that Holgate had the ship and could go whither he wished. Even if coal failed him he had the auxiliary power of the sails. Our main hope was to hold out until his provisions should be exhausted, and he should be obliged to put into some port. Then would come the hour of reckoning, for we were probably better supplied with provisions than was the forecastle.

The ladies breakfasted in their cabins, but the Prince was present at our common table, showing a right democratic attitude.

"We are all in a common peril, gentlemen," he said with spirit. "We must not make differences. But there must be discipline," he added.

There was, therefore, a certain *camaraderie* reigning which had been foreign to the yacht before, and Lane gave way to his native garrulity, enlivening the table by some anecdotes, at which even Barraclough condescended to smile.

"My hat!" cried the purser suddenly, slapping his flank. "They've not got what they fought for, and we've none of us thought of it."

There was a pause. It was true, none of us had thought of it; we had been too busy thinking of other things.

"Are you sure?" said I.

Lane rose. "Let's go and see," said he. "But I've all the keys, and I'll swear no one came down in the neighbourhood of the strong-room while I was there."

We trooped down, Prince and all, and it was as the purser had said. The safes were untouched. Barraclough elevated his eyebrows.

"The fools!" he commented.

"Well, it doesn't seem to me quite that," said I slowly. "It only looks as if Holgate was certain."

"What do you mean?" he asked, and they all looked at me.

"Why, if he did not take the trouble to touch *this*, he cannot be in a hurry. I never came upon a man with a cooler head. He's

not in a hurry, that's a fact. It's been deliberate all through, from the very moment we left the Thames."

We looked at each other now. "Jerusalem!" said Lane. "What a savage! He's made sure of us, then."

"He can wait his time," I said. "He has waited, and can wait longer. The ship's in his hands."

"You take a gloomy view, sir," observed the Prince with a frown.

"Well, Mr. Morland," I replied dryly, "I don't think we're here to gloze matters over. We've got to face things, and one of these things is that Holgate hasn't worried us since he got possession. How are you going to account for that, save on my hypothesis?"

"They shall be hanged—every one," he exclaimed angrily, the German accent emerging roughly now.

"Well, we'll do our best, sir," I replied lightly.

I shut the strong-room door, and Lane locked it; and, as I turned, I saw the white face of Pye in the background. He had been missing from breakfast, and he looked very sickly, very pale, and very much abashed. The Prince noticed him, too, and addressed him sharply.

"Why are you here, sir? What do you mean by leaving your quarters? I will have discipline kept on this ship."

"I have no quarters," pleaded Pye humbly. "I was feeling sick, and lay down in my bunk."

"You shall get to your quarters now, sir," declared the Prince severely. "Sir John, order this man to his post."

The little man was so downcast, and was obviously so unwell, that I took pity on him, and cheered him as he went upstairs.

"Never mind, Pye," I said, "We'll pull through."

He shook his head. "Ah, it isn't that," he said. "But I disgraced myself, doctor. I'm not built that way. It was awful—awful." He shuddered.

"Yes, we'll get our little tum-tums full of it now, I guess," remarked Lane cheerfully. "You freeze on to your barker, boy. You'll need it before we fetch up at Albert Docks again. It's Execution Docks for some of us, I'll lay. Have a cigar, doctor?"

I accepted, but Pye refused, turning a sallow hue. His nerves had not yet recovered, and he had certainly drunk a good deal of brandy. Ellison and Jackson were on watch below, and when we reached the corridor Grant signalled us in a whisper from his peep-hole.

"Some one coming along this way, sir."

Barraclough sprang to his side. "By thunder, it's Holgate," he said, "with a flag of truce."

"Open that door," said the Prince evenly.

Grant turned the key and drew the bolt, and the door fell ajar. Holgate's big form was stationed before it, and he waved a flag.

"A truce, gentlemen," he said wheezily.

I looked at the Prince and Barraclough for the answer, and to my amazement saw that the former had his revolver at the level. His finger was on the trigger. I leaped forward and struck it up, and the bullet buried itself in the walls of the cab.

"What do you mean, sir?" he thundered, turning on me savagely. "How dare you?"

"Mr. Morland," said I. "You spoke of discipline a little ago. Well, how do you keep it?"

"This is my ship," he said furiously.

"Yes," said I, "and it is in the charge of Sir John Barraclough here, who will tell you perhaps that it is against the laws of equity, not to say common sense, to fire on a flag of truce."

Sir John looked uneasy. "The doctor is right, sir," he said. "We ought to hear what he's got to say."

"He is a villainous murderer. I will see that they are hanged," said the Prince with a scowl at me. But he let his arm fall. Behind him I could see the Princess, but her face was averted.

Holgate's figure blocked the doorway. "If I may come in," he said smoothly, "and you're quite done with your pistol practice, gentlemen, I should like to make a proposal to you."

"It shall be unconditional surrender, Sir

Holgate's big form was stretched before it and he waved a flag

John Barraclough," said the Prince morosely, "I will have no other terms."

"You may come in," said Barraclough shortly.

Holgate edged himself through. "I claim the protection of this flag," said he flatly, and looked about him. "I hope my men haven't knocked you about too much. Doctor, my respects to you. You've got a head on you."

"Come to business, sir," said Barraclough harshly.

"Sir John, I've saved your ship, and I hope you'll lay that to my credit," said Holgate in his leisurely voice, "I found her drifting on a lee shore when I took charge, and, by thunder, she'd have foundered in another half-hour. So whatever you set on one side of the ledger, there's that lump on the other."

"We're not here to talk about these matters," said Barraclough sternly.

"Excuse me, Sir John, we are," said Holgate sweetly. "We're just on that and nothing else. It's pretty clear how you stand, but if you like I'll rehearse the situation. And I want you to understand where *I* stand. See? I don't think that's so clear to you; and I want ventilation. This is a duffing game for his Royal Highness there. He stands to make nothing out of it, as things go, and there's precious little in it for any of you. Here you are prisoners in these palatial rooms, outnumbered by more than two to one, and not a man of his hands among you, if I except the doctor. Well, you can hold out, I daresay. I know all about that. You've got a call on the food cupboard, and you're welcome to it. But I've got the yacht, and she'll canter under my hands, not Sir John's. Don't you make any mistake. You're not in a first-class position, gentlemen."

"You're a long time coming to the point," said Barraclough with exemplary curtness. "We have no time to waste."

"Well, gentlemen, I'm willing to make a deal—that's the short of it—a deal that will suit both parties. That's the pith of the situation."

He gazed from one to another of us unembarrassed, and even with an expression of amiable cheerfulness. "And my proposal's this——"

"Unconditional surrender," broke in the Prince's harsh voice.

"That so?" says Holgate without concern, directing a glance at the speaker. "I guess, Mr. Morland, you're in this for more than your health. So am I. But I should like to know before starting whom I've got to deal with, just by way of encouragement, so to say." He paused. "I don't want to pry into any secrets, but it would suit me better if I knew whom to address. Owing to the unfortunate decease of the late Captain Day——"

"You ruffian, you murderer!" broke fiercely out of Lane's throat. "You'll hang yet, by heaven, or I'll eat my hat."

Holgate turned his heavy face and still sombre eyes upon the purser, but said nothing, nor otherwise remarked his outburst. It was Barraclough who spoke.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lane, this is my affair, not yours," he said abruptly. "Go on, sir," to Holgate.

"I can wait, of course," said the mutineer with cool irony. "There isn't much hurry about the matter now the ship lays her course. But I should prefer a business deal with business people, and I take it that that means with you, Sir John."

Barraclough nodded. "You may address me," he said. "And you will get your answer from me."

"That's all right then. And having settled so much, this is what I've got to lay before you," proceeded Holgate placidly, breathing out his words. "There's been a certain amount of pawn-taking in this game, and we've both got to pass it over if we're coming to business. Now you know what I want, and by this time you pretty well ought to know what you want also. You're in a tight fix. Well, if you'll hand over the contents of the strong-room we'll get out a proper contract, as thus: self to take the said contents, agreeing therewith to allow his Royal Highness, or Mr. Morland (which you will) a moiety of the same, provided that the party be landed at a suitable place not more than ten miles from a civilised town, and provided always that no more be

heard of the steps leading up to this contract."

He came to a pause, and eyed us, with a gaze divested of any eagerness, even of any significance. The Prince uttered a loud laugh, but Barraclough, as became his position, kept his expression. I was a little out of the group, and I could pick out the faces of the company. The Princess had moved forward and leaned now with her chin on her open palm, and one foot upon the settee near the door. She was frankly staring at the mutineer who made these astounding proposals. The Prince and Barraclough conferred in whispers, and presently the latter resumed his position.

"If you want the contents of the strong-room," he said, "it is suggested that you had better come and take them."

Holgate's eyebrows went up. "Well, I could do that, of course," he said slowly. "Don't suppose I've overlooked that solution of the little problem. But I'm dealing with you squarely when I say I'd rather not. For why? Because I don't want any further mess. We've slopped about enough for the present, and I should say you gentlemen know it."

He paused again, as if to give us an opportunity of revising our decision, and once more the Prince and Sir John interchanged whispers. Barraclough shook his head vigorously, and a frown gathered on his features. In the fine light of the skylights Princess Alix's silhouette stood out, and the soft hair on her forehead was ruffled by the breeze. She was still gazing at Holgate. His bull-neck turned and he faced towards her, and their glances met. Neither gave way nor winced before the salvos of the other, and I had the odd thought that some strange duel was in progress, in which the antagonists were that fair woman and that villainous, gross man. Holgate's eyes shifted only when Barraclough spoke next.

"If you leave the yacht at the next port or place of call, we shall be powerless to prevent you and the men under you," said Barraclough in a dry, formal voice. "But the mutiny will be, of course, reported to the British Consul at the most accessible port."

"That's a compromise, I reckon," observed Holgate with a grin, which showed his fang. "That's owner and first officer commanding rolled into one and halved, or I'm Dutch. Well, I'll let it go; but I've offered fair terms. And I'll tell you frankly that I wouldn't even have offered those had it not been for the doctor." He shook his head, wagging it at me. "Oh, doctor, doctor, to think what I lost in you! Why, we could have taken our time over the strong-room, barring your little intervention. You're a real daisy, and I won't forget it. But now it's in the hands of providence. It's war. Sir John, I congratulate the double-barrelled leaders. There's two captains here, and that's one too many. I only allow one in my quarters. All right, gentlemen." He took up his flag, and waddled towards the door. "Good morning. I've done what I could. Don't blame me."

On the threshold he paused, and his glance marched deliberately over us all, landing at last upon the Princess. "May the Lord help you," says he in his voice of suet, "May the Lord be merciful to you—all!"

The door went behind him with a snap. I turned almost unconsciously in that direction in which the last shafts of his eyes had flown. The accent on the "all" had been perceptible. Princess Alix had lifted her chin from her hand and set down her foot. She held on to the arm of the settee, and I could perceive her trembling. Her face had gone white like paper, and she stared at the closed door. I moved quickly towards her, for I was a doctor, if I had no other right there. My arrival broke upon her thought; she started, and the colour flowed back slowly into her face.

"That man is the most awful man I have ever seen," she said with a shudder.

"He is not so awful as he thinks," I said encouragingly.

She shook her head, and moved away. I followed her. "If I might suggest, I would advise you to take a rest," I said. "You have had a most trying night."

"Yes, I will rest," she returned with a sigh; and then, as we walked down the

corridor together, "I thought you were right when you spoke to—to my brother in regard to the revolver; but now I don't know. I think anything that would rid the world of such a monster is justifiable."

"Perhaps," I replied. "But he is making war, and we are on terms of war, and more or less bound by them. At least that is one's general notion. But who can tell? The ethical boundaries, and the borders of honour, are indefinable and intangible."

"I think I would have shot him myself," she said vehemently.

"I hope we shall hang him yet," I answered.

She looked at me out of her blue lustrous eyes, as if deliberating.

"We depend a good deal on you, Dr. Phillimore," she said next.

"We are all dependent on one another," said I.

"Do you suppose that man meant what he said?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I would distrust every statement of his. I can't determine what was in his mind or what he is aiming at. But this I know that to make a compact with him would be to be at his mercy. He is ruthless; he would not consider what blood he shed; and, besides, he has committed himself too deeply, and is no fool to ignore that."

She sighed again. "I am glad," she murmured, "I thought perhaps that it would be wise. But my brother would never consent. Only I was afraid. But I am glad it would have been of no use. That makes only one course possible."

"Only one," I said gravely. We came to a pause by the door of the cabin. "I think I had better see to Mademoiselle," I said, "in case of emergencies."

"Yes, please," she said with a start, and opened the door of the boudoir.

Mademoiselle, clad in a wonderful dishabille, was seated under the electric light, engaged in a game of dominoes with her maid, and just threw a glance at us as we entered.

"There . . . *tenez* . . . *là, là* . . ." she said excitedly, and marked her board and scrambled up the dominoes in a heap.

"Juliette has won never," she cried in her broken English. "I have won three times. Where is Frederic, *ma cherie?* He is not fighting? *Non?*"

"There is no fighting now, Yvonne," replied the Princess with admirable restraint, as it seemed to me. "Frederic is well."

"Oh, but the noise in the night," she rattled on in her own tongue. "It was dreadful. I could not sleep for the guns. It was abominable to mutiny. Ah, it is the doctor. Pardon, this light is not good, and they have boarded up the windows. We must live in darkness," she added peevishly. "But how are you, doctor? You have not been to cheer us lately. It is a dull ship."

"Why, we consider it pretty lively, Mademoiselle," I answered lightly. "It keeps us occupied."

"Ah, yes," she laughed. "But, that is over now, and you will only have to dispose of the prisoners, to guillotine? . . . No, to hang?"

"It is we who are prisoners," said the Princess abruptly.

Mademoiselle stared. "*Mon Dieu!* Prisoners! Oh, but it is not so, Alix. Juliette, shuffle, or I will box your ears, silly. Whose prisoners are we?"

"The state-rooms, Mademoiselle, are cut off from the rest of the ship," I explained. "Are you prepared to stand a siege?"

"Oh, but we have gallant defenders enough," she said with her pretty laugh, "I am not afraid. It will be experience. Juliette, open, open, stupid. Do not stare at Monsieur like a pig. Play."

I passed out, the Princess following me. "When I left her she was in tears," she said in a low voice.

"She may be in tears again," I said. "But at present she wants no help from me. She suffices entirely for herself."

Our eyes encountered, and I am sure of what I saw in hers; if we met on no other ground we met on a curious understanding of Mademoiselle. I took my leave ceremoniously.

CHAPTER X

LEGRAND'S WINK

As I went down the corridor the figure of little Pye sprang out upon me from somewhere.

"Doctor," he said in a piteous voice. I stayed. "Doctor, I'm very ill. I'm just awful."

I looked at him closely. The flesh under his eyes was blue; the eyes themselves were bloodshot, and his hands shook. I felt his pulse, and it was racing.

"You're in a blue funk, Pye," said I severely.

He groaned. "Anything. I'll admit anything, doctor. But for heaven's sake let me go down to my bunk. I'll pull together there, I'll swear it."

"You'll go down and drink too much," I said.

"Not if you'll give me something. There must be lots of things," he pleaded. "I've never seen—I'm not fitted for this. Oh, doctor, I've only lived in a street before, a suburb, Tulse Hill. Think of that."

His voice cracked, and with the ghost of his favourite trick his fingers quavered with the glasses on his nose. I took a pity for the creature, a pity in which there was naturally some disgust.

"Very well," I said. "Go down, and I'll make it all right. I'll pay you a visit later."

He thanked me and scuttled away like a rabbit, and I sought Barraclough and explained.

"Ill?" said he, "Well, if he's ill——"

"He's ill enough to count," I said. "He's in a dead funk, and about as much use as a radish."

Barraclough's nose wrinkled in smiling contempt.

"Better make him steward and promote Jackson," he said. "He's part of a man at any rate. They'll be on us before we know where we are."

"Do you think so?" I asked. "Well, to say the truth, Holgate puzzles me. Why did he make that offer?"

"Because he'll find it infernally difficult to get in here," said Barraclough easily. "Because it's a frontal attack all the way, and a costly business. If it's a case of half the party going to glory they'll look out for a cheaper way first. That's why."

"You may be right," I answered. "But Holgate isn't exactly particular, and anyway I want to find out."

"Find out?" he echoed in surprise.

"Well, Holgate used a flag. Why shouldn't I in my turn?" I asked.

He screwed up his mouth. "Well, I don't know," said he. "I won't say you nay, but—look here, there's risk, Phillimore. You say Holgate isn't particular. To put it plain, he's a black-hearted swine."

"You couldn't put it too plain," I replied. "But I have my notion, and I may not be wrong. He's black enough, God knows, but I think I've gauged him a little. Why didn't he push the assault? Why doesn't he now? No, Holgate's not all plain and easy. It's not like reading print. I'm hanged if I know what he's up to, but whatever it is, it's bad. And somehow I feel my way along this, and I don't think he'll do any harm at present. Call it faith—call it instinct—call it superstition if you will."

He bit his moustache doubtfully. "You're on duty in an hour," he objected.

"I'll be back before," I answered. "And another thing, Barraclough, there's Legrand. . . . Oh, they'll want a doctor."

"That's true. Well, God bless you," said he, placidly yielding, and unlocked the door. I had provided myself with a flag and now emerged upon the deck, clasping it in one hand.

I walked past the barred windows of the music-room and saloon, and past the smoking-room beyond, until I was level with the chart-house. I was on the windward side of the yacht, and she was heeling gently as she ran down the coastline under a full head of steam. Above me I could discern also the white spread of her wings, and from the look of the long white water that leaped and fell off her sides in a welter, I guessed that we must be footing it to a pretty tune. If poor McCrae had been right in estimating her rate at eighteen knots, she could not be making much less than sixteen now.

The sails were full of noise, and the wind rattled and sang in the ventilators. The first sight that struck me as I came back square with the bridge was a man swinging in a travelling cradle and leisurely painting the funnel. It seemed so peaceful an occupation and so strangely out of accord with those terrible transactions of the night that I

stared in wonder. Then my eyes went to the bridge and marked something more in keeping with the situation, for the bridge had been boarded about in the rear and sides with a wall of timber, so that the helmsman and the man in charge, Holgate or another, were invisible from the deck below, as also from the hurricane deck. I suppose that this structure had been put together in the memory of the Prince's prowess, and of his ruthless performances from the hurricane deck.

I advanced to the end of the deck and hailed the forecastle, waving my flag.

"Is Mr. Holgate there?" I called out. "I wish to see him," and again I waved my flag.

A man came into the open on the deck below and stared up at me, and presently after he was joined by another whom I recognised as Gray. They exchanged words, and I knew also from a sound overhead that some one was peering at me from the bridge. Once more I called out for Holgate, brandishing my flag vigorously; and then I heard Holgate's voice below.

"Hold on, doctor!"

He emerged into my line of vision and with him was Pierce, his lank red face upturned to me, his lower jaw in its socket. Gray gesticulated, indicating me, and Holgate stood passively looking at me. Suddenly the ex-boatswain put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a revolver and presented at me. It was the work of a moment. Holgate struck his arm up, and the bullet whizzed past me and banged into the chart-house.

"Steady there, doctor," said Holgate. "Glad to see you. Just in time, wasn't I? Step along down there." I moved towards the ladder and descended to the lower deck, where Holgate met me.

"Difficult to keep our respective men in hand, isn't it, doctor?" he said with a quizzical look. "But I won't have any firing on a flag of truce any more than you. You and I keep to the code of honour."

I could have sworn that the piece of comedy which had just been performed had been his. I knew for certain now that it was his jest, this crude and savage joke that was on the margin of tragedy, and might have gone over the border. But what would he care, this infamous man of astute intelligence, cold cunning, and ruthless determination? His eyes twinkled, and he laughed now so as to disclose his abominable fang.

"We are now quits, eh, doctor?" he said. "His Royal Highness would have had me but for you, and now Pierce yonder would have potted you but for me. I like honourable warfare." He chuckled.

"Well," said I cheerfully, for I was resolved to take him in his own way, "then the Prince's offence is wiped out. He is forgiven."

"Oh, there's nothing to forgive about the Prince," says Holgate indifferently. "I don't want him. I want his safe. What's a Prince or two?" He looked at me narrowly. "Shall we get to business? Changed your minds?"

"There's not the slightest chance of that," I answered. "You may set that on record."

"Say, I will," said he, unexpectedly turning, and called out, "Pierce, Gray, come here. Just listen to the whoop our cockerels give up there. Now, doctor, spit it out."

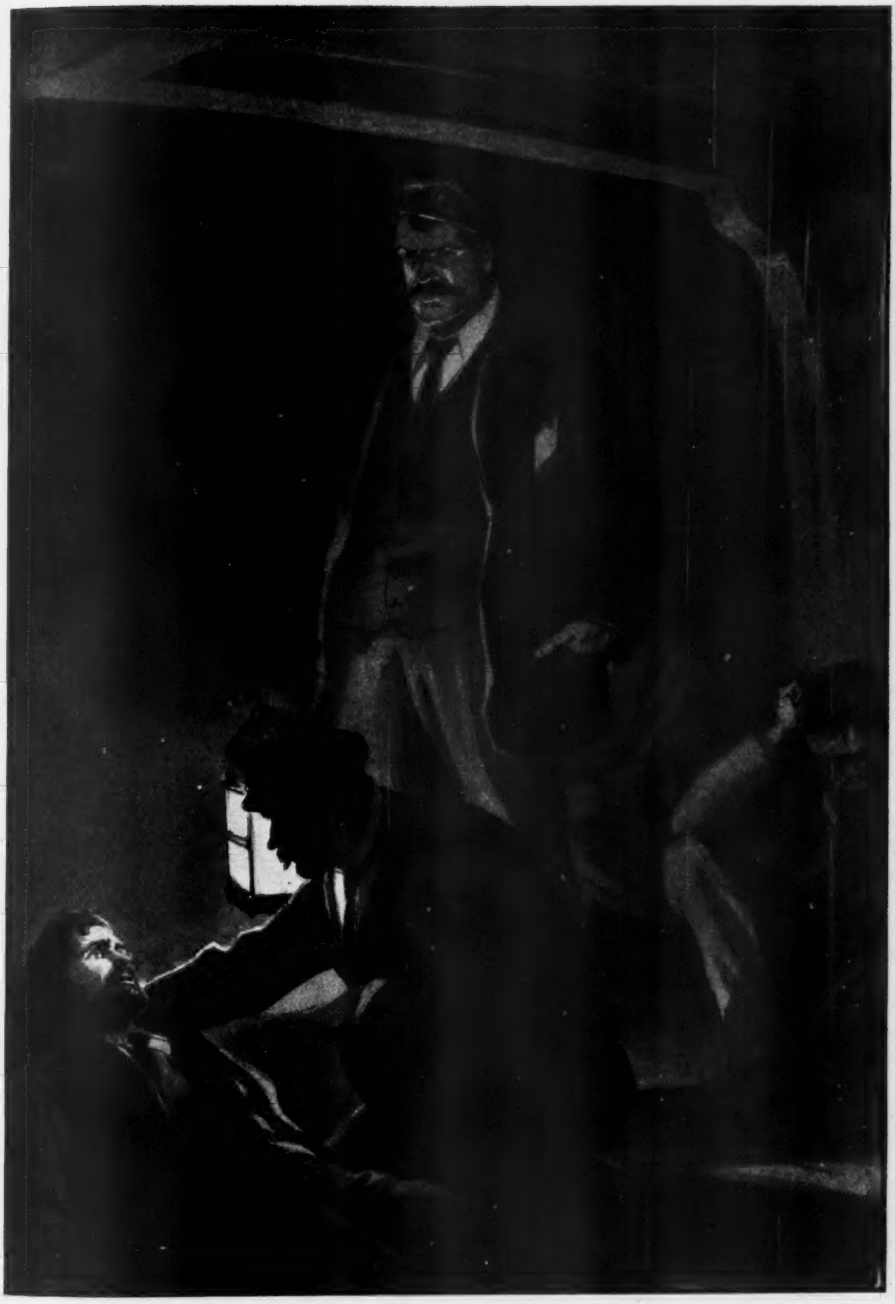
"I have nothing to add to my statement that there is no chance of any terms," I said sharply.

"Think of that," observed Holgate to the others. "They don't know what's good for them. Well, let 'em alone, doctor. Let 'em stew in their juice. They'll come round in a brace of shakes, after a little argument, let's say."

Gray guffawed, and Pierce grinned, his thin face puckering to his eyes, an unpleasing sight. It was clear who was master here. Holgate commanded by the sheer force of his individuality and his coolness.

"Well, to what do we owe the honour of this visit?" went on Holgate easily. "Come to borrow some of our provisions? Strikes me you're a bit fond of the forecastle. We shall have to make room for you. Got room for a little one inside, Pierce?"

The joke sent Gray off again, but I was aware that this gross fooling was as much a piece of acting as had been the feint of shooting at me. He was playing to an audience, and that audience a gallery that dealt only in crude fun. Why did he do it?



His eyes gave no indication that he was aware of my presence

What was his object? He puzzled me. But I made answer very plainly.

"You know my profession, Mr. Holgate. We had a second officer . . . ?" I paused.

"Have!" he corrected mildly. "Have; not, of course, on active service—resting, let us say."

Gray giggled. His master was as good as the clown in a circus to his tickled ears. Holgate looked at me.

"There's nothing much the matter with Legrand," he went on, "save natural chagrin and a crack on the head. You see, I got him just so." He put both hands together in a comprehensive gesture, "and it interfered with his vertebræ. But better see him, doctor, better see him; and while you're about it, we've got a job or two more for you."

I followed him, as he spoke, towards the forecastle deck, and soon was busy in my professional capacity, Holgate chatting the while very wheezily in my ear. And when I had finished he had the hatch opened and I descended to the prisoners.

"I'm accompanying you, doctor," explained Holgate, "not because I'm going to spy on you—that would be mean, and not in the game—but as a guarantee of good faith, as one might say. You see I feel responsible for you, and if some one with an imperfect sense of honour, say like the Prince, should take it into his head to clap hatches on you, where would my reputation be?"

He smiled, took a lamp from one of his men and descended after me.

The prisoners were standing or squatting moodily about in that small compartment of the hold, which was otherwise almost empty, and lying on his back with his face turned towards us was the second officer. His eyes gave no indication that he was aware of my presence, though they were wide open, and, I confess, I was alarmed to see his condition. It looked like death. I felt his pulse, and examined him, and all the time his eyes were on me unwavering. His high colour had fallen away, and his face was now spotted with unhealthy blotches on a pallid skin. I pressed my fingers to the back of his neck, puzzled, and as I did so my body came betwixt Holgate with the light and Legrand.

It seemed to me that now the eyes moved, and I could have declared that one of them closed sharply and opened again. But at the moment Holgate shifted his position and the eyes were again dull and vacant.

I drew in my underlip, and stood up, looking at the mutineer.

"A heavy crack," said I.

"Well, I suppose he came down rather nastily," said Holgate, unperturbed. "I'm sorry. I bear Legrand no grudge. He was a good navigating officer."

"It looks like brain lesion," I said. "But I should like to examine more carefully."

"Welcome, doctor, welcome," said he cheerfully, "always welcome, so long as I command this ship. Fly a flag and I'll see there's no reigning princes about. I'm the only prince here, you may take my word for that."

I thanked him coolly, and giving the prisoners some directions for the care of Legrand climbed to the deck. As I left the lower deck with the suave compliments of Holgate in my ears I had two things in my mind to ponder. In the first place, there was the mystery behind the chief mutineer. What ailed him that he had made no attack on our weak garrison? And had the deviation of the yacht's cruise been an adequate reason for leaving the strong-room untouched? Again, when he had offered terms, had he not known that we could not accept them, and why had he conducted himself with such easy insolence as to prevent us from accepting them had we been disposed to do so? This problem frankly baffled me. But the other thought was more consolatory. I was convinced that Legrand was not much injured, and I guessed that he was "shamming." That he had winked at me to convey his real case seemed obvious. My heart rose at the thought, for it had been downcast, heaven knows. But it was something to feel that we had allies forward, in the heart of the enemy, even if they were at present under hatches. I had faith somehow in Legrand, a silent forcible man, and I entered the state-rooms with cheerfulness.

Oddly enough the note with which I was

received bore some relation to that cheerfulness, for I was admitted to the tune of tremulous laughter. It was Ellison who let me in, but the laughter did not proceed from him. Half-way down the corridor was Sir John in animated conversation with Mademoiselle. At least the animation was on her part, for he was decorously stolid, and favoured me with a nod.

"Managed it, then, Phillimore. Good for you," he said with amiable patronage. "I thought it was all up when I heard that shot. But Mademoiselle put her money on you."

"Ah, was I not right?" she asked archly in her pretty English, "I know the doctor. He is an old friend of mine."

She was dressed in a smart morning gown, somewhat open at the throat, and her admirable voice seemed to encompass us in its sympathy. One could not but feel pleased and flattered by her faith. I smiled.

"I am glad to say that Legrand's safe, but *hors de combat*," I went on. "Perhaps not for long. We may have a surprise in store for us. At any rate, Holgate does not know everything. He's a little too clever, to my mind."

"Oh, I wish they were all hanged, and dead," broke out Mademoiselle, with an impatient gesticulation.

"They will be in due time," said Barraclough.

"Tell me, Sir John, tell me, doctor, is there any danger?" she asked vivaciously.

Sir John was ever deliberate, and I anticipated him.

"None, or very little at present, I think."

"Ah!" she beamed on us both. "Then you shall have time to play with me. Do you play breedge, Sir John?"

I turned away, for it was time to relieve Lane in the saloon.

CHAPTER XI

THE LULL

WHEN you consider how I had parted from the Prince, his subsequent conduct must be regarded as creditable. After my watch I fell dead asleep in my bunk, and might have slept till night had it not been for the sense of discipline possessed and exhibited by his Royal Highness. He visited me in person, and did me the honour to arouse me from my dreamless slumber, whereat I sat up cursing.

"It is natural you should feel irritated, Dr. Phillimore," said he calmly. "But when you come to yourself you will perceive that duty must be performed. It is your watch."

"Oh, ah!" I blurted forth. "You must excuse me, sir, but I have had a night of it."

He nodded amiably. "If you will come to my cabin after your watch," he observed, "I shall have something to say to you."

I do not know that I looked forward to the interview with any interest. I expected some censure of my conduct earlier in the day, and I was resolved to defend myself. But the Prince proved mild and even amiable. He offered me a cigar, and condescended to discuss some points of policy with me.

"I have been told," said he, "that you have been in the forecastle, and have seen Mr. Legrand. You think that there is some chance of his joining us? Well, it is good hearing. I have no doubt that we shall succeed in destroying the traitors."

"Mr. Morland," said I, leaning forward to him, "I would not like to leave you in the thought that this is going to be easy."

"Oh, no; it will not be easy," he agreed.

But plainly he was confident that it was possible, which I was not. If there was any one in that ship that doubted, it was I. I said nothing, however, but remarked that Holgate was a man of resource and capacity.

"I am willing to believe that," he said after a pause. "He is a very clever scoundrel. Oh, yes."

"We might be in a better position to counter his plans if we fathomed them," I suggested.

He looked at me, interrogation in his blue eyes, which were, and were not, so like his sister's.

"The question that puzzles me, sir, is why Holgate did not seize the saloon and the deck below last night when he had the chance—for down there is what he wants."

"He had us locked up in the chart house," replied the Prince with assurance. "He did not anticipate that we should escape; and the yacht was running into danger."

Yes; that was the explanation that had occurred to me; indeed, it was the explanation that hitherto we had all accepted. But was it true?

"It was his intention to possess himself of the papers at his leisure," continued Prince Frederic, smoking, and gazing at me with the air of a preceptor instructing a pupil.

"Why should he?" I asked bluntly,

The Prince smiled pleasantly. "I will tell you, Dr. Phillimore," he answered. "When I left London, and Europe, for good, I instructed my lawyers to put my property into three forms of goods, drafts on bankers, Bank of England notes, and English currency. Each kind would be of service to me, whose destination was not quite settled. But these would make a bulky load for any man. There is a large amount of specie, and is it not the Bank of England that says, 'Come and carry what gold you will away in your pockets provided you give us £5000?' Well, there is that difficulty for these villains."

"But," I objected. "Do they know how the treasure is made up?"

He cast a dark glance at me. "I have told you," he said, "I trust such as you in my service, doctor. But there has been treachery. Who I am and what I carry became known. How I cannot say. But it was treachery. The whole thing is a conspiracy," he cried, hammering on the table, "and it may be that my enemies in Hochburg are at the bottom of it. I will find out. But, see you, doctor, I am Mr. Morland here and hereafter. Let that be understood, and it is as Mr. Morland I will hang these ruffians."

His frown knit his eyebrows closely, and his nostrils heaved, while the blue eyes were fired with sudden flame. If he had ideas on democracy, as reports of him had declared, he had also beyond question the temper of the martinet. It was possible, no doubt, to recognise these strange contradictions, but at the first sight it seemed difficult. I had yet to learn that I was dealing with a type of the fanatic, and a representative of that type, moreover, who exemplified in his blood the fatalism of his ascendants. Yet the glimpse I had of the man was interesting. I began to understand him, and even to sympathise with him. He had foregone much for the sake of an ideal, and that was something. But just then I should like to have known exactly what his sister's attitude to that ideal might be. For Princess Alix, strange as her brother was, was even more baffling than he.

Though we kept a rigid watch all that day and night, no attack was delivered, and I began once again to speculate as to Holgate's policy. Was he trying to tire us out before he made his assault, or had he other ends in view? The second day passed as tranquilly as the first, and the yacht was still making her best southward. She had passed the mouth of the Rio La Plata, and was forging along the Argentine coast, bound for—we knew not whither. Her destination was in other hands, and we must be content to abide the issues, alert and equipped for any emergency.

On the second day I revisited the forecastle, with my flag, and found Holgate as amiable as before.

"You give me your word, doctor, that you have no weapons?" said he, when I had attended to his wounded men, and was proceeding to the hold where the prisoners lay.

"I give you my word," I replied.

He nodded, and gave orders for the removal of the hatch; and down I went, this time unaccompanied. Legrand still lay on his back, staring vacantly, and the sailors were grouped about, a despondent company, in that dark and stuffy hole.

"Any improvement?" said I to one of them.

"Not much, sir," said he, with a glance towards the open hatchway, where, no doubt, one of the mutineers stood on guard.

"Does Mr. Legrand take any nourishment?" I asked.

"A bit, sir, but not too much. He don't seem to relish his food," the man answered.

"Does he talk?" I asked.

"He has spoken about a dozen sentences,

sir, but there don't seem much sense in them."

"Ah, I feared as much," I said. I was certain that Holgate, for all his lordly air of unconcern, had taken steps to know what was forward in the hold.

I made another examination, and was the more convinced that there was nothing seriously the matter with Legrand. This time he frankly grinned in my face, as I laid him down. No doubt the sailors were in his secret, and primed for it.

"I daresay I shall have to operate," I said, and, bidding them farewell, I ascended to the deck.

Holgate waved his hand cheerily at me. "Always glad to see you, doctor," he called out, and went on with the conversation in which he was engaged.

I could have whipped myself that I could not guess what his crafty design was.

But, if I was ignorant, no one was likely to assist me. Barraclough had no views; all that his purview compassed was the probability of an immediate fight, to which he looked forward with unconcern. Lane was ridiculously inept in his suggestions, one of which involved the idea that Holgate desired to "bag ladies and treasure with one gun." This suggestion irritated me, and I snubbed him, so far as any one could snub Lane. The Prince, I knew, was secure in his obstinate conviction, and naturally Ellison had no views any more than Barraclough. They were both very excellent examples of pure British phlegm and unimaginativeness. This seemed to cast the burden upon me, for Pye was still confined to his cabin. The little man was undoubtedly shaken by the horrid events he had witnessed, and though he was confessedly a coward I could not help feeling sorry for him. He was an abject creature now, and clung to his bunk, keeping out of the Prince's way and Barraclough's as much as possible, and pestering me with his consultations.

"I believe I should be better, doctor, if we were to get into warmer weather," he said pleadingly. "Cold does affect a man's nerves, doesn't it?"

"Well, you'll have to make love to Holgate, if you want that," said I dryly. "We're at his mercy."

We were all, I think, conscious of that, if we did not always openly acknowledge the fact. Yet it was astonishing that no attack was made on the state-rooms. Holgate had promised it, and had even struck the shadow of deeper terrors during the concluding words of his interview in the corridor. But things went on peacefully; the sun rose in blurred heavens of blue and grey, and declined into rolling waters, and no event of consequence took place. The bells were sounded as of old; the wheelman in his armoured turret steered the yacht upon her course, and every day the *Sea Queen* drew southward under the ordinary maritime routine. Were it not for our memories, and for the outward facts of our predicament, we might have fancied ourselves merely upon a pleasant excursion.

There was, however, this lacking, that no one knew our destination. The secret was locked in Holgate's bosom, or perhaps he shared it with one or more of his desperadoes.

And, as if to lull us into a sense of security and to persuade us that all was normal, Mademoiselle suddenly developed and exhibited a remarkable liveliness. She was a thing of moods and impulses, restrained by no reason or consideration for others, so far as I could judge. And, having once got the better of her hysteric fear of the mutiny, she promptly discarded any thought of it. We were prisoners in our part of the yacht, it is true, but that did not interfere with our comfort. We had food and wine to spare; we were supplied with every luxury; and no one gave us any trouble. The guards were set regularly, but Mademoiselle had no concern with that. I doubt if she even recognised that such precautions were taken. There was a certain romance in the situation which appealed to her and inflamed her imagination. She lived most of the day in her cabins, being tired by her maid or playing dominoes or some other childish game; and in the afternoon she emerged upon us, a glorious figure in fine clothes, and gave us the benefit of her society.

Naturally she spent much of her time in

company with the Prince and his sister, but Barraclough and myself were by no means denied her favours. Barraclough spoke French very indifferently, as indifferently indeed as Mademoiselle spoke English, but that did not prevent them from getting on very well together. As I have explained, Barraclough was a tall, handsome fellow, lean and inflexible of face, with the characteristic qualities of his race. His eyes admired the lady profoundly, and he endeavoured to keep pace with her wits, a task rendered difficult by the breaches in two languages. This vivacity was crowned by exhibitions of her voice to which she began to treat us. She had, as I remembered, a wonderful mezzo-soprano, and, being pent up in this comfortable prison, and denied access to the promenade, she used it to effect. As I have said, the music-room surrounding the saloon below, as a balcony, was in our suite, if I may put it in that way, and thither was Mademoiselle accustomed to repair of an afternoon to keep her voice in practice, as she explained. The Prince usually followed her there, and I have seen him more than once seated in the dimness of the furthest corner of the balcony, staring before him as a man lost in thought, or as one rapt out of himself into some sentimental ecstasy at the sounds of that divine music. Here we felt, more or less, that we were in Liberty Hall, and, to do him justice, Prince Frederic encouraged us to feel this. It was understood that the saloon was open to all, and it became a resort for such of us as were off duty in those days, a resort that would have been improved by more light; for the windows were all barred and shuttered, and only the skylights admitted the day.

The weather was now grown much colder, for we were off the coast of Patagonia, and Holgate appeared to be bent on doubling the Horn and getting into the Pacific. In the wilds of that wide domain there would be more chances for this crew of scoundrels to find refuge and security from the arm of the law. Was it for this he was waiting? And yet that was no argument against an immediate attack, for it was clear that he might get the business over, deal with us as he chose, and make for his destination afterwards and at his leisure. Nor could it be that he doubted as to the issue of the struggle, for his forces outnumbered ours greatly, and, if I knew anything of men, Holgate was utterly without fear. But, on the other hand, he had a great deal of discretion. The only conclusion that emerged from these considerations was the certainty that in the end Holgate had decreed our fate. *That* had been settled when Day fell, perhaps even before that, and when poor McCrae was shot by his engines. We were doomed to death.

If any doubt as to our fate dwelt in Princess Alix's mind she did not show it. She was a girl of spirit and energy, and she had neat hands. Thus her time was spent in such work as she deemed useful in the circumstances, or such as occupied her mind healthily. She made a handsome fur cap for herself against the biting wind which now came snapping off the icy highlands of the coast, and she sketched, and designed, and photographed. Above all, she was cheerful and self-reliant. There was not much in common between the brother and the sister, save perhaps their aloofness from strangers. I questioned much if the Princess had any of her brother's sentimentality. She had all her brother's decision and fire, however, as I was to see exemplified more than once.

It was on the third of our quiet afternoons that I was sitting in the corridor with a volume in my hand, conscious merely of the many sounds in that silence, and scarcely aware of what I read. The voyage seemed to partake of the nature of that fabled voyage of the ancient mariner. Some strange doom hung over us all, and yet the sky smiled, as it did that moment, and the cold breath of the blue sea was inspiriting in one's nostrils like wine in the blood. I was aware in this dream that a door had opened and shut, and that the Princess had come into the corridor. She sat on a chair not far from me and plied her needles in a way that struck me now, as I roused myself, as very homely and pleasant. I shot a glance at her. She was very simply dressed in what, for all I know, may have been a very extravagant fashion. She had the knitted waistcoat she was making (I concluded for her brother) across her knee, and

I had a full view of her as she swayed and moved about her task. Those flowing lines, that sweet ripeness, the excellent beauty of her face, impressed me newly. She met my glance, and smiled.

"What do you find interests you, Dr. Phillimore?" she asked in her pleasant voice.

"I was reading, or pretending to read, a book of poems," I answered.

"Poems!" she replied, plying her needles, and then in a little, "It is strange you should be reading poems and I knitting—here."

"It puzzles me," said I. I rose and went to the window behind her which was not shuttered, and for the light from which she had seated herself there. The crisp sparkle of the sea rose to eyes and ears. When I turned Princess Alix had ceased from her work and was looking towards me.

"You wonder why?" she asked.

"I have made many guesses, but have never satisfied myself yet why the mutiny is not pushed to its logical conclusion."

"Which would mean——" she said thoughtfully.

"Which would mean," I interrupted quickly, "the possession of the treasure."

There was something deeply significant in her gaze, something that was brave, and appealed, and winced at the same time. She went on slowly with her knitting.

"He is waiting his time," she remarked in a lower voice.

"He will wait too long," I said with a little laugh.

"Do you think so?" she asked, and, laying down her work, went to the window as I had done. "It is cold."

"We are off an icy shore," I said.

"Yes, I found it on the map this morning," she nodded, "We are close to the Straits of Magellan."

At that moment the sound of the piano sailed through the door at the end of the corridor. She turned her head slightly, and then moved away restlessly. She went to the chair on which I had been sitting and picked up my Tennyson.

"I know him pretty well," she remarked, turning the pages. She halted where I had inserted a marker.

"The Princess," she read slowly. She drummed her fingers on the leaf, read for a minute or two and dropped the book lightly. "We have no literature in comparison with yours, Dr. Phillimore; but we have sometimes done better than that."

"Oh, not than the lyrics," I protested lightly. "*Ask me no more*——"

The music from without broke into louder evidence, and she turned frowning towards the door.

"Do you know, Dr. Phillimore," she asked hesitatingly, "if Mr. Morland is in his room?"

"He went after lunch," I answered. She stood considering.

"Mademoiselle has a beautiful voice," I said tentatively.

"Oh, yes," she assented. "It is of good quality and training." Her tone was curt, as if she were unwilling to continue the conversation, but she still listened.

Einsam Wandelt dein Freund im Frühlings garten.

It seemed to me that I could almost hear the words in that uplifted music. The song has always been a passionate fancy of mine, beguiling the heart of rock to romance. Sentiment is on wing in every corner of one's consciousness when that song rises in its fulness and falls in its cadences on one's ears and deeper senses.

In der Spiegelnden Fluth, in Schnee der Alpen. . . .
. . . strahlt dein Bildniss.

I could see Mademoiselle Trebizonde at the piano with the vision of the mind, her soul enrapt, her features transfigured. She was a figment of the emotions. And the Princess and I listened, she with a little dubitating look of perplexity, paying me no heed now, and I singularly moved. I walked down the corridor, past where Princess Alix stood, and as I went by I could have put out my arm and drawn her to me. She was wonderful in her beauty and her pride.

Dein Bildniss, dein Bildniss. . . .

But I went by and opened the door that gave upon the saloon stairs. Instantly the flood of music rolled into the room in a tide,

and, glancing back, I saw the Princess stir. She came towards me.

Deutlich schimmert auf jedem purpur blätchen.

"A voice is a beautiful machine," she said uncertainly as the notes died away.

I could not answer; but she may have read an answer in my eyes. She passed me just as the singer broke into something new, and entered the music gallery. A shaft of light struck out her figure boldly. I walked round to the second door at the head of the stairs. Right away in the corner was Mademoiselle, and by her Sir John Barraclough lounged on the sofa, stroking his moustache uneasily. But my eyes lingered on the two not at all, for they were drawn forthwith to another sight which filled me with astonishment. The barriers had been removed from several of the windows, the windows themselves were open, and I could discern the figures of men gathered without on the deck.

With an exclamation I ran forward, interrupting the mellifluous course of Schubert's Serenade, and Barraclough started to his feet.

"What is it?" he asked abruptly.

Mademoiselle turned on her stool and regarded me with curiosity, and behind the Princess was approaching slowly.

"The windows, man!" said I.

Mademoiselle burst into laughter. "It was so dark," she said prettily, "I could not see plainly. I must always have light when I play. And I made Sir John open them."

Baraclough fidgeted, but turned a cold face on me.

"What's all the fuss about?" he asked surlily.

I pointed to the figures which we could see through the open windows.

"Well, that's my business," he said shortly. "I'm in command, and I'm not a fool." As he spoke he fingered his revolver.

"Oh, do not be afraid. It is all right," said Mademoiselle cheerfully. "See, we will have more open. I will play them something. They are listening to my music. It will soothe them."

She cast a look at Sir John from her laughing dark eyes, and let her hands down on the keys with a bang, breaking into a jolly air of the boulevards.

"Stay," she cried, stopping quickly, "but I know one of your English tunes suitable for the sea. How do you call it? Tom-bolling!"

As she spoke she swerved softly into that favourite air, the English words running oddly from her lips.

"'Ere a sheer 'ulk lies poor Tom Bolling . . ."

From the deck came a burst of applause. She laughed in delight, and winked up at me.

"I can do more with them than your guns," she said boldly, and was sailing into the next verse when the Princess intervened.

"Mademoiselle," she said in French. "You are inconveniencing the officers. They have much to do."

Mademoiselle turned about, angrily, and met the Princess' gaze. She seemed about to fly out in a tempest, but as suddenly checked herself, leaving only a little frown on her forehead to witness to her annoyance. She had been engaged in a little triumph that suited her vanity, and she had been called away from it. I really do not think there was anything more than that in it, not then at any rate. She rose.

"You are a tyrant, my princess," she said, and nodding sweetly to Barraclough and myself left the gallery.

Princess Alix followed, her face pale and still. More than ever was I convinced that, whatever feelings the lady had inspired in the Prince, his sister was no party to them.

The Simplon Railway

MAKING THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

By H. G. Archer

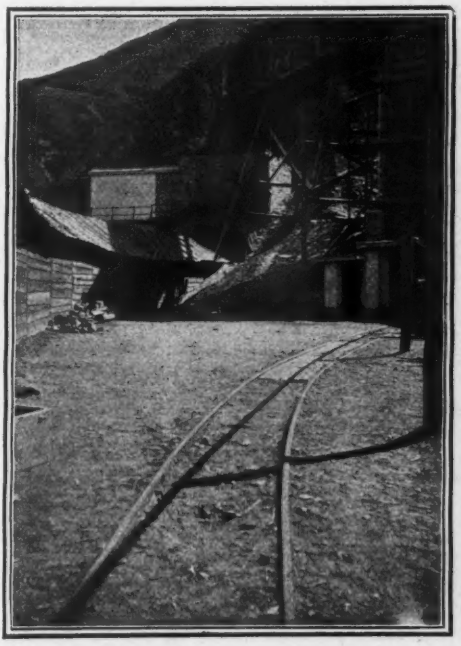
Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author

WE have grown so familiar with the triumphs of the engineer that the colossal undertaking of boring the Simplon tunnel, now rapidly nearing completion, is exciting comparatively little attention, in this country at least. The Simplon tunnel, which is the fourth piercing the Alps, and the second to connect Switzerland and Italy, is destined to be the longest yet in the world, and is long likely to remain so. In fact, since March 2, 1903, it has been the longest, for on that date the drift of the main tunnel passed the length of the St. Gothard. The length of the mammoth new bore will be $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles, as compared to the $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles of the St. Gothard, completed in 1883, the 8 miles all save 30 yds. of the Mont Cenis, completed in 1870, and the $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles of the Arlberg (which connects the province of Vorarlberg with the Austrian Tyrol), opened in 1884.

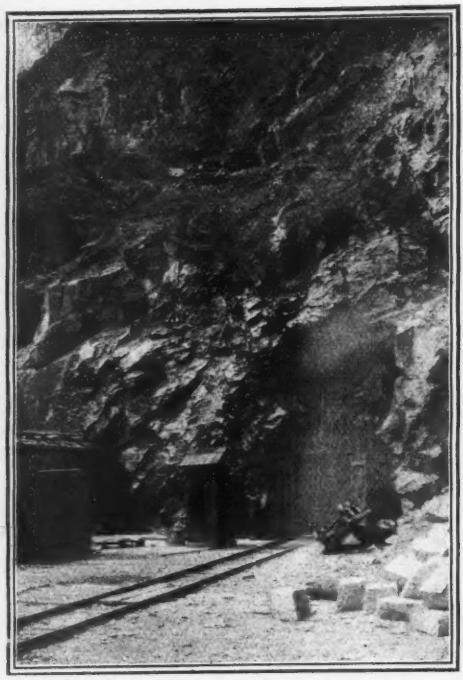
The longest tunnel in the United Kingdom is the Severn, 4 miles 624 yds. in length.

The extraordinary length of the Simplon tunnel is accounted for by the fact that it pursues its subterraneous course at a much lower altitude above sea level than any of its rivals. For example, the Arlberg tunnel attains an altitude of 4300 ft., the Mont Cenis has its summit only 2 ft. lower than the latter, and the St. Gothard climbs up to 3788 ft. On the other hand, the Simplon, at its highest point, is only 2310 ft. above sea level. Consequently, the Arlberg, Mont Cenis, and St. Gothard tunnels all possess bad gradients; those of the Mont Cenis being the severest, where the approaches are as stiff as 1 in 33, but the severest gradient on the Simplon Railway, which is the name given to the tunnel, and its approaches connecting with existing lines on each side, does not exceed 1 in 40, and that on the Italian frontier only.

The convention between Switzerland and Italy for the construction of the Simplon Railway, at an estimated cost of £2,800,000, was signed at Berne, on November 25, 1895, when the necessary subventions were guaranteed on both sides. This sum has recently been increased by £340,000. It was early determined to construct the tunnel on a novel principle, namely, instead of having one tunnel to accommodate an "up" and a "down" track, to have two separate tunnels, one for each track, running parallel to one another, and placed 58 ft. apart, axis from axis, the two tunnels to be inter-connected at stated intervals by means of transverse passages. The idea is that tunnel 1 will be opened first, while tunnel 2, constructed temporarily in reduced section, will be used as a ventilating shaft and for the carriage of materials until the growth of traffic demands its enlargement to the normal



The Swiss entrance to twin tunnels at Baffi, two miles from Brigue



Entrance to the guide heading on the Italian side near Iselle

section. The dimensions of tunnel 1 are as follows :—width at base, 14 ft. 9 in.; width at widest point, 16 ft. 4 in.; and height, 18 ft. 1 in. At present tunnel 2 is 10 ft. wide and 8 ft. high, but eventually it will attain the foregoing dimensions.

The contract for the construction of the colossal undertaking was taken up by a single firm, Brandt, Brandau, and Company, of Hamburg, who bound themselves to complete the first single track tunnel, the parallel heading, and the approaches on either side, within 5½ years' time from the date of commencement. However, the date for completing the construction of the works has since been extended to April 30, 1905. Work was begun on August 15, 1898, when the guide headings on both the Swiss and Italian side of the Alps were struck.

Now to explain the lie of the tunnel. The route selected keeps to the north-east of the celebrated road over the Simplon Pass, 41¼ miles in length, which was constructed by order of Napoleon in 1800-1806, and when completed was the wonder of the times, while it still deserves to rank as one of the great engineering achievements of the world. The Swiss portal is in the Rhone Valley, and is situated nearly 2 miles due east from the old-world town of Brigue, which is the present terminus of the Jura-Simplon Railway from Lausanne, 90¾ miles distant. The Italian portal is at a village named Iselle, 11½ miles north from the town of Domo d'Ossola, which is the present terminus of the Mediterranean Railway, connecting with Milan. As might be expected, the great undertaking has caused what are practically new manufacturing towns to spring up in the neighbourhood of both portals.

With the exception of two short curves, one at either entrance, the long perforation runs as straight as a die, viz., for a distance of 11.9 miles. Commencing from the Swiss portal, the tunnel ascends for a distance of 10,004 yds. (at the grade of 1 in 500), to the summit of 2310ft. above sea level. The track is then level for 546 yds., after which it descends for 11,030 yds. (at the grade of 1 in 141) to the Italian portal.

It is no exaggeration to state that never has a great engineering undertaking had all its plans so carefully thought out beforehand as the Simplon Railway. One of the principal subjects that engaged the attention of the projectors was the welfare of their employés. It was resolved that no such happy-go-lucky state of affairs as was permitted to prevail during the construction of the St. Gothard, which resulted in the loss of 600 lives from "tunnel-worm," pneumonia, explosion, and railway accident, should be allowed.

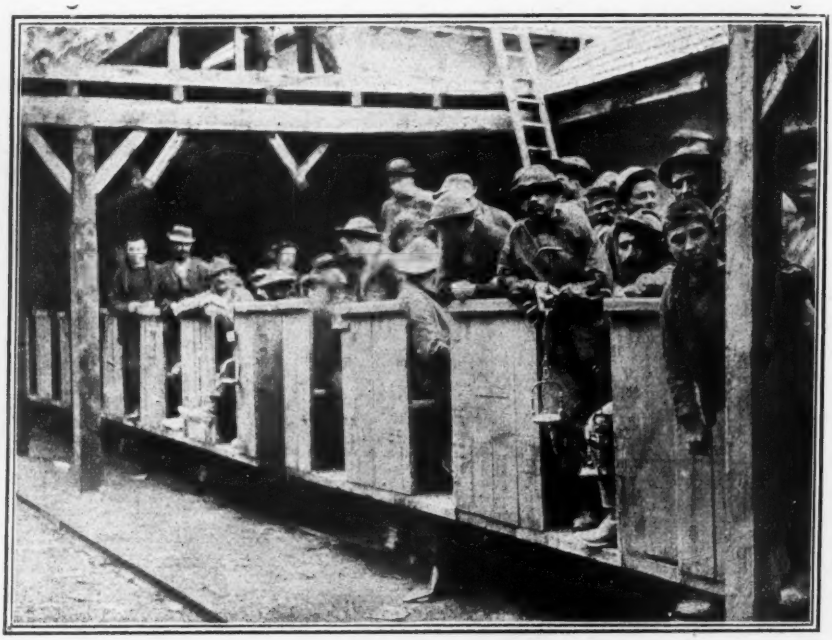
At the works outside each portal, a long line of buildings is entirely devoted to the needs of the miners. Splendidly appointed dressing-halls, equipped with hot and cold water shower-baths, are placed at their disposal. Adjoining these halls are canteens, where they can purchase well-cooked meals and pure liquor at merely nominal prices, and here also they can find sleeping accommodation, in three-bed cubicles, at the price of *2d.* per night.

The shift about to commence work enters

a dressing-hall. Each man has a number, corresponding with a numbered button on the walls. The miner touches his button, and down drops a clean suit of tunnel clothes, comprising trousers, blouse, and sombrero-shaped hat. He changes into these, attaches his discarded clothes to the hoist, touches the button, and up they go. Parallel with the hall is the platform where the tunnel trains start and arrive. It is roofed over and boarded in at the sides, this protection being continued until the track enters the tunnel. Therefore, on emerging from the latter after knocking off work, the men are protected from the risks attending the sudden change from the heated atmosphere inside to the cool Alpine atmosphere outside. The need of this precaution is evidenced from the fact that whereas at the working face temperatures as high as 118° Fahr. are registered, the thermometer outside may show 36° Fahr. of frost. As soon as they alight from the train which has brought them out, the miners are ushered into the hall warmed for their reception, where they are compelled to stay for half an hour, changing their wet and soiled tunnel clothes, which are attached to the hoists, to be thoroughly washed, dried, and aired before next using, in a model laundry. The arrangements for ventilating the galleries, where the men are at work, are of a most elaborate description; fresh air is supplied them in great volumes, over 58,000 cubic feet being pumped in per minute, while the foul air is as thoroughly exhausted. Then, owing to the mountain height above the tunnel, which in places attains 7000 ft., the temperature of the rock is usually 90° Fahr., and has been known to reach 131° Fahr. The ever-increasing heat in the tunnel is the worst obstacle. It is mainly caused by the growing volume of water, which although it percolates through beds of limestone from

The interior of a dressing-hall, showing tunnel clothes suspended by hoists

nearly 6000 feet above, flows into the galleries, in some places like a cascade, at a temperature of from 112° to 140° Fahr. Of course, work would be impossible in such temperatures were not arrangements made by the employment of spray and of ice for cooling the air. Thanks to these, the temperature is reduced to 70° Fahr. Some little time ago an alarming telegram appeared in the London papers, to the effect that the works were on the point of being abandoned, in consequence of hot springs having been encountered which made the heat insupportable. But this telegram had no foundation upon fact. Nothing short of a volcanic eruption would defeat the skill, perseverance, and ready resource of the Simplon engineers. As new difficulties arise they are speedily overcome by new mechanical refinements.



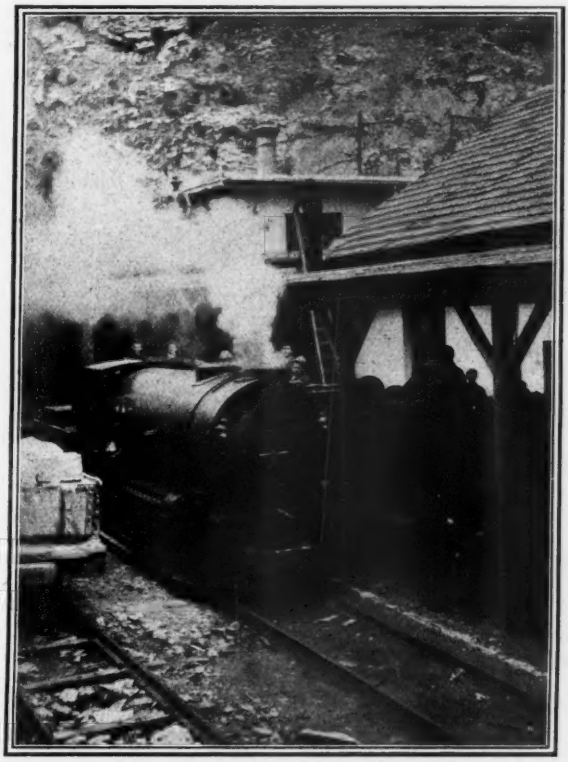
Simplon miners in a tunnel train

A narrow gauge "light" railway is laid in each tunnel. In tunnel 1, up to the point at which the heading has been carved out to normal section, steam locomotives are used; but beyond this point, whither the galleries grow, lower and lower, and narrower and narrower, the trucks are hauled by compressed air locomotives. In tunnel 2 compressed air locomotives, queer-looking machines in which a stack of air cylinders takes the place of a boiler, are solely employed, since in a heading measuring only 10 ft. by 8 ft. steam vapours would be suffocating. This tunnel also contains the hydraulic mains leading to the drills, the surface drains carrying off the water flowing from the workings, and the telephone, telegraph, electric light wires, &c. In certain places, however, principally on the Italian side, the smaller parallel tunnel, or heading, has often been temporarily flooded out.

It should be added that the twin tunnels are connected by transverse galleries at intervals of 220 yds., but the openings are kept closed except where the men are working. The rock through which the tunnel is being driven is exceedingly hard, consisting of

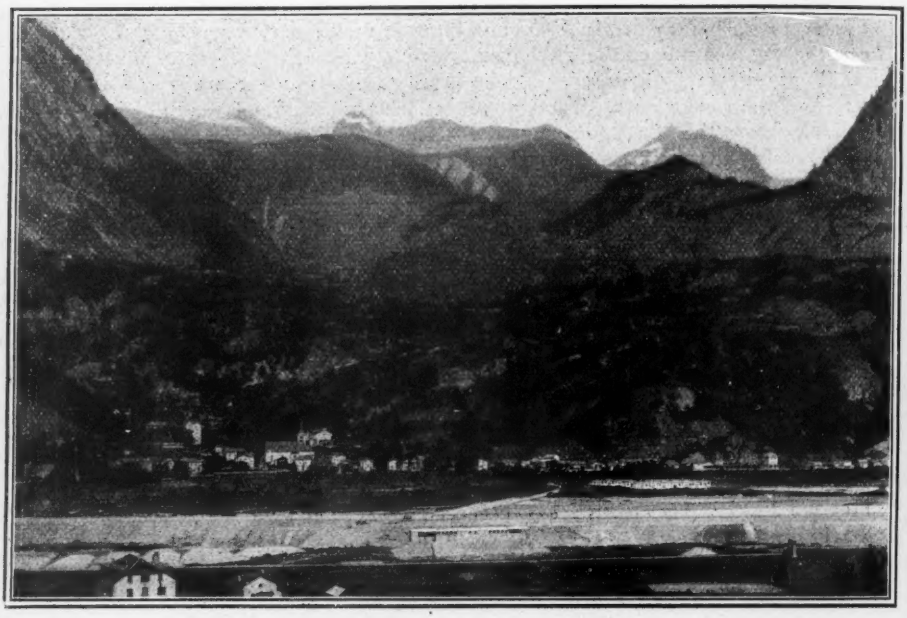
granite and gneiss, with veins of white quartz. The type of drill exclusively employed is the Brandt, which is 3 in. in diameter, and can be manipulated by a gang of six drillers under a captain. It bores holes 6 ft. deep and 4 in. in diameter, and is provided with a hydraulic washer, which directs a powerful jet of water to wash away the rubbish, and to keep the temperature of the steel cool. The drills are driven by hydraulic pressure of 1500 lb. to the square inch. The motive power for rotating the drills, driving the air fans, lighting the works, and, in short, for doing everything requiring energy, both inside and outside the tunnel, is hydraulic, and of about 6000 horse-power. The rivers and mountain torrents adjoining each portal have been harnessed for the purpose, and they furnish upwards of 2000 gallons of water per minute, and exert a maximum pressure of 250 lb. per sq. in.

When ten holes have been drilled, the cluster, termed an "attaque," is fired by means of gelatine cartridges. The cartridges are exploded one by one, and the shots are carefully counted before the miners are permitted to advance from the safe distance to which both they and the drills have retired. The blasting creates some very curious effects in the confined atmosphere. Liquid air cartridges have also been tried, but these gave disappointing and dangerous results. The late M. Brandt invented a liquid air gun, to act in conjunction with the blasting

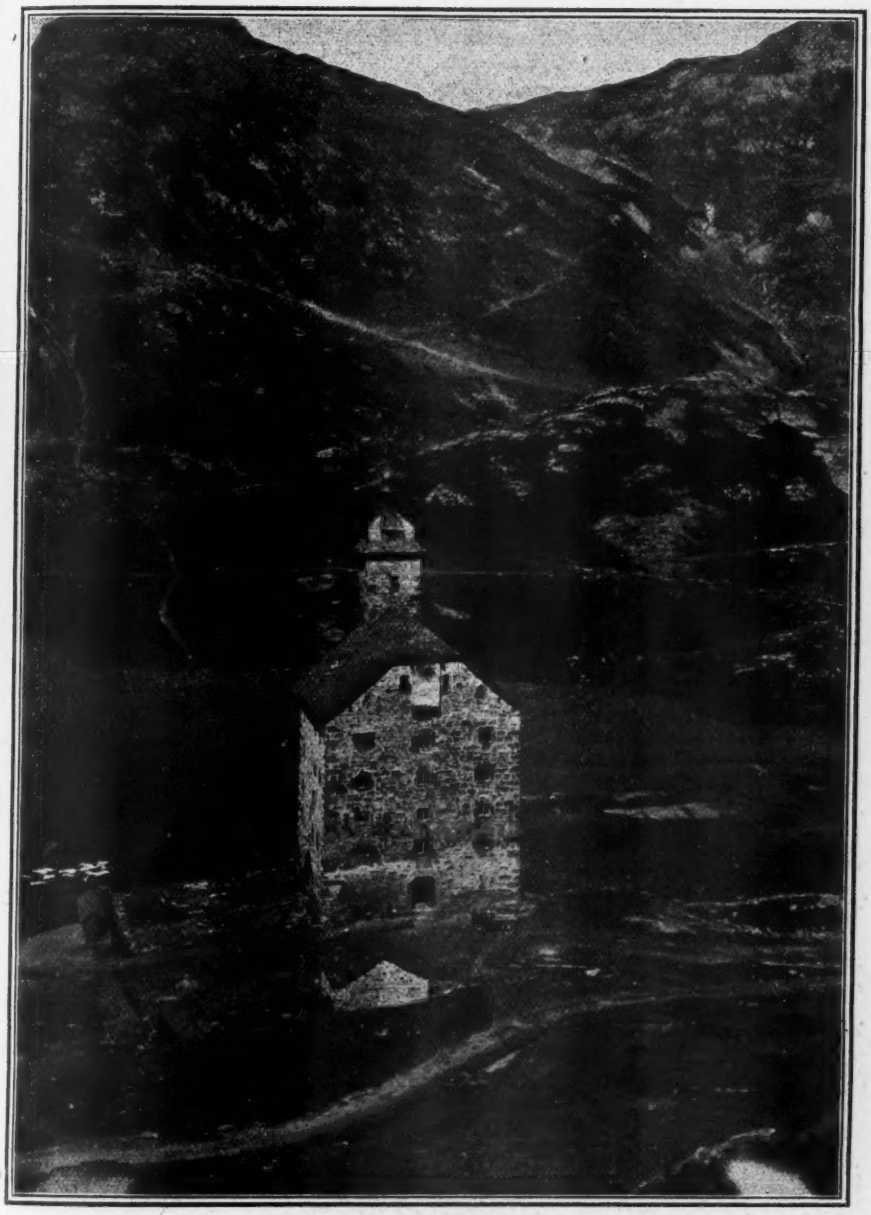


Steam engine used in Simplon tunnel. The engine exhausts its own smoke when in the tunnel, and on starting the steam in the boiler reaches a pressure of 220 lbs. per square inch, hence no stoking is required inside the tunnel

operations. It was 300ft. long, and discharged a projectile comprising 900 gallons of water. The idea was to fire the gun by electricity simultaneously with the explosion of the cartridges, whereupon the great volume of water discharged might blow the rubbish to "smithereens." Unfortunately, this ingenious weapon did not fulfil expectations. In the galleries on the north, or Swiss, side, the drift of the main tunnel is being advanced daily by a distance of no less than 20 ft., but in those on the Italian side the rate of progress has been slower from the outset, due to the fact that the Italian miners have encountered harder material and experienced the very worst of luck in the way of floods from subterranean springs and earth slips. On August 1, 1903, the piercing had reached a distance of 10,738 yds. from the Swiss portal, and 7400 yds. from the Italian portal, total 18,138 yds., which left 3426 yds. still to be cut. At the end of last year there remained only 1.05 miles to be cut through. The combined rate of progress per day of both advances was then 29 ft. Consequently, there is no chance of the work being completed within the time specified by the contract. The piercing ought to have been finished on November 21, 1903, which would have left six months before the stipulated date of opening the first single track tunnel for traffic, viz., on May 13, 1904, in which to lay the permanent way and instal the signalling apparatus. Assuming that the above-named rate of progress is maintained, and it is not likely to be exceeded, the piercing will not be finished till the end of July 1904. The estimated date of opening is now July 1, 1905. As it is probable that electric traction will be used in the tunnel, fully a year must elapse between the completion of the piercing and the opening for traffic, in order to instal the necessary plant. The drift of the main tunnel from Brigue has now passed both the summit of the tunnel and the frontier line between Switzerland and Italy, and is on the descending gradient to meet the workmen coming up the correspond-



View showing extension of Simplon Railway from Brigue and site of new station.



The old hospice on the summit of the Simplon Pass, taken over by the Knights Hospitaller in 1235, rebuilt in 1653, and now used by herdsmen

ing ascending gradient from Iselle. It was hoped that this would have been avoided. Since the drainage of the tunnel is effected by gravity alone, it means that on the

Swiss side a huge volume of water has now to be pumped back over the summit. It was suggested that the miners from the north should stop work on this account, but the proposal was over-ruled. Save for a short section in the centre, where rock of great hardness is encountered, the main tunnel is being given a masonry lining, and tunnel 2 will be lined in similar fashion when it attains the normal section. At present, tunnel 2 is left unlined, except where there is any great pressure. In the middle of tunnel 1 a crossing passage for trains, 450 yds. in length, is projected.

If, owing to no fault of their own, the work of the miners on the Italian side has fallen behind that on the Swiss, the Italian engineers have already completed the new railway from Domo d'Ossola to Iselle, which is 20,419 yds. in length, with a total rise of 1175 ft., and comprises six tunnels of an aggregate length of 8067 yds. One, at least, of these tunnels is of helical, or corkscrew shape, and makes a complete loop.

Then, again, in order to shorten the distance to Milan, a railway has been constructed from a new station at Domo d'Ossola along the western bank of Lake Maggiore to Arona, between which and Milan a line already exists. The new route will be eleven miles shorter than that to Milan *via* Novara, and it possesses the advantages of easier curves and gradients.

Here we may explain the saving of distance which will be made when the Simplon Railway is opened. The objective to be taken

The canalisation of the Simplon. View of a three-and-a-half-mile long aqueduct, in ferro-concrete, for conveying water to the rotating drills, etc., on the Swiss side of the Simplon tunnel

is Piacenza, 43 miles south-east of Milan; for Piacenza, where two great lines of Italian railways meet, is the key of Northern Italy as far as railway communication is concerned. The distance from Calais to Piacenza should be then 743 miles, instead of 790 miles by the Mont Cenis, and 730 miles by the St. Gothard. The last-named route, therefore, will still be a few miles shorter than the Simplon, but this advantage will be discounted by the far superior conditions of level of the Simplon Railway. However, the Simplon route is to be shortened by the construction of new approaches on the French side, for Frenchmen are looking to the tunnel to win back for them much of the international through traffic to Switzerland and Italy which they have lost since the opening of the St. Gothard tunnel in 1883. There is still some difference of opinion as to the best method of doing this, but one proposal is to shorten the route from Dijon to Lausanne, by the construction of a line about 15 miles long from Frasne to Vallorbes, on the Franco-Swiss frontier, avoiding the détour *via* Pontarlier. This railway would pass through the Jura mountains in a long tunnel. Another approach is projected by way of St. Jean de Losne, Lons le Saunier, and Geneva, involving the construction of a line 50 miles long and another tunnel through the Jura. This route would give much better access to the Simplon from the centre and west of France, and, doubtless, would be carried out as well. Yet another route has been authorised from Calais and Boulogne over the Nord and Est systems *via* Reims, Chaumont, Belfort, and Delle, as follows:

On October 7, 1903, the Grand Council of the Canton of Berne agreed to grant a subvention for a line between Soleure and Münster, which will connect with the French link and give access to a long tunnel through the Bernese Alps. From the southern portal of this fifth Alpine tunnel a railway will be built direct to the Simplon, passing through the heart of the Bernese Oberland and by the Lake of Thun.

Upwards of 4000 men are employed on the Swiss, and 6000 men on the Italian side. All the miners, however, are of Italian nationality. Work, in eight hour shifts, goes on incessantly from one year's end to another, with the exception of a few days which are particular feasts, notably, Santa Barbara's (the patron saint of the miners) day, December 4; or are days on which the special Government engineers appointed for verifying the axis of the tunnel require cessation of work for getting their line into the tunnel from their telescopes and theodolites.

Stories of Authors' Loves

Two Lights that Failed—The Stories of John Ruskin and Edward Fitzgerald

By Clara E. Laughlin

ONE of the earliest protests of the struggling human against the absolute is the seeming futility of good intentions without good direction; innocence of the law does not ensure immunity from the law's operations, nor are the purest purposes sufficient to guarantee one of the best results. One of our first instincts of war with the powers that be is the distrust of Love which suffers us to burn our unoffending fingers in some fire of experience whereon we laid hands in thoroughly excusable ignorance that it was hot. Later, we come to know that there is a higher office of Love than that of shield or fire-screen, and to praise the Divine Wisdom which allows men to stumble and burn and suffer, to glorious purpose in the end.

Obligations of a high character were undertaken about the same time in the mid-years of the last century by two great men in English literature, each in the most chivalrous spirit, and each according to his best wisdom at the time; and both suffered a bitter failure, which, according to superficial judgments, was ill deserved. The men were John

Ruskin and Edward Fitzgerald, and some outline of their stories follows.

The first love John Ruskin knew was essentially shielding. In his delightful delineation of his child-character, its causes and consequences, in "Præterita," Mr. Ruskin, after paying full tribute to the advantages of his rigid Scotch upbringing, catalogues first among its grievous disadvantages, "I had nothing to love. My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of Nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon—only I should have been annoyed if either of them had gone out." Their training engendered in him "peace, obedience, faith," the habit of fixed attention, and some others of kindred excellence, but gave him no exercise in love or endurance, no training in decision or judgment; he was "only by protection innocent instead of by practice virtuous." The teaching of his early years was not to choose right from wrong, but to obey orders without questioning; and with no little pathos he tells how his mother, who enforced so vigorously her own law and visited so summarily the promised punishment for violation thereof, sought to shield him always from the operations of natural laws, being so fearful of him as to allow him to take no chances, as if nowhere outside of her own love did true kindliness of justice exist. The results of all this were manifest throughout Ruskin's life.

When he was seventeen his father's partner, Mr. Domecq, brought his four daughters to visit the Ruskin's, and in this "fiery furnace" of feminine beauty and charm the queer, starveling only child, John Ruskin, was "reduced to a mere heap of white ashes in four days." The chief charmer was Adele Clotilde, called by her sisters Clotilde, but by Ruskin Adele, "because it rhymed with shell, spell, knell," and he was already a little more than a budding poet. In company with this enslaver of his fancy, when others were present, the young lover "sate jealously miserable like a stock fish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium trying to get up the glass)." When alone with her he entertained his "Spanish-born, Paris-bred, and Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of transubstantiation,"—high crimes which she doubtless forgave him, however, when he indited sonnets to her during her stay, and after she left wrote her "a French letter seven quarto pages long, describing the desolation and solitude of Herne Hill since her departure." Moreover, he set himself to write, in her honour, "a tragedy on a Venetian subject, in which the sorrows of my soul were to be enshrined in immortal verse," whereof the heroine was to be an incomparably lovely Bianca replica of Adele. The elder Ruskin and his partner looked with some amusement and no displeasure on this youthful romance; but Mrs. Ruskin, owing to the girl being a Roman Catholic, held the idea of a union between the two "as too monstrous to be possible in the decrees of heaven, and too preposterous to be even guarded against on earth." She was, however, "rather annoyed at the whole business, as she would have been if one of her chimneys had begun smoking, but had not the slightest notion her house was on fire."

"I remember nothing more of that year, 1836, than sitting under the mulberry-tree in the back garden [whereof, in another place, he says that 'the differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden as I have imagined it, were that in this one all the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts'] writing my tragedy. I forgot whether we were travelling or not, or what I did in the rest of the day. It is all now blank to me, except Venice, Bianca, and looking out over Shooter's Hill, where I could see the last turn of the road to Paris."

In the spring of 1838, Mr. Withers, an old neighbour of the Ruskins, a coal merchant who had "retired to the rural districts in reduced circumstances, came up to town on some small vestige of carboniferous business, bringing his only daughter with him to show my mother. . . . We got to like each other in a mildly confidential way, in the course of a week," he chronicles of the fair Charlotte, "and, as I said, if my father and mother had

chosen to keep her a month longer we should have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love; and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up, geology [his pet passion] and all, in the coal business, without any resistance or further trouble on my part."

But the gentle, docile Charlotte went away, and of the incident Ruskin writes: "Very dimly, and rather against my own will, the incident showed me what my mother had once or twice observed to me, to my intense indignation, that Adele was not the only girl in the world."

He seems, however, to have had no other idea of his ultimate marriage than that, whether Charlotte Withers or another be his parents' choice, it would be accomplished "without any resistance or farther" trouble on his part!

In this spirit he went, in the same year with the Withers episode, or perhaps in the year following, to call on a friend of his father at Hampstead, who had a daughter "who was everything that a girl should be, and an heiress." The parents on both sides desired a match; but, although Ruskin told his father, when interviewed on the subject, that he "saw all her beauty, and merit, and niceness," he was, if not fractious in the matter, at least not enthusiastic about it, saying that, in spite of her manifold virtues and attractions, "she yet was not my sort of girl." Evidently Ruskin was progressing to a critical stage. At any rate, Miss Wardell died soon after his decision with regard to her, and not long thereafter poor little Charlotte Withers, the mistreated wife of a coal dealer in her home town, succumbed to inertia and unhappiness and gave up the struggle. Adele Clotilde Domecq did not live long either; she was married to a French nobleman in 1840, and is said by Mr. Ruskin to have died while still very young. All these shadows of the fell Destroyer were but momentary griefs, however, compared to the great trial which was in store for young Ruskin about this time. In May 1840, he was pronounced consumptive, and had to give up Oxford, which with

(From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, London)

John Ruskin

him, then, was tantamount to giving up everything that made life worth living. For nearly two years he was dragged about from place to place and from doctor to doctor, in search of health; gradually this came to him again, not thoroughly, but relatively. He was never strong again, but he learned to live in weakness. Never man clung to life with more affection for it than he, till the long-delayed end; but he had to learn to take it as the children in the wilderness took their manna, each day's gift a new reprieve from death; not as the man of ordinary sturdiness and hopefulness takes life, even with his knowledge of its uncertainty, reckoning it, instinctively, threescore years and ten with (from the view-point of youth, at least) "plenty of time for everything."

While Ruskin was adjusting himself, not without struggles so severe as to be worthy the characterisation of tragic, to this new idea of life, there came to Herne Hill, to visit, a family from Perth, where the Ruskins had had relatives at one time, and where John had spent many happy hours as a boy. These were people of slender means; but they had one treasure, a daughter of radiant beauty and vigorous health, whose lively interest attached itself to the saddened young scholar. To amuse her, he acceded to her demand and wrote for her a fairy-tale which, published a number of years later, straightway became a nursery classic throughout Britain—"The King of the Golden River."

In 1847 Ruskin was travelling in Scotland and stopped, in accordance with his parents' wishes, at Bower's Well, Perth, where they had been married, and there, also in accordance with his parents' wishes, he proposed marriage to the young lady for whom, some years before, he had written the charming fairy-tale. On April 10, 1848, they were married, and went to Keswick, in the beautiful Lake Country of England, for their honeymoon. If Ruskin seemed practically a tool in the matter, he was at least not an unwilling nor an ill-pleased one, for his bride was a dazzling beauty with the most superb health and spirits, which must have appealed not lightly to the frail, quiet, scholarly young man of nine-and-twenty, while his wealth and social position and growing fame must needs have made their own appeal to the Scotch lassie, even if she found the ardour of the traditional lover lacking in her bridegroom. But the complementary union hoped for did not come to pass; the power was lacking which might have made them one. He was absorbed in his scholarly pursuits, shy, grave, perhaps a little austere, conserving his scant energy for his work and able to share none of the vigorous young enthusiasms for the delights of the London world. She was a hearty, wholesome, exceedingly active, zestful young beauty, delighted with her new possessions and position, but dismayed to find her husband so little allured by her heart's desire, so little able to appreciate her point of view, or she his. Conscientiously, earnestly, to the best of his ability, and always with chivalrous tenderness for the young woman he had pledged himself to love and cherish, Ruskin tried, through six years, to win his wife's affection and to reconcile his tastes, to some degree, with hers. But, just to avoid discord is not to create harmony, and just to try conscientiously is not to achieve Love. Very few persons suspected that there was dearth of happiness in the Ruskin home; perhaps there was not actual unhappiness—at least not amounting to actual misery, except that it is active misery of the most undeniable sort, however little the calculable irritation, to know that one has only a bare makeshift where others have an illumining glory—until youth, beauty, and vigour corresponding to her own came athwart Mrs. Ruskin's life in the person of her husband's friend, the artist, John Everett Millais. When she looked on him she loved him, and when he looked on her he loved her straightway, and when Ruskin saw, he understood. And presently, the Perth marriage, which had never really been any marriage at all, was annulled, and John Ruskin went back to live, as in his boyhood, with his parents again, and after a time she who had been called Mrs. Ruskin became Mrs. Millais, a radiantly happy wife whose long years of perfect wedded bliss are known to all the world to-day.

Ruskin had simply never known love, and

had been so little wise as to imagine, perhaps, that he never would, and that some of its next-of-kin "would do." We may fancy him reasoning with himself that his was not the temperament to which romantic love, as it is ordinarily known, was possible, so why not accept what was possible and make the most of life on a basis of friendly good-will and complementary characteristics? Even he who was to become one of the greatest teachers of his race had to learn bitterly of "the little less" than love, "what worlds away" it is from the actual glory.

It was a sad experience for a man of Ruskin's sensitive temperament, but it did not shake his nature to its depths; that was reserved for an experience of years later, for Ruskin was well past his life's meridian when real Love came to him, and revealed many things unto him, not least of all, himself!

In 1858, four years after his separation from his wife, Ruskin went one day to see a lady who wrote him that she had two little daughters, whose art education she hoped to induce him to undertake. In "Præterita" he describes that visit with evident delight in the recollection. The elder of the two girls was out on the occasion of this first visit, but after seeing the mother, "presently the drawing-room door opened, and Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room. . . . Nine years old, on 3rd January, 1858, thus now rising towards ten; neither tall or short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards. Lips perfectly lovely in profile—a little too wide and hard in edge, seen in front; the rest of the features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are."

This was his first glimpse of the creature who was to reveal to him the supreme experience of a man's life. Rosie called her governess "Bun," in expression of her niceness, and when she had come to bestow no small share of her little ladyship's affections on John Ruskin, she went to the delectables of the bakery for him, calling him "Crumpet," which she subsequently enlarged to "Saint Crumpet" in token of his generosity to beggars. This sweet companionship which began at once between Rosie and her "Saint Crumpet" diminished not a whit as the years rolled by. When Rosie was sixteen he wrote a book to please her and to inspire her; it was called "Sesame and Lilies"! Probably no book of the century has had a greater or wider influence on young womanhood.

And so, watching Rosie blossom into radiant young womanhood, there came a wonderful experience to Ruskin, and at fifty-three years of age the pent-up passion of life broke bounds and overflowed, and the hand that let loose the mighty flood was little Rosie's. Rosie loved him tenderly, in a way, but not well enough to marry him, as he so urgently wished, and "in the bitterest despair," in the words of one who knew him well, he sought refuge in his work, which to the end carried in every strain the deep, minor chord of the lost Rosie. Rosie's refusal to marry him was based on their difference of religious beliefs. She was sternly evangelical, and of her creed he spoke and wrote scoffingly, and she could not be unequally yoked with an unbeliever. "To her," says Mr. Collingwood, Ruskin's chosen biographer, "the alternative was plain; the choice was terrible; yet, having once seen her path, she turned resolutely away. It cost her life. Three years after, as she lay dying, he begged to see her once more. She sent to ask whether he could yet say that he loved God better than he loved her; and when he said 'No,' her door was closed upon him for ever."

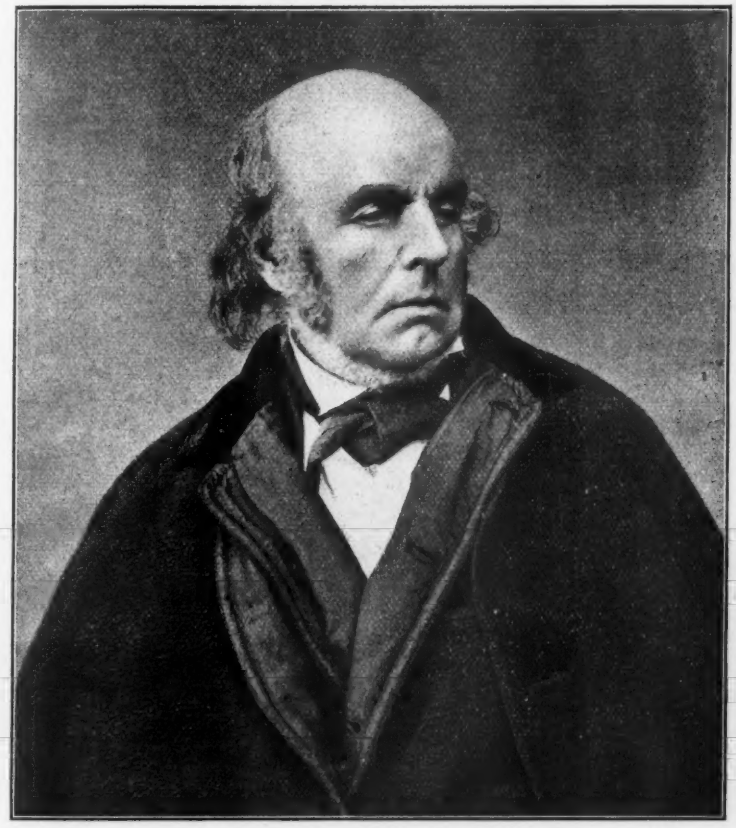
It does not altogether appeal to us, this position of Rosie's; it is not altogether easy to sympathise with the decision of the young girl. But without doubt she was very earnest—terribly earnest in the matter, and equally, without doubt, her decision was a blow from which Ruskin never recovered. In the preface to his "Lectures on Art" he speaks of her death as "taking away his personal joy in anything he wrote or designed," and "Your poor John Ruskin" was his pitiful signature to certain intimate letters in the later years, and "lonely and unhappy" is the characterisation of his life in Mrs. Meynell's sketch of him. But another biographer, writing of Rosie, has this to say of her:

"The work she might never have done in life was accomplished through the strength of her sacrifice. His lost love became to him a spiritual presence, guiding, restraining, and leading him at last to faith in God and the world to come."

Edward Fitzgerald's love-history is even sooner told. There is a dim legend about his having loved and lost a girl sweetheart in his youth, and this being the reason for his hermit life; but this is not verifiable, owing to the extreme scantiness of "intimate" material concerning Fitzgerald. His marriage occurred in November 1856, when he was forty-seven years old, and was the most unromantic affair conceivable, although undertaken (poor gentleman!) in the most chivalrous, the most knightly spirit. When the good old Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, died, in 1849, he commended to his dear friend Fitzgerald's care Miss Lucy Barton, a spinster of about forty, who had been her father's constant companion during the later years of his life. Together they had lived, in sweet Quaker simplicity, the benignant old poet, friend of Lamb and Coleridge and Southey, and his only child, motherless from her birth; together they had "managed" on the slender little income of Mr. Barton; together they had sat down, year after year, to their serene, simple Quaker board; together they had shared the pleasures of books and quiet friendships. When the old man died, he asked Edward Fitzgerald, perhaps the dearest of his friends, to have a watchful eye on the welfare of dear Lucy, and the dear, genial, helpless, "shiftless" Fitzgerald accepted the charge, perhaps without many misgivings, since he had known Miss Lucy so long and found her always so infinitely capable.

For a time after Mr. Barton's death Miss Lucy managed very well without any assistance from her "guardian." She was companion to a family of means and position, and with the pittance of her personal property got along very genteelly. But after seven years of independence Miss Lucy's fortunes changed. The young ladies who were her charges married, one by one, the pittance proved sadly inadequate, and the future looked harassing indeed to the distressed gentlewoman. Then, it is said, word of her quandary was brought to her "guardian," just then very deeply absorbed in the Persian studies which soon thereafter resulted in his wonderful translation of the "Rubáiyát." We can imagine the dear, queer, absent-minded, and impractical old scholar—not so old either, only he always seemed old, just as he always used to call his friends "dear old" Tennyson, or Thackeray, or Carlyle when neither they nor he had reached life's meridian—wrinkling his forehead over his ward's perplexities, and exclaiming, "Dear, dear!" and wondering feebly, in his helpless, kindly way, what he could do about it. He had enough, and much more than enough, for all his needs and for luxuries not a few. How could he share with her? One can fancy him taking counsel with himself and trying to remember the conventions of the polite world which seem so often to run counter to the dictates of the polite heart, and to decide what would be permissible for him to offer Miss Barton and what would not. And what does he offer her, as the result of these cogitations, but marriage! And what does she do, poor distressed lady, but accept! Not a tremor or slightest thrill of romantic attachment do these two seem to have had for each other, and certainly not an atom of fitness had either of them to be the other's mate; but Mr. Fitzgerald had a fine home, and Miss Barton had none, he had plenty of everything material, and she had need of everything material; if only it had seemed possible, in delicacy, to share with her without marrying her, then without doubt the great interpreter had lived and died a bachelor in fact as heaven had designed him to be by nature. But his solicitude transcended his caution—or perhaps it were more in keeping with his sweet, gentle nature to say that his unselfishness once more triumphed over everything else—and the primmest of Quaker spinsters, the most orderly of Puritan dames came to preside over the most disorderly bachelor's hall in England, and the most irregular and constitutionally disorderly man in all Britain. Poor lady! How she must have suffered!

And poor gentleman! What he must have endured! Neither of them was much under fifty; and Love, the great modifier and adapter, they knew nothing of—nothing! Poor, distraught Fitzgerald, inexpressibly scholar of the most gentle, amiable disposition, and a cultured, capable Christian gentlewoman who had made one scholar and poet very, very happy and comfortable, could not live harmoniously under the roof-tree



(A. H. Cade, photo, Ipswich)

Edward Fitzgerald

grieved over the failure of his kindly intent, had to satisfy his instincts of generosity by settling a liberal part of his means on his "ward" and allowing her to maintain the integrity of her housekeeping orthodoxy in an establishment separate from his own castle of confusion. It was all very nobly undertaken, very sweetly meant, very conscientiously attempted—but it wasn't a success; even an absent-minded old Persian where Love abode not. Tyrannical little blind god! So impatient, even of the kindliest motives of those who short-sightedly fail to recognise him, or mistake another, a mere commoner, for his imperial majesty! Kings are ever thus! They may like to masquerade, oh! never so well, but woe to that unlucky wight who does not penetrate the disguise and knows his sovereign!

After a "Lied ohne Worte"

By the Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

WELCOME thy remember'd tone,
Heart-consoling Mendelssohn,
From the voiceful keys once more
Sent to move me as of yore.
While the soul-felt *Lied* is play'd
In the chamber's evening shade,
While the dear hand flying sings
O'er the compass of the strings,
Vanish'd worlds of love and thought
From their charmed sleep are brought.
Ancient suns on land and main
Set in primal pomp again,
Mantling in a mist of gold
Long horizons known of old;
Landscape out of landscape glows,
Castled Rhine, and Alpine snows,
Blent with lights of earliest home,
Summer meads and Channel foam;
Hearths we circled once, again
Kindle at the entrancing strain;
Gardens that awhile were our,
Arch again their blessed bowers;
While sweet voices, silent long,
Wake in converse or in song.

All the soul were turn'd to woe
By our tuneful Prospero,
So his strong melodious numbers
Touch and trouble memory's slumbers—
But the kindness of his skill
Brings the medicine with the ill;
Putting by the rising pain
By some secret of the strain,
Hinting answers to our fears,
Reasoning friendlike with our tears,
Lifting thought on wings sublime
Toward the life that conquers time;
Till autumnal hearts grow vernal
With a breath of hope eternal,
And in peace thy power we own,
Sorrow-soothing Mendelssohn.

The Weird of Baynes' Gulch

By Maurice Church

Illustrated by Gordon Browne

IN a frontier country men untrammelled by many conventionalities develop strange cranks and crazes; and as they see much that is marvellous, and the ebb and flow of the tide of fortune is too startlingly sudden ever to become stale, their number is somewhat numerous.

There was poor old Kebby of Baynes' Gulch, one of the smaller dried-up creek-beds, that had a brief but brilliant boom of about three weeks. The gulch was hardly known before it was played out. Kebby had a notion that the hard-pan that so soon put a limit to the pay dirt was, after all, only a false one. Men, slaves to custom and a long experience, laughed at him; and when Baynes' was deserted left Kebby still exploring for the gold that was to enrich him for life. The summer wore on, and one or two parties saw the smoke from the old fellow's cabin as they followed the trail past Baynes' to fresh finds. One outfit stopped and camped a night with Kebby, and it dawned upon them that the man might very well be crazed. So far, be it understood, Kebby's madness might mean method at any moment, but symptoms of craziness betrayed themselves in his jealous suspicion of any inquiries. He refused to say whether he had struck more than a "grub" stake, and he waited till the men were out of sight before going back to his cradle. The water was laid on from a spring; and in the days of the rush to Baynes' had been rented from a man who, when the drift petered out, thought the flume and sluices so much waste lumber, and said so. It would never have done to make a present of this water-power to Kebby, who would have regarded it as an insult. A friendly altercation took place as to the rent. McGahey, the flume-boss, said a cent per day was a fair rent till Kebby began his strike; then he left the rate to Kebby's sense of honour. Kebby said that was robbery, and insisted on paying two bits* a day. McGahey said *that* was robbery, but Kebby knew best, and he'd leave it to him.

The first outfit that made tracks for the trail out came through Baynes' Gulch, and camped for the night handy to the spring. Naturally euough one or two of them strolled up to Kebby's to see how the solitary was toughing it. When they had come within speaking distance, Kebby suddenly appeared at the door, and in angry tones bade them keep off.

"You ain't a-going to jump this here claim; I'd sooner plug the outfit with lead," and he fingered his six-shooter menacingly. The gaunt, long-haired man was not to be trifled with, and they stopped and looked at one another helplessly.

"You're going below, Kebby, of course: reckon you ought to start soon."

"Leave this claim! Not if I know it," retorted Kebby; "it wouldn't be safe for an hour if I did!"

"Man alive!" said the other in blank amazement. "Why, there's ten feet of solid snow right here; you'll be smothered sure."

"That's nothing," replied Kebby; "I'm going to put in the winter here."

"Want any grub?" said the spokesman of the party. "Tea or sugar?"

"No," said Kebby shortly; "well, I ain't more than one plug of tobacco ahead of me."

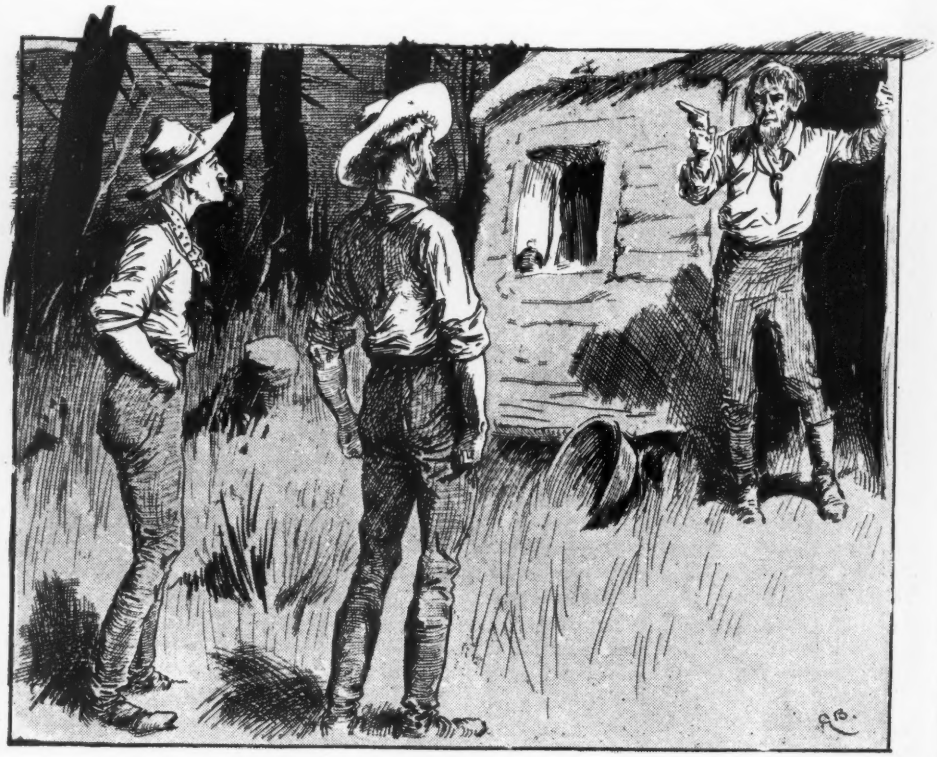
"We'll send some over, as much as we can spare." And the deputation withdrew, as unsuccessful deputations do, rather crestfallen.

Next morning they walked to a stick by which they found some dollar bills, substituted about a pound of tobacco, at the reasonable rate of two dollars a pound, and continued on their journey to Yale. They left a message, however, a little further up the trail to the effect that Kebby was getting crazy and dangerous. At the Bonaparte River they overtook a brother-in-law of Kebby's, to whom the news of his relative's

* Twenty-five cents.

madness was incredible. When informed that Kebby stood the miners off with his gun, he then and there declared his intention of returning and fetching the man out. His pile, some two thousand dollars, something more than a mere grub stake it will be

noon on the fourth, just as the indefatigable Kebby was going for dinner. Jordan hailed the solitary from afar, and Kebby recognising the short, square figure of the man, and seeing only "Red Murphy" with him, did not offer to shoot either one or the other, but



You ain't a-going to jump this claim

allowed, he entrusted to safe hands, by whom it was cached, and with a crony he set his face up country once more. I think this resolution did Jordan credit, for it is not a country where individuals are protected from their own folly; if a man makes a bed he is generally allowed to lie in it. Moreover, a miner having undergone untold hardships and exercised the patience of Job, strains every nerve to make time when once his face is turned homewards. An hour lost on the home trail is a dead loss to him.

Jordan and Murphy made Baynes' in three days, and came into the gulch about

called to them to come in. He did not seem to be in any danger of starving just then, and the three made a good dinner off dried trout and grouse. Jordan had already scored one and proceeded to strike while the iron was hot. At first Kebby refused outright to leave his beloved diggings; but Jordan, who had the determination so often found in little men, proved irresistible, and finally broke down Kebby's objections. The stronger will won, and perhaps a scrawl from some official assuring him that his claim was safe, helped the arguments of Jordan. Moreover, Kebby had really to admit that the

probability of his coming out on top at the end of the winter was unlikely. They agreed to start on the morrow, and Jordan remarked to Murphy that "the business was not over yet."

"If Kebby's crazy he's only caved in to fog the game. You and I, Murphy, will watch Kebby same as he was a coon. Seems kind of low-down notion, now he's passed his word to come out with us; but I stand to get the poor devil out of this dog-goned hole. We all leave the gulch, or we don't."

It looked as if there might be trouble that night. Kebby cried out in his sleep; he threatened some one; and having roused with the violence of his movements, he got up and walked out. Both the others were wide awake, and they watched him wander off towards the pile of tailings that marked El Dorado of the sanguine miner.

Jordan and Murphy whispered to each other in the doorway of the flimsy lean-to:

"Why, here's a game! Sure he turns night into day," murmured the Irishman. "He's beyant hisself entirely. Hark to him now wid his pick."

Jordan told us that it flashed across him as Murphy spoke that Kebby worked at night, and that the want of rest was responsible for his gaunt appearance and probably his craziness. The old miner had said himself that the day's work always seemed to look bigger on the morrow, and no wonder! He probably dozed in the day, and put such strength as he had into the cooler night. But what a sight for the wild creatures, the caribou as they followed their old trail along the hillside, and the owls as they swept round the willow copses and hunted the bare spots for beetle and other small deer! What a shock to come upon this queer figure working like some monstrous badger! Jordan said it nearly made him cry to think of the lonely man and his hard, unprofitable toil, with the beasts of the forest gazing in stupid wonder at it all. The pity of it. But Kebby ceased work before dawn, strolled back to the shack, and, dropping on his blanket, went off into a sound sleep.

Soon after sunrise Jordan and Murphy roused Kebby, and they breakfasted and made up their packs. Then they took a last look at the diggings, stowed the tools in the shack, and barricaded it. Kebby scrawled something—a warning to housebreakers, nailed it to the door, and rather sullenly marched after the others, who had considerately waited for him a little way down the trail. Not until they were a good five miles from Baynes' did Jordan breathe freely, for the crazy miner keenly resented his removal. But after the halt at noon a remarkable change came over him. He became melancholy and despondent, and it was evident now that he was leaving behind in the gulch the interest of his life. He lost heart, and that is a very serious thing to happen to a man, how serious only your hunter and prospector can tell. But when they got down to Yale and met the mingled crowd of triumphant and dejected, long-haired and ragged men, bound for Victoria and San Francisco, Kebby's self-importance waxed again; and after all the discussions he and other old-timers had, it really seemed as if the man had some grounds to go upon. There was gold in Baynes' somewhere, but they had missed it. So said those who considered the subject carefully. Jordan swore that he would go himself with Kebby and prove it, and the old miner arrived in Victoria cheerful and reconciled to a dull winter.

As the winter wore on with its wet days and enforced idleness, Kebby's friends began to realise that the poor fellow's brain was hopelessly unhinged. He fed himself and behaved in general conduct sanely enough, but no word he uttered bore any connection with anything but Baynes' Gulch. He lost the independent carriage of the free miner, his flesh fell away from his bones, and his head could not stand a thimbleful of whiskey. His physical strength was fast failing, and men prophesied that Kebby would never see the Frazer again. When the spring came round, and shiploads of men left for the mainland, Kebby was so weak that he could scarcely drag himself down to the wharf. He viewed this weakness as only a temporary ailment, and no one, even in that land of brutal frankness, was cruel enough to tell him the truth. Jordan had actually started early for Baynes' to get everything

in readiness, and poor Kebby used to watch the crowded boats bound for the Frazer, cast off from the piles, with wistful eyes.

Bunyard, who knew Jordan well, went by one of the later boats. He had been very much impressed by Kebby's account of the gulch, and intended to stay with Jordan and judge for himself. Newly come to the coast, in fact a mere boy, and quite green, he was young enough to be attracted by the romance attaching to the famous gulch. The trail was so much easier now, that profiting by the drier weather he reached the gulch barely ten days later than Jordan. They set to work at once examining the place carefully, but only to find themselves nonplussed; there seemed nothing to encourage even such a sanguine enthusiast as Kebby,—a result which only roused Jordan, a man of determined temper, to a regular campaign. He said to Bunyard one day: "We wouldn't allow Kebby to leave his bones here 'cos he was plumb crazy, but I'll stay with this darned gulch, barring winter, till I prove it is nothing but bones or stones or t'other."

It was June now, and the stream of miners from the south had spread over most of the likely country, some of them passing by Baynes'. Conceive the astonishment of Bunyard and Jordan when one of these parties brought the information that Kebby had started for the Frazer. Had they seen the man? No; but one of the expresses had seen him. He had recovered his strength suddenly and embarked: it was not thought he could ever get as far as the lakes, and the mountain trails would surely kill him.

"A flash in the pan," remarked Jordan; "poor old chap, why couldn't he leave his bones in Victoria? The Lord help him!" and he said no more. The next rumour that reached them, said Bunyard, asserted that Kebby had never started from Victoria. What did it all mean? Bunyard and Jordan, however, thought they knew their man better than that. Jordan's point of view underwent a characteristic alteration.

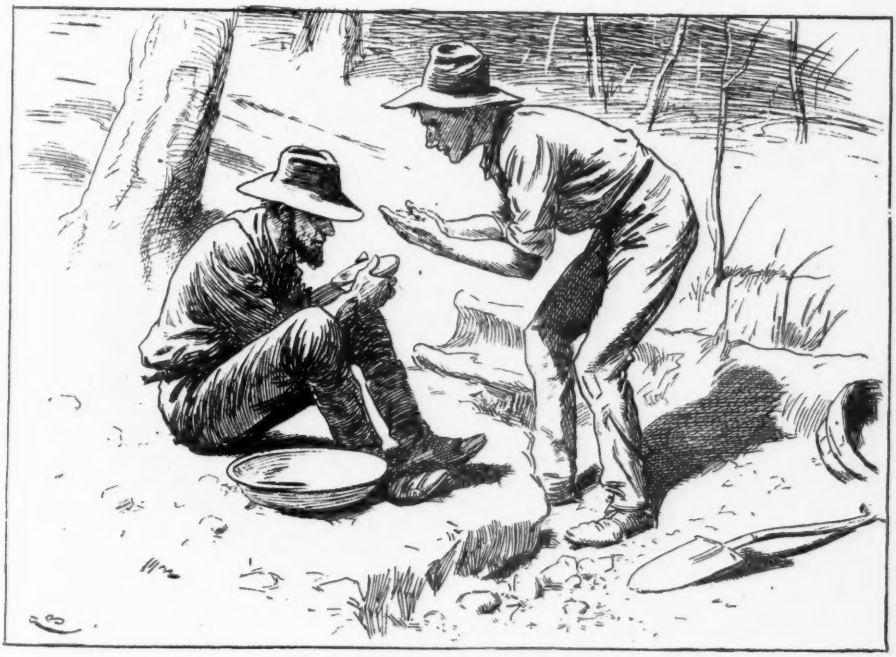
"He's started, you bet," he retorted. "He wasn't raised in Kentucky for nothing. Talk about green bones bein' tough, foh! while there's a spurt of blood in him he'll crawl."

Nevertheless, one and all now declared that he had never started. The steamboat men knew nothing about him; but then all steamboat men are liars. When this last outfit had left Baynes', Jordan and our friend Lester Bunyard were left to puzzle out the question alone.

Now Jordan had a notion that before he was very much older the secret of the gulch would be his. He could give no reasons, but had a strong feeling that he was on the brink of some discovery. In the long evenings they had little to do but talk, or fish, or hunt for eggs. On one of these wonderful twilights, when a soft moon lighted the desolate and rocky gulch with its peculiarly white sheen, silvering the "salal" and making the shadows in the big timber more mysterious than ever, the prospectors strolled down to the edge of the bench. Beyond this the gulch narrowed abruptly into a mere fissure jammed with dead timber, thickets of little pines and brambles. Across the entrance to the throat of the gulch, just before the tangle of green stuff commenced, lay the trunk of a fair-sized spruce. A man could almost step on to this, as Bunyard said, and cross the gulch on it. They had just emerged from the bushes at the bench end, and were looking for the familiar sight of the light-grey log, and they saw—what rooted them to the ground with astonishment, and more—the figure of Kebby standing on the log, clearly defined, against the dense green of the thicket pines. There was no mistake; they recognised the very clothes of the man—the patched overalls, the familiar frieze coat with its deep collar, and the felt hat with the brim in front turned up so that his face was perfectly visible. "Why, I could see the light in his eyes," Bunyard said to me. An apparition you say? But wait a minute. Kebby smiled and pointed downwards as if expecting some remark: still the two men could not move their tongues. Both men agree in saying that a disappointed expression came over his face, and he swung round on his left foot away from them. Then they cried out to him, but with a wave of the hand and three strides he was off the log and into the bush shadows. Jordan and Bunyard returned to the shack, and not till they

were inside did they speak. Neither, be it said, doubted they had seen the man himself. The circumstances of his appearance were peculiar; but now they reflected it could only have been Kebby, crazier than ever, doubtless, but still Kebby.

bottom of the gulch and examined the neighbourhood of the log carefully. Tracks they did find on the spruce bark, but they might be their own of two days previous; moreover, various animals used this natural bridge. They did not forget that Kebby had pointed



The secret's out now! he cried with exultation

Jordan asked Lester if he had any ideas on the subject; and the young fellow said he'd thought it a spirit till he noticed the boots, which seemed to him new.

"Spirit indeed!" cried Jordan. "Don't you let me hear you talk such nonsense, youngster; you've contradicted yourself flat. Men's ghosts don't fool round in new boots. 'Twas Kebby hisself, and don't you forget it. Notwithstanding, it's mighty queer but for what you say, Lester, and that 'cinches'* Kebby to my thinking."

They said no more to each other that night, but turned in and slept, for they were weary. It was early when they roused the next morning, but they went at once to the

* A phrase adapted from the "cinches" or girths of a Mexican saddle.

to the tangle beyond, and set to work to clear it. The coarse gravel appeared promising, and they determined to give it a fair trial. That day's work developed nothing unusual, but, in the afternoon of the next, just after they had carried the flume to it, Jordan cried out that they had it.

"The secret's out now!" he cried with exultation; "here's the dust, too fine perhaps, but lots of it. Kebby was right after all; there's enough to last a lifetime in sight."

Pleased though they were to think that their labour was not wasted, they felt very sad because Kebby made no sign. The fact of his not putting in an appearance when the goal of their struggles was reached, seemed ominous. One knows the feeling. The crisis comes and so-and-so is not there;

and whether it is your fault, or his fault, or nobody's, so-and-so is no longer in the running—he wasn't there. The two miners spent a melancholy evening. They were rich men now; but they were human, and not so very selfish, and the thought of the lonely man struggling on with dogged determination, only to be beaten back at the last by some judgment, was pitiful. They still clung to the hope of his final appearance.

On the morrow an extraordinary piece of news reached them with a party of surveyors. According to these men some Indians had paddled a white man from Fort Hope to Yale, who could have been no other than Kebby.

"Surely he ought to have got here a couple of days ago," said the boss of the outfit. "He was ahead of us, at least some man was ahead of us the last three or four days, I'll swear; we found his tracks, though the beggar never camped on the trail."

"Well!" said Jordan, "if that don't beat all!" and he stared at Bunyard and then got up, lit his pipe and walked a few steps here and there. No one spoke, and when he sat down—only to get on to his feet when his excitement began to rise—and related the events of the story, the meeting with Kebby two nights before, and the finding of the gold, you could have heard the men breathe.

The surveyor spoke first. "I can't make it out at all," said he. "It's a very queer story. Of course I've heard as queer, though as no two stories are alike I can safely say yours is unlike anything I've ever heard. I'm hanged," added the man excitedly, jumping to his feet, "if it doesn't beat the whole lot. As sure as I stand in my boots, Kebby left Victoria in the 'Old California.' Tallish man, with brown hair rather long, wild-looking eyes, clothes pretty worn. I didn't notice what became of him at Hope."

The surveyor went on to suggest searching the north side of the gulch, and they actually found some shreds of tobacco on a log, but how old they were unable to say. So far no light could be thrown on the subject. The surveyor advised them to note down all particulars, keep their eyes open, and go on with the placer.

The fall then saw Jordan and Bunyard with a pile of about $12,000 on the trail back to the Frazer. The mystery remained as thick as ever. For some man answering to the description had been seen on the Harrison and Lilloet trail. It was possible that Kebby, knowing how few men he would find on the old bad trail to Lytton, decided to make for the lake trail, and cut across to it, say from Boston Bar or thereabouts. It was possible, though men shook their heads, and there were limits even to Kebby's obstinacy. At Douglas, however, before taking the steamer, they actually came across one of the crew reported to have paddled the old miner to Yale. This man's evidence proved beyond doubt that the miner took the river trail because he preferred to be more or less alone, though he was uncertain whether he could manage it. They saw him last on the trail above Yale. He was sick in mind as well as in body, was the opinion of the Indian, but full of determination.

Thus it was known he had embarked on the "Old California," that he reached Yale and continued his route, that he was seen on the lake trail—near Pemberton, I think—and that a man journeying alone whose movements corresponded in time, preceded the surveying party to Baynes', and was seen on the evening of his arrival by Jordan and Bunyard. Further than this nothing is known, perhaps never will be known, but a portion of the strike is kept for him when he cares to claim it. There are some who declare that he never left Victoria at all, yet he certainly disappeared from the town.

So that whether he succumbed to the hardships of the Lytton trail, or higher up after crossing the Bonaparte, or struggled on to die within sight of Baynes', the Bonanza of his hopes, with the bush for a tomb, I cannot say. The last seems likely enough. That he was seen in the gulch is a fact. If it was his ghost, it is the only ghost-story the two men tell.

Yes, he reached Baynes' Gulch in time to show his mates the dust so long hidden; and now he lies in some dark forest aisle, shrouded with brake and salal, and perhaps a bit of that small sweetbriar or a wood lily at his head.

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

FIFTH PAPER

PERHAPS of all the prejudices which obstruct the acceptance of Christianity, none is more powerful and none more apparently reasonable, than that which arises from the discrepancy between the moral aspect of Christian History and the sublime theory with which it may be said to start. In our first paper, we briefly adverted to this point; we must now consider it more carefully. The objection may be stated in this way:—"You tell me that the Creator Himself was incarnate in Jesus Christ; that within the Christian sphere there have been operating continuously new and extraordinary moral forces. It seems that the least that can be asked is that the moral aspect of Christendom should bear out your theory. There should be surely an unmistakable moral superiority in the society which has taken shape under the influence of the Incarnation, but, as a matter of fact, what do we find? So far from moral superiority being thus indisputable, it is the case that within the Christian sphere there have been witnessed, perhaps, the most appalling moral aberrations which the history of mankind records. For example, where, outside the Christian sphere, can any real parallel be found to the continuing and disastrous scandals which are associated with Christian asceticism and Christian persecution? It is not enough for you to justify the Christian theology by abstract reasoning, to prove to me that in pure reason there are no valid objections against an incarnation, or to make clear that the Christian hypothesis provides, at least, as satisfactory an explanation of the Universe as any other. All this may be allowed and yet, if it be the case that, in point of fact, Christianity has not exhibited and does not exhibit in its practice any really considerable moral superiority as the effect of the supernatural moral resources with which it claims to be endowed, then, for me at least, the question is closed; Christianity is unequal to its own theory." Now, it may be frankly admitted that there is great force in this reasoning, and certainly it would be lacking in candour not to admit that a real difficulty is presented by the morally unsatisfactory aspect of Christian History. But here, again, if we have patience to examine the facts carefully, we shall see that the force of the objection is not so great as at first sight appears, and that although a difficulty remains, it is not so much a difficulty in reason as a trial in faith.

In this paper it will be maintained that the great scandals of Christian History are demonstrably connected with the non-Christian forces in the development of modern civilisation, while the characteristic excellences of modern civilisation, those which give to it a distinctive character and constitute its moral superiority, as we believe, over any other civilisation of which we have knowledge, are precisely those which are demonstrably connected with the Gospel. Persecution and asceticism are not distinctively Christian. On the contrary, it is often urged against historic Christianity that in these particulars it exhibited but the familiar features of all human religions. Assuming this, we may indeed argue from the fact that within Christendom these pagan forces have exercised so wide and baneful an influence, that the Christian religion has been singularly helpless to withstand infection, but we cannot base on that foundation any argument against the quality of the religion itself. Moreover, it is always to be remembered, whenever comparison is made between Christianity and other religions with respect to their moral influence, that

the races, which have been under the discipline of Christianity, are precisely those which are naturally the most vigorous and martial races known to history. Everything within the Christian sphere, accordingly, tends to take a specially marked, and, so to say, exaggerated character.

If we ask what are the distinctive elements of Christian civilisation, I suppose there would be a general consensus as to the answer. Nowhere else, it would be truly said, has there been so jealous a regard for the rights of the individual; nowhere else has the virtue of chastity been so highly regarded, and, as a consequence, domestic life so happily developed; nowhere else has charity gained so powerful a dominion in human life, and nowhere else is there a principle of social progress so apparently and perpetually present in society. Now, all these points, all these characteristics, are demonstrably connected with the Gospel.

Let us take, by way of illustration, one expression of charity, the treatment of children. What was the prevailing doctrine about childhood when Christ was born in Bethlehem? It is a safe rule that the best statement of men's beliefs is their practice. Applying that rule to the case before us, we can have no doubt at all as to the general opinion of civilised mankind nineteen hundred years ago. I am not speaking now of the opinion of the brutal and degraded sections of ancient society. It would be as unfair to judge Paganism by such as it would be to judge Christianity by the slum and the police-court. No, I am speaking of the opinion as illustrated by the teaching of the best men of Pagan society. Now, for the purpose of our present discussion, we may examine the question of Paganism with reference to the crime of infanticide.

Infanticide, probably, was commonly regarded as a wrong thing among the Pagans, though the greatest names of antiquity may be counted among its advocates and apologists, but it was considered a very venial offence.

"Infanticide," observes Mr. Lecky, "as is well known, was almost universally admitted among the Greeks, being sanctioned, and in some cases enjoined, upon what we should now call 'the greatest happiness principle,' by the ideal legislations of Plato and Aristotle, and by the actual legislations of Lycurgus and Solon."*

The exposition of children may be regarded as practically identical in moral turpitude with infanticide, and of exposition we may safely affirm that it was the rule and not the exception of Pagan life.

"The exposition of children," says Gibbon, "was the prevailing and stubborn vice of antiquity: it was sometimes prescribed, often permitted, almost always practised with impunity."†

The Stoic philosopher, Seneca, is justly regarded with admiration. His writings abound in utterances so profound, so true, so elevated, as to be not unworthy of comparison with the teachings of the New Testament. He must certainly be regarded as representing the highest morality of Paganism. He was a contemporary of the Apostle Paul, and the brother of that amiable Pro-Consul of Achaia, Gallio, to whose broad-minded equity the Apostle owed his escape from the violence of the Corinthian Jews. What was Seneca's opinion about these horrible practices of killing and exposing infants? He leaves us in no doubt upon the matter. "Monstrous births we destroy," he writes, "children if they are weak and deformed we drown. It is not passion but reason to separate the useless from the sound." You may be sure that, if such was the teaching of the best Pagans, the practice of the average multitude proceeded on even lower principles. The utilitarian basis which the philosopher proposed for child murder would be exchanged by the selfish and the licentious for very much lower considerations. We know how, even in the face of Christianity, under the terror of righteously stern laws, watched by a justly resentful opinion, the cruelty of avarice and the abominable recklessness of lust continue to work out their achievements of infamy. What must the children of the Pagans have endured when there were no

* "History of European Morals," vol. ii. p. 25-6, 11th ed

† "Decline and Fall," vol. iv. p. 475, ed. Bury.

restraining principles in religion, and no deterrent terrors in the law?

We turn now to consider the attitude of Christianity towards the then prevailing practice of child murder and exposure. In the Gospels, and indeed generally in the New Testament these offences are scarcely mentioned, for the sufficient reason that the writings of the New Testament belong almost entirely to the time when Christianity was face to face with Judaism, and Judaism was honourably free from the cruelty and profligacy which reigned in Pagan society. When we pass to the literature of the sub-Apostolic age, the case is different.

In the earliest treatises on Christian morals which have survived, we note that abortion and child murder are specifically condemned. I will content myself with a single reference to "The doctrine of the twelve Apostles," a manual probably not later than the end of the first or the beginning of the second century.

"And the second commandment of the Teaching is: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not corrupt boys; thou shalt not commit fornication. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not use witchcraft; thou shalt not practise sorcery. *Thou shalt not procure abortion, nor shalt thou kill the new-born child.* Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods."*

An anonymous writer of the second century, the author of the Epistle to Diognetus, institutes a most interesting comparison between Christians and Pagans, from which I extract the following:

"Every foreign country is a Fatherland to them, and every Fatherland is foreign. They marry like all other men, and they beget children; but they do not cast away their offspring. They have their meals in common, but not their wives. They find themselves in the flesh, and yet they live not after the flesh. Their existence is on earth, but their Citizenship is in Heaven."†

St. Justin Martyr, in the earlier of his Apologies, written probably about the year 148 of our era, bears a similar testimony. The compassion of Christians went forth to the deserted little ones doomed by their parents to death, or disgrace more terrible than death. The widows and virgins of the Church included among their regular works of piety the care of these outcast babes.

Among the very earliest recorded charitable institutions, we find mention of Children's Homes or Orphanages. St. Ignatius counts it amongst tokens of those who hold strange doctrine touching the Grace of Jesus Christ that they have no care for love, none for the widow, none for the orphan, none for the afflicted, none for the prisoner, none for the hungry or thirsty. When persecution ceased, and with the conversion of Constantine, the perilous era of secular prosperity began, these institutions for destitute children attracted the lavish support of Christians, and it is well known that they retain their place in popular regard at the present time.

It would take us beyond the limits of this paper to trace the effect of Christian influence upon the legislation of the Empire, and it must suffice to quote Mr. Lecky's summary:

"It may be safely asserted that the publicity of the trade in exposed children became impossible under the influence of Christianity, and that the sense of the serious nature of the crime was very considerably increased. . . . This minute and scrupulous care for human life and human virtue in the humblest forms, in the slave, the gladiator, the savage, or the infant, was indeed wholly foreign to the genius of Paganism. It was produced by the Christian doctrine of the inestimable value of each immortal soul. It is the distinguishing and transcendent characteristic of every society into which the spirit of Christianity has passed."

We are justified then in claiming that the reverent regard for children, which is admittedly one of the most honourable characteristics of modern civilisation, is really the creation of Christianity. It did not exist in pre-Christian Paganism, and it has never existed outside the sphere of Christian influence. We have dwelt at some length on

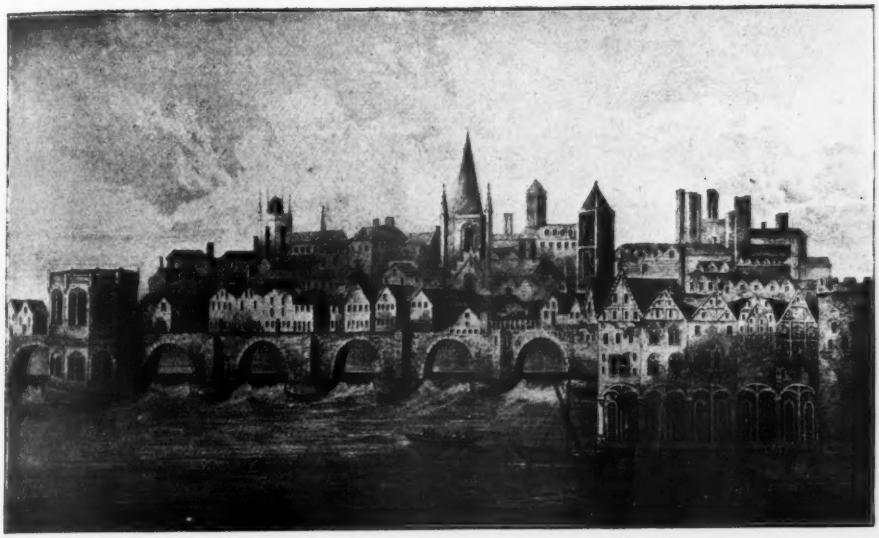
* "The Oldest Church Manual," ed. Schaff. 2nd ed. p. 167–9.

† "The Apostolic Fathers," p. 506, ed. Harmer.

* *Vide l. c.* pp. 32, 34.

this single point as an example of a general process. If we take any other of the distinctive marks of modern civilisation, we shall find, in the same way, that they must be traced to Christian influences. But here let me guard my argument against an easy misrepresentation. When we claim that the distinctive chastity and charity of Christendom are the creation of the Gospel, we are not for one moment denying that both chastity and charity are not Christian but humane. Our point is that both these admirable elements of human nature are everywhere unable to assert themselves successfully against other forces of a very different character, save within the Christian sphere, where they have been reinforced and illustrated by Christian teaching.

The case for Christianity may be stated in another way. Throughout Christian history there has been exhibited in society a new and exalted type of human character. In Christian parlance the Saints have been continuously on the earth, and this saintly character is at once exceptional and representative, exceptional in degree of excellence, representative in moral type. Probably few candid and thoughtful students of social history would deny that the type of character common to the Christian Saints is the highest known to human experience, and they would further admit that this type of character is directly traceable to the influence of the Founder of Christianity. The example of Jesus Christ has always been upheld by the Church as the model of human conduct, and it cannot be disputed that the enthusiasm of personal affection, which has been stirred in ardent souls towards Jesus Christ, has been the most powerful educative influence conceivable. On this point we shall have something to say in a future paper. Here we confine ourselves to the single position that the Saints may be taken as the exponents of Christianity *with the least admixture of alien elements*, and it is precisely to *them* that the conscience of civilised men bears approving testimony. So we meet the objection against the religion of Christ which is based on the moral defects of Christian History by pointing out that the religion of Christ has not been the only factor in the process of social development; that when it is seriously attempted to disentangle the different constituents of civilisation, as we know it, and to identify the specific effect of each one, it is found that exactly the best things are traceable to Christ's religion, and the worst things are clearly derived from other sources. It is no doubt one of the most serious obstacles to faith that the redemptive process inaugurated by the Incarnation should be so strangely slow, and as it were intermittent, but, after all, our measurements of time are extremely ill-adapted for the criticism of eternal purpose, and we may perhaps borrow from the consistent teachings of contemporary science a large tolerance of delay. It hardly lies in the mouth of one who has accepted the theory of evolutionary science, and accustomed himself to think of almost unimaginably protracted periods as having been required for the development of the world we see, to build an argument against Christianity because its process of moral recreation is correspondingly gradual. So much has been achieved in the petty period of less than nineteen centuries since Christ started this process of spiritual evolution which is to culminate in "the new Heaven and new Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," that there is reason, not for scepticism and despondency, but for boundless hope.



London Bridge in the reign of Henry VIII. Showing the Chapel of St. Thomas

The Story of London Bridge

By A. W. Jarvis and P. G. Cambray

Illustrated from old prints in the British Museum

FIRST PAPER

OF all the bridges that span the highway of the Thames none approaches in interest the bridge —or, rather, the series of bridges —which from time immemorial has borne the name of England's capital city. Its annals are closely interwoven with the life-story of the nation; and during long centuries many a strange scene has it witnessed.

From its parapets, in 1263, Eleanor of Provence, the hated queen of Henry III., on her way from the Tower, where she had taken refuge with her lord from De Montfort and the Barons, was assailed by the infuriated citizens. In the next century, 1381, we find Wat Tyler, with the commons of Kent, boldly forcing his way over the bridge into the city, notwithstanding the fortifications of Lord Mayor Walworth.

Over the bridge, in 1415, with martial music and gay pageant, Henry V. returned from the red field of Agincourt; and seven years later, along the same route, his funeral procession passed on its way to Westminster Abbey.

His unhappy successor, the ill-fated Henry VI., made his magnificent entry into the city on February 21, 1432, by way of the bridge. It witnessed also the gorgeous coronation progress of his young bride, Margaret of Anjou.

Once again, in July 1450, the bridge was the scene of a bloody conflict. All through the long summer's night Jack Cade and his rebel following vainly contested with the Lord Mayor and his sturdy citizens for this key to the city.

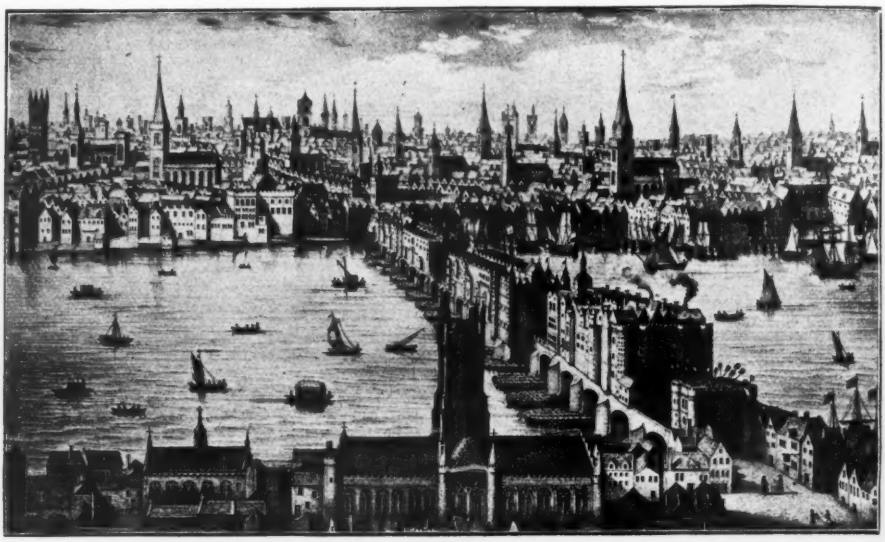
Early the next morning, both sides, utterly worn out, retired to their quarters; and on the King's pardon being proclaimed, the rebels dispersed. Cade himself was afterwards captured and slain, and his head

placed over the bridge-gate, whereon he had but recently placed the ghastly head of the Treasurer of England, Lord Say.

In the dark days of humiliation and misery, which in later years overwhelmed King Henry and his queen, the bridge was again stormed. Tewkesbury had seen Margaret's forces scattered. Her son, Prince Edward, had been murdered—almost before her eyes; and she with her husband lay prisoners in the Tower, when on May 14, 1471, the Bastard of Faulconbridge, "with a riotous company of shipmen and others of Essex and Kent," made a last effort for Henry's deliverance. They were not driven back until the Southwark Gate and the houses as far as the drawbridge had been burned.

The scene again changed, and the bridge resounded with the joyous shouts of the crowd who had assembled to welcome Katharine of Aragon on her nuptials with the young Prince Arthur. "Accompanied by many lords and ladies in most ..mptuous manner apparelled," she came riding from Lambeth into Southwark on November 12, 1501, and so to London Bridge. Here a costly pageant "of St. Katharine and St. Ursula, with many virgins," had been prepared for her edification.

A quarter of a century rolled by when another magnificent procession was seen.



London Bridge, 1616. From Visscher's view

On July 26, 1526, Katharine's arch-enemy, Wolsey, journeyed over the bridge on his embassy to France, with a long retinue of richly-attired gentlemen. The knell of the poor Queen was even now sounded; and by this visit to France the scheming Cardinal hoped to arrange a fresh marriage for his royal master.

Gleam and gloom alternate with a steady persistency in these memories of the old bridge. Did space permit, they might be extended almost indefinitely. But we pass over Wyatt's ill-fated insurrection, in the early days of Mary's reign, when the bridge was again in a state of siege; and the joyous scenes of the Restoration, when Charles II. came marching over the bridge with all the gaiety of military and civic display, and turn our attention to the history of the bridge itself.

When, or by whom, the first bridge was built is uncertain; but the reasons for its existence may be safely conjectured.

During the earlier years of the Roman occupation, Watling Street, the great highway from the north to the south, followed the line of the present Edgware Road and Park Lane, over the swamps around the lower course of the Tybourne, to the little eyot of Thorney, on which Westminster Abbey was afterwards built.

Here a great ford crossed the river. And hither congregated the merchants, the slave-owners, and all the primeval commerce of the country. But, in later times, a great change took place.

To the east, a Roman city of considerable size was springing up, offering facilities to trade not to be ignored. In addition, the river was less wide there than at any other point. A ford and ferry existed, and, perhaps, even a wooden bridge. Consequently, the ford at Thorney was abandoned and a new road constructed. It ran at right angles to the old Watling Street, from a point near the Marble Arch, along what are now Oxford Street and Holborn, to the settlement on Dowgate Hill. Its name is still borne by a short street in the city, though its course is somewhat altered. From this time some established means of communication between the banks of the river near London Bridge must have been in existence. This is borne out by the discovery in the bed of the river, under the piles of the old bridge, of a series of Roman coins dating from the time of the Republic to that of Honorius.

Interior of St. Thomas's Chapel

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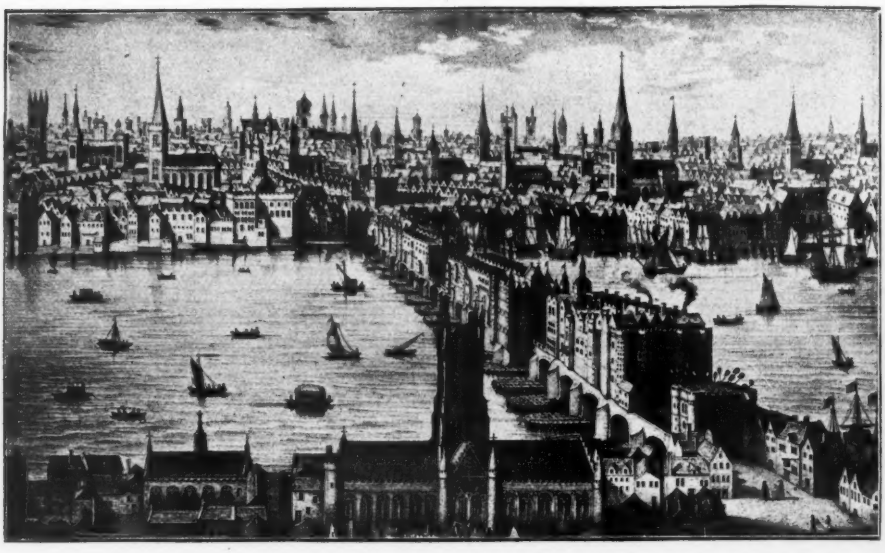

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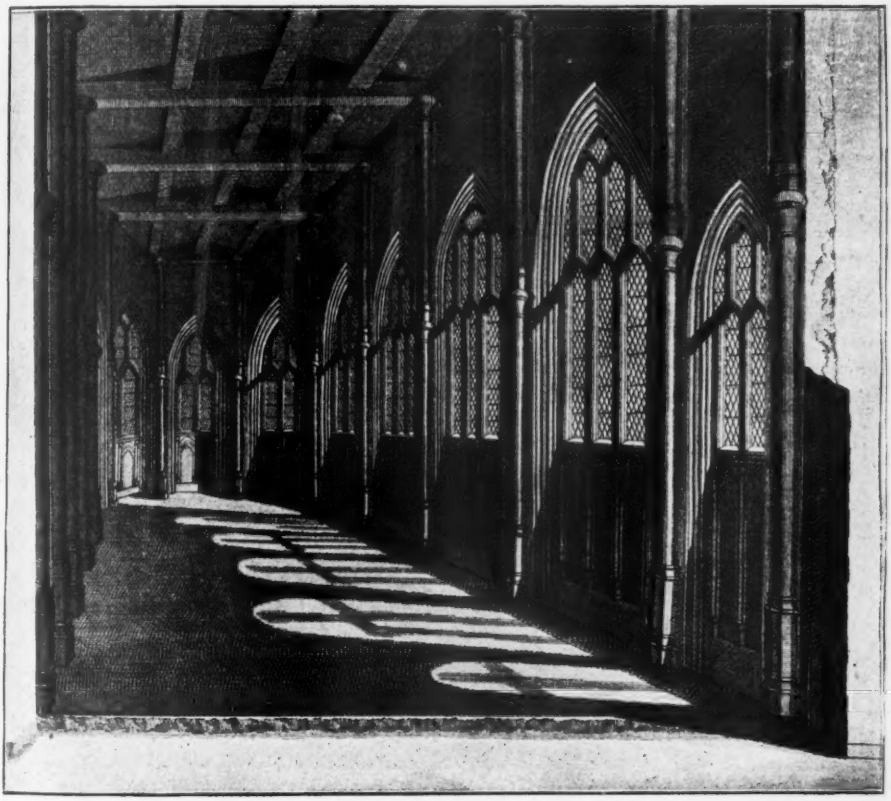
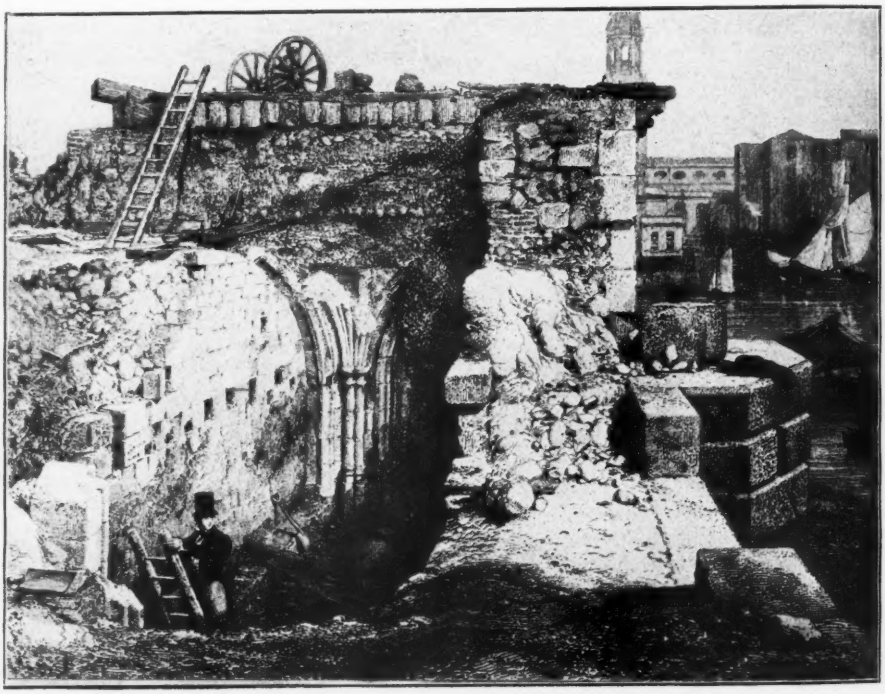


Interior of St. Thomas's Chapel

The earliest undeniable mention of a bridge does not occur until 1008, nearly six hundred years after the withdrawal of the Romans. It is to be found in the pages of Snorro Sturleson, an old Icelandic historian of the Danish invasion.

"There was at that time," he says, "a bridge erected over the river between the city and Southwark, so wide that if two carriages met they could pass each other. At the sides of the bridge, at those parts which looked upon the river, were erected ramparts and castles. The bridge itself was also sustained by piles which were fixed in the bed of the river." He goes on to describe in detail the first-recorded battle of London Bridge. The Danes held the city, the bridge, and a strong fort at Southwark. Ethelred's endeavours to gain possession of the bridge only ended in failure. At last Olaf attacked the bridge by water. He had built platforms to his vessels to bring them level with the parapet of the bridge, but his attempt seemed at first likely to end in disaster. In desperation, he and his Norsemen, having rowed their ships close up to the bridge, made them fast to the piles with ropes and cables, then rowing their hardest, and aided, to some extent, by the tide, they soon felt the fabric yielding to their efforts. Ere long, piles and bridge fell with a mighty crash into the river, and the first step towards Ethelred's ultimate success was accomplished.

Another bridge would seem to have been erected shortly afterwards, to stop, Maitland says, the Danish incursions up the river. Canute, however, cut a canal through the Southwark marshes to Lambeth, and so made his way round the obstacle. Stow, on the authority of Linsted, the last prior of St. Mary Overies, states that the bridge was erected at the expense of the monastery, who also owned the ferry. This, he adds,



The demolition of the old Bridge. Showing the crypt of St Thomas's Chapel

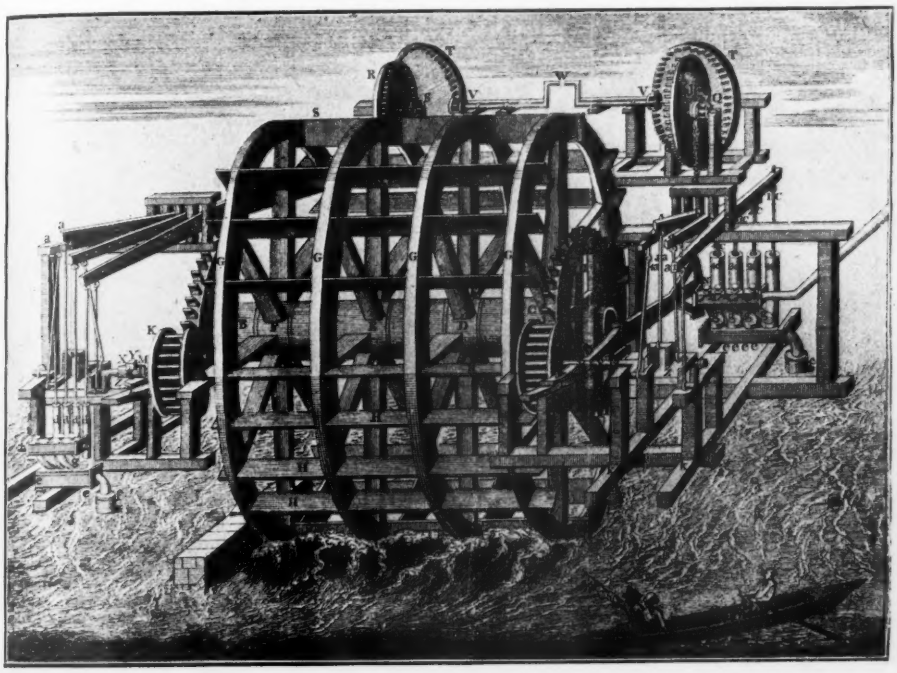
was presented to the monks by Mary Overies, the daughter of the legendary ferryman.

But it is improbable that the monks would incur a large capital outlay in erecting the bridge, when, in addition, the receipts from tolls would be less than those from the ferry.

Save for two fugitive references—one in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle during the reign of Edward the Confessor and the other in a charter of William the Conqueror to the monks of Westminster, the story of the bridge is silent until 1091, when we are told that a furious storm demolished the structure. Some six years later William Rufus levied a heavy tax on his subjects to assist in rebuilding the bridge; but it was not destined to remain long. Within a few years it was totally destroyed by fire. In its place a bridge of elm was erected by Peter of Colechurch, who, in 1176, commenced the construction of the first stone bridge.

The building of this bridge, which for some six centuries withstood the buffeting of storm and tide, took thirty-three years to complete.

It stood 60 feet above the water, and consisted of a drawbridge and nineteen arches of varying width, built upon massive piers. It was 900 feet long and 40 wide; but the space occupied by the row of shops and houses, which were eventually built on both sides of the bridge, reduced this width to inconveniently small proportions.



The water wheel, London Bridge

The principal building on the bridge was, of course, the Chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which is seen in our illustration. It consisted of two stories. Leading down to the sterling and the water gate was a flight of steps, beneath which a skeleton, supposed to be the remains of the architect, Peter of Colechurch, was discovered in 1737.

Our illustration shows the interior of the chapel as it was when first built, and in the print showing the demolition of the old bridge we have a glimpse of the crypt.

Another building which was for many

years an object of interest to sightseers, was erected about the year 1579. Aptly named Nonesuch House, its gilded cupolas and turrets, its richly carved panels and galleries, presented a truly remarkable appearance. It was built throughout of wood, and was sent in sections to this country from Holland. Not a nail was used in its erection, the parts being joined together by wooden pegs.

It seems probable that the sterlings, which form so prominent a feature in all prints of the old bridge, were an addition of a later date, their object being to keep the foundations of the piers from being undermined. These, with the many arches, were the source of much trouble, reducing the waterway from 900 feet to 194, and acting like a dam.

At ebb tide, there was often a difference of some feet in the height of the river on either side of the bridge. The water rushed through the arches with fearful velocity; and on an average fifty lives were lost every year in "shooting" the bridge. A significant passage appears in Master Evelyn's Diary:

"I returned home," he writes under the date of January 19, 1648-9, "shooting the bridge at three quarters ebb, for which His mercy God Almighty be prais'd." But as a rule, passengers were landed at the Three Cranes in Upper Thames Street, and taken on board again at Billingsgate, after the dangers of the bridge had been safely negotiated.

A practical Dutchman, one Peter Morris, saw that this fatal rush of water might be utilised to furnish the city with an adequate water-supply. In 1582 he obtained the consent of the Corporation to erect a water-wheel, as shown in our illustration, under the northernmost arch. By this means, he conveyed water in leaden pipes over the Church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr and distributed it in the neighbouring districts. The grants were afterwards extended until five arches were comprised. Finally, in 1822, the Company was bought out. Even earlier than 1582, the current had been used to work a number of corn mills in the possession of the Corporation.

(To be continued)

My Faith

In this strange world of thought how many creeds?
And some not easy to be understood.
Mine this: "God is, and all that is proceeds
From Him, and He is good."

WILLIAM COWAN.

Children's Story-Books

By Florence Maccunn

THERE are no readers so absorbed and appreciative as children. Go into any house where there are children old enough to read to themselves and not old enough to have been caught up into the leisure-destroying routine of school, and you will stumble over a small boy prone on the dining-room floor, with heels in air and head buried in a volume in front of him. Equally oblivious of your presence is the little girl curled up in the largest and most comfortable arm-chair, with her tangle of sunny hair falling over the book on her knee. But look over the shoulder of each and—if the common ground of fairy tales be past—the difference between the little readers will be marked. From the beginning the masculine imagination has the stronger wing. If the book be not some well-bound classic from the library shelves (and prize volumes of Arnold's "Rome" have been found on the nursery floor and the best Thackeray on the edge of the bath), it is at least some fragment of grown-up life, serious fighting, desperate adventure, courage of men in a tight place. It need not even be fiction. How we beat the French and daunted the Don has quite enough human interest for the knickerbockered readers. The merely feminine mother wonders how such small heads can carry all the movements of rearguard, vanguard, and flank.

She is more at home, sharing the beloved old story-books with her sympathetic daughters, sometimes in the carefully kept, well-printed editions of her own childhood; more often, alas! in gaudy one-volumed reprints. For the old favourites hold their own and our children still read what their grandmothers read, only with this difference, that we pass rather lightly over the edifying parts, and, in more cases than not, skip the theological teaching altogether. It is the old intimacies, the three-generation-old friendships with good and spirited and honest children that we desire for our little daughters. Let their warm tears blister the page in "The Crofton Boys" which tells the heroic story of how little Hugh Proctor lost his foot without a murmur; their grandmothers fell there before them. The generous mischief of Harry and Laura, the high-bred charm of dear Lady Harriet their grandmother, and the genuine fun of Uncle David are as fresh to-day to our children devouring "Holiday House," as when their grand-aunts were introduced into that truly good society.

As long as characters are living, carefully observed from life, and tenderly and genially drawn, story-books will keep their charm, and little readers will devour them and hardly observe the vast difference in the conditions and manners they describe, and those themselves are accustomed to. They will be equally unconscious of the various theories, educational, religious, social, that lie at the back of almost all older story-books.

The nineteenth century has received many by-names. It is pleasant at least to remember it as the Children's Century. It first recognised the value of the child as an independent creature; rescued it from various tyrannies, domestic and economic, studied it, educated it, amused it, spoilt it perhaps, but loved it. Literature for children is the creation of the nineteenth century, though like many other boasted fruits it had its roots in the active, fertile eighteenth century. But except "Goody Two Shoes," the delicious accidental by-product of a genial and impecunious humorist, and that generous work of genius and goodness "Sandford and Merton," the eighteenth century has left us nothing in the matter of story-books but Mr. Newberry's little gilt booklets which excited the just contempt of Dr. Johnson. Their morals were of the meanest, their art of the crudest.

What our little grandmothers read depended largely on the opinions held by their parents. If these were enlightened and liberal tending towards Rationalism and Utilitarianism, they had Miss Edgeworth to begin with. Surely we are a little hypo-

critical in our affected enthusiasm for that classical writer? Not indeed for the author of "Castle Rackrent" and "Helen;" still less for the wise, modest, warm-hearted friend and correspondent of Scott. We need not fear the accusation of exaggeration in our admiration of these. But which of us would like to sit down and read the "Frank" and "Harry and Lucy" that we continue to give and to recommend to our children? That the books are still read is no criterion of their merit. An intelligent child will read "Bradshaw" if it has nothing better. Away from candle-making and china factories Miss Edgeworth could make a story; and the free introduction of roguish attorneys, thieving post-boys and mutinous school-boys give sensational interest to her moral stories. But she, who was the beloved eldest sister of twenty quick-witted brothers and sisters, has not drawn one natural attractive child. It is true that the wooden pastoral of Simple Susan drew tears from Sir Walter Scott, but Sir Walter was a singularly generous critic of his contemporaries' work.

In the next generation the children of rationalising households had an authoress all of their own, whose power of telling a story and of drawing distinct and delightful characters was as superior to Miss Edgeworth's as her weighty and noble religious teaching excelled the stunted moral lesson of "The Parent's Assistant." If one had to choose one single story-book for a child on a desert island, no better choice could be made than Miss Martineau's "Playfellow." Louis Stevenson, in one of his frank discussions of his own art of story-telling, is emphatic on the value of making maps of the fictitious places described. An attentive reader could make maps of all the places described in "Settlers at Home and Feats on the Fjords," and even plans of Crofton School and Mr. Proctor's shop and house in London. So well marked are the characters, that dipping at random into any conversation, you can give each several speech to the right character.

The vital spirit of religion remains the same from age to age, but the current religious mood and sentiment change with each generation. It is often a disappointing experience to procure for one's own children the religious books that moved one's childhood. One's voice falters over sentiments and teaching that are neither real to oneself nor to the children. But the reserved, religious teaching of Miss Martineau has its message, austere perhaps, but bracingly heroic, for each successive generation. Curiously enough the same can be said of that book of riotous fun "Holiday House." The religious teaching of the last few chapters is too sad for children. It has the heavy burden of "Feware thy days and full of woe"; but let any grown-up person read it to convince himself how infinitely more deep and dignified and passionately human was Scottish Calvinism than English Evangelicalism.

The bulk of children's story-books in the first half of the nineteenth century was saturated with what we know as Evangelical teaching. No religious party has done more than the Evangelical to raise and purify our national life; none has done less to enrich our literature. One branch of literature it did annex, stories for children. But the result was not particularly happy. The very party which had freed a child's body from mines and factories and chimney sweeping, and was educating his mind in Ragged- and Sunday-schools, did also, with the best intentions, forge heavy fetters for young souls. The most popular of the writers of this school was undoubtedly Mrs. Sherwood. Read in her own day for her religious teaching, she is still read in spite of it. In any company of middle-aged and elderly people, if conversation happens to turn on children's books, two thirds of the speakers will immediately refer to "The Fairchild Family." All will cite the visit to the gibbet; some the cider drinking at the farm and the after effects in the lane; others Henry's disappearance into the pig's wash, Emily's theft of damsons, or the pride and punishment of Miss Augusta Noble. It is given to few books to afford so many pleasant reminiscences.

Mrs. Sherwood, in her interesting autobiography, tells us that the book was written after she had found peace and light in "the doctrine of the total depravity of the human heart." Indeed this doctrine pervades like sunshine the whole of "The Fairchild Family."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and even the serious man-servant John, welcome alike childish peccadiloes and serious faults of character with the cheerful alertness of specialists who recognise their pet discovery in all the diseases brought to their notice. The book begins with a sort of solemn round game, each child in turn repeating texts "about mankind having wicked hearts." "This," sums up the Papa, "is the dreadful state into which Adam fell; he made us children of wrath and heirs of Hell." This is sufficiently appalling as the text of the book, but with Mrs. Sherwood, as with Dr. Johnson's friend Mr. Edwardes, "Somehow natural cheerfulness is always breaking in." The book is crowded with episodes; and the entertaining story and crude religious teaching are so loosely compacted that, on the same page as one of Mr. Fairchild's lurid harangues, the eye is pleasantly arrested by some such substantive as "honey-suckle," "custard," "green satin slip." No one would have been more surprised, more mortified, more truly grieved than Mrs. Sherwood, if she could have foreseen that the day would come when her religious teaching would be seriously disapproved of. Nor would it have consoled her to know that her story would survive by reason of its style and its simple idyllic charm. Children, even more than grown-ups, are fascinated by style. It is less the story itself than the manner of telling it that gains their affection. Long after the incidents of the Fairchild Family have faded from memory the impression remains of certain "little Heavens below," where dear old ladies sit in bow windows and smile themselves into acquaintance with little girls going hand in hand to school "in light green stuff frocks with lawn tippets and aprons, and very tight, neat silk bonnets." There is also a cheerful kitchen where an exactly similar old lady welcomes a starved and bullied little school-boy into warmth and abundance, and her charming old servant lets him make the toast. Even more delightful than the comfort and kindliness of these interiors, are the descriptions of lanes and woods and hayfields. It is well to be sparing in describing natural beauty in a child's story. Reading the other day in a recent and popular child's story about "meadows starred with daffodils," and "white clouds sailing high in the blue noon of a midsummer day," one felt how such stuff lent itself to skipping. But Mrs. Sherwood's gardens and arbours and hayfields are an integral part of the story. She sees the world as a child sees it, a place to play in, "a world three feet high." "There is not a pleasanter lane in any village in England; the hedge on each side was of hawthorn which was then in blossom, and the grass was soft under the feet as a velvet cushion, and on the bank under the hedge were all manner of sweet flowers, violets, and primroses, and veronica." How little and sweet and familiar it is! What a place to play in, with that Heaven of white blossom overhead.

We are accustomed to the parable of the duckling bred in a poultry-yard stretching eager wings and longing heart towards the wild freedom of the moors. We are less accustomed to the idea of young souls growing up in free mountain places nursing a romantic passion for the richer beauty and ordered loveliness of cultivated places. Seventy years ago, in the wilds of Argyleshire, a little boy fell in love with the placid charm of the Fairchild Family. Through a long life devoted to the intellectual life of his own country, it pleased him to trace the romantic passion felt for England and her scenery and church to those early impressions. Two years ago the old philosopher carried out his childhood's dream, and drove through leafy Worcestershire to visit the home of Henry and Lucy and Emily.

If Mrs. Sherwood created England for Scottish children, she gave a whole generation their first and most abiding impression of India. Behind the enchanting Jungle, behind the India of the Mutiny, behind even the Ranees and Rakshahs of Old Deccan Days, we carry, at the back of our elderly brains, another India; a land of square pillared houses, of symmetrical palm-trees, of palanquins and bullock-carts; a land peopled by missionaries, and grateful but decrepit natives—the India of Little Henry and his Bearer.

Children's literature took its ply with Mrs. Sherwood, and, for a whole generation at least, was definitely allied with religious teaching. Religion suffered more than the fictions. The more pronounced the religious intention of the writers, the less did they scruple to introduce stealing and lying, and sadly unnecessary entanglements of deceit. Was it the exigencies of the plot that necessitated such means of impelling interest, or were such painful occurrences the ordinary result of a "good old-fashioned education"? There is a diabolical cleverness in some of these stories, a cruel analytical knowledge of morbid human nature worthy of a Jesuit seminary. To the student of educational theory no subtler study could be recommended than the religious stories of Miss Sewell. Each child is provided with a besetting sin, parents and guardians provide tests and pitfalls, and the poor bewildered child's soul plunges deeper and deeper into a network of deceit, till in an agony of repentance it lays bare its sins to the inquisitorial scrutiny of parents or pastors. "Total depravity" in the hands of kind Mrs. Sherwood left room for "dolls" and "custards" but no pleasant possessions or plays interrupt the interest of these dramas of the soul.

There was a host of other stupider and simpler books which by their successful moral influence did considerable mischief. There is nothing that we more wish for a child than a perfectly right and simple relation to that large class of people who—whatever else they may be—are materially less well off than we. The generous exaggeration which exalted the rustic virtues of little Harry Sandford and despised the effeminacy of Tommy Merton is a safe extreme to go to. It contrasts at least nobly with the stupid insolence of lumping all working people with "the poor," and representing them as objects of benevolence to Christian young people of the upper classes. It makes one blush now to think of the crude experiments of the sixties, little teachers of eight and nine climbing apple-trees to instruct patient, bare-legged little pupils in the rudiments of divinity.

It was in the sixties and seventies that people now middle-aged did the bulk of their reading. Which of us can sit now for a whole half-holiday behind a curtain absorbed in a book? Who looks forward to a day or two in bed because of the amount of fiction you can get through? What a rich time it was in the literature of story-books! We had all the books descended from our mothers, aunts, and grandmothers, but the morals had been allowed to slip into a very subordinate place. We had dear Miss Yonge all for ourselves, for our mothers' inability to read the endless volumes was as inexplicable then as our daughters' avidity in reading Mrs. Molesworth is inexplicable now. Looking now at the "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," it is almost startling to see how the world has changed.

"Sentiment," wrote Marjorie Fleming at the age of six in the beginning of last century "is a thing I have no knowledge of, but I wish to and would like to practise it." "Sentiment" at the beginning of this century is a thing our bicycling, examination-passing, healthy-minded girls have no knowledge of, and still less have they a desire to practise it; but fifty years ago, at the age of sixteen, heroines of novels had complete knowledge of it, and were hard at work practising it. Perhaps the change is for the better, but our wise young women hardly know what attractive creatures their mothers were with their pretty heads full of romantic dreams.

In another point feeling has changed also, probably for the better. In Early Victorian times an invalid was an "Angel in the House;" ill-health was a fine art, a spiritual luxury. But a blighting wind of medical science has swept sick-rooms and shaken up sofas and scattered little books and flowers and gentle influence. Now you either get well in six weeks, or you are declared to be nervous and hysterical, and you meet with pity tempered by severity rather than sweetened by admiration.

But her large families, with their good principles, culture, family affections, small means, and genuine Anglican piety—how good they are, and how intimate one feels with them! Ethel in the "Daisy Chain" was everybody's favourite character in fiction till there appeared from across the Atlantic, a similar character, but infinitely richer,

funnier, more sympathetic, more universally human, the beloved "Jo" of "Little Women." This book is passing through new editions every day, and if by a miracle they were all swallowed up, women and children of all ages and all degrees of culture would unite to reproduce the book from memory. It is level to the intelligence of all of us. It deals with things we are all interested in—food, clothes, lovers, making both ends meet, having "good times," doing one's duty when one would rather not, and it deals with them with a "go," a sense of pleasure that is little short of genius. The delight it shows in material things is a charm common to many inferior American stories. Even the miserably narrow and mawkish "Wide Wide World" has an account of an "Apple-Choring Bee," and the accompanying supper that idealises greediness.

But it was not merely America that contributed to our rich harvest of story-books. The sixties and early seventies were the epoch of that delightful educational institution, the German governess. These admirable women brought in their boxes, not only the superior educational traditions of the Fatherland; they brought Christmas-trees and Mährchen, and a habit of imagination at once homelike and fantastic. High school teaching may give our children knowledge of the German language; who will make them feel with German hearts? It is a matter of knowledge that Hans Andersen was a Dane and wrote in Danish, but to many of us his stories came first in a German dress. Such stories fell like dew on the souls of English children. Life in prosperous English houses was, five-and-thirty years ago, if not more luxurious, more conventional than now. A child's life was hedged by "upper servants," "going down to dessert," Sunday restrictions (without serious strictness), handsome and uninteresting household furniture; and here was a new fairy world, not relegated to "Once upon a time," and not dealing merely with princes and princesses, but scattered about poultry-yards and poor garrets, and old-fashioned furniture; inhabited, too, by very humble children, and tin soldiers, and ugly ducklings. The whole world was suddenly alive with humour and poetry.

We did not know it, of course, when we were the rising generation, but the world—the grand, grown-up world—had been silently going through a change of attitude with regard to children. Parents, teachers, story-tellers had become conscious of that small, busy, inarticulate child's world, so imperfectly understood, yet for which they had to provide law and gospel. It had become necessary to understand children before edifying or instructing them. "Children for their own sakes" is as much a revolution in pedagogics as Art for Art's sake in criticism. The authoress who seized the happy moment, between the new art and the old, the story with a moral and the realistic story of child life, was Mrs. Ewing. No one has so faithfully disclosed the eager life of plans and secrets and triumphs and disappointments that children live with children. But she was also the last to give up having a moral content in her stories. And her morals have the supreme merit of convincing and converting! The helpfulness of a household of children after reading "The Brownies" is a beautiful, if a short-lived spectacle. Mrs. Ewing is at liberty to preach what morals she pleases, because she captivates imagination and throws romance and humour on the side of goodness. Strong in this position she champions the more tiresome virtues. Obedience, for instance, must be more irksome than short-memoried grown-ups can realise. The train of your own plans has, at a moment's notice, to be shunted into a siding because an express from mother or nurse occupies the way, and this a dozen times a day. Baldly considered, there is little consolation to offer. But throw over the nursery, Discipline, the glamour inseparable from everything connected with soldiers, and obedience becomes romantic and interesting. "What's the use," asks Mrs. Ewing, "of your being soldiers' children if you can't do what you are bid?"

Take "Order" again, "Heaven's first law," perhaps, but the last instinct of the ordinary human child. Amid the mingled inspiration and absurdity of Rousseau's "Emile" is this luminous sentence, "Des enfants étourdis viennent les âmes vulgaires." Heedless,

inconsiderate children—a "careless little minx who never thinks," or "a child with the face of a boy and the ways of a bear, who doesn't care," as Mrs. Ewing calls them—where are they to learn the gentleness, delicate helpfulness, and sense of beauty which mark the well-born soul?

There is another urgent but uninteresting virtue which we shrink from enforcing from our children, the virtue Mrs. Oliphant has called "the Scotch Grace of Thrift." Where means are ample, the virtue has to be fostered artificially, where they are narrow, grown-ups are fearful of shadowing young lives with the cares that vex their own. In the most original of her stories, "Madam Liberality," Mrs. Ewing makes us in love with saving and planning and "doing without." The little girl, with her frail body and mighty spirit, her scanty pennies and magnificent schemes for presents, is the most heroic of Mr. Ewing's child-creations, not excepting curly-headed "Jackanapes." It is a crowning triumph to touch your readers to the quick and to leave your heroine a cheerful, fussy old maid—and she might so easily have died of that quinsy!

The severest criticism of Mrs. Ewing is that much as one loved her as a child, one loves her more as a grown-up. A child may catch a glow from the gallantry of her boys, the soldierly traditions that haunt her books, but it takes some experience of life to appreciate the same fine quality in her old ladies, old ladies worthy of a place in the select circles of Cranford.

It is in the period of Cranford that Mrs. Ewing places her stories, and in some quiet nook of the provinces. Hence that peculiar flavour of a world lingering with us but passing away. "That which moves the feelings is old-fashioned, not antique," as Hans Breitman sang in a faintly remembered ballad; no period is nearer one's heart than the time of one's mother's girlhood. One knows it through old stories told by one's aunts and mothers and old servants. It is still alive in the furniture and pictures and odds and ends about the family home. It was this peculiar colour in Mrs. Ewing's stories that gave one as a child one's first perception of individual style in books. In those days one never consulted title-pages for the names of authors, but one felt a family likeness in "Mrs. Overtheway" and "Melchior's Dream" and looked for it longingly in other stories.

With Mrs. Ewing's stories ends the personal experiences of the middle-aged. One wonders—remembering how little grown-up opinion used to weigh with oneself—how far one can understand a child's book, read for the first time with grown-up eyes. Mrs. Molesworth's little red books find countless devoted readers, unchecked by the fact that *we* fail to see where the interest lies. One modifies one's strictures on morals when one finds how they are missed as a backbone to a story. These picturesque, well-bred, shadowy children, what poor company they seem after the noise, the individuality, the honest endeavours to be good of Miss Yonge's "Stokesley Secret," or the society of Harry and Laura and Mrs. Crabtree.

But there was no thought of pleasing us when "Carrots" and "Christmas-tree Land" were written, and the children cry us down as ignorant and captious critics. Probably children on the whole read less than they did, their days are so wholesomely divided between lessons and exercise and games; besides reading in bed is so sternly repressed. In wise households the big, beautiful, interesting grown-up books are kept on low study shelves, or on broad, flat window seats where a child with the irrepressible instinct for reading may find them for himself. In a lovely passage Cowley describes "the little chance which filled his heart with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there." "For I remember, when I began to read and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie on my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read a book but of devotion, but there was wont to lie) Spenser's Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found there."

One wonders after all if there is any necessity of a special literature or children.

The Sensitive Plant

By John J. Ward

Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author

THIS small and delicate plant represents probably the best known instance of those plants whose foliage leaves assume different positions during morning and evening; or, in other words, that go to sleep.

If we watch sensitive plants as night approaches we see them gradually "put up the shutters," or "put out the lights" as it were, and retire peacefully to slumber.

The first illustration shows the sensitive plant as it appears when wide awake in the bright light of the day. The second represents it after business is over, or in its attitude of rest.

Why do they close together their leaflets and bend down their leaf-stalks in this fashion? or what benefit does the plant derive by such strange tactics? are questions which naturally occur to the mind of the observer.

Before attempting to answer such queries it is, perhaps, best to glance at other examples of plants which fold up their leaves at night-time, and see if they possess any feature in common.

In our greenhouses are cultivated various kinds of acacia, and false acacia (*Robinia*), which manifest similar characteristics to the mimosa, or sensitive plant. And these all belong to the same great family of plants (*Leguminosæ*). If we then turn to British plants, we find a few further examples, such as the kidney-bean (*Phascolus*), and the meadow clover (*Trifolium pratense*); and these again belong to the same great family of plants.

So that the phenomenon appears to be largely characteristic of the family of plants which is represented in Britain by the pea-flowers, such as peas, beans, clover, gorse, broom, &c. Although no hard and fast line can be drawn, because we have our delicate wood sorrel whose trifoliolate or clover-like leaves act in an exactly similar manner, although belonging to quite a different family of plants.

Yet there is one point that seems common amongst these sleeping leaves, which is, that they are generally delicate and thin in texture and therefore little able to stand cold and wet. So that at night as the temperature cools down, these plants wisely fold their tender leaflets together, and so snugly pressed against each other they derive the maximum warmth, with as little as possible leaf-surface exposed to the external atmosphere. So it is to protect their delicate leaves that they assume the sleeping attitude at night.

This is a very highly evolved act on part of these plants, because there is no reason why their leaves should be fully spread out at night-time, and so exposed to dangers unnecessarily. It is only during sunlight that the leaves can catch and absorb the carbon dioxide from the atmosphere; and it is this gas which constitutes the plant's main food material. Hence it closes up its working parts of the day, and safely puts them out of harm's way for the night, just as a careful workman puts away his tools and closes his business.

The delicate sensitive plant has carried these protective tactics to an extremely high degree, becoming so careful of its leaves that even in daylight a sudden cold temperature, or a dark day, is quite sufficient to make it assume its sleeping attitude.

Apart from this, it is so susceptible to external danger that the slightest touch of a leaflet, or a vibration of the pot in which it is growing, will readily cause it to fold together its leaflets; while a little rougher shaking will make its leaf-stalks drop down in a similar manner to those shown in my second illustration. It is so sensitive of danger that it shrinks from it almost as an intelligent animal would do.

While removing the specimen illustrated

from the greenhouse shelf for photographing, I failed to observe a single thread of spider's web, one end of which a spider had attached to one of the leaf stalks. Naturally the thread broke as I carefully lifted the plant, and the mere snapping of it was quite sufficient to cause all the leaves to fall.

A friend of mine who grew the specimen illustrated here is fond of relating the following story concerning the sensitive nature of these plants.

The sensitive plant awake

His place of business was at one time such a distance from his home that it necessitated his taking his mid-day meal at the office. There were also one or two others similarly placed, so arrangements were made to take the meal together.

It was customary after the meal was over, while indulging with their pipes, to relate anecdotes of anything interesting. One day it occurred that dog stories were largely run upon; every individual being able to give an instance of some intelligent act on the part of canine pets they had kept at various times, until my friend's turn came. He, however, had never kept a dog, and therefore had no story to tell.

When called upon, he told them that he had never been a dog-fancier, but he had got some plants in his greenhouse that he had grown from seed, and they had got to know him so well that if he spoke unkindly to them they would drop down their leaves like a dog would its ears and tail.

This story at once brought forth a storm of ridicule and laughter at the expense of the teller; and his hearers informed him very plainly that they liked the truth about things.

The grower of the sensitive plants remained firm and serious, however, and quietly told them that if they would appoint a deputation to call on him the following Saturday he would then show them the plants.

This suggestion was immediately worked upon, and the one living nearest to him was asked to call to see these extraordinary plants and report upon them.

At the end of the week the man—who was quite unacquainted with plant-life—appeared, all smiles and looking very incredulous.

My friend then took him into his greenhouse, to a closed portion at the far end, where the temperature is kept very high, and where he had a row of sensitive plants on a shelf. "Those are the plants," he remarked, pointing to them. The deputation's smiles developed into a chuckle, and he looked more incredulous than ever. Whereupon the grower of the plants turned to him and said, very quietly:

"You fellows didn't believe what I told you about these plants, but it was all right what I said. Now just see how they know when I speak to them."

He then stooped down towards them and shouted loudly, "Now you vagabonds! What do you think you are doing there?"

Whereupon the leaflets of the plants gradually folded together, and many of the leaf-stalks fell down. The explanation of course being that he had held his mouth against each of the plants while shouting, and so allowed his breath to suddenly vibrate their frail leaves and stems, this being quite sufficient to cause a temporary falling down of the leaves.

The deputation looked astonished but did not speak.

Then my friend began to talk kindly to the plants, and told the man again to watch them. One after another, as the effects of the shock wore off, the leaves picked up again and slowly spread out their leaflets.

The sensitive plant at rest

After viewing this latter performance the man made his way out of the greenhouse, and when the grower of the plants followed him up, and asked him if he believed what he had told them now, replied: "There's no doubt about it; but the fact is, that the hot temperature of your greenhouse and your uncanny plants have made me feel ill."

To this day the deputation is chaffed by his friends about how he got frightened by C——'s plants.

The Red House at Stepney

By E. A. Pratt

Illustrated from Photographs

The Red House, Stepney

Of the manifold efforts which are being put forth to promote the social and spiritual improvement of the teeming population resident in the East-End of London, one of the most interesting is represented by the institution known as the Red House at Stepney. It is based, primarily, on the belief that the most practical way of combating the temptations of the public-house is to provide a counter-attraction which shall alike supply the working man with creature comforts, and satisfy that desire for social enjoyment which often has far more to do with his visits to the public-house than any actual desire for intoxicants. But the Red House is much more than merely a public-house without the drink. It is also a "'Church' Coffee Palace," and, in addition to the creature comforts and the social enjoyments, there are Christianising efforts which, without being too obtrusive in the working of the general scheme, are relied upon as a means of doing a great deal of good. The institution is, in fact, the outcome of a phase of home-missionary zeal of the most practical kind, and it should rank as a pioneer and model for similar establishments in all largely populated districts. In this way it possesses much more than a merely local importance, and its objects and methods deserve the sympathetic consideration of all who are in any way concerned in the welfare of the industrial classes.

The work now carried on in the splendid building situated in the Commercial Road —a great East-End artery leading to the London Docks—had a very small beginning, eight years ago, in a Bible class started in a little room in the neighbourhood by Miss Hawksley. At the request of the vicar of the parish, Miss Hawksley had been taking a Bible class of the very poorest women in the neighbourhood, and she learned from the husband of one of these women that, as he put it, "the likes of us don't know nothing about religion; we ain't got no time." She found that most of the men—casual labourers, costers, and others—spent their leisure in the public-houses, and of one of them it was said, "He ain't been properly sober for forty years." "You see, miss," she was told, "we must go somewhere, and there's nowhere else to go to but the public-house. We can't stay in one room, which is all that most of us have got, when the children's a-screaming and the wife's a-cleaning." Miss Hawksley's next effort was to organise a Bible class for men as well as for women, and she invited the husbands of her women pupils to come to her for an hour on Tuesday evenings to hear a Bible story. There were twelve the

first night, and subsequently so many came to the Red Room, as it was called on account of the blinds, that a second class had to be started. Concerning one of her male pupils Miss Hawksley says:

"One morning I had just hailed a tram in the Commercial Road when I heard a voice calling me, 'Lady, lady, don't go. I want to ax you summut.' Turning round I saw a poor fellow who came to the Red Room in the rare intervals whenever he was sober, and who the Sunday before had raised the whole street in which he lived by wanting to borrow twopence to have a shave, 'because he was going to church.' He said, 'I've been awake all night thinking of what you taught us yesterday—"for us men and for our salvation Christ died"; but, oh! lady, what of the women? It's awful hard on them, ain't it?' He was a man who had tried to cut his wife's throat in a drunken fit a few weeks before! It took some time to make the poor fellow understand that 'men' in the Creed meant 'mankind,' and that Christ's salvation was as much for women as for men."

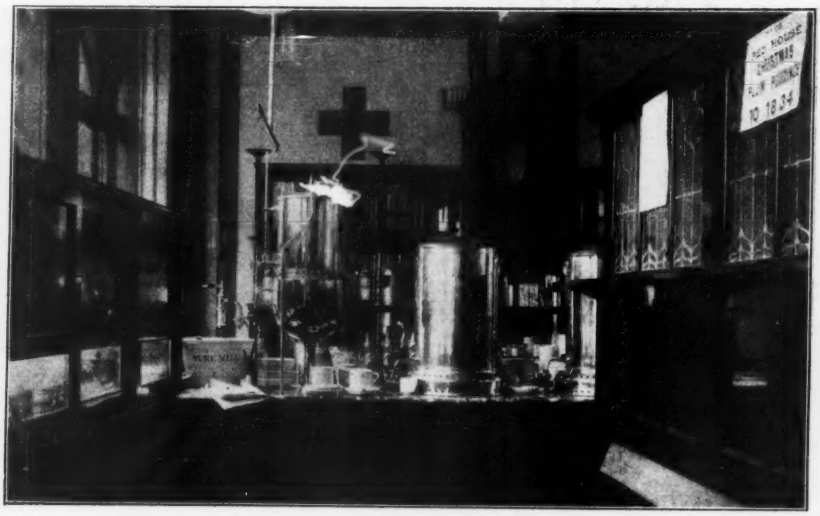
As Miss Hawksley won the confidence of those who attended her men's Bible class, she learned from them that they would gladly welcome some place other than a public-house in which they could spend their evenings, and to this end the Vicar of the parish arranged to rent a tiny coffee-shop in the Commercial Road, where they could have a comfortable recreation room, in addition to facilities for obtaining well-prepared food, and where, also, her classes could be held. The Red House, as it was called, was greatly appreciated by the working-men of the locality, and not only were the expenses covered from the takings in the coffee-shop, but a small profit was made as well. It was then resolved to construct a substantial building, which would do for the working-men of the East-End of London what Miss Weston's Home at Portsmouth does for sailors at that port, but which should be conducted on definite Church lines. An

The recreation room

appeal for funds, issued by the Vicar, brought in a sufficient response for the new building to be started, and the work was, for the time being, transferred to another small coffee-house, though a somewhat larger one than that in which it originally began.

The further experiences gained in this second establishment showed how great a scope there was for the efforts of the little band of workers who had thrown themselves so heartily into the scheme. In addition to two unpretending dining- or coffee-rooms on the ground-floor, there was a small upper room where the social and missionary work was carried on. Two of the lady workers lived on the premises, and the pianoforte playing and singing of the one, and the violin playing of the other, formed an important feature in the attractions which the patrons of the Red House found provided for them. The coffee-rooms on the ground-floor were open from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. The upper room, or Red Room, was open from 12 to 2, and here, at a quarter past one o'clock, a five minutes' service was held, the remainder of the two hours being devoted to draughts, chess, etc., to reading, or to listening to singing and music. The room was opened again in the evening from 7.30 to 10.30, except on Wednesdays, when competitions at various games were indulged in, and an additional half-hour was allowed. An abundance of music was provided by the ladies, the men meanwhile smoking their pipes, playing various games, reading, or otherwise quietly enjoying the "family life" of the little community. Occasionally there were "sing-songs," a sort of free-and-easy arrangement, when a couple of friends from outside were introduced, and the men themselves joined in the singing.

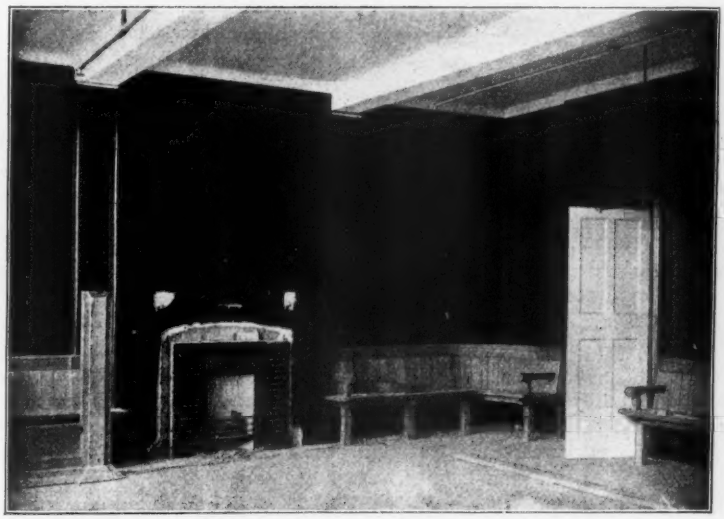
Such evenings as these were specially enjoyed, yet the largest attendance of all during the week was on Tuesday evenings, when the Bible class was held from 8.30 to 10. On Sundays a special missionary effort was made. From 12.30 to 1.30 the Red Room was open for the benefit of "men who do not go to church," and the very poorest and, apparently, the most uncared-for men in the streets were sought out by some of the regular attendants at the Bible class, and invited to "drop in" for an hour, being cordially welcomed by the ladies if they did. During the intervals of sacred music the ladies tried to make friends with their visitors, telling them why the House had been started, and so



The bar at the Red House

on. After the five minutes' service the men were invited to see the pictures in St. Augustine's Church. It was no uncommon thing for some of them to remark that it was twenty years or so when they were last in a church. On Sunday evenings the Red Room was open from 8.30 to 10, and on this occasion wives and sweethearts were brought in to listen to the singing and the music, and to see where their men-folk spend their evenings.

Such was the work that, carried on under the humblest and most inadequate of conditions in the past, found a more fitting habitation in the new Red House, a five-storied building organised on such a scale that 200 persons can be seated in the restaurant at the same time, and the superintendent is able to serve up 1000 dinners every day. The workmen's restaurant, together with the kitchen and scullery, are in the basement; on the ground floor is the coffee-bar; on the first floor is a recreation-room, twenty-six feet by forty-one feet. This recreation-room is used as a first-class restaurant during the day, and in the evening it becomes practically a free club for working men, a variety of games, &c., being provided without any charge being made for admission or membership. Social meetings, smoking concerts, sing-songs, and other gatherings are also held here. The Red Room, on the second floor, is used for general mission work. It is open each day from 12 to 2 for recreation purposes, but at 1.30 there is a five minutes' religious service. On Thursday evenings there is a men's Bible-class, the average attendance at which is over one hundred. On the third and fourth floors there are twenty small bedrooms, which are let at a fair rental to permanent lodgers, thus helping to supply a want greatly felt in a neighbourhood where lodgings are often practically unobtainable. The building, which has cost, altogether, about £10,000, is admirably designed for the purpose for which it is intended. Under the present management of Miss Winter, the Red House has conferred an incalculable benefit not only on the residents in the immediate neighbourhood, but also on the workmen who, living elsewhere, pass along the Commercial Road in the course of their daily toil, and are glad to avail themselves of the advantages of such a house of call as this.



Corner of the Red Room

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Rupert Laurier overhears Pamela Winston apply at the railway booking-office for a ticket.—She has been left behind whilst in search of a luncheon basket.—Her travelling companion has her ticket and purse.—Rupert offers assistance.—She refuses.—The train is wrecked, and he renders her help.—Rupert is fascinated by Pamela, but she refuses to allow him to follow up the acquaintance.—She has promised never to speak to a man. Rupert's cousin, Audrey Laurier, enters Adelaide Winston's establishment in order to get knowledge of Pamela.—She finds it entirely conducted by women-gardeners, grooms, page-girls, &c.—Pamela she describes as loyal to Mistress Adelaide and a thorough man-hater. Adelaide Winston's history is told. Her mother, a great heiress, had married Captain Winston, and had died when Adelaide was six years old. Her fortune was left to Captain Winston for life, and thereafter to Adelaide. Captain Winston re-married, and treated Adelaide badly. She accepts a situation. At her father's death she comes into great wealth, and provides handsomely for her step-sister, Elsie. Adelaide's lover plays a double part, and finally marries Elsie. Hence, through the conduct of her father and her lover, she commences her peculiar work at Blatchlands. She appoints Isabel Roche as her right-hand helper. Isabel breaks her promise and marries. Later she takes her only child, Pamela, to Mistress Adelaide, hoping that she may fill the position at Blatchlands that once was hers. Pamela's mother dies soon afterwards.

CHAPTER IX

AUDREY'S DIFFICULTIES

MUCH of this Audrey gathered, although it had happened so long ago. Pamela had been twenty years at Blatchlands when Audrey came there, and was twenty-six, a year older than Audrey herself, although she looked younger.

During those twenty years the devotion between Mistress Adelaide and Pamela had remained unbroken. Once they had clung together anxiously, when Pamela's father had written a letter threatening to take her away unless Miss Winston promptly sent him a large sum of money.

Pamela was fourteen then, and had almost forgotten that such a person as her father existed. In the dim past she had a recollection of a man who used to shout and make her mother very unhappy; that was all.

Her name was Pamela Winston, or so she was always called; her place was at Blatchlands; her home with Adelaide. These facts were firmly implanted in her mind, and, at the thought of being taken away, her sweet little face paled.

"Don't look like that, child! I thought it better to speak the truth; truth is always best, Pamela. We won't have any dark corners in our lives that won't bear sweeping out. Unfortunately this man is your father, and a rogue; fortunately you are not bound to consider him in any way, because he treated your mother disgracefully and abandoned you as a tiny child. Your mother gave you into my care, and I intend to keep you. But we will begin as we mean to go on. I shall not send Mr. Wilfrid Gray any money; I shall treat his letter as an attempt at blackmail; and I shall tell him that I am perfectly willing to take the whole affair into court. He will know that he has no chance of obtaining any power over you. No court would give you into his hands, and I have your mother's written request that I should take sole charge of you. I will write very plainly, and I think we shall hear no more of Mr. Gray."

So it turned out. Wilfrid Gray possessed neither the money nor the character to enable him to bring the thing into court successfully, and he knew it. He continued to write for a time; but as his letters were always returned unopened, as he could not obtain admittance into Blatchlands, and Mistress Adelaide, on the only occasion on which he addressed her in public, pursued her usual course and ignored him, he gave

it up. Some of this Audrey heard from Mistress Adelaide herself. She professed a boundless admiration for Pamela, and that loosened Mistress Adelaide's tongue more surely than any other course of action. Into Audrey's sympathetic ear she poured a good many racy descriptions of incidents in Pamela's childhood, and the girl listened eagerly.

Audrey was getting on very well at Blatchlands, she considered. Mistress Adelaide she sincerely admired, and she found the life intensely stimulating and interesting. She had been there a fortnight, and had succeeded, with Rupert's assistance, in persuading her father to let her stay for another ten days at least.

"And then I shall have to go, Mistress Adelaide," she said ruefully, "and I can't tell you how sorry I am."

They were standing watching a cricket match between the laceworkers and the bookbinders. Pamela was playing for the bookbinders (they were under her special protection always), and was playing very well. Audrey, watching her as she stood slim and graceful in her bloomer costume before the wickets, felt almost envious. All those girls worshipped Pamela. Mistress Adelaide's eyes softened as she looked across at her; Rupert loved her; surely Pamela was favoured unduly by the gods!

"I, too, am sorry you must go," answered Mistress Adelaide, taking her eyes away from Pamela and concentrating her attention on the girl beside her, "especially because I am somewhat at a loss what to do with you. I can generally find out very quickly what work a girl is best fitted for, but in your case, the truth is, Audrey, that you are not in earnest. You need a whiff or two of real adversity to make you realise that work is a blessing, not a curse; that idleness breeds misery as surely as we both live. You are interested in the place and in the work, but it is with the interest of an outsider, not of one who means to join in and work too. Yet you have no time to lose. You have assured me that you do not mean to give in and marry this man. What do you mean to do, then?"

"That is the difficulty," Audrey said frankly. "I am too stupid to go in for a profession. I am sure I have not the patience to learn the lace work, and the bookbinding doesn't interest me a bit. I couldn't teach. What is there for me to do?"

"Poultry farming," answered Mistress Adelaide promptly. "I thought so the first day, now I am almost sure of it. You will have a small capital; you say your mother left you a few hundred pounds. It is the very thing for you—either that or landscape gardening. Outdoor work is congenial to you. You are fond of animals. To a certain extent you would be painstaking, and the taste would grow. You had better go into the poultry farm to-morrow and lose no more time. Even in a fortnight you will see enough to find out what the work is, and, when you leave home, you can come here, and I will give you work until you are fitted to start for yourself."

"Poultry farming!" Audrey looked rather aghast. "Dear Mistress Adelaide, I don't think I take the slightest interest in hens except on the dinner-table. Why poultry farming?"

"Good! Good!" Mistress Adelaide clapped her hands heartily and shouted encouragingly as Pamela ran lightly back to her place. But she turned immediately to Audrey, and replied: "You never will take an interest in anything until you have learnt to work. Come with me. We will go now. You have not even a day to spare."

She was inexorable. They left the cricket ground and Pamela, and went down to the poultry farm, and there Audrey was handed over to "Mabel," who was in charge, and ordered to do her very best.

"Make her work, Mabel," added Mistress Adelaide easily. "The usual course for outside pupils is three weeks, isn't it? But that always seems to me unnecessarily long, for the theory of the work, at any rate. Afterwards every girl must learn partly at least by experience. The theory should be learnt by any earnest and moderately quick worker in less than three weeks."

"You are always hard on the poultry workers, Mistress Adelaide," said Mabel smiling, "and yet you don't hurry the carvers or any of the trades."

"Because, to me, as I hope to Audrey also, I am sure poultry work would come quickly and naturally. Keep her at it, Mabel; make her do as much as she can in a fortnight. I want to have a clear idea if she has any real taste for the work before she leaves here."

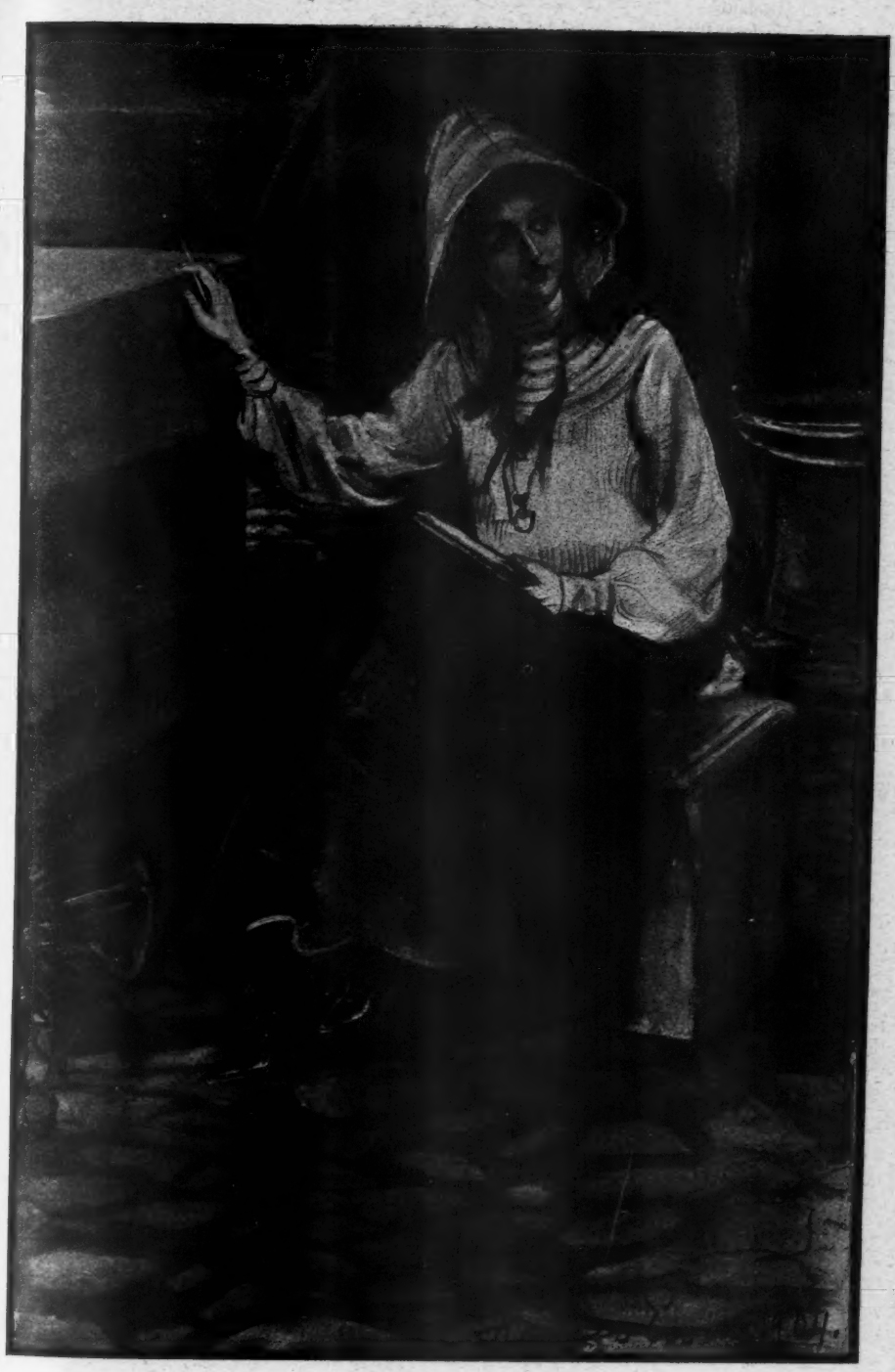
The next day Audrey wrote a mock rueful letter to Rupert.

"I am undone. I am no longer to be allowed to cumber the ground, but am imprisoned in the poultry farm. And my imprisonment will be a close one. You are feeling quite indifferent as you read my words; see how well I know you, Rupert! But wait! This means that except in the evening, when she is either surrounded by workers or else alone with Mistress Adelaide, I shall not be able to see Pamela. And yet I can do nothing; Mistress Adelaide's orders must be obeyed. At present I am on incubators; and no doubt, while I am writing this, something tragic is happening inside the one I am in charge of. Mabel will come along presently and will cross-examine me as to my observations; and I shall have observed nothing. Then she and Mistress Adelaide will put me down as a fool or an idler (which to them is much worse) and it will be your fault. But, at least, it will serve to lull Pamela's suspicions. Every evening she asks me in her sweetest manner what I am going to do; and each evening when I answer that Mistress Adelaide has still not decided, she looks more and more uneasy. Her conscience pricks her. She remembers you, and the train; the name Laurier recurs to her memory and is put aside as something to be avoided even in thought. If she could only be sure that I was here on your behalf, she would not hesitate one moment; she would go to Mistress Adelaide and denounce me; but she is not sure. There lies her difficulty. She does not want to prejudice Mistress Adelaide against me if there is any possibility of my story being true, of my being really in need of her help. Poor Pamela! Last night we had a lively time. At about three o'clock there was a ghastly noise. I jumped out of bed and found it was the fire alarm, which scared me nearly out of my wits. In each room is a large printed card of directions for the inmate of the room, telling her exactly what she is to do if the alarm rings; but I really couldn't attend to that. I am not a true disciple. Instead, I rushed out on to the landing and hammered at the next girl's door, shouted that there was a fire, and generally behaved like a lunatic, I suppose! And all the time I kept wondering why I didn't even smell smoke, and hoping that the floors wouldn't fall in before we all got out. My neighbour wouldn't answer and I went in to find the room empty and the window wide open; the same next door; and so on. I began to think I was left alone in the house, which did not allay my fears; rushed back to my room, and began to dress. The fire couldn't be very bad yet, I thought, or some one would come and warn me; so I packed up a few of my things, hastily, and then rushed to the window where some one was battering. I threw it open and received a deluge of water from a hose, in the hands of one of the firewomen; she drenched me through and through, and then explained that I had no business to be there; that the fire was raging, or had had time to rage, in that part of the house; that I ought to have been out, and doing the work appointed for me by the card over my mantelpiece, ten minutes before; and that she should have to report me.

"'Report me as much as you like,' I cried angrily, 'but I shall complain to Mistress Adelaide. The fire isn't raging here, even if it is elsewhere, and therefore it is both senseless and useless to drench me like this!

"'It is the rule,' she answered, trying to suppress a smile. 'I thought you knew it. This is only an alarm, you know, there isn't any fire; but Mistress Pamela turns out the brigade every now and then, just to see that all are efficient and up to the work in case of real danger; the rules are very strict.'

"'No fire at all!' I was wet from head to foot and it was half-past three o'clock in the morning! All over the house the girls were running up and down the ladders and doing all sorts of extraordinary things; and head and chief of them all was that aggravating Pamela, who is the captain of the fire



At present I am on incubators

brigade, and who orders everybody about; while Mistress Adelaide trots round and sees that things are done up to the moment and exactly as they should be. If there is a real fire at Blatchlands I feel sure it will be put out long before any men arrive on the scene! But I wish Pamela had waited to turn out the brigade until after I left. In case she does it again I have read the rules carefully, and find that I ought to have dressed (in gymnasium dress) in two minutes (!); have thrown open my window and gone down the ladder attached to every window on the third floor, and then achieved marvellous feats of agility, to say nothing of memory. I did nothing; but I think Alice refrained from reporting me. Perhaps she thought she had done enough in turning the hose upon me; and I quite agree with her! It is incidents such as these which make life at Blatchlands so original, and lacking in all sameness and monotony! One never knows from hour to hour what will be sprung upon one; and they expect so much! Such marvellous self-control, and common sense, and quickness, and brains, and heaven knows what; and all in five minutes or so!"

. . . . .

"I broke off because I heard steps, and thought, as Mabel was about due, that I had better begin to 'observe diligently,' but it wasn't Mabel. It was dear Pamela! And dear Pamela looked in to see how I came to behave so foolishly last night! Dear Pamela is, as I think I have already mentioned, captain of the fire brigade, and Alice has reported me after all. It is very mean of Alice; but no doubt she considered it her duty. They are very strong on duty at Blatchlands.

"'You were in your room, not dressed, with the window shut, twenty minutes after the alarm went,' said Pamela, taking out a neat little book and looking at her notes of the case.

"'Twenty minutes is not very long, surely,' I answered, rather to draw her out than because I wanted to justify myself. (I didn't care to say that I hadn't read the rules; and therefore had no idea that I was committing a crime in staying for twenty minutes in my room.)

"'In twenty minutes, if the fire had been raging, you might have been badly burnt yourself; you might also have made some other woman risk her valuable life in coming to your assistance, entirely through your carelessness,' remarked Pamela severely. She looked too sweet for words, and she spoke like an ice machine. She had been teaching some kiddies to swim and to dive down at the river. (There is one deep pool where there is a regular diving-place, and Pamela swims like a fish.) You would have thought it impossible for any girl to look both dignified and sweet in a rough cloak thrown over a wet bathing-dress, with long ropes of wet curly hair hanging all round her? But Pamela managed it. She is the most aggravatingly superior young person I ever came across!

"'But there wasn't any fire,' I answered stubbornly.

"'You could not know that; when the alarm rings, every girl is bound to act as if the fire was already fast gaining ground.'

"'It is my first time,' I said soothingly, 'and I didn't smell any smoke or perhaps I should have hurried more.'

"'I will turn out the brigade again before you leave,' she said reflectively; and she looked as if she thought she was doing me a favour (!). So I answered sweetly:

"'Thank you.'

"'You will do your best to be out of your window in two minutes?'

"'I don't see how I can possibly manage it in two minutes, unless I don't stop to dress at all.'

"'But if you really believed there was a fire?' she persisted.

"'If I really thought there was a fire I should be far too frightened to do anything quickly,' I answered sharply; 'and I daresay so would you be! Have you ever been in a fire?'

"'No; but I have been in a bad accident,' she said slowly, 'and I suppose it is the same sort of feeling.'

"'You were not frightened?'

"'Yes, I was, horribly! But as soon as I remembered, I knew what I ought to do, and I did it.'

"'What sort of an accident was it?' I

asked; but of course I knew. She was thinking of the railway accident and of you. She looked at me in her most suspicious manner as I spoke. But when she had told me what it was and I had apparently been surprised at the information, she grew ashamed of her unjust suspicions (Oh Audrey!) and sat down beside me, utterly regardless of her wet bathing-dress, and talked to me as she does to the other girls who are in any difficulty; said very sweetly that she did hope she might be of some use to me if I had to leave home, and was altogether as different as possible from the ordinary Pamela who suspects me of being your cousin and here on your behalf! But I am not really a horrible little hypocrite, Rupert; and I don't like it!"

CHAPTER X

A MEETING

"BLATCHLANDS, *Thursday.*

"MY DEAR RUPERT,—I am suffering a good deal in your cause and I hope you will manage to be a little grateful! Your letters are absolutely unreasonable. I have done my very best to show you as plainly as possible how utterly unlikely it is that Pamela will listen to any message from you; and yet you persistently ask me to speak of you every time you write. You think I want to stay on here; you hint that I am well amused, and that I am forgetting you altogether. It is nothing of the sort! I assure you I have put in a pretty stiff time lately, and I stay only because I hope (against hope) to find some good opportunity of speaking to Pamela. None has occurred up till now. And meanwhile!

"Since last Thursday, just a week ago today, I have been a jack-of-all-trades with a vengeance. I only stayed at the poultry farm for two days. Mabel's account of me was discouraging, and Mistress Adelaide was not in a mood to linger unduly. Since then she has taken me in hand, being absolutely determined to convict me of a taste of some sort; and so I have been spending a day in each of the schools of work that she considers most suitable. A day at landscape gardening; a day at dairy farming; two days at cookery, (because Mistress Adelaide thought I was less stupid at that than at the previous things); a day at carving. I shall be worn to a shadow before I leave here! I assure you it has been the most exhausting week I ever remember in my whole life. At each place I was handed over with strict instructions to the girl in charge to make me work as hard as she could, so that Mistress Adelaide might judge if I had any capacity!

"Now she has finally made up her mind, and I am resting in the stables. Thank goodness! She finds that I love horses; that I am a good whip and a fearless rider; that I am not at all appalled at the idea of exercising young colts; that I have a distinct idea as to how stables ought to be kept; and, therefore, at last she is satisfied. My *rôle* in life, when I have left my unnatural parent (!) is to be groom at Blatchlands; with the hope of eventually rising into Martha's place as coachwoman. There! Is not that a lofty career for your cousin! Mistress Adelaide, characteristically, sees nothing derogatory in it. All work is sacred in her eyes; and as I am not gifted in any other direction, she is perfectly satisfied with this career for me. Martha has two hundred a year, a sweet little cottage, and all sorts of privileges—certainly I shall follow in Martha's steps. If father drives me to it, I will drive Mistress Adelaide through all the long years to come.

"Apart from joking, this is all true; and I am glad, because it will give me a chance of seeing something more of Pamela. For these next days I shall drive them whenever they go out, so that both Mistress Adelaide and Pamela may criticise my powers in that direction. To-morrow I am going to drive Pamela alone to Hartley, a village fifteen miles away, where Mistress Adelaide has some pensioners who have not been looked after just lately. On Saturday we are going to have some hurdle races. Pamela (of course Pamela rides; but I don't and won't believe she rides as well as I do) and I and two other girls, Irish girls (one in poultry farming and the other a wood carver), who have both ridden ever since they were big enough to sit on a pony! It will be a half holiday, and is to be a regular fête on the estate. There will follow some other races,

but the great event of the day is the hurdle race. What a pity you can't come and see it!

"During these days I will be as much with Pamela as I possibly can, and I promise you I will let no opportunity slip; if I think there is the barest chance that she will listen, I will speak; even though I know beforehand what the result will be. With that you must rest content, Rupert; more I cannot, and will not do."

Rupert was not content. But Audrey had carelessly given him a chance, he thought eagerly as he once again read her letter through. Hartley, the village to which she and Pamela were to drive, was only seven or eight miles away from the place where he was staying; why should he not go there and trust to chance to bring about some meeting which should not appear to be too obviously premeditated? The idea was too welcome to be dismissed.

Therefore when Audrey drove through the little village that afternoon her amazed exclamation of "Rupert!" was undoubtedly genuine; and Pamela, whose eyes had turned instantaneously to her companion's face, seeking there any sign of guilty connivance, was reassured by the very open surprise and dismay depicted on Audrey's countenance.

"Rupert!"

The girl repeated the word blankly while her busy brain was at work wondering how best to account for this untoward encounter. She met Pamela's eyes and saw her set her head and close her lips firmly; Pamela would not be beguiled into any chance meeting, and therefore it would be well if possible to disarm her suspicions.

"Rupert!" she cried for the third time as he strolled up to the side of the cart. "How on earth do you come to be here? It is my cousin and I haven't seen him for ages," she added in a quick aside to Pamela, and then, as if for the first time remembering, added dismayedly: "Good gracious I forgot! I oughtn't to speak to you, Rupert. I am very sorry, but I am staying with Miss Winston at Blatchlands, and I am not allowed to speak to men. He will never understand!" Once more she turned to Pamela, "Do you think I might just explain a little? He really is quite a dear; I don't think even Mistress Adelaide would object to him, if she knew him."

"This is the cottage I am going into first," said Pamela, as she got down from the cart quickly, just in time to be able to ignore Rupert's outstretched hand.

"But Pamela!"

"Your cousin already knows the rules of Blatchlands," said Pamela, standing at the gate and looking at the young man with cold disapproving eyes. "If he could be brought to realise how much I resent his persistent attempts to speak to me, when I have plainly shown him my firm intention of keeping to my promise and not speaking to him or any other man, I should be glad. I shall not be long, Audrey."

"And you must go before she comes out! How could you be so foolish, Rupert!" cried Audley crossly. "I am doing all I can for you, and you go and spoil everything!"

"What have you done for me?" he demanded quite as crossly. "She won't look at me, or speak to me! In what possible way is the situation altered since you went to Blatchlands?"

"That is just it; the situation is unalterable," replied Audrey rather sadly. Rupert stood close to her, with one hand on the cart, but in reality how far he was away! His handsome face was white and stern in his disappointment. All he thought of was Pamela.

"You don't mean to do anything?"

"I honestly believe that it will be impossible for me to do anything. You see for yourself, Rupert!" She spoke almost pleadingly. "You must see! What can I do? Tell me anything reasonable and I will do it; but don't make any more of these attempts. You will end by making Pamela hate you."

"I believe she hates me now."

"Then why ——"

"Because I love her!" he cried passionately. "You can't understand! I say she hates me, but all the time I feel that if I could only have a fair chance I could make her love me; and I will."

"You will never make her love you by forcing yourself upon her when she has shown

you so plainly that she doesn't wish it," said Audrey a little bitterly.

"I am going. Look here, Audrey, I can't stand this any longer; this hanging round here I mean. I shall go away altogether."

"Do!" She held out her hands to him impulsively. "Do, Rupert! It will be so much wiser and better. Do you mean to India?"

She turned a little pale.

"No. You have heard me speak of my poor old cousin, Alice Fraser? Well she is dead. She died a week ago and she has left me her place up there and what is left of her money. There will be a precious little; she has managed to get the place into an awful muddle and I expect it will cost me a thousand or two to put it into even decent order. Poor old soul! She was very old and every one cheated her. I went up for the funeral, but I came away again immediately, though I knew I ought to stay and see to things. Now I will go, if you will promise to do your best for me. I suppose I have only made a fool of myself by coming here; but I thought perhaps that if she was surprised she wouldn't be so confoundedly hard. Do what you can, Audrey! Tell her I don't want to offend her, Heaven knows; that all I want is a chance of begging her to be a little merciful to me. Here is the address; you will write?"

"I will write. Go now, Rupert! She will only be angry if she comes out and finds you still here. Indeed, I will do my best, and do you go up there and try to forget her; work hard; try to occupy yourself with things at Glencay; poor old Miss Fraser! Father will be sorry to hear that she is dead, although she did hate him and refuse to have anything to do with either him or me."

"I believe it was your mother she hated really," said Rupert, indifferently. "I shall go and work; but that won't make any difference. Do what you can, Audrey, and thank you. You are a dear little soul and I won't forget it! If ever there is anything I can do for you, you will only have to ask me."

"There is nothing; I think there never will be anything you can do for me,' replied Audrey, gravely; so gravely that Rupert looked at her half surprisedly. But he did not ask her to explain her words. His mind was fully occupied with Pamela, and so once again saying:

"Do anything you can for me, dear," he walked away.

Pamela came out of the cottage and got into the cart without making any remark and for a minute or two they drove on in silence, then Audrey said awkwardly:

"I am so sorry, Pamela!"

"Did you know that he was coming?"

Pamela's lovely eyes searched her face, and Audrey was thankful to be able to reply truthfully:

"I hadn't an idea of it; I should have told him not to come if I had known, of that you may be sure! Will you tell me how you come to know him, Pamela? I know you don't care to talk about men, but you see Rupert is my cousin, and—has been to me almost a brother. I am very fond of him; and I can't bear to see him unhappy."

"There is nothing to tell. I met him in the train and we had an accident; he was kind to me; but I explained to him that our acquaintance must end. Since then he has persistently tried to speak to me," she frowned, "and I will not have it."

"He loves you."

"Nonsense!" The frown remained and Pamela flushed an angry crimson. "I wonder, Audrey, that you should dignify a silly fancy by the name of love! You ought to know better."

"What is love then?"

"Love?"

The angry colour faded; Pamela looked straight before her with eyes which grew rapt and dreamy. Her sweet lips smiled, her low voice rang musically.

"Love is the bond between two natures which are in perfect sympathy one with the other; a bond of sweet and hallowed affection. Love protects, guides, and guards; it gives without stint, it asks nothing in return but faith and constancy; it offers all it has, it lasts, and will last through eternity."

Her voice died away, and Audrey, who had listened amazedly, asked falteringly:

"And you have known such love as this?"

"Need you ask?"

Pamela sighed and came to earth again. She pointed at the reins which were hanging carelessly in Audrey's hand, and spoke of a dangerous curve in the road further on; she was once again the Pamela of Blatchlands, alert and on her guard.

"You mean Mistress Adelaide's love for you?"

"Yes. Ever since I was a tiny child I have known what a woman's love can be, how pure, how self-sacrificing, how true; I wish to know no other."

"A man's love——"

"I wish to hear no more. Pardon me, Audrey, if I speak sharply, but this is not the first time I have been subjected to silly persecution by a man who apparently imagines that his attentions must be flattering and pleasant; or so I suppose. Two other men have favoured me with what you call love," her voice was contemptuous in the extreme, "they have followed me about and endeavoured to make me speak to them; they have behaved pretty much as your cousin is now behaving. It did not make me esteem them or wish to know them, even if I had not been bound by my vow to know no men; it does not make me esteem or like your cousin. I should be glad if you would tell him this; apparently he cannot see for himself how absurd his behaviour is."

"I will tell him. You are very hard on men, Pamela! I know nothing of those others; I say only that Rupert is not like that; he does love you sincerely."

"Here is the curve!"

"You don't believe me!"

"No; and I dislike, as I have said before, to hear the word love applied to what can be but a fleeting feeling of admiration for a pretty face. Do you suppose that Adelaide cares whether I am pretty or ugly? Do you think that if I had small-pox or any other loathsome disease to-morrow and was horribly disfigured she would love me less? We will speak of this no more if you please, Audrey. By the way, you will probably wish to say to Adelaide that you have broken through the rules?"

"You mean that I must tell her about Rupert?"

"There is no must; you will be guided by your own feeling in the matter of course."

"Shall you tell her?"

"Assuredly." Pamela's pretty head raised itself instinctively. "I have given my word; if I am forced to break it, I naturally wish to assure Adelaide that I did so unintentionally."

"I see. You will tell her also about what I have said?"

"Yes."

"It was meant to be confidential."

"I have no secrets from Adelaide; you must have known that when you spoke to me."

"I know, only—what good can it do?"

"I will never deceive Adelaide in word or thought or deed, God helping me!" cried Pamela passionately; and then they drove through the gates into Blatchlands.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"

A GREAT many good papers were sent in, of which much use has been made in writing the Key. The marks for the paper are: Baloo, 100; Elpis, 88; Connla, 83; Toomai, 75; Onoro, 74; Oryt, 71; Logan, 70; Isis, 68; Puffin, 68; Dorothy, 67; Stalky, 65; Ganymede, 60; Coral, 60; Ion, 60; Patna, 59; Hibbs, 59; Carlyon, 58; Trothan, 58; Deirdre, 55; Nixus, 53; Llentrad, 53; Plympton, 51; Venture, 51; Emilia, 48; Betsy, 48; Mercury, 47; Lehrer, 44; Kia Ora, 38; Monica, 27.

For the Special Subject: Connla, 30; Baloo, 28; Onoro, 26; Oryt, 25; Ion, 23; Patna, 21; Mercury, 20.

According to the Marks the Prize-winners are: 1, Baloo; 2, Elpis; 3, Connla. Special Subject: Connla.

1. "Whereto does all this lead: or what use is in it?"

Perhaps the shortest answer to this question may be found in the thunder speech of the Erdgeist in *Faust:*

"At the roaring loom of Time I ply
And weave for God the garment thou seest him by."

The object of "Sartor Resartus" is to show that this universe, and all in it, are just the garment of God, who is the only Reality, or, to use the term of the metaphysicians, "the Absolute"; and similarly all the works of Man are just vestures to express his thoughts or ideas. "Thus in this one pregnant subject *clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that Men have thought, dreamed, done and been."

Under this heading of *Clothes* Carlyle manages to bring most of his teaching. "Sartor Resartus" is his programme, his manifesto. In it we have not only his transcendentalism, but the germs of the French Revolution (The Phœnix, Bk. III. ch. v.); Hero-worship (Organic Filaments, Bk. III. ch. vii.), and Cromwell and Frederick as illustrations; Chartism and Past and Present (Helotage, Bk. III. ch. iv.). It would be hard not to find in "Sartor" a text for any sermon which Carlyle has preached.

It may reasonably be asked why, with so definite an object before him, Carlyle did not develop his theme in an orderly and natural manner? The explanation will be found in his indiscriminating use of his English models. To Swift he owes much of his matter, to Yorick most of his form. He forgot the purpose of the eccentricity and discursiveness of "Tristram Shandy." In that immortal book the reader is lured trustfully on from page to page, and does not discover till the appointed time that he has been in pursuit of a chimæra. "Sartor Resartus" is not a practical joke, and a method which is admirable in a work of fiction is sorely out of place in an ethical treatise.

2. Explain the following, if necessary giving context:

i. "Man is by birth somewhat of an owl" (Bk. III. ch. iii. p. 162). Carlyle is here attacking his favourite aversion—the "Jeremy Benthamee" philosophy, in which, according to Matthew Arnold, the British nation "has finally anchored itself in the fulness of perfected knowledge." The "owlishness" here reprobated consists in mistaking an assignable motive of conduct for the real motive.

ii. "There is safety in a swallow-tail" (Bk. III. ch. x. p. 193). One of the articles of faith of fashionable society, as judged from "Pelham" and other novels which depict it. (This would seem an instance of the Scottish weakness for "joking with deeficulty.")

iii. "America is here or nowhere" (Bk. II. ch. ix. p. 135). *Cf.* Wilhelm-Meister, vii. 3. Lothario, who once thought he could only be useful abroad, resolves to return and do his duty at home. Goethe's advice is not original. Horace had said it long ago:

"Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris."

iv. "Society is founded upon cloth" (Bk. I. ch. ix. p. 41). Clothes, to use a favourite word of Charles Kingsley, are "sacramental," outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual authority. Compare this passage with one at the end of the book: "Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with wool but with dignity and a Mystic Dominion" (Bk. III. ch. xi.). The idea is borrowed from Swift's "Tale of a Tub," sect. II.

v. "The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as you please" (Bk. III. ch. viii. p. 183). Everybody knows the story of Dr. Johnson and the Cock-lane Ghost. Teufelsdröckh's theory is, "we are all ghosts with a garment of flesh about us."

vi. "Thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles" (Bk. III. ch. ix.). The central idea of "Sartor"—outward things are the expression of mind. There is one great miracle, and that is the universe, the garment by which we see God. The lesser miracles are the thoughts of men, showing themselves by the work of their hands.

vii. "Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas." "'Amicus Plato' my father would say, construing the words to my Uncle Toby as he went along—'Amicus Plato'; that is, Dinah was my aunt, 'sed magis amica veritas'—but Truth is my sister" (Sterne). Carlyle's version is, "Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity" (Bk. I. ch. ii. p. 8).

viii. "One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible" (Bk. II. ch. ix. p. 134).

Teufelsdröckh holds with Voltaire that the Christian mythus looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth, but he holds also with St. Paul that God left not Himself without witnesses in any age. The Bible here mentioned is "Conscience," or perhaps the "Worship of Sorrow."

3. Explain the allusions:

"Potatoes and Point." The poorest Irish (as one of themselves doubtless told some confiding Saxon) used to *point* their potatoes at a red-herring, or an empty salt-cellar, in order to give them an imaginary relish!

"Waterloo-crackers": explosive fireworks in honour of the victory. *Frazer's Magazine* had the reputation at the time of importing all the new ideas, which were to blow up convention sky-high.

"Pitt-diamond": the most perfect brilliant in Europe, bought by Mr. Pitt, Governor of Madras, the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, and sold by him to the Duc d'Orléans (Regent of France) for £135,000.

"Silk-Montgolfiers." The two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, invented a balloon in 1783 which ascended by means of heated air. It was originally made of paper, but silk was afterwards substituted as less inflammable.

"The two Buchan-Bullers." A basin six miles south of Peterhead, into which the sea rushes violently through a natural arch of rock. Described by Boswell and Walter Scott.

"Baphometic Fire-baptism." Baphomet, or Baffometus, was supposed to be an idol worshipped by the Templars, and used by them in a rite of consecration. The reference is also to St. John the Baptist's message (Matt. ii. 11).

4. Give briefly the substance of Teufelsdröckh's remarks on:

"Bishops' aprons." The most puzzling of all aprons. "The overseer (Episcopus) of souls, I notice, has tucked in the corner of it, as if his day's work were done" (Bk. I. ch. vi. p. 29).

"Movable types." An invention which shortened the labour of copyists, leading to the disbanding of hired armies and the cashiering of kings and senates (Bk. I. ch. v. p. 26).

"Gerund-grinders." The hide-bound pedants who control the soulless system of cramming, which leaves boy-nature, or indeed all human nature, out of account (Bk. II. ch. iii. p. 73).

"Utilitarian philosophy." A system which reduced man's soul to the level of a stomach (Bk. II. ch. iii. p. 81).

"Lapidary inscriptions." His grand principle is that lapidary inscriptions, of whatever sort, should be historical rather than lyrical,

—*e.g.*, Count Zahdarm's "quinquies mille, etc. (Bk. II. ch. iv. p. 91).

(Carlyle's practice differs from Herr Teufelsdröckh's theory. Contrast his wife's epitaph: "She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched from him, *and the light of His Life as if gone out.*")

5. What are the merits and demerits of Carlyle's literary style?

A style such as Carlyle's always has as many enemies as friends. Hallam found it "detestable," and Wordsworth pronounced "Carlyle a pest to the language." An Advocatus Diaboli might call it, as he calls Herr Teufeldsdröckh's style, "a piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing," working over which the Editor himself has lost much of his native purity, such as he showed in the Life of Schiller. He might urge, too, that it is affected and artificial—a Babylonish dialect such as no man ever spoke. He might even pronounce it "a sham," not "a veracity." It may be true, as is sometimes asserted, that Carlyle's philosophy is entirely negative; that he has never thrown out a single hint that is of use. It cannot be doubted that "Carlylese" has proved a pitfall to innumerable followers and a dangerous delusion for those of us who prefer sound to sense.

On the other hand, no prose-writer, and very few poets have been able to use words so cunningly to present to the visible eye what the writer saw. It is a magician's wand which conjures up the past. Nay more, Carlyle is a veritable Witch of Endor, who brings back Samuel from the grave. "An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle." His portraits have been compared to etchings, showing the bite of the acid on the metal. For instance, Coleridge in John Stirling; or, to take an imaginary instance, Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor" (Bk. I. ch. iii.). Who can forget the midnight conversation in Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo. "But I, *Mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars," or the wandering of Teufelsdröckh at the North Cape, or the delicious idyl on the orchard-wall at Entepfuhl.

The Life-of-Schiller-style is not the true Carlyle. There is no appeal with him from Philip drunk to Philip sober, for the normal condition is Philip drunk. He is a poet rather than a prose-writer, and shows in his style that "high-madness which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

6. Notice any direct references to Sterne and his contemporaries.

i. "O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as turkeys driven with a stick and red clout to the market" (Bk. I. ch. ix. p. 42).

ii. "For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, nay almost all in names" (Bk. II. ch. i. p. 59).

iii. "The doctrine which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated . . . that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity" (Bk. III. ch. xi. p. 201).

iv. Man sees himself, as Swift has it, "a forked, straddling animal with bandy legs" (Bk. I. ch. viii. p. 38).

v. "In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth" (Bk. II. ch. viii. 121).

vi. "The English Johnson bowed to every clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat" (Bk. III. ch. vi. p. 165).

vii. "Of Franklin it was said that he snatched the thunder from heaven and the sceptre from kings" (Bk. III. ch. x. p. 20).

viii. Minor references, as "think and smoke tobacco" (Erskine); "P.P. clerk of this parish" (Pope); "Mirza's vision" (Addison); "Ernulphus cursing" (Sterne); are numberless, besides allusions to Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, &c.

Special Subject:

Fiscal Clothes

On thee too, John Bull, be a word spent or misspent. Pitiable is thy condition, my friend, and in no wise according to the prophecies which went before upon thee. Eight and forty years ago, after no small resistance and obstinate kickings upon thy part, thou didst suffer thyself to be stripped of many filthy, evil-smelling, unnecessary rags, with which thy limbs had been encased and which well-nigh hindered thy progress

altogether. This, by no means extraordinary wisdom of thine, was hailed as the harbinger of a millennium. Amid Io-Pæans and millenial predictions thou didst fall asleep, and since then hast slept, not peacefully, but with stertorous groanings and unspeakable tossings to and fro, till the thin coverlet, thy sole defence against cold and nakedness, has been kicked from thee. Thy sons, Australasian Japhets and Canadian Shems, pitying thy sorry plight, would fain with filial reverence have cast upon thee some covering, if not for warmth at least for decency; all the while thou sittest in half-awakened indecision, now drawing it towards thee with thy hands, now thrusting it from thee with thy feet. Around thy bed stand eloquent rhetoricians exhorting thee to go asleep once more, for thy millennium has not quite come; but on no account to accept the proffered covering lest it cleave to thy skin like the Robe of Nessus. O foolish John Bull, made more foolish by predictions, logic-chopping, word-mongering, St. Stephen-rhetoric! Art thou not cold and hungry? Are not twelve millions of thy people on the verge of starvation? So much at least thy counsellers tell thee. Would it not be well for thee to feed thy starving children if not with large, at least with small loaves? Thy millennium by no means hastens, but is still a very great way off. The ravens still fly about thy Berg, whilst thou sleepest thy Barbarossa-sleep within, lulled by the eternal whirl of thy Ballot-Boxes grinding forth Unwisdoms and Unveracities, weaving a garment of Lies for thee, embroidered with strange figures; but in no way whatsoever profitable for a defence against the present cold. Thy millennium will not even be within appreciable distance till some Cromwell-Kitchener arise who will "take away that bauble" and drive forth thy foolish counsellors to repent in the Wilderness. BALOO.

Herr Teufelsdröckh on the Fiscal Controversy

Our own private conjecture has ever been that Teufelsdröckh on quitting Weissnichtwo betook him to the fuliginous darkness of London, where, if you will but think of it, a man may lie concealed even if emitting at times such sparks or coruscations of fire as would in clearer atmosphere betray his whereabouts. Such a lambency—or shall we rather call it skyey rocket—has rushed aloft from these realms of Dis of late, with something infernal in its fiery haste, yet with a benignity also as of softest seraphic harps touched in unison. That the voice is the voice of Jacob, we would stake our all to a ducat. Unmistakable, plangent, it pierces the tumult of thick-whirling phrases begotten by a present controversy for the bewildering of men's minds.

"O, my brothers," he cries, "striving sorrowfully for an inch of candle, if it may be, to guide your footsteps in the Cimmerian gloom of things as they seem—is yet a greater darkness befallen ye? Tariffs, retaliation, dumping—were not the ancient riddles of human Society (*Menschliche Gesellschaft*) woefully sufficient that your leaders must needs invent these cloudy pillars to guide ye yet further into the wilderness, whence is no egress visible? Was not the simple exchange of necessary commodity stimulative indeed of some mutual goodwill and service among peoples, that these barriers must needs be devil-begotten to separate them each into his separate entity? Commerce, natural and untrammelled, we may figure as a beneficent Earth-Goddess helpful to man, presiding over the due exchange of human labour and its sufficient reward. Into what strange vesture (*Bekleidung*) will ye now force her limbs? Alas, poor Goddess, what hast thou done, that for thy long robe, gracefully flowing, they would give thee a farthingale of tariffs, stiffened with cruellest wires? In thine hand, for the plenteous cornucopia they would stick a five-pronged Fork called Retaliation, and make thee a Fury fire-breathing, snake-locked—or say rather a Fish-fag clapper-clawing in the market-place, and violating with obscenest noise the eternal silences.

Dumping, again—was it not indeed thy Brother's allotted portion of labour that he should "dump" on his brief journey between the Immensities? Thus, and no other he could have done, directing his active power (*thatkraft*) in such heaven-

appointed channel as thou wouldst now unhelpfully dam up and divert elsewhere.

Nay, these phrases, are they the clothing of some natural symmetrical idea serviceable to the sons of men, or tattered rags, symbolic enough, but of much unguessed by their authors, and only dimly to be discerned by the wise? Of what thought are these the vesture? What mean these epithets hurtling unhelpful between heaven and the nether world? "Whole Hoggers"—"Little Piggers"—forsooth! We are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham—what do these bristly thick-skinned capitalists of the stye here, shouldering their weaker—alas, already ill-fed brethren from the half-empty trough now spread before them? Shall a swine-herd in gabardine (twice turned) and leather breeches be indeed the Hierarch of this lower world? Is such the clothing for our leader—our king, or can-ning man? Nay, in some vast unexpected convulsion of Nature, may not this too fly asunder, and disclose in Hierarch, Whole Hogger, and Little Pigger alike, no longer the form of man, erect, two-pronged, commanding, but rather the snout, the bristle, and the convoluted tail, transfigured, or rather disfigured to the baser element of their choice? Were not even a cloven hoof perceptible in such case, at which all may gaze in strangest bewilderment, significant of much?

Thus and no otherwise speaks Teufelsdröckh from his obscurity, to the reinforcement and much encouragement of the Free Fooders in the present crisis. Let us therefore cease shrieking and begin considering. CONNLA.

Instead of the usual Literary Examination Paper it is proposed this month to vary the competition. It has been suggested by a correspondent that the art of Mr. G. F. Watts would be a suitable subject for Essay writing, and we therefore invite our readers to send us in papers on:

MY FAVOURITE PICTURE
(PAINTED BY G. F. WATTS)
ITS TEACHING AND MESSAGE.

These papers must not exceed 1400 words. They must be received at the Office of GOOD WORDS not later than May 20, being addressed:

Essay Competition,
GOOD WORDS,
15, Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London.

Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be the best as follows: First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

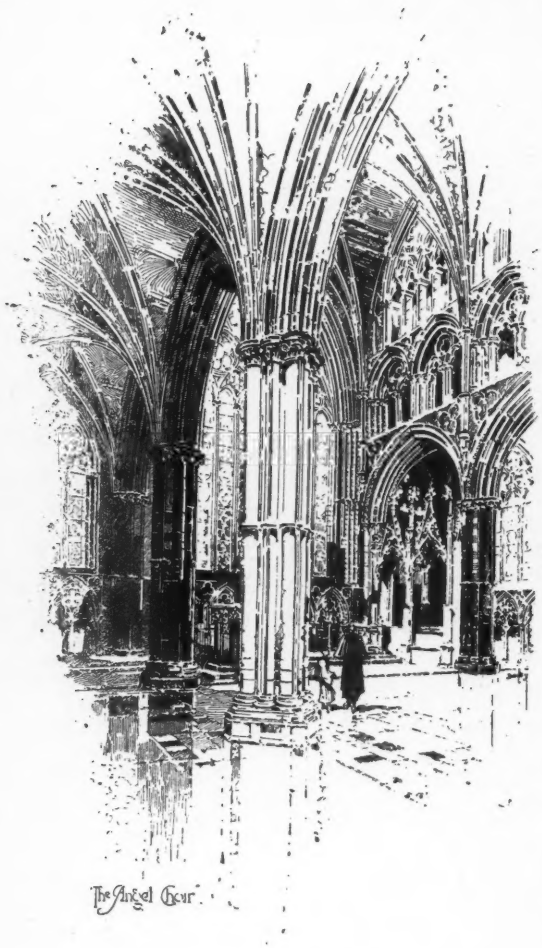
The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final. The winning Essays will be published in the July number.

An expression of opinion from any of our readers who do not care to send in Essays, as to which is the best of Mr. Watts' pictures will be welcome.

The Angel Choir—Lincoln Cathedral

BEYOND the transepts of Lincoln Cathedral we come upon the most interesting portion of the building, both architecturally and historically, the choir of St. Hugh. We cannot here narrate the career of this singularly "holy and humble man of heart," one of the most fearless champions of right before the fierce Plantagenet kings, the constant friend of the poor, the outcast, and the oppressed, whose name so deservedly occupies a place in the Anglican Calendar on November 17, the day when in the last year of the twelfth century he entered into rest. We can now only briefly mention his connection with this Cathedral.

When in 1186, in obedience to the will of his sovereign, Henry II., who had previously summoned him from his much-loved cell at the Grande Chartreuse to preside over a Somersetshire monastery of his own royal foundation, he reluctantly accepted the See of Lincoln, he found his Cathedral rent from base to summit by an earthquake occurring in the previous year. Its restoration



The Angel Choir.

was one of his first cares. It was to be built in the new style—Early English Gothic, as we call it—which had recently been developed step by step, out of the ruder Norman, and to be in every part as worthy of its high purpose as human skill could make it. Six years were spent in preparing for so great a work. In 1192 the foundation was laid, and before his death, in 1200, the choir and eastern transepts, and a portion of the western transept, were completed. As originally built, it ended like Westminster Abbey in a polygonal apse, with a six-sided lady-chapel behind. But all beyond the eastern transept was removed half a century after St. Hugh's death for the erection of the matchless "Angel Choir," built to form a fitting shrine for the remains of the sainted founder, to which they were "translated"—such is the recognised ecclesiastical term — in 1281, in the presence of Edward I., his much-loved Queen Eleanor, and their royal children, and a host of bishops and barons summoned from all parts to swell the pageant.

With the erection of this easternmost portion, in which English Gothic architecture reaches a perfection of beauty of form and delicacy of detail which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed, the fabric of the Cathedral, with the exception of the towers and one or two small side chantry chapels, was brought to a conclusion. The whole work of re-edification, from the laying of the first stone of St. Hugh's church to the translation of his body, occupied something less than a century, no unduly long time for so great a work. In old times men built slowly, and they built solidly, and therefore their labour remains. It was no task work they did; they put their hearts into it. They loved it, and did it as well as they knew how, because they felt that the house they were building was "not for man but for the Lord God."

A few Luminous Errors

EVERY ONE knows a certain number of historic misquotations, but the sweetest of all are surely those which are not so much misquotations as mixed quotations. The mixture may be either of two separate passages or only of different parts or words of the same sentence. The error is so easy; the transposition so slight; and the result so

abysmal! It is only necessary to transpose two words—to put each in place of the other—and to what more than Atlantic profundity of bathos is one of the most delightful passages in all Shakespeare reduced if we read:

> And this our life exempt from public haunts
> Finds * * * stones in the running brooks,
> Sermons in books and good in everything!

Pope, with his perpetual antithesis, must have tempted many of the unwary in to the depths.

> Just as the tree is bent the twig's inclined.

I heard a well-beloved old gentleman repeat that some three or four times in succession, with much satisfaction, evidently in the belief that he was saying something of great moral worth. It was only at the second or third repetition that the absurdity of it struck me. And see how simple a change is needed to reduce to utter catastrophe what is, perhaps, the finest couplet that Pope ever wrote:

> Never dejected while one man's oppressed;
> Never elated when another's blessed.

And the slip is so sadly easy to make; so very easy that, having once misquoted the lines as they are written above, there is some little difficulty in getting them straight again. Yet what a complete—what an obliterating perversion of the splendid moral!

In each of the foregoing there is no more than the exchange of places between two words. Of the other kind of mixed quotation, wherein the confusion is of two entirely separate passages, the happiest of all examples is surely to be found in this grafting of *Marmion* on the *Essay on Man*:

> O woman! In our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace!

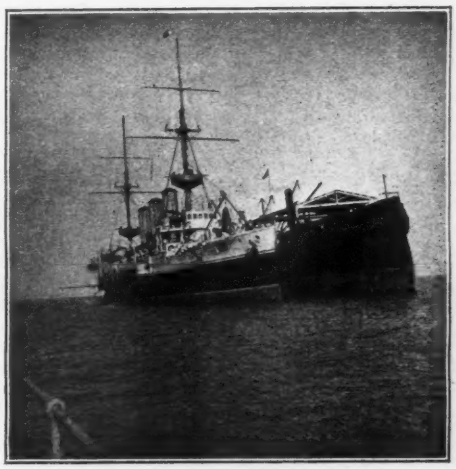
Nor is the result much less engaging if the strains be crossed the other way, thus:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!

H. P. R.

Some Snap-shots in Bermuda

JUST now, when so much is being said of the Russian Baltic fleet and of its plans for coaling at sea, the accompanying snap-shot is interesting, showing one of our own ships,



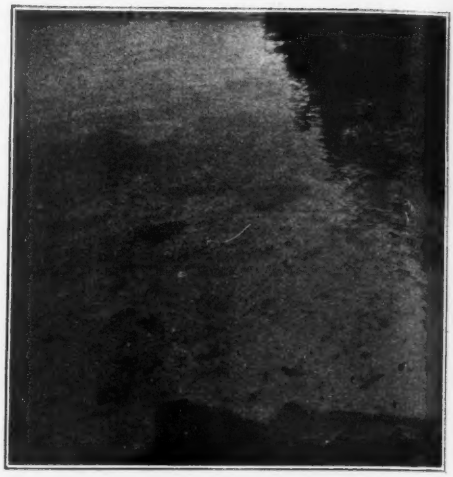
H.M.S. *Hermes* coaling from the *Shah*

H.M.S. *Hermes*, taking coal from the collier *Shah* off Ireland Island, one of the Bermuda group. The twin photograph shows a second of his Majesty's ships of war going through

Washing day on H.M.S. *Tribune*

another domestic operation. It is the *Tribune*, and she looks to the non-nautical eye as if she was covered with bunting and dressed for some particularly sumptuous fete; but it is only washing day on board, and the "bunting" is Jack's garments hung out to dry.

These snapshots, taken by a complete ignoramus with an ordinary No. 2 "Bull's-eye" Kodak, and developed and printed without any knowledge of the niceties of the art, are eloquent testimony to the clearness of the Bermuda atmosphere; but if the air of the "last and least of all the islands of the sea" is clear, still more wonderful is the perfect translucency of the water. This is shown in another photograph of a steam launch, on looking at which it will be seen that it is not easy to tell where the water line runs. The keel of the boat appears as distinct below the water as are her sides



The bottom of the sea

Looking at the bottom of the sea

above. In the bows will be noticed two passengers on their knees on the deck gazing earnestly downward at something. They are only looking at the bottom of the sea, which, at that place, may perhaps be some ten or twelve feet down. They are probably watching the blue and purple fishes sliding off into the emerald and scarlet sea-weeds as the shadow of the passing boat alarms them. Gazing over the side of the boat into ten or twelve feet of water off the English coast, or even in the Mediterranean, would hardly be so entertaining.

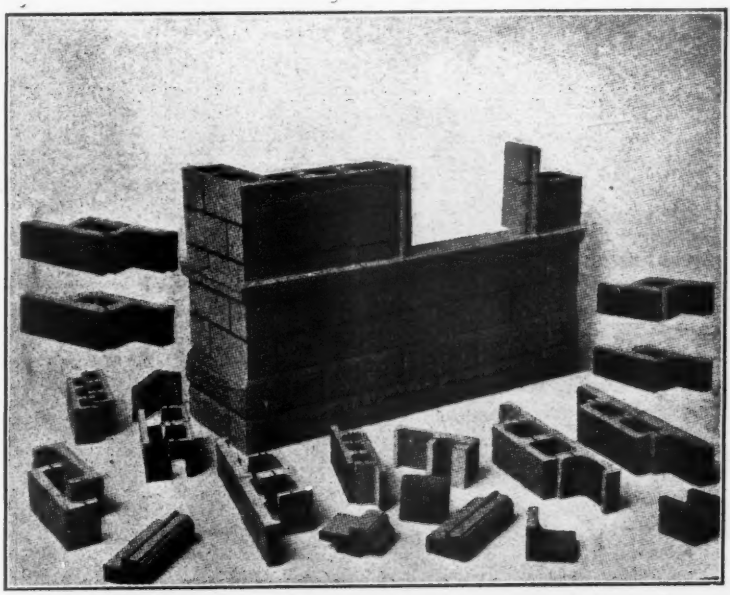
Even more curious is the last photograph which seems at first to show nothing at all. As a matter of fact it does show nothing but the bottom of the sea itself. In idle experiment the Kodak was turned downwards and "snapped" at the sea at a place where subsequent measurement showed that there were six feet of water. In the foreground is the shadow (on the sea floor) of the rock on which the operator stood, and beyond stretches the sandy bottom strewn with pebbles and bits of broken shells, while the longish black object in the right hand bottom corner is a sea-slug crawling on the sand. The six feet of intervening water, so exquisitely pure it is, make practically no difference in the taking of the photograph. J. S.

The House Un-beautiful

WHEN, in the course of a visit to the United States some twelve years ago, I first saw a twenty-storey building in course of construction, with the building of the walls going on simultaneously at the third, the

tenth, and the seventeenth storeys, I confess that it looked more or less miraculous. And when on my return to England I told my friends that in America they built the upper storeys of buildings up in the air before the lower ones were finished, there were some, I fear, who apprehended that my sense of veracity was imperfect. Nowadays the miracle has become a commonplace, and most people know how it is done. In the modern twenty-storey building the framework is of steel, being practically a bridge set up on end. It is this metal skeleton which bears all the strains and stresses—which is, in fact, the building. The walls are little more than accidental, if necessary, appendages for the protection and comfort of the inmates. They might almost as well be of paper, like the walls of Japanese houses, instead of the customary terra-cotta, glazed tile or brick. This being so, it does not matter whether you hang the walls on the framework at the tenth storey first or at the fifth or first, and it saves time to put a large force at work and to begin at three or four points simultaneously, which in America is the common practice.

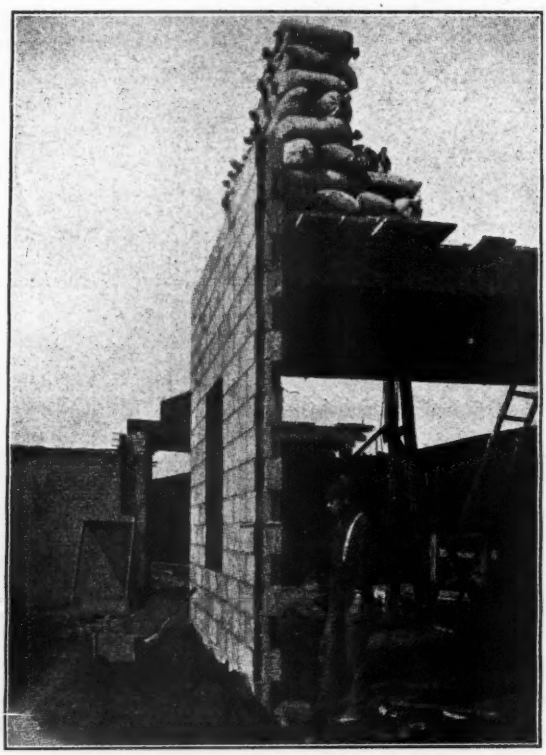
Another innovation in the way of building is now making rapid headway in America, which threatens to do away largely with the use of stone in house-building and to make the manufacture of bricks a lost art. This is the use of hollow blocks of concrete in place of either bricks or stone. Of course, cement concrete and other forms of artificial stone have long been used for paving purposes, for the foundations of bridges, and other works and many similar uses, but we have not been accustomed to regard concrete as a suitable material wherewith to build the walls of houses. The latest form of hollow concrete building block is made in two pieces, which fit together like children's toy bricks; in fact, the whole process of house-building with them is not unlike a nursery game. The bricks are, of course, very clean to handle. They can be made of any size for any thickness of wall. They do not



Hollow block concrete wall construction—various forms of bricks

demand the skilled labour of an expert brick or stonemason. They are lighter than bricks, and build a wall which is claimed to be just as strong, at about two-thirds the cost. Finally, the air spaces left by the hollows, besides facilitating the passage of pipes, electric wires, &c., in the walls, are said to make the inside of a building less susceptible to changes in temperature, and therefore cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

It seems to be not unlikely that the dwelling-house of the middle of the present century, built of concrete, with the metal work in aluminium, lighted by electricity, and heated with steam, with motor barns in place of stables, and a landing-stage for air-ships at the second storey, will not have many points in common with the homes of our youth. J. M. W.



Hollow-block concrete wall construction. Test of an unsupported wall

A Correction

REFERRING to article in February number of GOOD WORDS, entitled "The Marvellous Maguey of Mexico," we are informed that the statement at close of above article (page 122) as follows: "Pulque is not known outside the country of its production, as it will not bear exportation," is not correct, as Preserved Pulque has been imported since 1887 into this country, by Mr. James Clark, 6, Church Hill Place, Edinburgh, who has been specially appointed Sole Agent and Importer for the United Kingdom.

RUSTIC ANGLERS
By WILSON

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A Wapping doctor named Phillimore rescues one of the crew of a pleasure yacht, the *Sea Queen*.—The yacht has put into dock previous to commencing a year's cruise.—She wants a doctor, and the owner, Mr. Morland, engages Doctor Phillimore. Mr. Morland is in reality Prince Frederic of Hochburg, travelling with his sister and Mlle. Châteray or Trebizond. He contemplates marriage with Mlle. Châteray, There is great wealth on the yacht, and a plot is hatched amongst most of the crew to seize the treasure.—The doctor discloses the plot to the Prince, and the ship's destination is changed from Buenos Ayres to Rio Janeiro. The crew, to the number of forty, mutiny, seize the ship, and there is sharp fighting. The Prince with a few followers fortify themselves in the cabin and saloon.—Holgate, the chief of the mutineers, offers the Prince terms. They are rejected. The doctor visits the sick in the mutineers' quarters. Legrand, loyal to the Prince, is among the wounded there. He is watching the movements of Holgate. Mdlle. Châteray sings to Barraclough. She has had the windows unbarred. Figures of the mutineers suddenly appear round the windows.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE SALOON

I THINK it was from that hour that I began to get on badly with Barraclough. It was in his power as acting captain, no doubt, to remit certain precautions, but the remission of those precautions was not to the credit of his head. He had been beguiled by the Siren, and she, doubtless, by her vanity or her freakishness. When she had gone he turned on me.

"What do you want interfering, Phillimore?" he demanded. "I'm in charge here."

There never was a man so insensate. I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, it was not my interference that was successful," I said curtly.

He walked abruptly to the window and opened it wider. I could not be mistaken as to the bulky form that blocked it.

"Nice music, captain," said Holgate's wheezing voice.

"I'll give you just three seconds to quit, or I'll put a hole through you, you infernal rascal," said Barraclough savagely, raising his revolver.

"Oh, we're in no hurry," said the mutineer cheerfully, and moved away.

I suppose that some gleam of reason prevented Barraclough from firing. He barred the windows afresh, and came back to me.

"Why the mischief doesn't he attack?" he exclaimed peevishly.

I did not know, but I was near guessing just then. In point of fact, I did guess that afternoon. I paid my usual visit to the forecastle and the hold. Legrand played the same farce with remarkable persistence, and I was no longer puzzled by him. He was biding his time, like Holgate, and his reasons were obvious. Holgate's dawned on me just then—but some of them only, as you shall see during the progress of this narrative.

He maintained his friendliness, inquired civilly after our health, and how the ladies bore the seclusion.

"I wish I could make it easier for them, but I can't, doctor," he said amiably.

He was an abominable liar, but I had a certain admiration for his effrontery. I was glad I could meet him on his own ground, so I answered deliberately:

"Of course, it would spoil your plans to get the job over."

He eyed me, smiling. "As how, my friend?" he asked.

"You would rather have us in charge of the treasure than yourself," I replied.

He laughed. "Doctor, there's imagination in you, as I've always said. It's a pity I made that blunder about you. Not that it matters now. Well, you've nicked it. What's the odds? You are welcome to the truth—now."

There was a perceptible emphasis on his last word.

"You're not afraid of the attack?" I said.

He shook his head. "Not much. While we have a common object we're all right. I'm afraid of success. Doctor, you've a penetrating eye. Why, the treasure might break us up. If you had sent it down to me I believe I'd have sent it back. That would have been your best chance. I wonder you didn't think of it. But you've got your flaws. If you'd sent that treasure down I'd have had to take it; and you might have sat down and waited on events. But it's too late now. I know where I am."

"And where's that?" I asked bluntly.

He smiled craftily. "We enter the Straits of Magellan this extra special night," he said. "Let's put it at that."

"And what's to come?" I asked in the same voice.

"Lord, one would suppose you in the counsels," he said equably. "And in a way you are. Well, you can hand over that treasure which you have been good enough to guard for me better than I could myself as soon as you will. I've no objection now. Good evening, doctor."

He wheeled about and went off humming a tune. But I was staggered. That meant, if he were not lying again, that we were near the end of our tether, that the truce was up, and that . . . .

My mind shuddered in its chain of thought. There was only one possible end for us if Holgate was to secure himself; and he was capable of any infamy. As I looked at his broad back and bull neck I felt rage and hatred gather in me and surge together. But I was impotent then and there. I went back to our quarters, sick at heart.

It was falling dark when I reached the state-rooms, and all was as usual. The same vacant face of quietude was presented to me in the corridor. Leaving the two men, of whom one was Grant, on guard, I went below to my cabin; and, as I did so, thought to look in upon Pye. Faint shafts of light streamed in by the open port, but I could see no one.

"Pye!" I called, and received no answer. Well, it was of small consequence to us if Pye recovered or not, for he was negligible as a unit of our defence. But I was glad that the little man had sufficiently resumed what might be called his manhood to be up and about again. Maybe, I thought with some amusement, I should find him airing himself in the corridor, or disporting in the music-room. Coming out of my cabin I groped my way along the passage in the direction of the stairs. When I reached the foot of them it was quite dark, and I stopped, arrested suddenly by a murmur of voices from the saloon beyond. I knew that some one must be on guard there, but I did not quite understand the murmur. I hesitated, making some inquiries in my mind. From the hour I came to the conclusion that Barraclough was on duty, and I turned and entered the saloon, the door of which was ajar.

"Is that you, Barraclough?" I called.

My voice penetrated the darkness, which was here alleviated by the dull gleam from the portholes. I heard a rustling, and I was sure it was of a woman's skirts.

"What do you want?" asked Barraclough in a leaden voice.

"Oh, nothing," said I as coldly; "I only thought I heard voices."

"Now what the ——" He pulled himself up sharply, for with all his faults, and heaven knows I had yet to find how many they were, he was a gentleman.

"It is the doctor," came in Mademoiselle's pretty accents. "Oh, it is so cold upstairs, doctor. You must make us some machinery to warm us."

"We shall be colder, yet, mademoiselle," I replied indifferently, "we shall have the ices of Magellan refrigerating us to-morrow."

"Magellan," said Barraclough. "What the mischief does that mean?"

"Ask Mr. Holgate," I answered. "It's his affair, or he thinks it is. He has taken it on himself." I made my way to the electric light knobs. "As it seems to be getting dark," I said, not without irony, "I will take the liberty of illuminating."

"Oh, it's none so dark," growled Barraclough. "We ought to be used to darkness by this time. We're not all children at nurse," he sneered palpably.

I turned the catch but no light came. "It's gone wrong," I exclaimed.

"Yes, I did try it a little time ago," said Mademoiselle sweetly, "when Sir John and I were in so deep argument."

Of course it was a lie, but what did that matter. If I could have seen Barraclough's face at that moment I felt sure it would have advertised a sense of shame, despite his passivity. But Mademoiselle . . . Well, I could see in the dusk the shadow of her face, and it was a handsome shadow. Almost I could see her smile. They were seated in the recesses of the saloon. I moved towards them.

"I suppose you understand the hang of this, Sir John," I said dryly.

"I'm not a patent detective," he answered with his arrogant sneer, but I paid no heed, for I felt sure of settling him then and there.

"I suppose it has occurred to you to reflect on whose grace we have depended for our electric supply," I said mildly.

"I know that it comes from the engine-room if that's what you mean," he replied bluntly.

"And now it's cut off," I said.

There was a pause, and it was the lady who broke it.

"What is it that you mean, doctor?"

I addressed her. "The mutineers cut off the light preparatory to an attack."

"You are the most wonderful sleuth-hound, Dr. Phillimore," said Barraclough with a hard laugh; "your talents are quite thrown away."

"I regret to say they are here," I answered sharply. "Yet I'm going to make another try. Where's Day? And where would he be if he had paid some attention to the patent detective? I tell you again, Sir John Barraclough, that we've got to expect an attack to-night, and that's why the light is gone."

A man may endure hostility and defeat; he may suffer shame and injustice; he may undergo pangs of jealousy and remorse. All these things are dispiriting or humiliating, but I declare that I would willingly experience them all if I might save myself from the supreme dishonour of appearing in a ridiculous *rôle*. I had spoken strongly because I felt warmly, and there was a note of dictatorial assurance in my voice which might have convinced, or at least silenced, Barraclough. But I had left the keys down, and to my shocking discomfiture as I finished my declamation the saloon was at a stroke flooded with light.

The radiance discovered to me Mademoiselle's piquante face, her eyes smiling, her lips full and pouting, and close beside her Barraclough's fair Saxon jowl. He grinned at me, but said nothing, for which perhaps I should have been grateful. But I was not.

"But this is in our honour then?" suggested Mademoiselle Yvonne prettily.

I had no fancy for her, but I did not mind her little sarcasm.

I bowed. "No doubt to celebrate my oratory," I said recovering myself. "But as we do not know how long Mr. Holgate will condescend to continue his compliment we may as well make the most of it."

"You're a cool hand, Phillimore," said Barraclough, now with the good temper of one who has triumphed.

"But none so cool as Holgate," I returned him in the same spirit, "for he has just warned me that his reasons for not attacking us are at an end." He regarded me interrogatively. "Holgate is not only a cool hand but a cunning hand, a far-reasoning hand. He has let us take care of his treasure until he was ready for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Barraclough in astonishment.

"His men might have become demoralised if he had seized the safe. He has, therefore, feigned to them that it was not practicable. That has been his reason for our security, not tender mercy for us, you may guess. So we have kept his treasure safe, and now—he wants it."

"Why now?" queried Barraclough, who frowned.

"That's Holgate's secret. I suppose he knows what he is going to do, and what destination he wants. We don't. Any way we're turning through Magellan to-night, and he has no further use for us."

"I wish I'd shot that fiend to-day," said Barraclough savagely.

Mademoiselle looked from one to the other, a curious expression on her face.

"He is a remarkable man, this 'Olgate?" she asked.

"He is — pardon, Mademoiselle — the ——," said Barraclough.

She laughed her fluting laughter. "Oh, but the devil may be perhaps converted," she said. "He may be tamed. You say music have powers to tame the savage breast." She tapped her bosom dramatically, and smiled. "There is many men that may be tamed."

She cast a soft glance at Barraclough and then at me.

But I only got the edge of it, for at that moment I caught sight of a grey face, with little tufts of whisker under the ears, and glancing glasses that hung over the railings of the music balcony above. It was Pye. Had he been there long in the darkness or had he only just arrived, attracted by the light and the voices? The latter seemed the more probable assumption, for as I looked up he made an awkward movement as if he was embarrassed at being discovered. Yet, if he had been eavesdropping where was the harm? But somehow I felt annoyed. The others followed my glance, but the clerk had gone.

Mademoiselle Trebizond sighed and put her small hand over her mouth to hide a yawn.

"It is so what you call dull, Sir John," she protested in her coquettish way. "Nothing but sea, sea, and not even the chance to go on deck. I would sooner have the mutineers. Oh, but it was insensate to leave Europe and France. No, it is a country the most diabolic this side of the ocean. What is there under the sea, Sir John?"

"Why the fishes, Mademoiselle," said he, grinning.

"No, no; understand me, Monsieur. I mean under the ground. What is there?" She waved her hands. "Sea, sea, sea, nothing else, and savages," she added thoughtfully.

"They would be interesting," I suggested dryly.

She looked at me. "My good friend, doctor, you are right," she said charmingly. "More interesting than this company. Monsieur 'Olgate, he is interesting, is it not?"

"We may have an opportunity of judging presently," said I lightly.

Mademoiselle got up and peered out of one of the port-holes. The glow of the electric light in the luxurious saloon threw into blueness the stark darkness of the evening. Nothing was visible, but through the ports streamed the cadences of the water rising and falling about the hull. It had its picturesque side, that scene, and, looked at with sympathetic eyes the setting was romantic, whatever tragedy might follow. That it was to be tragedy I was assured, but this pretty, emotional butterfly had no such thoughts. Why should she have? She was safeguarded by the prince of a regnant line; she was to be the mistress of millions; and she could coquette at will in dark corners with handsome officers. She was bored, no doubt, and when dominoes with her maid failed her she had Barraclough to fall back on, and there was her art behind all if she had only an audience. I began to see the explanation of that astonishing scene earlier in the day. She was vain to her finger tips; she loved sensations; and it was trying even to be the betrothed of a royal prince, if divorced from excitements to her vanity. After all, Prince Frederic, apart from his lineage, was an ordinary mortal, and his conversation was not stimulating. In Germany or in Paris Mademoiselle would have f ted it happily as the consort ever of a dethroned prince; but what was to be got out of the eternal wash and silence of the ocean, out of the sea, sea, sea, as she herself phrased it?

She came back from the port-hole. "It is so dull," she said, and yawned politely. Well, it was dull, but perhaps dulness was more pleasant than the excitements which we were promised. With a flirt of her eyes she left us.

When she was gone Barraclough eyed me coldly and steadily.

"You didn't say all you had to say," he remarked.

"No, I didn't. Lights or no lights Holgate will attack presently—I will not pin myself to to-night. He is where he wants

to be, or will be soon. Then he has no use for us"—(I paused)—"women or men."

"Good heavens, do you think him that sort of scoundrel?" he inquired sharply.

"What has he done? Played with us as a cat with mice. Oh, he's the most unholy ruffian I've ever struck. And you know it. Look at his face. No, Barraclough, it's death, it's death to every man jack."

"And the women?" he said hesitatingly.

I too hesitated. "No, I don't credit him with that. He threatened, but I don't quite believe. Yet I don't know. No. I think it's a question of a terminus for all of us, man and woman"—(I paused)—"including your pretty friend there."

He turned sharply on me but made no remark. His eyelids were drawn and heavy and his eyes surcharged. He appeared to be under the stress of some severe thought. I moved away, leaving it at that, for it was obvious that he was moved. As I reached the door I happened to glance back. Barraclough stood where I had left him, his brows knitted; but my eyes passed from him to the gallery, and there lighted on Mademoiselle, who stood with one hand on the railing gazing down at Barraclough. She had her hand to her heart, and her face was white like death, but that may have been the effect of the electric light. I wondered, as I had wondered about Pye, how long she had been there, and if she had heard. Had she spied on us of a set purpose? If so (God help her!) she had taken no good of her eavesdropping. A pity for her seized me. She was still and silent in the course of my gaze, but, as I looked, the ship heeled, her bosom struck the railing heavily, and she uttered a tiny cry. Barraclough glanced up and saw her. As I went out a cold blast streamed off the sea and entered the open ports; the waters rocked and roared. I guessed that we were entering the channel.

I had made my report to Barraclough, but I had to report to the Prince. When I reached his cabin I found him seated before his table, engaged in sorting a number of documents. He wore glasses, which I had never seen on him before, and he proffered me a severe frown as I entered. I have never to this day rightly assessed the character of Prince Frederic of Hochburg, so many odd ingredients entered into it. He was dictatorial, he was even domineering, he was hard-working, and he was conscientious. About these qualities I had already made up my mind. But his acts had been wholly in disregard of the rhythmical and regular conventions which he should thus have associated with himself. He had broken with his fatherland, he had thrown over dynastic laws, he had gone by his will alone, and no red tape. Perhaps there was the solution. He had gone by his conscience. I have said I was convinced of his conscientiousness, and possibly in these strange departures from the code of his fathers he was following a new and internal guide, to the detriment of his own material interests. He had abandoned the essence while retaining the forms of his birth and breeding. At least, this is but my assumption; his actions must explain him for himself. I have set down faithfully how he behaved from the first moment I met him. Let him be judged by that.

The Prince then, who had violated the traditions of his house by his proposed alliance, was occupied in his accounts. That, at any rate, is what I gathered from the hasty glance I got at the sheets of figures before him.

"Well, sir?" said he brusquely.

"I report, sir, that we have entered the Straits of Magellan, and that we have every reason to look for an attack at any moment," I said formally.

He dropped his pen. "So!" he said, nodding quite pleasantly.

"It is just as well that it comes, doctor. We have been too long on the rack. It has done us no good."

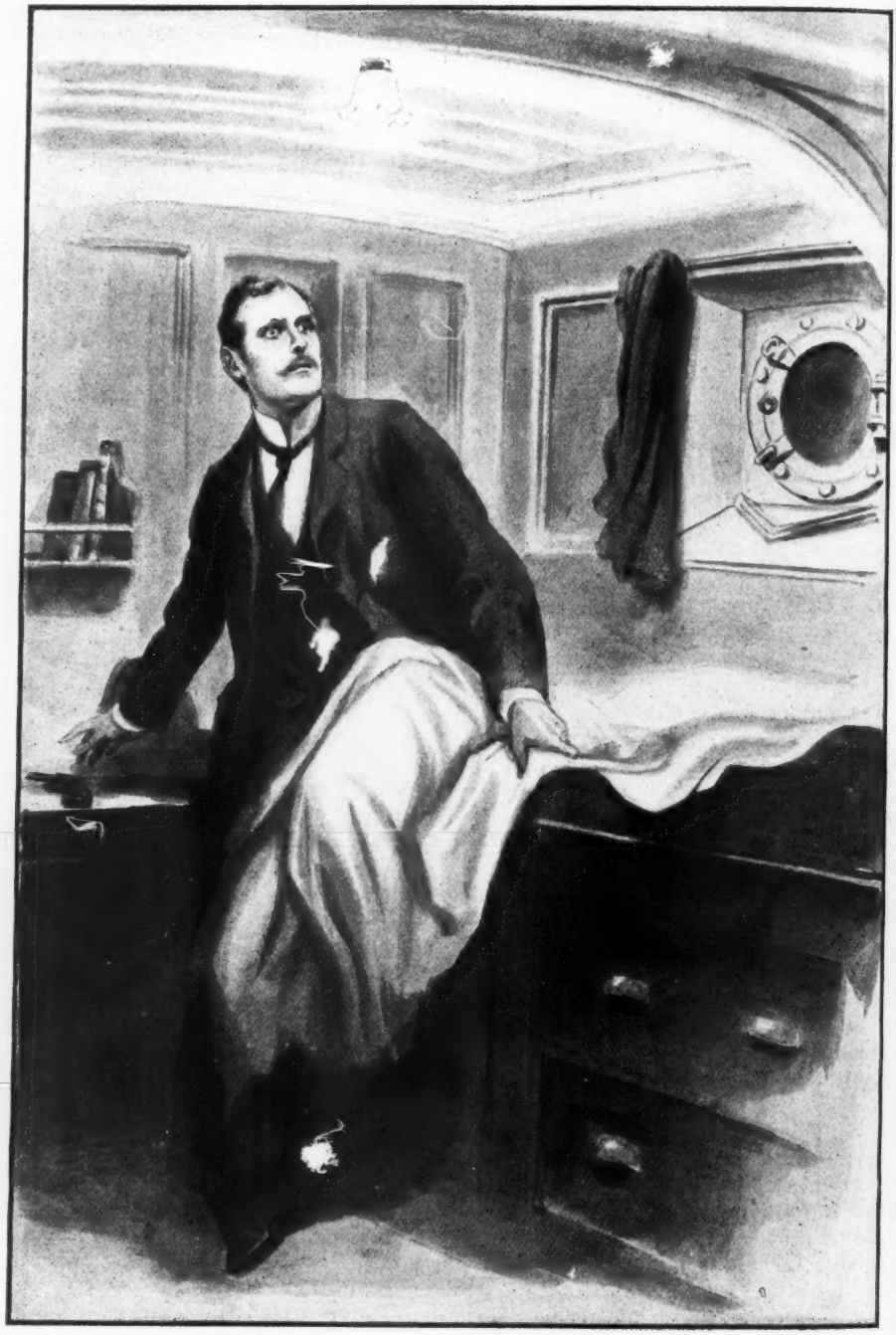
"I think you are right, sir," I answered; "and, on the other hand, it has been of service to the mutineers."

He looked perplexed. "We have taken charge of the safes for them," I explained.

He sat silent awhile, and then mechanically curled his moustache upwards.

"Yes—yes—yes," he said. "You are right. That, then, is the reason. This man is clever."

It seemed the echo of what his lady-love had said a quarter of an hour before. I made no reply as none seemed necessary. He



I rose to my feet, seizing my revolver

went to the barred window, in which a gap was open, letting in the night, and the act recalled again to me Mademoiselle. Was this scion of royalty perishing for an idea? He looked very strong, very capable, and rather wonderful just then. I had never been drawn to him, but I had at the moment some understanding of what it might be to be the subject of so masterful and unreasonable a man. Yet now he was not at all unreasonable, or even masterful. He turned back to me.

"Doctor," he said gently, "we must see that the ladies are not incommoded."

"We will all do our best," I answered, wondering if he knew how inadequate a word he had used. Incommoded! Good heavens! Was my knowledge of Holgate to go for nothing? What would be the end?

Was the man an idealist? He seemed sunk in a dream, and I saw his face soften as he stared out at the sea. Compassion gushed in my heart. I turned away.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOG

My watch ended at ten o'clock, and I went direct to my cabin. I was a light sleeper, and could depend upon awaking at the slightest sound. Thus I had no fear that I should be wanting in an emergency, quite apart from the fact that the steward was stationed at the opening into the saloon with strict orders.

I suppose it must have been three hours later that I sat up in my bunk with a consciousness that something was wrong. I listened, but I could hear no sound, and I rose to my feet, seizing my revolver. Then I understood. It was precisely that there was no sound, or rather that sounds had dwindled, that I had awoke. The screw had stopped. I opened the door and went along the passage towards the saloon. Grant was at the foot of the stairs, and I hailed him.

"No, sir, I don't know, sir," he answered me in respect of my questions.

Well, one had to find out at any cost, and I ran up the stairs and got access to the corridor of the state-rooms. Here were gathered the Prince, Barraclough, Lane, and the quartermaster.

"I believe he's been on the P.S.N.C.," Lane was saying as I came up. "He ought to be able to pull her through."

"The question is, does he want to?" asked Barraclough grimly.

"Good heavens, who wants to lock his ship in these accursed bilboes?" cried the purser. "It's enough to freeze one's hair stiff. Can you see anything?"

For answer, Barraclough threw open the door that led upon the deck, and it was as if a vent had yawned in the night. It was pitch black, and, what was worse, banks of fog rolled along the thwarts. Lane drew back a step, and shivered.

"Oh! my uncle!" he exclaimed.

"You do not see any sign of them?" inquired the Prince imperturbably.

Barraclough shook his head. "If they're coming they'll have their work cut out to find their way," he said.

"Oh, let 'em all come this weather," said Lane agreeably. "'I wish I'd bought ducks' —I mean fires."

He was shivering continuously and I pushed him back. "Don't be a fool," said I. "We want all hands in good form during the next four-and twenty hours."

I peered out of the door, but the screen of sea fog shut off the view; it was as if I gazed at a blank wall, and the cold was intense.

"What do you guess has happened?" I asked Barraclough.

"He's got her in a narrow gut somewhere and is frightened. I've only been through here twice in my life, and in both cases it was broad daylight. This is where they melt fogs for the world. Oh, hang it, let's have the door shut."

He shut it as he spoke, and I looked round. The Prince sat on a sofa and waited. Lane blew on his fingers and whistled. Ellison stood, the respectful seaman as ever.

"They've been kind about the electric light," observed Barraclough, with a grin at me.

I said nothing, for there was nothing I could rejoin in the circumstances. I retraced my way to the door and opened it.

"Oh! confound it all!" roared Barra-

clough, as the fog rolled in. "Don't you see the ladies are here?"

I turned back, but only Princess Alix was visible. She moved white and tall under the lights. I shut the door again.

"Why has the yacht stopped, Frederic?" she asked her brother.

"The fog," he answered, with a gesture towards the door.

She looked towards us, her upper lip lifted in a charming excitement and the colour flying in her cheeks. Then she came forward swiftly, and, even as she did so, the *Sea Queen* heeled over, rolling and trembling from her copper sheathing upwards. The shock sent me against the wall, and Barraclough also staggered. Princess Alix in her flight was precipitated forward and ran upon me. She had put up her hands instinctively to save herself, but in the rush she gathered momentum and swung across the dozen paces between where she had been and the door with the speed of an arrow discharged in the air. Her palms struck the woodwork with a resounding slap, but the full force of her sweet body fell on me. For one instant I held her in my arms quite closely, her breath upon my face.

"Are you hurt, Princess?" I gasped.

"Oh! my hands!" she cried pitifully, and then ceased suddenly. She withdrew a little. "They sting," she said, also breathlessly. "But you—you must be injured."

"I am a little out of breath," I answered, "but I was never better in my life." I cannot say why I blurted this forth. Somehow I was beyond myself.

"She has struck!" cried Barraclough.

The *Sea Queen* righted herself slowly.

"I can't stand this," I said. "I'm going to find out."

I glanced at the Princess, but she stood clinging to the wall, her bosom heaving, her eyes on Barraclough. I opened the door, and, stepping out, closed it again behind me. I was determined to find out what had happened.

After all, it was not a very hazardous enterprise. Holgate had shown no disposition to take advantage of my visits to the forecastle, and it was pretty clear that no attack was possible at the moment. Nevertheless I will confess that I experienced a little elation in feeling my way through the dense darkness along the saloon. It is not always possible to analyse one's feelings, but I think afterwards (not at the time) I connected this mood with the Princess. I had held her in my arms, her face to mine, and I was suddenly exalted to be capable of great things. There was nothing I would not have dared then, no danger from which I would have shrunk, no risk I would not have taken, however foolhardy. In a sense I walked on air; I was lunatic; and all because I had held for an instant of time an adorable woman in my arms with no consent of hers. I believe now (and I hope it will not be counted against me) that it was with a little swagger that I opened the door and stepped forth into the rolling fog.

The *Sea Queen* stirred a little as if to show she still lived, but there was no motion perceptible. I had buttoned up my coat round my neck, but even so the mists from the ice-clad hills on either side of the passage bit hard into me. I groped to the chart-house and then paused. A twinkle of light was visible ahead and aloft. It was the bridge. I launched myself suddenly into the vacancy before me, and went like hoodman blind with arms outstretched towards the railing. I struck an iron pillar, and guiding myself from it to another reached at last the foot of the ladder that ran up. This I mounted very deliberately and carefully until I had come to the bridge itself, where a dull light burned by the binnacle. Instantly I was taken by the throat.

I struggled with my assailant at a disadvantage, as I was unable to reach his face, owing to his superior grip of me; but I managed to get a leg at the back of his, and though the pressure on my windpipe was terrible, and I felt that I was weakening fast, I threw him back against the railings. As I did so a light was thrust into my face, and I heard Holgate's voice.

"It's the doctor. All right, Pierce. Hands off, man."

Even as he spoke my antagonist loosened his hold, and I drew off, the relaxed artery jumping in my throat painfully.

"By ——, doctor, you were near gone," went on Holgate in his ruminating voice. "Pierce don't take his fingers off no more than a bull-dog when he has once caught on. Lucky I had a suspicion of you. I thought no one would be such a fool as to venture save you. Glad to see you, as always, if unexpectedly. Any news?"

He lighted a cigar as he spoke, and the fog was roseate about his head. I recovered my breath as best I might.

He lighted a cigar as he spoke, and the fog was roseate about his head

"As you are reserving us—Holgate, for a destiny of your own," I panted, "and we are not—particularly anxious to anticipate it—I thought I would find out—if we are going down."

He laughed fatly. "I like you, doctor. Upon my soul I do. It's a real pity we couldn't have hit it off. No; you can sleep calmly. There's no going down; well, not yet. I've been through these Straits a score of times, and in all weathers, and I've learned this much, that a fog spells the red flag. That's all, Dr. Phillimore. She's got no more than steering way on her and I'll pull her up presently."

"Well," said I. "I suppose it matters nothing to us, but a wreck is a frightening matter this weather."

He seemed to be studying me, and then laughed. "All serene. If you have made up your mind to your fate there's nothing to be said. But I'm in charge here, and not Sir John Barraclough. I suppose he has some use, but I've not made it out up till now."

"Holgate," said I suddenly, "this vessel's in your hands till she's out of the Straits, if she's ever out. I don't deny it. But I should like a little further light on destiny, so to speak. You reckon you can take the safes. What more do you want?"

"Nothing in the world, my lad," he said comfortably. "You've hit it. Nothing in the wide, wide world."

"Rubbish!" said I sharply. "Does anyone suppose you're going to turn loose witnesses against you?"

He took the cigar from his mouth, and, though I could not discern his face in the fog, I knew its expression.

"Well now that's a new idea, and not a bad idea," he said equably. "Of course I should be running a risk, shouldn't I? But what's to be done in conflict with a temperament like mine? I can't help myself. Take your oath on one thing, doctor, and that is I'll die game. If the respectable folk whom I take pity on and land somewhere—somewhere nice—turn on me, why, I'll die game. But of course they won't. You know they won't, doctor."

This question was not worth answering: indeed I knew it was not meant for an answer; it was a palpable gibe. I held my tongue, but now I knew I should get no information out of this soft-voiced ruffian until it suited him to give it. Our fate was still a mystery—if we were beaten in the struggle that was imminent, and I could not flatter myself with hopes of our victory.

I bade him good night, for there was no reason to dispense with ceremonies; we were still enjoying our armed truce. But I had got no further than the ladder when he hailed me through the gloom.

"I've pitched her to, now, doctor. You can sleep like a babe, and the Princess too."

I stopped—I knew not why; perhaps I had still a faint hope of discovering something.

"That means you will attack," I said calmly.

His figure loomed out upon me in the fog, the red cigar end burning in his mouth. "You don't mean that, my lad," said he, in an easy affectionate tone. "I'm Lancashire born and Lancashire bred, and I'm shrewd enough to know a bit. You don't mean that, bless you. Look ye here, doctor, go and take your rest, and pray God to deliver you from your folly. A foolish man you were and that you be. You'll die that, my lad, I fear. Yet I would give you another chance. I liked you when I sat opposite to you in the tavern there."

"Ah, Holgate," said I, sighing deeply. "How many weary years ago, and your doing!"

I admit that this was theatrical; it was designed as such, and as a last appeal. I was afraid of that man, and that is the truth. I drew a bow at a venture. From the change in the position of the burning edge I gathered that he took his cigar out of his mouth. He was perceptibly silent for a time. Then the light went back.

"Well, you ll have a sound sleep if you take my advice," he said in his normal tones.

"And then . . . a sounder," I said lightly.

"You always take too much for granted, doctor," he replied, laughing. "By the Lord, I wish I had your forward mind."

"You shall have anything you like of mine directly," I said flippantly, and began the descent of the ladder.

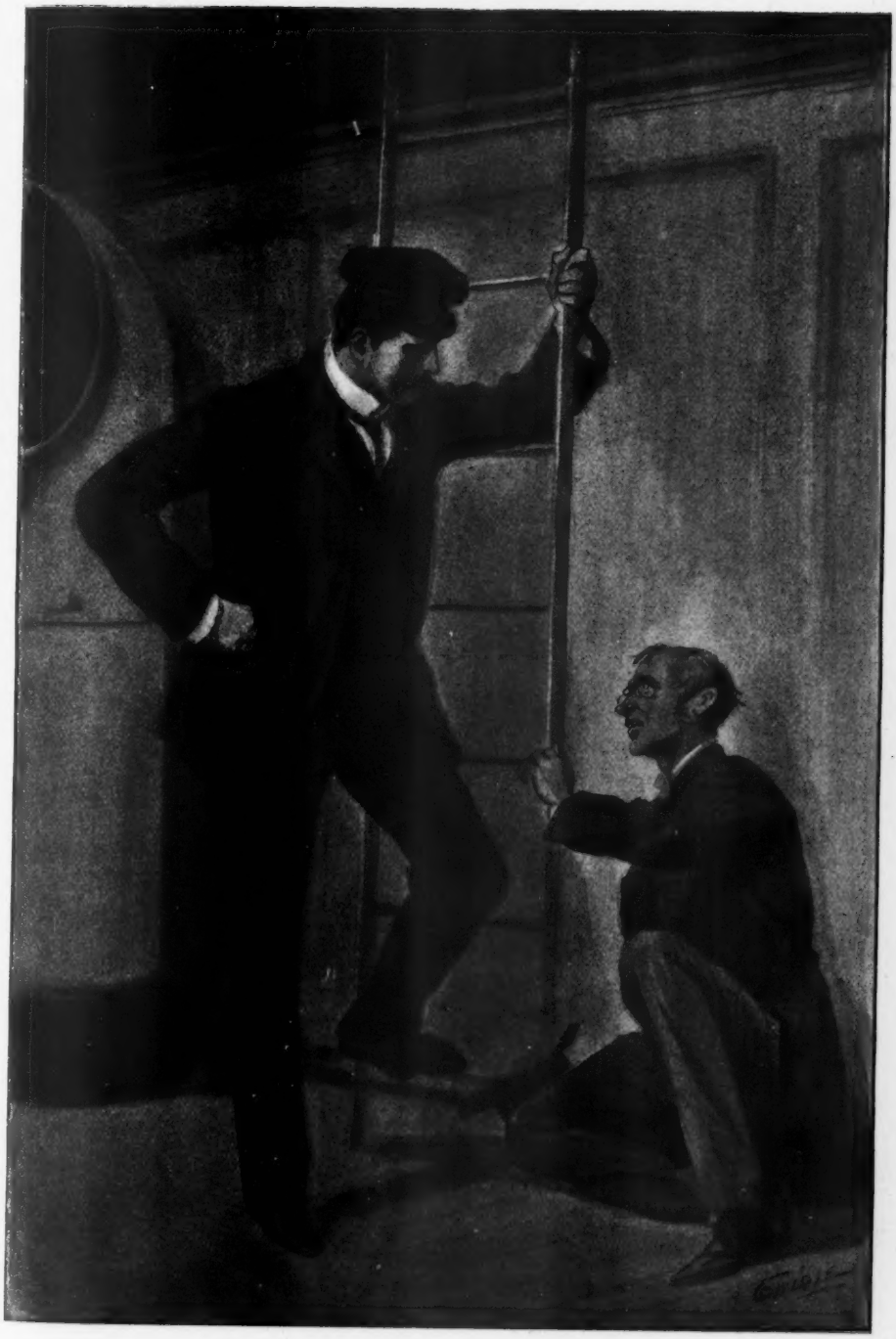
I was conscious that he leaned over the barrier of the bridge watching me; for I saw the point of his cigar, but that was soon swallowed up in the darkness, and I saw nothing more. The cold was so intense that my fingers had grown numb as I talked with Holgate, and I could hardly feel the iron; moreover my feet were like lumps of ice and seemed to rest on nothing as they met the rungs. This, I imagine, was the reason of my mishap. At any rate I missed a rung, lost my catch, and tumbled heavily down the last three or four steps, falling to my surprise not upon the hard deck, but upon some warmer softer body. Remembering vividly and painfully my struggle with Pierce, I was on my guard and grabbed the man that lay under me.

"For heaven's sake—" he gasped. "It's me—it's Pye."

I was astounded, and relaxed my hold. Pye! What was the little craven clerk doing there at this time of night, and in such weather?

"What——" I began, when he uttered an exclamation of terror, as it seemed.

"Dr. Phillimore!"



What on earth are you doing here?

"That is so," I answered. "What on earth are you doing here?"

There was almost a whimper in his voice as he replied:

"The fog, doctor. I was foolish enough to wander out on the deck, and I lost my way. I've been straying about for twenty minutes or more. I couldn't find the door again."

"Well, you won't in this direction," I assured him. "This part of the country belongs to the enemy. You've strayed afield, my friend, so, if you'll give me your arm I'll do my best to put you straight."

He thanked me, and did as I asked him, but, as I thought, somewhat timorously. His hand rested nervously inside my arm, as if he would have withdrawn it and fled at a moment's notice. And so we stumbled along the deck together to the state cabins.

I gave the signal on the door, and we were admitted by Ellison. There was no one else in the corridor except Lane at the further end, and, to my surprise, the Princess. She was seated on a couch under the electric light reading, clad in a long and flowing morning gown. Her hand with the book had dropped a little as we entered, and her eyes sought us.

She was seated on a couch under the electric light reading

"There will be no alarm to-night, Ellison," I said on the spur of the moment,

and I caught the Princess's eye. She rose, shut her book, and came towards us.

"You have come back safely," she said in a quick way.

"The fog was the only danger," I answered. "And it nearly did for Mr. Pye. You may confide your head to the pillow with a security to-night, Miss Morland. To-night Mr. Holgate is a sailor."

She did not seem to understand.

"His care is his ship to-night," I rejoined.

"You have placed us in your debt," she said. "I do not think my brother knows how much we have been indebted to you."

I looked at Pye. The praise was pleasant on her lips, but I felt a little embarrassed. The clerk's eyes were fastened on the Princess Alix with a certain definite avidity of gaze. It was as if some strange animal had suddenly stiffened at the sight of prey and was watching greedily. The look repelled me; it struck horror to my marrow. I could have seized him, shaken his miserable little bones and thrown him into a weeping cowardly heap on the floor. But as I looked his gaze came round to me, and, behold, it was only the feeble watery eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles that I saw. With a bow to the Princess I proceeded on my way to give my report to her brother.

The Weaver

THE weaver sits at his loom,
The shuttles ply;
Nor heeds he the shadow of doom
That draweth nigh.

With warp and with woof he weaves
The pattern rare
He in his soul conceives
Of beauty fair.

His is the master-mind,
His is the skill;
None else the clue may find,
The work fulfil.

He looks nor left nor right,
On task intent;
Nor heeds the darkening light,
In heart content.

But ever the shadow of doom
Is drawing nigh;
And the shuttles must cease on the loom
When it passeth by.

Slowly the pattern grows,
The thought obeying;
Swiftly towards its close
The life is straying.

At length the shadow falls,
And Azraël
The soul to God recalls,
Approving well.

The fingers cease to ply,
The heart is still;
Idly the shuttles lie,
Serving no will.

Th' imperfect web retains
Its secret fast,
And incomplete remains
The project vast.

Yet he a pattern weaved,
Of beauty rarer
Than e'er his mind conceived,—
A Soul wrought fairer.

Yea! a life-work incomplete,
A task undone,
May betoken, not defeat,
But victory won.

CHARLES W. HUTCHESON, B.D.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ELEMENT IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

BY F. G. KITTON.

Illustrated from photographs taken by Catherine Weed Ward

FIRST PAPER

FOR those who are able to read "between the lines," the story of "David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery," possesses a particularly fascinating quality—viz., the charm of autobiography. There are some personal reminiscences, also, in "Pickwick," "Nickleby," and other of "Boz's" books, and noticeably in certain of his minor writings; but in this respect the life-history of David stands apart from the rest, and, like Thackeray's "Pendennis," may be regarded to a large extent as a true record of the author's own experiences. Forster warns us not to assume too much from the revelations in "David Copperfield" when attempting to identify the novelist with his hero. Students of Dickens, however, cannot fail to detect the autobiographical element underlying a considerable portion of the story, and to such students this is more obvious than Forster seems inclined to admit when he declares that "the language of the fiction reflects only faintly the narrative of the actual fact." I propose, therefore, to indicate in these papers how much fact is woven into the fiction, and to show the extent to which Dickens realised the intention "to take all the world into his confidence."

It is important to remember that Dickens, long before the story was conceived, had prepared an account of the incidents appertaining to his own boyhood, this record being merely "the first portion of what he had designed to write." Several months later, when the fancy for "David Copperfield" suggested itself, he at once decided to abandon the real autobiography, and to embody in the story those recollections of his childhood. Fortunately, the original manuscript was preserved, and Forster rightly determined to print the fragment in his life of the novelist. We are thus enabled to compare the facts here related with the incidents set forth in the novel, and (as Forster observes) "to supply to the story of the author's childhood those passages, omitted from the book, which, apart from their illustration of the growth of his character, present to us a picture of tragical suffering, and of tender as well as humorous fancy, unsurpassed in even the wonders of his published writings." He gives us to understand that the incidents of Dickens's early years might never have transpired but for a question accidentally put by him to the novelist in March or April 1847, whether he remembered ever having seen in his boyhood their common friend, the elder Mr. Dilke, who had been a clerk in the office at Somerset House, where John Dickens (the novelist's father) acted in a similar capacity. The query so innocently propounded "touched a painful place in his memory," for it had reference to a time of which he "never would lose the remembrance while he remembered anything, and the recollections of which, at intervals, haunted him and made him miserable, even to that hour." Probably with the idea of relieving the mental perturbations caused by Forster's inquiry, Dickens resolved to put into writing

the details of his life at the period referred to, and thus came into existence the autobiographical fragment which Forster had enshrined in his pages, and which were subsequently transferred to "David Copperfield" almost entirely in an undisguised form.

An analytical study of "David Copperfield" reveals considerably more of Dickens's personality than can be discovered by the desultory reader. It is both surprising and entrancing to find how much of himself the author has put into the book, even to the exact day of the week on which he came into the world, for, in the opening paragraph of the initial chapter we learn that David "was born on a Friday," which coincides with the novelist's own birthday, on February 7, 1812. He used frequently to remark, by the way, that all the important events of his life had happened to him on a Friday, which he and his family (contrary to the vulgar superstition) had come to regard as his lucky day. The initials of his hero, "D. C." were his own reversed, and it has been suggested that this is something more than mere coincidence; but Forster conclusively assures us that it was a pure accident, he being the first to notice it, and to point out to Dickens the peculiarity, who thereupon expressed his astonishment, protesting that it was just in keeping with the fates and chances which were always befalling him. "Why else," he pertinently asked, "should I so obstinately have kept to that name when once it turned up?" If further verification were needed, it is supplied by the original manuscript containing the various titles proposed for the story, where it will be seen that the first cognomen thought of for the hero was Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger; Thomas was changed to David, and Mag eventually became Copperfield, this surname being arrived at by a process of evolution from Trotfield, Trotbury, Copperboy, and Copperstone. In relating "The Personal History, Adventures, Experiences and Observations of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery"

The Marshalsea Debtors' Prison, where John Dickens was confined

(to give the original elaborate title), Dickens manifestly had in mind the principal incidents of his own life. Within certain limits, the period covered by the story exactly synchronises with the period which elapsed between the dates of the author's birth and of the production of this book—that is, from 1812 to 1848.

Before the reader has turned over many pages of "Copperfield" he will detect much that is personal to the author. In the fourth chapter we are told that David's father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which he (the son) had access. "From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' came out, a glorious host to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy and my hope of something beyond that time and place . . ." This (as Forster says) is one of the many passages in "Copperfield" which are literally true of Dickens himself, and every word had been written down as fact some years even before it found its way into print, "the only change in the fiction being his omission of the name of a cheap series of novelists then in course of publication by means of which his father had become happily the owner of so large a lump of literary treasure in his small collection of books." The "blessed little room" containing the volumes which the intelligent boy so eagerly devoured adjoined his bedroom in his father's house in St. Mary's Place, Chatham. We find that the sequence of events, as related in the autobiography, does not quite correspond with the order in which they are chronicled in the story, and an instance of this chronological difference may be cited with regard to the crisis in John Dickens's monetary affairs, this arriving at an earlier period than it does in fiction.

John Dickens

(From a bust by Haydon)

He never undertook any business . . . that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honourably discharge. The longer I live the better man I think him.

Without doubt, the autobiographical element is much more clearly revealed in the eleventh chapter of "Copperfield" than in any other portion of the book—the chapter entitled, "I begin life on my own account, and don't like it." Indeed, it comprises the fragment of autobiography which Forster includes in the first two sections of the "Life," slightly altered of course for the purposes of the story. Here, in these two sections, are related in detail those incidents of Dickens's boyhood the recollection of which always revived painful memories—his father's financial difficulties, the demoralising environment at home, the arrest for debt and consequent imprisonment at the Marshalsea—all are pictured in the story. Wilkins Micawber (it will be remembered) was incarcerated at the King's Bench, not the Marshalsea; both prisons, however, were situated in the borough of Southwark, within a short distance of each other; the former being abolished in 1862,

and destroyed in 1880, while the latter (the smallest of the debtors' prisons) ceased to be used as such in 1849, although a considerable portion of the original structure still survives. For the portrait of Micawber the novelist borrowed certain eccentric traits of his father, such as his passion for letter-writing, his grandiloquent phraseology, &c., and it is reasonable to suppose that in Mrs. Micawber were reproduced (in a less marked manner) certain idiosyncrasies of his mother. We know that the incident of Mrs. Micawber's attempt to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family by means of a "Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies" is founded on a similar experience of Mrs. John Dickens, at No. 4 Gower Street North, whither the Dickens family removed in 1824 from a much smaller house in Bayham Street, Camden Town, and that the venture proved equally disastrous, both the "great brass plate" and the generous distribution of circulars failing to bring about the desired result. We know also that the unavoidable climax was hastened by long-suffering creditors, that John Dickens (like Wilkins Micawber) was conveyed to a debtors' prison, and that the last words uttered by him to his son on that occcasion were to the effect that the sun was set upon him for ever—Mr. Micawber's phrase is that "the God of day had now gone down upon him," —and "I really believed at the time," said the novelist to his biographer, "that they had broken my heart." The famous aphorism with regard to the adjustment of receipts and expenditure ascribed in fiction to Mr. Micawber is credited to John Dickens, who thus warned his son Charles when the boy visited him at the Marshalsea. The pawnbroker's shop, where David was induced "to conjugate a Latin verb" for the delectation of the principal assistant, the bookstall and its drunken proprietor, the incident at the King's Bench (including such details as the borrowing of the knife and fork)—all were veritable reminiscences, related in the story almost word for word as set forth in the autobiographical fragment.

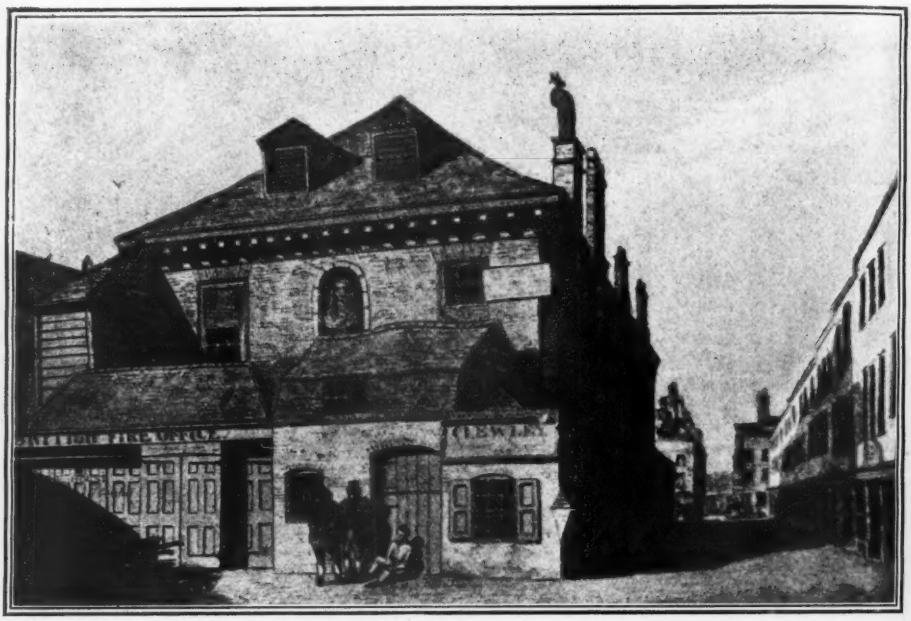
Perhaps the most distressing episode in Dickens's life was that usually referred to as "the blacking-bottle period," the recollection of which haunted him and made him exceedingly miserable. In "Copperfield" the details of his experiences at the blacking-warehouse are graphically portrayed as those of little David, and, substituting the name of Warren for those of Murdstone and Grinby, and transferring the *locale* from Blackfriars to Hungerford Stairs, the narrative entirely accords with facts. Mr. Quinion occupies in the story the same position as did James Lamert (a connection of the Dickens family) at Warren's. The name of the lad who showed little Charles the trick of using the string, in tying up the pots of paste-blacking, was Bob Fagin (an orphan), whose

No. 141 Bayham Street, Camden Town

"A mean, small tenement with a wretched little back garden," where the Dickens family were served by the "Orfling" from Chatham Workhouse, and where many scenes described in connection with the Micawber family actually occurred

brother-in-law was a waterman; and whose surname the novelist afterwards bestowed upon the Jew in "Oliver Twist"; in "Copperfield" Bob Fagin appears as Mick Walker, whose father was "a bargeman, and walked, in a black velvet head dress, in the Lord Mayor's Show." Another youthful associate at Warren's was Paul Green—"currently believed to have been christened Poll"; he is called Mealy Potatoes in the story, and his father (like Mealy's) combined the offices of fireman and waterman, while a young relation of his "did imps in the pantomimes" at Drury Lane. Gregory, the foreman of the packers, and Tipp, the carman at Murdstone and Grinby's, were Thomas and Harry in the flesh, and filled similar positions at Warren's.

Dickens's weekly wage at Warren's was six shillings, being of the same amount as David's at Murdstone and Grinby's. During his brief engagement in the menial occupation of tying up and labelling the pots of blacking, the position of affairs at home became more and more embarrassing, with the father in prison and nearly all the domestic appurtenances in the pawnbroker's possession, the mother and children being at length compelled to encamp in the emptied house in Gower Street. The family circle included a young servant whom they had brought with them from Chatham—a workhouse girl, described in the story as "a dark-complexioned young woman, with a habit of snorting," and as "a Orfling" from St. Luke's Workhouse, now the Holborn Union; it was from her "sharp little worldly and also kindly ways" that the novelist obtained his first impressions of the Marchioness in "The Old Curiosity Shop." There was but little to eat at home, which compelled Charles to eke out his modest weekly earnings in food for himself, sparing all he could for the others. Like David, he endeavoured to get as much as possible for the daily expenditure of a few



Old Hungerford Market

In front, Clewley's dairy, where little Charles often bought lunch; in the distance, on the left, the blacking factory; on the right the Swan Inn

pence for his dinner, and in his reminiscences he tells us in what establishments in the neighbourhood of Warren's he favoured with his custom and what were the luxuries in which he usually indulged. He could not clearly remember the sign of "the miserable old public-house" where he (like David) sometimes went for midday refreshment, and in his autobiography he calls it "the Swan . . . or the Swan and Something else," while David refers to it as "the Lion, or the Lion and Something else." The actual place was doubtless the once celebrated seventeenth-century house called the Swan, alluded to by Aubrey as "the Swanne Taverne by Charing-crosse."* Dickens records that in those days he sometimes dined at Johnson's alamode beef house in Clare Court, the identical place favoured by David, who describes it as "the famous alamode beef house near Drury Lane," where he tipped the waiter with a halfpenny, and wished "he hadn't taken it." For the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain that "alamode" beef is a spiced beef, cooked and served cold. In a curious little publication entitled "The Epicure's Almanack; or, Calendar of Good Living," 1815, it is stated that in the recently-vanished Clare Court were situated two of the best *à-la-mode* beef-houses in London—viz., the Old Thirteen Cantons and the New Thirteen Cantons, the proprietor of the latter being the identical Johnson mentioned by Dickens. The account here given of these refreshment rooms assures us that "the beef and liquors, at either house, are equally good, and the attention of all who pass is attracted by the display of fine sallads in the windows, which display is daily executed with great ingenuity and comprehends a variety of neat devices, in which the fine slices of red beetroot are pleasingly conspicuous." *Apropos* of Johnson himself, we are further informed that he owned a celebrated dog called Carlo, "who once enacted so capital a part on the boards of Old Drury," and whose sagacity brought as many customers to the proprietor as did the excellence of his fare; this faithful animal paid the penalty of a report that he had been bitten by a mad dog, so that he was destroyed, probably a few years before Dickens became acquainted with the shop and its tempting exhibition of "fine sallads."

When the home in Gower Street was broken up, as presently happened, Mrs. Dickens and her children went to live with her unfortunate husband in the midst of the demoralising scenes to be witnessed at the Marshalsea. For little Charles, however, a healthier environment was found, for his mother handed him over to lodge and board with a Mrs. Roylance, in Camden Town, a reduced old lady, who afterwards figured as Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey and Son"; presently, however, an attic was rented for him nearer the prison, in Lant Street, Borough, doubtless the same house in which Bob Sawyer afterwards resided and where he

(Published by the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall)

Charles Dickens at the blacking warehouse

(From a drawing by Fred Barnard)

* In Akerman's "Tradesmen's Tokens, current in London and its vicinity between the years 1648 and 1672," there is a representation of a Token apparently issued by this tavern. The device is a swan holding a sprig in its bill, with the inscription, "Marke Rider at the Swan against the Mewes, 1665. His Halfe Penny." The "Mewes" were the royal stables, removed to make room for the erection of the National Gallery.

had his memorable supper-party. He still continued his uncongenial duties at the crazy, tumbledown blacking-warehouse where the old grey water-rats swarmed in the cellars, and still had to depend upon his earnings as a means of procuring a midday meal. Like David, he often in the dinner hour directed his steps towards St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where there were two pudding-shops, "between which" (he says) "I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin's Church (at the back of the church), which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear: two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding." At the other shop, which stood in the Strand, "somewhere in that part which has been rebuilt since," the pudding was stout and pale, heavy and flabby, "and with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart," and this more substantial dish he preferred at such times when appetite could not be easily appeased and his pecuniary resources did not justify an extra outlay for the "special" pudding. The expensive pudding-shop flourished (as I find) in Church Court, opposite Hungerford Street, and is probably to be identified with the Oxford eating-house then existing here; both Church Court and Hungerford Street have long since disappeared, owing to the many changes that have since taken place in that locality, the court being demolished when Adelaide Street was constructed about 1830. The cheaper pudding-shop stood in the Strand, near the spot recently occupied by the Lowther Arcade. The "Epicure's Almanack" states that the various courts which formerly surrounded St. Martin's Church were so thronged with eating-houses that the district became known as "Porridge Island."

Lant Street, Borough, where Dickens lived while his father was in the debtors' prison

The Salvation Army as a Social Influence

By E. Rentoul Esler

SOME forty years ago one man and one woman got hold of certain dicta of Jesus of Nazareth, and they accepted them as both true and important—*i.e.*, that every human being is strong enough, with God's help, to invade the fortresses of sin and misery, and to assist in the rescue of those who are perishing there; that man is, to a certain extent, his brother's keeper, and that the quest of God, and the helping and loving and pitying of his fellow mortals, with all that pertains thereto, are his obligations, conferred on him by Christ's example and sacrifice, and accepted by him when he assumes the name of Christian.

That two persons without capital, without social position, without erudition to confound the wise, with very mediocre health, with nothing behind them but certain convictions, should have created the Salvation Army, and given it its present influence and eminence, is a modern miracle almost as astonishing as the feeding of the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes. But they gave themselves, and that one fact explains at once their success, and the absolute failure of most organisations yclept Christian.

The Salvationists live among those whom they desire to reclaim, and accept the conditions of their existence, that they may show them what this may be made like when the horrors are eliminated. Private individuals have done the same with like results. Mr. Charles Booth—another Booth—has shown in his recent book, "Religious Influences," that the presence of the moral and refined individual in even the vilest neighbourbood acts redemptively, so that the residents who cannot rise to higher levels of thought and habit ultimately slink away to quarters where there will be nothing to tacitly rebuke them.

Every section of society needs its own wise men who shall dwell in their midst, understand their temptations and feel their needs, and Salvationists are not the first who have made common cause with the poor and the outcast, but the Army is the first community that has known how to co-ordinate the labour of those whom it rescued, so that these ceased to be claimants on them and their resources, and became assistants in their turn. The Army also utilises its women, giving free scope to their influence and aptitude. For the regeneration of society the assistance of women is indispensable; until that is recognised progress must be halting.

For many years General and Mrs. Booth strove only to convert the wretched, to impel them upwards, to assure them of the Divine love as all sections of the Church have done, promising them temporal well-being ultimately if they believed, loved, and hoped sufficiently. Themselves, with the love and hope that were in them, were all they had to give at the first, but in the last decade they have been able, aided by God and man, to render practical their aspirations and beliefs in the matter of social as well as spiritual regeneration for the previously lapsed and lost.

It was prophesied at the first that the Social Wing would be a hindrance to the progress of the Army, that finding work for the helpless and defeated was materialistic, while religion ought to be of the spirit. But the General maintained that God had made men's bodies as well as given them their souls, and that Christ took cognisance of all the hindrances of the afflicted.

The first step in the Salvationist's work of reformation is often the offer of a meal and a night's shelter to the homeless vagrant of the city. For these, with breakfast, a charge of fourpence is made, but if the visitor is destitute he is fed and housed free. It is the opening of the aviary door to the hunted bird. Finding food and protection, with ree ingress and egress, he comes again in

time drops his Ishmael attitude, becomes interested, thinks he would like to h r somewhat from these people who are so good to him, would like to give a helping hand here or there if he might, and thus his initiation begins. At this time he is either a gaol-bird or the material from which felons are made. But once the Army gets hold of him the chances are that he will become a decent man and a Christian. In twelve months the Army supplies, on an average, 4,319,728 beds to the homeless, and 7,891,663 meals to the destitute.

Once convicted, the felon may, by a recent enactment, receive visits in prison from the Salvation officers. When his term of incarceration expires the Salvationist awaits him outside the prison door, and then Christianity begins for him what State chastisement failed to effect. The presence of many ex-convicts in the ranks speaks volumes to those who know how serious, close, and sincere is the scrutiny to which each member of the Army is subjected during each stage of his career. The Salvation Army believes in the recuperability of human nature even when most degraded, and its faith is being daily more than justified.

Ex-convicts, being unskilled labourers, or having lost, under the national convict system, the aptitudes they possessed, have usually to begin with the simplest kind of work, such as the sorting of waste paper or the chopping of wood. By this they earn a few pence per day, till fitted for more remunerative industries.

The Farm Colony in Essex is one of the industrial centres to which the sad human salvage is taken after a period of probation and selection. The Army supports no confirmed idlers, accepting as authoritative the dictum: "Except a man work, neither shall he eat."

A bird's-eye view of the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

One of the first objections to the agricultural scheme on the part of the indifferent was that farm labour, to prove remunerative, calls for hard and unwearied effort and attention, and what kind of work and interest could be expected of the ex-convict and the city wastrel?

That was just what had to be proved. Pleasant and attractive work, as well as the toilsome, is available on a farm, and duties are allocated according to the capacity of the labourer. Cattle, sheep, and pig-feeding under supervision do not call for the highest order of intelligence, while flower and fruit growing, butter-making, and poultry-rearing are pleasant occupations. The colonist is led by slow degrees to that level of skill and knowledge on which every section of the work becomes intelligible and interesting.

The colonists live in small, detached barracks, are paid for their work by the piece, become able soon to live on what they earn, purchasing their food at the canteen, where it is supplied at cheap rates.

In the matter of conduct there are no galling rules; though most Salvationists abstain from the use of tobacco, they do not compel the occupants of the Shelters or the inmates of the Farm Colony to do the same. In the evenings men may smoke if they please; books and periodicals are available; they occupy their leisure as they desire, and go to bed when they feel inclined after the fatigues of the day. The atmosphere about them is religious, but religious observances are not forced upon them. Indeed, the wisdom of the Army in dealing with human beings as such, in respecting their individuality, in giving legitimate scope to idiosyncrasy, is so different from anything ever previously shown by any reformatory system that the spectator is compelled to say—this also is of God.

The women's rescue work is presided over by Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Be it remembered that Salvationists consider no one irreclaimable, do not admit the word "unfit" to their vocabulary, and burn with the desire to give every human being a helpful hand out of the slough of degradation and despair. To every unfortunate woman, whether she be the child-mother of fourteen (of whom there have been several in the Rescue Homes), or the hardened wanton, Mrs. Booth offers the hand of pity and of help. This section of the work is of absorbing interest and hope, many of the rescued being so pitiful, and, but for the Army, so helpless.

The cases are drawn mostly from the Shelters to which need has driven them, or from the streets of towns which the Rescue officers patrol nightly from midnight till 2 A.M. These, women themselves, present to those whose calling is only too obvious a card bearing Mrs. Booth's invitation, and one of several addresses at which the invited will be received and welcomed. Sometimes the officer is civilly answered, sometimes she is rudely repulsed, but as a rule the card is retained, and thus a beginning is effected. In time the poor creatures come of their own accord to one of the Homes. A numerical statemen will best indicate the facts. Last year the result of the Rescue Mission was the withdrawal from the streets of 2806 women, whose calling had been vice for a longer or shorter period; of these 2474 have given evidence of a permanently changed life, have entered on reputable occupations, and keep in touch with the Army. For three years they will be subjected to periodical supervision from those who have their welfare at heart; at the end of that time they will be considered established on the lines of safety.

To the Night Shelters come many homeless girls soon to become mothers. When their condition is observed they are invited to the Maternity Homes, there to receive sympathy and assistance. If the babies are already born when they enter the Shelters, these may be deposited at the Nursing Homes, till some suitable and, if possible, permanent occupation be found for the mother. Encouraging vice, it may be suggested. Not a bit of it; merely calling not the righteous but the sinful to repentance. When young creatures come weeping with a nameless child in their arms, the Army says, "Stay, and sin no more."

The expectant mothers enter a beautiful, airy, spotlessly clean ward, lie down on restful beds, are waited on by capable nurses, creep to such lounges as any invalid might

rest on in the early days of their convalescence, and there gather such strength and moral courage as may fit them for the coming battle of life. It is going to be a battle and a bitter one, for girls that have mother. If it dies, and many die, having been unhealthy for obvious reasons, the mother is more likely to feel that an influence that constrained her to rectitude has been removed, and that she may return to

A corner of the women's shelter

lost their character and their credit, have a child to maintain, and only the proceeds of their own labour wherewith to do it.

It is not infrequent for girls of the middle class, and even occasionally of the upper middle class, to be received into one of the Maternity Homes; girls who, having had too much freedom, went astray. But the majority are servants or shop-girls, while a proportion come from the slums, and make their first acquaintance with the decencies of life at the Home. Incredible as it may seem, some of the expectant mothers never saw a bed before that which they are invited to occupy, and sit staring at it for protracted periods before they begin the mysterious and unfamiliar rite of undressing. The impression it makes on them to see their babies waited on by a refined nurse and placed in the sweetest of cots must be left to the imagination.

The officers say that the baby's life is an important factor in the regeneration of the devious ways it so disposed. In the majority of cases the woman whose child has been born under the protection of the Salvation Army lives decently and creditably thenceforward. Of course, in all departments there are some cases of relapse. Would anything else be possible? But the fewness of these continues the suggestion of miracle.

There are two persistent conditions which attach themselves to Salvationists — first, voluntary poverty; second, the consecration of their energies to those who have no other help and no friends elsewhere. Slum Saviours as they are frequently called, it is the cries of the lowest of the low and the poorest of the poor which, through them, are answered of God.

It is true that for a proportion of the officers the system offers social elevation, that under it they live amid better conditions than those to which they seemed born; not all are educated as society understands

education; probably a section could not earn by any other means more than the Army pays them, while it brings them into contact with more refined people than they could expect to be acquainted with apart from religious influences. But a large proportion of the officers are gentlemen and ladies, the former capable, many of them, of taking a high position and earning a good income in professional life. Such possibilities they have abandoned for poverty and obscurity among the ruined, the degraded, and, but for them, the lost. Personal ambition, personal covetousness lie dead and buried in the sea of love to God and man. Again I must reiterate, I have never seen anything like this before.

One or two results seem to have followed on the development of the social wing of the Army. One is that the language of the street orators has become less lurid. Their meaning now stands expressed in human documents that may be seen and read of all,

Marriages among the officers are not infrequent, and these the General encourages, godly households being centres of work and influence for the future. (Of course Salvationists marry Salvationists.) But many of the officers prefer the celibate life; spending themselves for the race, their love for the individual becomes impersonal. I inquired of two or three officers if they were married, and was answered by a smiling headshake that seemed to put the suggestion leagues away. One bright little captain seemed rather shocked at the question. "Oh no," she answered, "oh no," much as a nun might have done.

There are several ways in which the Army can be helped: with prayers, with sympathy, with funds, and I think all three will be offered cordially by those who see its work at close quarters. Orders to view any section can be obtained from headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. I should advise the student to begin with

Night officer calling sleepers in a shelter

and the need of verbal utterance of a vehement kind seems less urgent. Since they can show by irrefragable proof what God has effected through them, it is less imperative that it should be proclaimed in red letters a foot long.

the Night Shelters for men or for women; these can be visited any evening after eight o'clock.

To become an auxiliary member, if one desires to help the Army in this wise,

the annual subscription is £1 1s. The auxiliary member receives a card of membership and a badge, which it is optional to wear; one of each month's periodicals, and tickets for such meetings as she may desire to attend, and a prior intimation regarding these. Those who do not wish to give an annual subscription can send contributions directed to any section of the work preferred. Left-off clothing will be thankfully received and used for the out-of-works; waste paper can be sorted and sold to mills, household remnants of all kinds can be utilised—it will provide practice for those who are learning to work as carpenters, upholsterers, or otherwise—indeed, there is little that comes into any region of utility that the Army cannot turn to good account. Then those who have nothing to spare but something to acquire can make purchases of the Army products. A list of their manufactures, including mattresses, pillows, stockings, needlework of all kinds, which will be supplied to order; underclothing, servants' dresses, and aprons ready made can be had on application. The Army also deals in tea.

Another way to help the Army is by employing their maternity nurses, a service which many ladies not connected with the Salvation movement render them.

To gain more extensive information about this great organisation than is possible in the brief limits of a magazine article, an order should be sent to headquarters for a list of the Army's publications, which tell of the work in all branches, and which are written, printed, and bound by Salvationists. Among these "Darkest England," "The Life of Catherine Booth," "Servants of All," "Social Reparation," and "Living Epistles," are to be specially recommended.

Years ago General Booth appealed to the nation for £100,000, that he might put his plan for the reclamation of the lapsed into practice. The country spends money freely when it has a mind; but it had not the mind in this case, and the General did not get his grant, though he must have saved millions to the Exchequer by turning loafers, wastrels, and gaol-birds into useful citizens. But it happens that what at the first looks a hindrance, proves a help sometimes; that it will be so in this case it is impossible to doubt, because every man and woman who sees what the General is doing and what he has done, takes him and his Army on their conscience. Because private help is so important, they who understand what the movement effects take part in it with a will.

Of course the Homes are not self-supporting. How can they be, when the labourers have to be maintained and taught until they grow fit for achievement, where babies picked out of the gutter have to be provided for unless somebody undertakes their support, where all sorts of social wreckage have to be patched up and rendered seaworthy, where enemies of society have to be rendered law-abiding? Nevertheless certain sections not only are self-supporting but contribute considerably to the less profitable departments.

We cannot all become slum saviours, but we can all help somewhat to strengthen the noble hands that go out so unweariedly to all the world, we can all send a word of encouragement and of promise to the ear that has never been deaf to any cry for help, we can all do something to increase the growth of pity and progress: £3 will cover the deficit for a whole year on a single inmate, £6 will cover the cost of teaching a remunerative industry to an incapable for the same length of time.

The reclaimed help in their turn, they who have had money and love expended on them endeavour to return some portion of this when they procure work; then the officers themselves give out of the trifling emolument they receive; their self-denial weeks mean literal fasting, literal curtailment of all but the barest necessaries of existence. The last self-denial week drew largely from the Army itself.

The movement has already extended to forty-eight countries and colonies, beyond that in which it originated, and Salvationists preach Christ in thirty-one languages. What can each of us do to aid these people who with heart and voice and tongue and pen, with hands and feet, yea with themselves and all that they have and are have come to the help of the Lord?

The Phalmers of Roxby

A Canadian Story

By Edward Roper

Illustrated by A. S. Boyd

THE proprietor of the Queen's Hotel politely came to the water's edge to point out to me a group of islands lying off to the west, in Georgian Bay, Lake Huron. "You mark that one with the big red rock? Yes. Well, that's where the folk you speak of have a summer cottage," said he; adding, "you can get a masquenonge, likely, as you go; any way, you can hook some bass from the rocks there."

I had not killed a fish since I had been in Canada, so I liked his suggestion. He lent me some tackle, and I started off across the placid water, heading as he had directed me.

The bay was absolutely smooth, the sky cloudless, and I paddled along leisurely, enjoying the glory of it. About noon I reached the group indicated; but, as I drew amongst them, for the life of me I could not make out the one that had the red rock, so conspicuous from a distance.

There were dozens of islands all around me, varying in size from a few yards to over an acre in extent; all were wildly picturesque, all margined with crimson rocks and grey and purple. Each was thickly clothed with sombre pine and hemlock, and beautified with shaggy cedars and graceful birch.

On every one I saw grassy knolls and mossy boulders, and nooks and corners seemingly knee-deep in pink and creamy lichens. There were little coves and bays in many of their shores, some were rush-grown, and some were beds of shining lily leaves, spangled with white and golden blossoms, the deep dark water showing here and there amongst them.

It was hot and I was weary; so, finding a rock beside deep water well shaded, an ideal resting-place, I landed, lit my pipe, and fell to angling for black bass.

It was quiet, indeed no sound of bird or beast, not even the chirp of a chipmunk or the hum of a mosquito. I soon took a brace of bass, then they appeared to have ceased feeding, and I sat there half asleep—day-dreaming at any rate. At last I was aroused from my lethargy by a tug at my rod—a fish was on my line. I was about to attend to it when the bushes behind me were pushed aside, and I saw gazing at me, with wonder certainly, with anger seemingly, the loveliest girl I had ever looked on. Her great blue eyes were wide open with eagerness, her rosy lips were parted as if in amazement, and somehow her attitude conveyed the idea to me that I was trespassing, and the fish I had hooked was tugging at my line, requiring both hands to hold it in.

I cannot describe this girl from what I saw of her then; I was far too bewildered and astonished to do more than gaze enthralled at the beautiful picture she made as she stood there looking me over angrily, I am sure.

Then she spoke, hurriedly and in a sweet-toned voice. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Who gave you leave to fish from this island?"

I rose in great confusion, still struggling with my fish, and endeavoured to bow to her so as to acknowledge her presence and show I felt my impertinence in being there. I never was so agitated; I could not speak, but she could see that I attempted to reply to her.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed in the same commanding voice, "land your fish, don't keep the poor thing struggling longer than you can help. We generally land them there," and she pointed to where the land shelved to the water's level.

So, nervously, yet with some skill—for I once had plenty of practice with the trout at home—I played the fish and brought it to

bank, the girl watching me intently; indeed, once or twice she uttered words of praise of the way I handled my rod. The beautiful fish—a six-pounder—lay gasping its life away on a bed of lichen; then we looked at each other, and I began stammering excuses.

This girl was tall, about twenty I fancied; her eyes were a lovely sparkling blue; in her intensity they seemed to flash; she was certainly the most glorious creature I had ever seen. For three years I had hardly seen a lady, certainly I had not spoken to one; and now there I was, unable to form a decent sentence when suddenly confronted with one beautiful enough to rave about. No wonder I stammered and blushed. She saw my embarrassment, I know, and enjoyed it.

Then she asked me again who gave me leave to fish there?

I muttered stupidly, I said I did not know there was any harm, that I was a stranger, and supposed one could fish anywhere in Canada, and so forth.

She listened, then she laughed, and, oh! if her anger thrilled me, imagine what her laugh did! But she ceased suddenly, as if she were ashamed of herself and her frivolity. I was emboldened at her laugh though, and after a short pause I spoke out thus: "The fact is I am an Englishman. I have not been out here long; at least," hesitatingly, "I've been a few years in the North-West, and I don't know the customs here—pray, I beg of you, pardon my intrusion."

Who gave you leave to fish from this island?

"That's all very well," she remarked, with the sign of a smile still round her mouth; "you know better now. Please get into your canoe and leave at once."

But somehow the sparkle in her eyes, the curve of her lips, belied her speech; and as I had never hitherto been easily disconcerted, it occurred to me that I would try what a little effrontery would do, so I said: "I humbly apologise; I mean no harm, and it is delightful here; will you not let me stay half an hour longer and take another fish or two?"

She looked at me now with a real smile. "Well!" she exclaimed, "you are exceedingly polite, but I must say you have plenty of assurance too. Why did you not procure leave to fish here from the proper quarter? However, I suppose I have the right to give you leave, so—yes—you may fish here for half an hour more; but—are all Englishmen as self-confident as you?" And she laughed again, though I could see she did not wish to laugh.

"Oh! there are plenty like me in England," I replied, laughing myself; "plenty, and here too I should say, but it is most kind of you to let me stay," and I threw in my line again.

I expected that she would leave me then; instead, however, she took a seat on a boulder near, and I felt that she was inspecting me. Naturally I was thinking more of my companion than of the bass which I suppose were rambling about in the water before me, but for a short time we were both silent.

"*I* don't mind you fishing here—*I've* no objection," she muttered as if speaking to herself.

"That's good," said I, cheerily, "who does object? I don't."

"Oh, it's father," she answered, "this is his favourite place, but he only comes here in the cool of the evening."

"Good again," said I; "then I shall not be driven away till my half-hour is up."

Another spell of silence; then, "It seems to me you are wasting your time. I've noticed that you have allowed several bass to escape you; why don't you attend to business?" She spoke with the effort to appear very serious, but I detected a laugh amongst her words.

"Well," I replied eagerly, "I'll tell you. I have been three years attending to business, as you call it; working like a galley-slave in your great North-West, and it is such a delight to me to be off duty, to be able to neglect business, still more to have a fair lady to look at, that I'm sure you'll pardon me. Fish!—I don't want the fish."

"What were you working so hard for then? Don't you like the great Nor'-West, as you call it? I've heard it is a fine country, and that people are doing well there." She regarded me inquiringly as she spoke. Evidently she was interested, and I answered that I certainly was not enraptured with prairie land, nor with the life there; I said also that I had been trying to make money there, had not succeeded and had left it, I hoped for ever.

"Going home to England?" she asked.

"Not yet," I answered with a sigh, "not yet; I must make some money before I go back."

With her chin resting on her hand she silently contemplated me, and I thought to myself you are a curious girl—not very bashful—and I supposed it was the style of the country, but I knew nothing then of Canadian ladies, of the better sort, I mean; I have, however, since learnt that they are just as refined in style as any girls on earth. However, this Canadian lady did not remain long silent.

"Money!" she exclaimed disdainfully, "you men are always after money. I'm tired of hearing about it. I thought the English young men were not so keen as our Canadians. Why did you leave England?"

"Because I had to—it's a long story—you would not be interested. Have you ever been to England?" I asked; and she replied promptly, "No, never, never; my greatest wish is to go there, I should love to: but if you are not going to your home—I suppose you have a home there?—where are you going? and how came you here?"

"Another sample of Canadian style," thought I, prying into a stranger's concerns, English girls would not do so (?) yet I rather liked it. To be questioned by a beautiful creature thus, to cause interest to this girl whom I somehow felt was good, and kind, and meant neither impertinence nor harm, was quite delightful, so I laughed and made answer, "I'm not going home yet certain. I'm on my way to Toronto. My people at home have obtained a post for me there, in a merchant's house. I don't think it is likely that I shall care for the work, but there's the chance to make some money. If I make some, then I shall go home—fly home, like a bird."

Again she asked why I was so eager to be

rich. "You are educated, and a gentleman, why cannot you be satisfied? I've no doubt you have a lovely home, such as I have read and heard about, why cannot you be content?"

I looked at her, surprised, amused, and very intently; she had blushed rosy red, her eagerness was evident, I wondered why, yet I was eager too. "Why," I answered with emphasis, "because although my home is all you suggest—a lovely ancient mansion, surrounded by the sweetest old gardens, and in the most beautiful part of Devon—yet unless I make money before many years go by, this will go from us—that's the reason. How misfortune came to us does not matter, but it came. My father is an invalid, my mother is not fit to brave the world, and I'm their only son—their one hope—and so far I've done altogether badly. I was brought up to no business—and when disaster came I went to London and into trade; there I went wrong—sadly wrong—I made an ass, a bad ass, of myself, and came out here to Manitoba three years ago, bringing all available cash with me, it was no great sum. I invested it in land and cattle, became a so-called farmer—such a farmer!—so I lost it nearly all, and for the last year I've been living on what they've been able to spare from home. I've been 'a remittance man,' the most degraded, usually, of all Nor'-Westers."

"Yes, yes," interjected my companion forcibly. "Yes, I've often heard father say 'a remittance man' is invariably a failure and no good; but you're not that now, are you? But go on, I am sorry I spoke."

At which I went on and told her that I hoped now to need no more help from home, that I was going to this new post trusting that ere long I should succeed, at any rate in staving off disaster from the dear old folks at home.

When I ceased speaking she looked at me with a quizzical, comical smile, and remarked, "You've good manners, there's a nice air about you and your conversation and voice, and you're good-looking, you know—why don't you cross to the States and marry a millionaire's daughter? That's what you English aristocrats do when they get hard up for money, isn't it?"

"Marry! Me marry for money! I've never thought of that; I might marry for beauty—I need not go far to find that," said I politely, at which she turned scarlet to her temples, but she laughed as she did so. "However," I went on, "I suppose I am a sort of an aristocrat, for my folk claim to have about the bluest blood in Britain; yet I've never thought much of that, and certainly I hope I have enough of the *noblesse oblige* feeling to prevent me from making any girl my wife just to get money from her."

"Ah! ah! I knew you were an aristocrat, I could see it plainly," exclaimed the fair lady; "but now you have not told me how you came here."

I looked at my watch; my half-hour was over. I had hooked no more fish. I said so, adding that I supposed I must depart; at which she pouted, gave her head a toss, and said, "Oh, that's no matter now. Tell me, how did you come here?" So I explained that I had left the East-bound train at Port Arthur, and had taken passage on a tug, which had brought me down Lake Superior, past Salte Ste. Marie into Lake Huron, and this tug had landed me at Point aux Baril; at the hotel there I had made inquiries about some people whom my folks had heard of from some Canadians they had met in England; they lived on an island in this neighbourhood. The man at the hotel knew and pointed the island out to me; but when I got into the group I could not distinguish which one it was, and as I was a bit tired with my long paddle, I landed on this lovely shady spot to rest. "So now," said I, "you know all about me, and why I am here. I thank you heartily for allowing me to stop so long, and for giving me your delightful company, but now I will be off," and I began to prepare for departure.

"But stay," she exclaimed, "tell me, whom do you know hereabouts? I'm acquainted with most of them."

"I don't know them, I have only heard of them—my people have, that is—their name is the same as ours, so they are curious to know who and what they are; their name

is Falmer, they spell it with an F, no doubt; we spell it with a Ph, still they fancy they may be some connections of ours."

The girl was staring at me intently as I thus explained. "Then is yours spelt with a Ph?" she asked excitedly, "and what may your Christian name be? Not Horace, is it?"

It was my turn to be surprised now. "Yes, it is," I answered; "but how did you know?"

"How? I only guessed—but that's my father's name, and it was his father's, and his father's; there has been a Horace Phalmer for ages, and my name's Muriel, and they say there has been a Muriel Phalmer as long as there has been a Horace. We are the people you wanted then?"

"Of course you are," I almost shouted. "My name is Horace, that's my father's too, and, as you say, there has always been a Horace, and as you spell your name as we do, then we must be related."

"Related! undoubtedly we are, we're cousins. Come, hurry, let us go to father, he will be enraptured; he's always glorying

Soon we run round a point and into a bay which was delightful

about our English blood, and the way we spell our name, and declaring he's an Englishman; he was born here though, and so was his father, and he says he must go to England some day and see the old home of our ancestors, and perhaps get to know some of them, and now, oh! wonderful, oh! delightful! here's one of them come to us to hunt us up; but come, I want to tell father; come," and she clasped my hand and dragged me to my canoe.

I was staggered—enraptured too—to feel this charming girl's hand in mine was enchanting enough—but to fancy, nay, to know, that we were not only friends but relations, well, I was so confused, so amazed, that I hardly knew what I did. We entered the canoe, however, and Muriel took the paddle, and before I realised what she was doing, she had pushed off and was driving us through the water with strokes that showed she was no novice at it. Remonstrances were vain, she laughed at my desire to take the paddle from her, "Ah! ah!" she cried, "I am used to it."

Passing rapidly, now through reeds and beds of lily pads, now through mirror-like reflections, now across sunlit reaches, past huge rocks and moss-clad boulders, she strenuously clove our way; soon we ran round a point and into a bay which was delightful, and there perched on a sunny knoll was a pretty cottage with brilliant flower beds around it, through which a winding stairway led to a landing-place of rocks and rustic timbers. A small steam-launch was laying beside it. "There, that's Roxby, and there's father," Muriel cried as she pointed with her paddle.

"Roxby! Why, that's the name of our place at home," said I, surprised again.

"Of course, to be sure," laughed Muriel; "that's why we called it so. We know more about England in Canada than you old country folk do of this land." Then she began calling, calling her father, who, racing down the steps, was alarmed at her outcries, so he was soon on the wharf to meet us.

Several men, some dogs, and a couple of women appeared, all wondering. We leapt ashore. "Here's Cousin Horace!—Horace from old England!" the excited girl announced to her astonished father; and I put out my hand and he took it and shook it, and I was so bewildered I don't know what I said or did on that momentous day. There was just one thing though which upset me quite—Muriel's father was the image of mine as I remembered him before his health failed.

Here's Cousin Horace!—Horace from old England

It is impossible to recount all that was said and done that day. We talked, we compared facts and recollections, we related old family traditions, and we concluded at last that we were of the same old blood, and we rejoiced. I did decidedly, and Muriel declared that she did, and her father agreed with us.

I discovered that her mother died years before. She was but a sweet memory to them now.

Three generations, a century ago, there were two brothers, Horace and Stephen Phalmer. They quar-

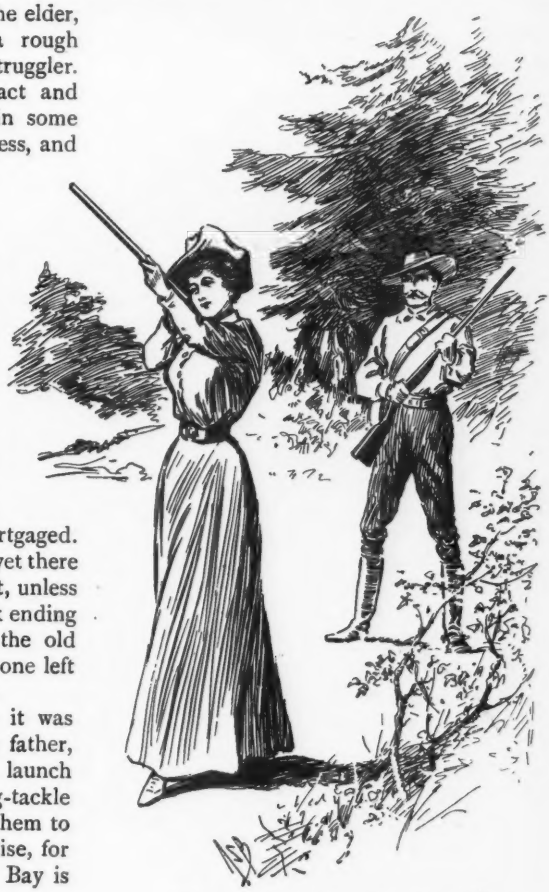
relled—no one now knows why. The elder, Horace, came to Canada, only a rough wilderness then. He was poor, a struggler. His sons settled in the Huron Tract and were farmers, but managed to obtain some property. His sons throve in business, and now this Horace, Muriel's father, was the last of them.

Stephen, the brother who remained in England, a rich man, with many broad acres, lived in the old home. He had two sons, Horace and Stephen too, and one daughter, Muriel. Horace married and had one son. Stephen and Muriel died young.

Now, this Horace was a bad man, a spendthrift, and brought the family down, so that when his son, my father, succeeded him he found the estate embarrassed and deeply mortgaged. Land was sold, retrenchments made, yet there still remained so much to pay off that, unless money was speedily procured, a quick ending would come to our possession of the old home, and I seemed to be the only one left who could by any possibility do this.

That evening Uncle Horace, as it was settled I should call the dear girl's father, she, and I crossed the Lake in the launch and returned the canoe and fishing-tackle to their owner, and I returned with them to Roxby to pass some time in Paradise, for that is what that part of Georgian Bay is and was certainly to me.

Muriel and I, and often her father, wandered around that beautiful region, that fairyland of wood and water. Now we went by canoe, now by steam-launch, and sometimes we tramped along the mainland trails. Now we trolled for pickerel and pike, and sat on rocks and angled for black bass and perch, and when the season arrived we searched the woods for drumming grouse and quails and watched for ducks and geese in the gloamings. Muriel was good at fishing, an adept with a gun, and no one in those parts could beat her at paddling, oh, no doubt of it! We had a glorious time. My Nor'-West experiences were but a miserable dream, my having been "a remittance man" was, if not forgotten, never mentioned.



An ever-to-be-remembered holiday time

It was indeed an ever-to-be-remembered holiday time, and the more I knew of my charming cousin the more I loved her; and when I told her so one day she was delighted and agreed so entirely with all I said that we became pledged to one another forthwith; and when I told Uncle Horace he seemed almost as happy about it as we were, so nothing could have been more satisfactory all round, for naturally I had written home and told them all, and father had written to Uncle Horace, mother to my darling, and all was well.

About that berth in Toronto. Well, Uncle Horace was already a wealthy man,

it seemed. He had to do with lumber, and had timber limits in the North and big sawmills on the shore of Lake Ontario. He also owned a lovely house and grounds, a house far grander and larger than our old English Roxby, and he was getting old, at least so he said, though he was not much over fifty, and he wanted some one to be his right hand, some one he could really trust, and he had always desired to find an Englishman. He examined me closely, found me to be a more capable fellow than I had ever thought myself to be, and so I was to be his son-in-law. I was naturally chosen for the post, and the Toronto affair declined. And to-day, if any one travelling in Ontario should hear of or see Phalmer and Phalmer's great sawmills and lumber yards, they can say they know the history of the younger member of the firm, at any rate.

We often go to England, Muriel and I, and our boy Horace, and her father goes still oftener and stays for months. He is as my father's brother; and Roxby, the old English Roxby, is the headquarters of our family and likely to be, for I am getting rich, and Muriel will surely have a great inheritance some day, and our delight is to believe that by-and-by the dear old place will come to us, or, at any rate, to our boy. We spend months, too, most autumns, at Roxby, on Georgian Bay.

Reason and Rationalism from the side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

SIXTH PAPER

IT is probably the case that a fair-minded reader of the preceding papers might be disposed to object that, however true in themselves my contentions may be, they are certainly not commonly accepted by Christians, that, in short, I offer a defence of the Christian religion which its most authoritative advocates, both in the past and in the present, would repudiate. There seems to me to be so much force in this objection that I propose to devote the present paper to its consideration.

First, let it be remembered that it is mere matter of fact that Christianity has for long periods been gravely misconceived by its professors. Doctrines that all Christians are now agreed to reject have been in previous ages of the Church tenaciously held, and, if extent and duration of belief were the tests of intrinsic importance, then it is probable that these can be pleaded as easily in the interest of recognised error as in that of recognised truth. In every age there are specific parts of the Christian system which, for quite intelligible reasons, draw to themselves the principal attention of Christian men, and then, inevitably, these are exalted to a position of importance, which by no means rightly belongs to them, and which can be shown to reflect the special circumstances of the Church at the time rather than the intrinsic gravity of the paramount dogmas themselves. Broadly it may be said that in times of secular distress, persecution, and calamity, there has been a disposition to fasten on the *eschatological* elements of the Christian Religion. The afflicted Church of the earliest ages, for instance, was readily disposed to an over-confident dogmatism with respect to the Second Advent of Christ: the vast dogmatic system of the Western Church, which deals with the fortunes of the human spirit after its departure from the body, was developed in the most troubled

periods of the Middle Ages. The Apocalypse, which has been the common source from which the materials of eschatological speculation have most freely been drawn, may almost be regarded as an indicator of ecclesiastical affliction. When that book has been most precious in Christian eyes, and most often on Christian lips, we may be sure that the worldly circumstances of Christian folk are unusually depressing. *Sacramental* beliefs, in like manner, reached their highest importance during what may be called the barbarous epoch of Christian experience. The higher, more spiritual aspects of Christianity were beyond the apprehension of men, who had but just emerged from the debased beliefs and practices of paganism, and, accordingly, the missionaries of the Gospel were under the strongest inducements to press on them those more intelligible elements of the Christian system, which, just because they were the most intelligible, were also the least exalted. Transubstantiation and the necessity of sacerdotal absolution were formally bound upon the Western Church in the twelfth century, but the Papal legislation of that period only expressed and gave formal recognition to ideas and practices which were already of long standing. We might illustrate our thesis by many other examples, but there is no need, for the fact admits of no serious dispute. It is a mere truism that the "centre of gravity" in Christianity is constantly shifting, and that the principal agent in the process at any given time is the pressure of external circumstances.

It is to be remembered that theology, while always claiming for itself the loftiest character, and deluding itself accordingly with the notion of finality in its religious decisions, is properly *progressive*. There is, of course, an unalterable core of truth, which forms the subject-matter of theological speculation, and which, however variously handled, remains essential to the Religion, of which indeed it is the distinctive element: but that unchanging truth is patient of almost infinite misunderstanding. Moreover, the theological truth of one age is the theological error of another, not merely because the theologians misconceived the primitive revelation, but because, though they conceived it rightly, they conceived it in false connections. Their knowledge was too limited to admit of any better statement than they offered; and, in point of fact, the orthodoxy they defended was for them and their contemporaries the truest version of Christianity within their reach. As knowledge accumulated the theological definitions became defective; they were no longer properly adjusted to the facts which had to be reckoned with; and being thus inevitably obsolete, they became for later ages actually and increasingly false. Theology is never more than a provisional correlation of Christian Truth with the rest of human knowledge. Granting that the Christian Truth, being *ex hypothesi* a Divine Revelation, is unchanging, there is an infinite possibility of change in the human knowledge with which it must from time to time be correlated: and the theological statement will accordingly vary from age to age. Indeed it is strictly true to say that a theological statement begins to become obsolete almost as soon as it has been formulated: for it, like an Act of Parliament, sums up and marks the triumph of a movement of opinion, which begins at once, almost with the regularity of the tides, to recede from its "high-water mark." The process in the one case is much slower than in the other, but there is a true parallelism. We are, therefore, justified in acquiescing in a continual variation of theological statement: and nothing can really be concluded against any specific version of Christianity *merely* on the ground of novelty.

Moreover we are free to point out that in claiming this freedom of continuous self-rectification, theology only stands with the rest of the sciences. If scientific men justly resent gibes against the natural sciences based on the rapidity with which theories rise and fall within the scientific area, if they justly insist on the properly progressive character of studies which are continually increasing their materials, it would seem to be sufficiently clear that they are bound in equity to concede an equal liberty to the theologians, who can plead the same excuse for their variations. All the sciences have their postulates, which are unalterable, and theology is no exception: but all have to apply those

postulates under ever-varying circumstances, with reference to an ever-enlarging accumulation of knowledge, and again theology is no exception. A familiar example will be the Christian doctrine with respect to the Creation of the Universe. The opening chapters of Genesis were held by theologians right down to the precincts of the last generation to provide an accurate and detailed account of the origin of the Universe. There was no serious rival to that account; there were no facts ascertained by men of science and cognisable by the theologians which invalidated the accepted doctrine of the Church; the wisest and most learned of Christians could offer no serious objection to the statements of the Bible. Then, as we all know, came the rapid development of the physical sciences. Astronomy led the way, geology followed next, biology came last and went farthest: and men became conscious of an immense discrepancy between the current doctrine and the new knowledge. We know what happened. The first disposition which the new situation suggested to Christian men was that of indignant horror. The men of science were looked upon and treated as enemies of revealed truth, and many a shameful chapter of persecution, which we would give much to tear out of the record of the Church, was added to the History of Mankind: but, as time went on, and the martyrs of science drew in their train an ever-multiplying body of enthusiastic disciples, who pursued the same course, and built up on ever-securer foundations the fabric of Scientific Truth, a change passed over Christian minds. The epoch of persecution was succeeded by the epoch of arbitrary reconciliation. Theology was in a transitional state, perplexed between the clear statements of the Book of Genesis, and the equally clear, and much better authenticated statements of the men of science, conscious of her proper task not to repudiate knowledge but to correlate it with her own first principles, pledged to bring into her scheme of truth all that could fairly be gathered under the description of truth. The curious, most ingenious, most well-intentioned, but, we must add, most futile and in many directions mischievous literature of the Biblical harmonisers came into existence and attained an immense bulk. Obviously the Church could not rest content with this transitional situation. The harmonists neither satisfied the old orthodoxy nor the new science. We are now reaching a further and a final stage, in which a distinction is drawn between the vital religious truth, and its theological statement. The latter, we can see, may be, and indeed ought to be, frankly surrendered in deference to acquisitions of knowledge which invalidate it: the former—men of science are the first to admit—lies wholly beyond the range of their researches. The final repudiation of the pseudo-reconciliations of the harmonisers has, we may hope, been pronounced by Professor Driver in his recent edition of the Book of Genesis. "Fifty or sixty years ago," he writes, "a different judgment, at least on some of the points involved, was no doubt possible: but the immense accessions of knowledge, in the departments both of the natural sciences and of the early history of man, which have resulted from the researches of recent years, make it impossible now: the irreconcilability of the early narratives of Genesis with the facts of science and history must be recognised and accepted. To be sure, particular points might probably be found, at which, by the adoption of forced interpretations of the words of Genesis, such as are both unnatural in themselves and also obviously contrary to the intention of the writer, the conclusion in question could, in appearance, be evaded: but this method is at once unsound in principle and ineffectual: a forced exegesis is never legitimate; passages remain to which the method itself cannot be applied; nor, probably, has anything done more to bring the Bible into discredit than the harmonistic expedients adopted by apologists, which by those whom they are intended to satisfy and convince are seen at once to be impossible. . . . It follows that the Bible cannot in every part, especially not in its early parts, be read precisely as it was read by our forefathers. We live in a light which they did not possess, but which it has pleased the Providence of God to shed around us; and if the Bible is to retain its authority and influence among us, it must be read in this light, and our

beliefs about it must be adjusted and accommodated accordingly. To utilise, as far as we can, the light in which we live, is, it must be remembered, not a privilege only, but a duty." *

Thus, while it certainly is the case that a thoughtful modern Christian, when he repeats the first article of his creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth," does so with a very different notion of the process of creation than that which Christians of former times held, and to that extent lies open to the charge that, though the words of the Creed remain unaltered, the faith which they are meant to express has undergone considerable modification, it is not the less true that the core of the religion remains the same, and the new conception of its bearings is as theologically sound as it is reasonably necessary.

Finally, I would ask of my opponents, Is Christianity alone of all religions to be judged, not by its admittedly best elements, but by those elements in its mingled history which Christians themselves deplore as abuses? Would you be ready to extend that treatment to those other great religions of mankind which we are not unaccustomed to hear described as the equals or even as the superiors of the religion of Christ? If you are justly indignant when you hear some half-educated Christian missionary describing the superstitions and vices of the worst sections of Buddhist or Mohammedan society, and building on the descriptions injurious conclusions with respect to the religions of Gautama and Mohammed, why do you insist on binding upon the faith of Christ the worst things in Christendom? In asking you to judge Christianity, not by the historic abuses, but by its original and essential teachings, I am but asking for the equal treatment of religions; and the plea is as reasonable as it is just and charitable. Indeed, Christianity seems beyond all other religions entitled to this method of judgment, for Christianity alone, as the religion of the Incarnation of God in Christ, seems to make its truth depend on the adequacy of the Founder for the *rôle* thus assigned to Him. The truth of Buddhism cannot be said to depend on the character of Gautama, nor can the truth of Mohammedanism be said to depend on the character of its prophet; in both cases the founders stand apart from their systems; but with Christianity everything depends on the personal character of Jesus Christ. If, therefore, in these papers, I am continually going behind the current teaching of Christendom, and basing my argument on the Founder himself, I am but following the plain reasons of the case. Christianity is not to be judged apart from Christ, and every man must settle his own attitude towards Christ if he would really face the question which needs answer. To say this is assuredly not to use the language of mere convention. "Christ Himself," says Harnack, "is Christianity," and he adds, "we cannot therefore state the 'doctrine' of Jesus; for it appears as a supramundane life which must be felt in the person of Jesus, and its truth is guaranteed by the fact that such a life can be lived." * Equity requires that Christianity should be judged in its essence, not in its historic perversions, and the essence of Christianity is Christ. "Science," not less than Christianity, needs the protection of this equitable rule. There are fanatics of science, who bring no credit to the general cause; and it would be equally easy and unfair to discredit science by parading as its true exponents those who in truth were destitute of the scientific spirit. Let equal treatment be extended to Christianity, and an astonishing mass of hurtful prejudice will be swept out of the great controversy.

* *V.* "The Book of Genesis," p. lxi. f. Methuen and Co., 1904.

* *V.* "History of Dogma," vol. i. p. 70.

Dunnottar

The Caves and Birds of Fowlsheugh

By James Reid

Illustrated by photographs and sketches taken by the Author

"'ARE ye mad?'" said the mendicant. "'Francie o' Fowlsheugh—and he was the best craigsman that ever speeled a heugh (mair by token he brak his neck on the Dun Buy o' Slains)—wad na hae ventured upon the Halket Head craigs after sundown.'"

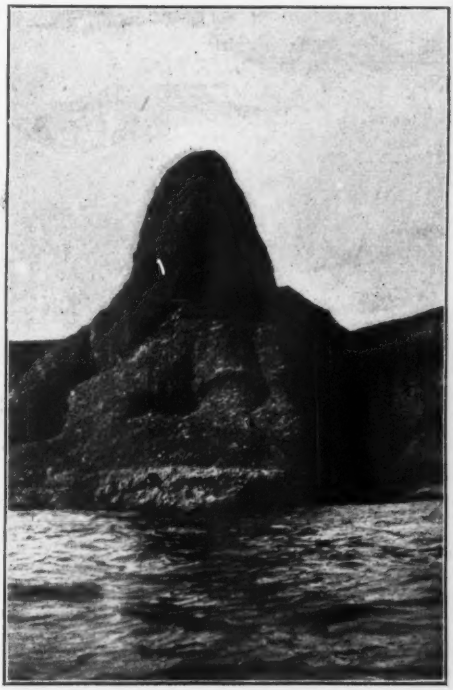
Only in this passing reference in the "Antiquary" does the great romancer, who knew his Scotland so well, make any mention of the finest precipice on the coast of the Mearns. It is not because of mere altitude however that Fowlsheugh merits description. Its mile-long wall of rock rises nowhere higher than 200 feet, a height insignificant beside the other giants of the north and east coasts: the Old Man of Hoy with his 450 feet, St. Abbs with 310, or the majestic north-west precipice of Foula, monarch of the British sea-cliffs, with 1220 feet. Fowlsheugh claims attention rather because, as its name implies, it is a great resort of sea-fowl during the nesting season, ranking indeed with the Bass, Ailsa Craig, and other famous and better-known breeding-places of such birds.

Kincardineshire presents a rugged front to the German Ocean, its iron-bound coast being in fact broken only by deep rocky gullies, save at its centre, where the cliffs for a couple of miles fall away and the sea fills the rounded notch of Stonehaven Bay. Some noble prospects present themselves here to the traveller by railway, especially where the train climbs wearily round the north end of the Bay,

when, for a moment, there slides into view to the south the ruined towers of Dunnottar in silhouette against the sky, and, further on, a bold wall-like promontory with white stains of sea-birds' excrements, noticeable even at this distance. It is the Fowlsheugh.

No more delightful ramble can be conceived than a walk along these cliffs, rounding patiently the intrusive gullies, and descending by devious and even risky paths to the lovely bays. It is by sea, however, that the seeker after the curious and picturesque is fully repaid. He penetrates deep into gloomy cavern, threads a bewildering archipelago of isolated stacks, and sees the brown tangle swaying over submarine reefs. Besides, the tall rocks by dip and twist present to him in perfect section the story of their genesis and life-history.

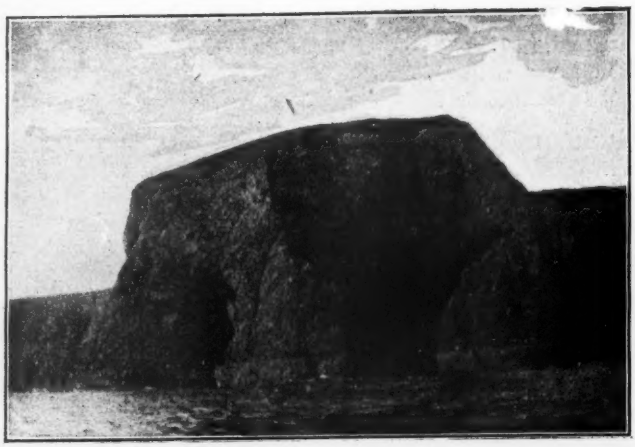
A cruise by boat along four miles of the coast, with the Fowlsheugh as main objective, is in summer an interesting experience. The start is made from Stonehaven. As soon as its sheltering headland is rounded there opens out a panorama of cliffs and bays. Dunnottar on its rock is reached in a mile, and its immense natural strength as a fortress becomes apparent. Memories of its illustrious owners, the Keiths, crowd upon the mind, especially of the last earl and his famous brother, the marshal, who "sleeps now in the Garrison Kirche" at Berlin—enshrined also in the pages of Carlyle's "Frederick"; "the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunnottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him." The rock of Dunnottar is just inside the zone "of the great boundary fault," which "is well exhibited along the coast near Stonehaven, where the conglomerate and sandstones have been thrown on end for about two miles back from the edge of the Highland rocks;" and where "the geologist can thus walk over the exposed edges of strata amounting to somewhere about two miles in vertical thickness."



The Maiden Kaim

Fowlsheugh

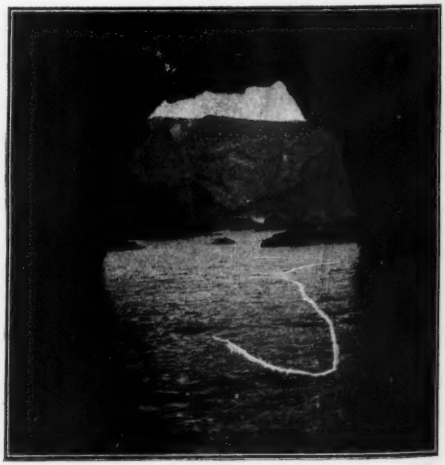
Four fine cliffs succeed, of pyramid and cathedral-like shapes, separated by



The Cove Heads

deep canons or gullies, and all about 170 feet high—the Brim Cheek, the Maiden Kaim, the Ba', and the Cove Heads. Between the Kaim and Ba' there yawns the low black archway of a cavern, which may be navigated carefully in a small boat for forty yards till, in complete darkness, the passage turns at right angles, narrows, and the sea is heard sounding upon a hidden beach. Five or six holes, yclept the Devil's Footsteps, pierce the roof, whence in storms, as each roller chokes the cave with smother, compressed air and spray are blown in long jets with the vibrating snore of a steam siren. The Kaim is a fine pyramid, but perhaps a more impressive spectacle is the gloomy creek beside the huge mass of the Cove Heads, with the cavern at its end at the junction between the conglomerate and an intrusive porphyrite. This cavern is above sea-level, very dry, and of the dimensions of a small church. From beautiful Tremuda Bay too, close at hand, a fine subterranean passage, called the Long Gallery, leads off through a low archway. Now, moreover, white stains high overhead on the cliff and the clamour of gulls and guillemots proclaim the nearest colony of sea-birds to Stonehaven; a few crimson-beaked puffins may emerge from the cave paddling on the green water. The passage-way, about a hundred and twenty yards long, is navigable at any time; dim twilight reigns at mid-distance, with the light streaming through far ahead from the open sea; while the roof and sides are tinted blood-red and green here and there from the slimes and deposits washed out from the superincumbent rock.

Smugglers and their adventurous times are suggested by the Wine Cove, with its conveniently sheltered beach beneath an overhanging cliff, for this was a coast beloved of the free-traders a century since. Here, too, for seven years, that bold and determined enemy of theirs, Malcolm Gillespie, the famous Gauger of Skene—his career not yet overshadowed by the Aberdeen gallows—roved on his dangerous errands, watching the coast and the wild Highlandmen from



The Long Gallery

upper Deeside. Often must his stout figure have been seen on these cliffs, his black eyes and swarthy face lighted up with exultation as he marked flare and answer from the offing. Had he had only the novelist's eye and pen! There is a story that he once rode from Stonehaven the seven miles south to the Tod Head to intercept a landing, only to find the ankers, securely built with oakwood, caulked with oakum and coom-ceiled," so that "even perishable goods might have lain without the smallest injury for any length of time," and some of which hiding-places were supposed to have been in use for upwards of fifty years. A haul of twenty-nine ankers of gin and ten tubs of brandy was actually

The Great Cave Fowlsheugh

lugger warned off and making fast northward to Skateraw, seven miles on the other side of Stonehaven. Whereupon a game of "follow my leader" between those landing-places ensued the whole night, Gillespie always arriving in time to prevent the cargo being run, but in the end killing his horse with fatigue. More authenticated seems the extraordinary searching of this very coast in November 1819, when he discovered "several very artful concealments of long standing, erected in the sand, capable of containing from fifty to a hundred made. Not without interest does the visitor, mindful of this, scan the beaches of these lonely creeks. The free-trader's concealments were built evidently for all time. Mellow indeed must the brandy now be in any that may have escaped the deep probing spear of the famous gauger.

Round Trelung Ness, however, this intricacy of cliffs and creeks ends, and there looms up the great wall of Fowlsheugh, broken only by deep fissures or carved into mighty bastions. It is on a sunny forenoon in July that Fowlsheugh is most attractive, before the sun

swinging westward has plunged the rock in shadow. Swarms of guillemots sail about or fish busily in the water; there is a huge and incessant coming and going seaward of others, swift as rockets, carrying food to their young; while the long precipice has ranks and crowds of nodding birds upon their nests. The clamour is extraordinary, the screams of the gulls mingling with the deep throaty "gurring" cries of the guillemots—the "yammeris and the yowlis" of the old Scottish poet. At times to a comparative calm succeeds gust upon gust of screams and cries, enveloping the whole rock in dissonant clangour, only to die away again.

The Great Cave: The side fissure, Fowlsheugh

Fowlsheugh is favoured by the wild-fowl perhaps because of the facilities for nesting afforded by the falling out of the round pudding-stones by weathering; this leaves in the hard matrix large egg-cup holes in which the guillemots lay their eggs. Cormorants also breed there,

Fowlsheugh: The Great Cave, from the beach inside

with rock-pigeons, and the hooded crow. The rock usually is not without a pair of peregrines also, which lord it over their fellow denizens like barons of old. Not now, however, in this unappreciative age, does the falcon of Fowlsheugh awaken the solicitude of monarchs. In 1606, from far London, we find King James VI. writing commands to both the Earls of Errol and of Mar "to be careful to provide ane tercel to the hawk of Fowlsheuch, and to be answerable for the same in case the auld tercel be dead."

The falling of the pudding-stones from the conglomerate rock is at all times a danger to be avoided. Indeed, owing to natural waste, Fowlsheugh as a breeding-place for birds is doomed. According to the geological survey the face of the precipice is but a veneer of conglomerate, behind which on parallel lines is a mass of volcanic porphyrite, which weathers in huge blocks, and, when exposed, will not afford the guillemots the myriads of ready-made homes they are now tenants of. It is a comfort, however, to think that several thousand years will elapse before then.

The number of birds is reckoned by good observers at anywhere from 50,000 to 90,000, enumeration even of a small space being of course impossible. Within the memory of fishermen yet living the number of birds nesting there was three times greater than now, the general increase of bag-nets along the coast being the main cause of the decrease. This means that, sixty years ago, Fowlsheugh sheltered nearly a quarter of a million of sea-fowl.

The caverns, of which there are thirteen, and all accessible by boat, save two or three dry ones, which may be explored on foot, add deep interest to a visit. One in particular, with its noble archway, fifty feet high by one hundred and forty wide, supported midway by a mighty pier, is easily entered by boat. Inside the roof rises higher, dome-like, while the sea runs deep into the living rock and breaks upon a beach ninety yards distant. Beside the beach on the right, through a huge upright fissure, a winding passage, in which fine effects of chiaroscuro are seen, may be threaded by boat, till it emerges upon the open sea by yet another entrance. It is called by the uneuphonious name of "Throch Cove." The "Cammach," a name evidently left behind by Gaelic ancestors, describes accurately a ninety-foot "curve," or "crook," resembling the rough sketch for a triumphal arch. Another grand cave is at Henry's Scorth, but this is accessible only at high water and complete calms, there being only five

Gull Craig

In storm

or six inches to spare between gunwale and rock. Inside a fine chamber opens out, with vaulted roof eighty feet high, like a cathedral nave, and with the acoustic properties of one, the sounds of an intonation being heard up in the roof for six seconds after utterance. It terminates in a long narrow passage and a beach hidden in black darkness a hundred and fifty yards from the daylight. The transparent green water seems bottomless. Many years ago these caverns were the resort of numerous seals which came to their hidden beaches to give birth to their young, but were all extirpated by the fishermen.

Warm colour, as much as picturesque form, distinguishes the old red sandstone. Summer besprinkles these cliffs with sea-pinks and other flowering plants, which cling even to the vertical face of Fowlsheugh, or with lush grasses descend boldly seaward along the deep rifts. Winter turns the grasses tawny and the headlands become of dusky tint half buried in fleecy seas in storms. The deep water at Fowlsheugh permits the green rollers, unbroken, to leap tigerish at the cliff and bound a hundred feet high in mad chaos. On such occasions an advance to the brink on hands and knees reveals a wonderful scene.

Not to the boating party, however, but to the lone amateur, floating in shallop about the great wall in sunlight and shadow, does Fowlsheugh yield its finest effects; the flotillas of guillemots sailing near him, curiously, as if aware of friendly ties. And to him too, homing on the ebb in late evening under the solemn towers of Dunnottar, the moon flings her golden pathway to the ocean's verge.

Guillemots

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Rupert Laurier overhears Pamela Winston apply at the railway booking-office for a ticket.—She has been left behind whilst in search of a luncheon basket.—Her travelling companion has her ticket and purse.—Rupert offers assistance.—She refuses.—The train is wrecked, and he renders her help.—Rupert is fascinated by Pamela, but she refuses to allow him to follow up the acquaintance.—She has promised never to speak to a man. Rupert's cousin, Audrey Laurier, enters Adelaide Winston's establishment in order to get knowledge of Pamela.—She finds it entirely conducted by women-gardeners, grooms, page-girls, &c.—Pamela she describes as loyal to Mistress Adelaide and a thorough man-hater. Adelaide Winston's history is told. Her mother, a great heiress, had married Captain Winston, and had died when Adelaide was six years old. Her fortune was left to Captain Winston for life, and thereafter to Adelaide. Captain Winston re-married, and treated Adelaide badly. She accepts a situation. At her father's death she comes into great wealth, and provides handsomely for her step-sister, Elsie. Adelaide's lover plays a double part, and finally marries Elsie. Hence, through the conduct of her father and her lover, she commences her peculiar work at Blatchlands. She appoints Isabel Roche as her right-hand helper. Isabel breaks her promise and marries. Later she takes her only child, Pamela, to Mistress Adelaide, hoping that she may fill the position at Blatchlands that once was hers. Pamela's mother dies soon afterwards.—Rupert meets Audrey and Pamela out driving. Pamela asks him to desist from forcing himself upon her.

CHAPTER XI

BAD NEWS

AUDREY did not doubt that Pamela would keep her word. She herself said nothing of Rupert to Mistress Adelaide. The whole truth she could not tell, and Mistress Adelaide was not a person to whom it was easy to tell half-truths. She was herself so downright, so unswervingly straightforward in her speech, her thoughts, her deeds; that evasions and small deceptions grew difficult and almost impossible in her presence.

To Pamela, Audrey murmured something in the shape of an excuse: "I knew that you would tell Mistress Adelaide all about our unfortunate meeting with my cousin Rupert, and therefore I cannot see that it is necessary for me to do so. It is no use wasting her valuable time by telling her the same thing twice."

"You will follow your own judgment, naturally," remarked Pamela, a little coldly.

"You have told her?"

"Certainly."

"And—she is annoyed with me?"

"Why should she be"—the little wonted suspicious light returned to Pamela's clear eyes—"when you have assured me that the meeting was entirely accidental?"

"No, of course not. Still, of course, I *am* his cousin, and that gave him an excuse for speaking to you."

"Adelaide never blames one person for the misdoings of another. I should have thought you already knew her well enough to be sure of that," was Pamela's trenchant remark as she passed away.

Audrey's last days passed very quickly, and she felt a genuine regret at the thought of leaving Blatchlands. The life there had suited her very well, in spite of her occasional grumbles to Rupert. The constant occupation, the varied interests, above all the companionship of Mistress Adelaide, had pleased her. She felt resentful and aggrieved at the thought, that to Mistress Adelaide she was but one among a crowd of girls who came and went; that in a short time even her name would, in all probability, fade from the memory of the woman whom she so sincerely admired and liked. Something of this she hinted, and then blushed under Mistress Adelaide's quick glance.

"Who said I should forget all about you, pray?"

"No one. You can't be expected to remember the exact appearance and family history of each one of the temporary inmates of Blatchlands."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

Audrey was never dismayed by any sharp words or appearance of brusqueness. She answered cheerfully and decidedly.

"Then you are wrong. Except in one or two cases (those of girls in whom I was able to take little interest), I think I could still tell you everything about each one of those who have been here in my care. I do not forget. They come here and are part of my life, so they remain. If you are in any difficulty come to me; if you cannot come, write. Do not fear that I shall have forgotten you, that I shall not be just as interested in everything concerning you as I am at this present moment. I have an excellent memory. I do not forget."

"I hate saying good-bye to it all, and to you."

"Then stay."

"I can't. Mistress Adelaide, Pamela has told you of our meeting with my cousin at Hartley?"

"Yes. Why didn't you tell me?"

The abrupt question was unexpected, and for a moment Audrey stammered awkwardly, then repeated her former excuse because at the moment no other occurred to her.

"I thought it was a pity to waste your valuable time unnecessarily by telling you the same silly story twice."

Mistress Adelaide frowned. Her eyes came quickly round to Audrey's embarrassed face.

"Is that true?" she demanded; and Audrey, who had regretted the words before she had finished speaking them, answered candidly:

"No."

"I thought not. What is the truth?"

"The truth is that I didn't want to tell you. I thought you might be annoyed with me, and—I am fond of Rupert. You hate men; but as I have spoken of him, listen to me just for one moment, Mistress Adelaide, please, and don't be angry at what I say. Rupert loves Pamela very sincerely."

"I do not believe in men's love."

"How can you judge Rupert when you have never seen him?"

"I judge by my own experience of men, by all I have seen and learnt during the fifty-six years I have lived on this earth. During those years I have never known any man whose love was worth the taking, whose friendship was worth the having, whose disinterestedness was more than superficial. I will abide by the decision formed in fifty-six years, Audrey. It is no use trying to convert me to the views of twenty-five. That will do, child. You met your cousin by accident, so Pamela assures me. You would not intentionally have broken through the rule of the house, so I believe. There is nothing more to be said."

The last day came; and Audrey bade good-bye to every one in a decidedly depressed state of mind. She had done no good at all, she decided. Rupert was disappointed in her and had gone off to Scotland; her father would assuredly be aggrieved at her prolonged stay, and would overwhelm her with questions which she would find it very difficult to answer satisfactorily. If he ever found out the truth he would be exceedingly angry with her. It would have been well had the idea of coming to Blatchlands never occurred to her; it had been a mistake.

She had been prompted to make her appeal to Mistress Adelaide on Rupert's behalf by a feeling of desperation at the thought that she had done nothing to further his cause; she ventured one more assertion to Pamela that Rupert loved her, and was snubbed relentlessly. Apparently it was matter of supreme indifference to Pamela what Rupert's feelings were; and the only thing that interested her was her concern that Audrey should deliberately break through the unwritten rule of the house by even speaking of such an affair.

Audrey took her reproof meekly; apologised; and spoke of her impending departure.

"Don't be too dreadfully down on me, I know I am everything that is vile; but your eyes won't be offended by the sight of me much longer. I shall leave the sheep at

Sometimes you are really a dreadful little prig, Pamela

Blatchlands, and go and join the goats outside to morrow, remember."

"You have a dreadfully exaggerated way of talking," said Pamela uneasily. "It makes it difficult for me to judge very clearly what you mean, or do not mean. But I think you will really be sorry to leave; I know that Adelaide has attracted you as she attracts so many; only I fear that in your case her influence will be but a fleeting one."

"Sometimes you are really a dreadful little prig, Pamela!"

"From your point of view I suppose I am."

"But you are right in one thing. I do like you, and I am sorry to leave Blatchlands. One has peace here at least," and she sighed.

"I said that you liked Adelaide," said Pamela, more impulsively than she usually spoke. "Me, I think you do not like!"

"Why not?"

Audrey coloured as she asked the question evasively. It always surprised her when Pamela spoke of any personal feeling; she usually seemed so far away; so wrapt up in all the multifarious duties and interests attendant on her position at Blatchlands.

"I do not know. Perhaps because you look upon me as a prig; why I do not know; but it is true?" She asked the question the second time almost wistfully. "You do not like me?"

And Audrey answered slowly: "No, I don't think I do," feeling herself a traitor to Rupert as she spoke.

It was her duty to profess a fervent friendship for Pamela; and instead she was declaring her sincere feeling. She was angry with herself and angry with Pamela; she expected perhaps some small reminder of her position at Blatchlands, and of Pamela's; but none came. Instead, Pamela said softly:

"I am sorry." And turned away.

Audrey left to herself stamped her foot. That was the worst of Pamela! She invariably made one feel oneself in the wrong; feel that one had been aggressive, or rude, or unkind. And was it even true? Did she like or dislike the girl? Honestly she did not know. If she did dislike her it was not because of any fault in Pamela; that Audrey acknowledged, staring out drearily over the beautiful grounds; it was because some one else liked Pamela so much too well; and that was no reason, or at least a despicable one.

The parting came. Audrey said goodbye to Mistress Adelaide, feeling once more a distinct sense of shame in having deceived one who was herself incapable of deceit.

Pamela went to the station with her, showed no slightest sign of remembering Audrey's words; asked quietly that if she could be of any use at any time Audrey would not forget her; and showed herself as usual "the perfect Pamela," as Audrey said to herself, biting her lips angrily.

Then the train went out of the station, bearing with it Audrey, who was going back to her own life again, still restless, unsettled, self-condemning; leaving behind it Pamela.

Pamela was still unable to decide whether Audrey had indeed spoken the truth when she declared that she came to Blatchlands merely to see if it would be possible for her to earn her own living. Probably now she would never know, she decided, as she walked quickly out of the station. But she felt that she had been right not to breathe her suspicions to Adelaide, because they might be unjust. And she was glad that Audrey had gone; glad, not because she disliked or distrusted her, but because Audrey's words had disturbed the even passing of her days. No one before had spoken to Pamela of the love of men; and she said to herself that it was a topic on which she wished to hear nothing further; that it was and always would be right outside her life. She drove back through the pretty lanes and in at the lodge gates with a feeling of renewed tranquillity. This was her life; this her home. The years would pass, but still she and Adelaide would be at Blatchlands; and in spite of small passing worries, in spite of the rude intrusions of those who belonged solely to the outside world, she and Adelaide would be at peace in their own place; busy, useful, beloved.

She went in through the hall and tapped lightly on the study door as she entered. Adelaide liked Audrey she knew, and would

be interested to hear of the girl's departure; would probably say a few kindly words as to her hope that Audrey would not fall back into that most despicable thing—a woman entirely dependent on her male relations! They would have a few minutes' happy talk together; and then she would go out to her duties. But inside the room Mistress Adelaide was sitting before her writing table, her grey flecked head bent down to her outstretched arms; prone, wretched, spiritless.

"Adelaide!"

Pamela stopped on the threshold and caught at the door to steady herself, turning white and cold as she stood: "Adelaide!"

"Is it you, child?"

Mistress Adelaide raised her face, and at the sight of it Pamela knew that it was in no dream that she had for the first time in her life seen her guardian lose heart. Adelaide's face was white and lined, and though she tried to smile into the girl's frightened face the attempt was a failure, if a valiant one. "What has happened, dearest?" Pamela knelt down on the floor and threw loving arms tightly round her. "Tell me, please! You have always said that we had no secrets from one another; tell me what has changed you so much? You frighten me, Adelaide! I hardly know you."

"I hardly know myself, I think," she smiled grimly. "I have had a knockdown blow, and I have gone down under it as resistlessly as the most craven little fool outside. Perhaps I need you, my dear, to show me that there is nothing which might not be worse. I have you, Pamela, if all else be gone from me."

"All else be gone?" Pamela shook her head in open bewilderment. "I cannot understand, dear; will you not speak more plainly? What have you lost? What is wrong? Some of the girls have been tiresome—how stupid I am! As if anything of that sort would make you look as you looked when I came in! It is something big; something that will really matter; but nothing that will alter our life together, Adelaide! Nothing that will take me from you; you from me! So long as it is not that, tell me quickly, please! I am afraid of nothing else."

"Poor child!"

"But you don't tell me!"

"I am going to. Pamela, do you know that outside there they pity you continually? I have heard it scores of times as I have walked down the streets of Cranston. 'The poor girl the mad Miss Winston has adopted,' they call you; or 'the poor girl who has to put up with all Miss Winston's whims and fancies.' Always, 'the poor girl.'"

"Dearest, what can it matter to either of us what they say?"

"Nothing; less than nothing I have always thought, for hearing it I have smiled and said to myself that 'the poor girl' they pitied so much was instead rather to be envied; that she lived a healthy, happy life, that she was loved very dearly; that when I died I should leave her still happy and content in the life which was chosen for her by her own dear mother, leave her prosperous and content. That dream is over, child."

"What dream?"

"A dream in which I saw myself always as one who could stand between you and every haunting shadow of poverty. In your childhood you suffered from it, you and your poor mother, and she brought you to me. She begged me to take you in, to care for you always; she made you promise to cleave to me as to one who was to be friend and mother in one, to trust me always, to love me very much."

"And have I not done all these things? Can it be that you have learnt to doubt me, Adelaide?" cried Pamela passionately.

"No, no, that is one of the things that could not be." Mistress Adelaide stroked the girl's hair caressingly, and spoke almost chidingly. "But other things which we have regarded as almost as sure are falling under our feet, Pamela. I have had bad news, my dear."

"By letter?"

The girl asked the question almost indifferently as she tightened the clasp of her loving arms. "Tell me all, then, dearest Adelaide, and let me comfort you. You have always comforted me in every childish trouble, in every later sorrow; let me now try to comfort you in my turn, it would be sweet to me to know myself able to do so."

Adelaide was sitting before her writing table, her greyflecked head bent down to her outstretched arms; prone, wretched, sp'ritless

"You have comforted me already."

The colour was already returning to the face Pamela knew and loved so well, the frank confident spirit to the eyes, the strong brave set to the shoulders. Miss Adelaide looked herself again as she bent and kissed the sweet upturned face.

"You have comforted me; but I must comfort you too, Pamela. This affects you as it affects me, child, and has brought to me my first doubts as to my right to order your life for you so completely as I have always done. For I am a beggar. Blatchlands Park is not mine, neither house nor land nor rentals; all passes from me, and you and I are penniless."

CHAPTER XII

GOOD-BYE TO BLATCHLANDS

"PENNILESS!"

The startled cry broke from Pamela's lips. "But how can that be? Who could have the power to take Blatchlands from you? It must be some mistake, dearest."

"I am afraid not. I have had a letter from some lawyers. I thought it was from the firm who asked for more lace, and opened it quite unsuspectingly; there it was plainly written before my eyes. I am a beggar."

"You will tell me all?"

"Yes. It seems that my mother was not a great heiress as she and every one else believed. Before my grandfather married my grandmother he had already married in another country, under another name. His first wife was many years older than himself; he was a mere boy at the time of his first marriage, which was a most unsuitable one; and they were very unhappy. After a few years he persuaded himself that it would be for the happiness of both to separate; he did not ask his wife's opinion, he ran away instead; and vanished, as he believed, completely. In another country he did his best to sink his identity by every means in his power, and there he heard the news of his wife's death. When some time afterwards he heard that his uncle was dead and knew himself to be next heir to his cousin, he cheated himself into the belief that his old life was dead and buried, and would conveniently remain so."

She paused for a moment, and then continued steadily:

"He thought he might comfortably forget all that he wished to forget, and begin a new life forthwith. That he did. He came back to England and professed repentance for all the wild oats sown in his younger days; soon gained the favour of his rich cousin, and eventually succeeded him when he died, unmarried. Then he married my grandmother and settled down here at Blatchlands. He told her nothing; he never mentioned his past life, but lived on happily and prosperously, dying vastly respected, and leaving this place to my poor mother. You know her story; I need not repeat it. She never doubted that she was the real owner of this place, as I have never doubted that mine it was, and would remain. She lived and died here.

"And now for the first time the old story is revived. It seems that there was a son of this first marriage. Though my grandfather left behind him no trace, so far as he knew, yet, of course, he could be and was traced. He was right in one thing. His first wife did not mourn his sudden departure; they had been very unhappy together, she had no idea that he had any brighter prospects, and was sincerely glad to get rid of him. She allowed him to pass out of her life without making any fuss whatever; she made no effort to find him; and when her child was born she placed him in some sort of home, where he grew up reared on charity; taught to regard himself as a pauper and a dependent. But just before she died, by some means or other, she learnt to know exactly who her husband had been; learnt his real name and station. Then she went to the boy and told him all she knew. Since then, it appears, that he has been working to prove all this, but he was very poor and perhaps proof was difficult to find. I do not know. At any rate now the claim is made; and I am told that it will be absolutely useless to try to contest it. A man who asserts that he is the grandson of my grandfather by his first wife now claims everything; and they tell me that I have no chance of fighting against

his claim successfully. He has the power to take everything from me. My mother had no right to the estate and fortune she inherited from her father. He did not even make a will. She inherited as his next of kin and unquestioned heiress. There is no chance for me. I must turn out and give up everything."

"It can't be true!"

"It is true. It is still another turn of the wheel of fate which invariably marks out a man as my worst enemy. All my life it has been the same. In my childhood, my youth, and now in my approaching old age; but it is bitterly hard."

"Are they quite sure?"

"Absolutely sure; they have proof upon proof."

"What can we do?"

"Work."

"Of course!" Pamela raised her head and spoke with spirit. "If any one in this world ought to be and is able to work for herself, surely it is you or I. All our life long we have trained other women to work; and now we are called upon to join in the ranks of the workers. You will not complain, Adelaide! You love work!"

"I love work, yes; but am I fitted to work in the world, child? You are sure of it? Let us hope you are right. But this is where the bitterness comes in, Pamela. I must give up Blatchlands, and with it all the home work that has sprung up around me; give up all those who have lived with me, worked for me, loved me. I can no longer help as I have loved to help. I must see those who have grown old in my service cast out of employment, to face, in their old age, a new life; together, no doubt with countless sneers, which will be hard to bear, at the manner in which they have lived in the old life with me. Perhaps I have been wrong in moulding the lives of other women according to my own ideas. But I did it in the sure feeling that I was able to protect them always, to prevent them from suffering in any way because they had followed my lead, believed in my views."

"Not one of them will complain!"

"Not one. Does that take away from the bitterness of the thought that because of me they may have to suffer, Pamela?"

"Martha has saved, I know; all the servants have saved; you pay high wages, Adelaide, and you have taught them all to hate waste and senseless extravagance."

"And my poor old Biddy?"

"We must manage to keep her."

"And Mary? And crippled old Minnie? And those two poor warped soured souls who are just beginning to enjoy their lives again?"

"Miss Waters and Miss Turner? I forgot them." Pamela looked despondent.

"It will be even harder for them to find work than it was before they came here."

"They could find none then; and they have had a year or two of rest and congenial work. Adelaide, at least you are in no possible way to blame! Even if they suffer you have done your best for them always. If you were to appeal to this man," she added impulsively; "if you told him all that you have done; what it means to you to be turned out now, surely he would see how unjust it is? No, no! I forgot! Of course you could not do that; and I dare say it would be quite useless if you did."

"I couldn't do it." The honest eyes drooped, the firm lips quivered. "I couldn't, Pamela, not even for them."

"I know, dearest. Then we must just face the worst and make the best of it. I can get work directly. Why, all over the world are women who owe their present prosperity to you; they will have it in their power now to repay in some small measure all you have done for them. Not one of them will fail us. We may feel sure of that; what they can do they will do; and all we ask is work. But, if possible, it must be work in which we may still be together;" wistfully, "and also which will enable us to keep poor old Biddy. In time, perhaps, we might be able to help some of the others again."

"For yourself you have no regrets, child. You do not feel that in some other life you might have been happier; might have escaped this necessity to work now, when your first youth has passed; when before you must lie, perhaps, many years of struggle?"

"Am I such a craven? Have we all these years taught the doctrine that work is

a blessing, only to moan and bewail our fate when to us, too, comes the call to work! What other life would have been open to me, Adelaide? Dearest, you, even you, are growing morbid about this thing. No matter what comes in the future, I shall always owe you an unending gratitude. My heart is full of love for you."

The news spread like wildfire. One after another came to know if it could indeed be true, and went away with downcast, sorrowful faces. Mistress Adelaide deposed; Blatchlands given over into a man's hands; the work of a lifetime stopped! Could it be possible?

The servants were loyal to a woman; not one of them even hinted at a regret for the past, at a fear for the future. Even those who had followed the callings least likely to be of use to them out in the world, spoke only of their great happiness in the old days. Martha, the coachman, brought her bank-book and planted it firmly on Mistress Adelaide's knee before she spoke at all.

"There!" she said, stolidly. "It's all yours. Girl and woman I've been with you, mistress, and worked for you, and loved you. Now, if you'll take this and let me work for you still, it'll be all I'll ever ask."

It was only the newer comers who seemed to feel that they had any reason to feel aggrieved. One or two of the poor ladies who, very late in life, had fancied that at last they had found a sure refuge against grinding poverty, cried out loudly; and Pamela clenched her teeth and writhed inwardly when she saw how Adelaide suffered in her new powerlessness. Always since power had come to her she had wielded it strongly; and now it was taken from her.

The days passed heavily, and gradually the home-life at Blatchlands was all broken up. One by one the workers went forth; the infirmary was closed, and all the schools; the servants found other work, or went to live on their savings. Blatchlands grew empty and deserted; and the day before Adelaide and Pamela left, some men entered by the gates which had been closed to them for so many years, and took possession.

After that first day Mistress Adelaide had never given way, had shown no signs of weakness. She had received all tokens of gratitude and loyalty with quiet thankfulness, all bitter words or resentment with kindly endurance. But her hair had grown white; there were quite new lines written on the fine face which had lost much of its fresh colouring; and Pamela, watching her covertly with miserable, anxious eyes, knew that her suffering, if silent, was bitterly real.

To see the work stopped, the old familiar places all changed, to have to resign everything when success had crowned each effort was hard indeed. Pamela's heart ached with sympathy, but she seldom expressed it in words. She knew that Mistress Adelaide wanted to be strong and brave, and dreaded above all things to give way.

They went forth, drove through the gates for the last time, and down the familiar roads. They were going first to London, to stay with one of Adelaide's former *protegées*, and would there decide on their future course of action. Mistress Adelaide had given up everything to which Mr. Torrington could lay claim; but one thing was left to her which she hoped to be able to turn into money. Adelaide Torrington, her mother, had received many valuable wedding-gifts, and among them some jewels which had been given to her by her godfather. These had been left to her little daughter on the same terms as the rest of the estate, and had come to Adelaide at her father's death.

She had kept them, though often she had spoken laughingly to Pamela of disposing of them when any of their numerous schemes needed money.

"What are jewels to you or to me, child?" she had asked often; but still she had kept them. Some remembrance of the days when her mother wore them had come to her, perhaps; money she did not need, so the jewels stayed in their cases.

Now they had been taken out, and Adelaide meant to sell them at once, and with the money they brought to plan out a new future for herself and Pamela. Old Biddy had been left behind in the kindly care of Martha, who had bought a tiny cottage, and announced her intention of living in it until Mistress Adelaide should have need of her

again. When they were settled they would send for Biddy to join them in their new home.

They arrived in London, and Pamela thought she had never seen it look more gloomy. There was a thick fog, though it was only September; the air felt damp and chill, the unaccustomed fumes of the fog made her choke and cough as she gave her hurried instructions to the porter. She made them as short as she could, conscientiously; and, as she did so, wondered if, in the coming struggle for work, she should be able to keep her vow of silence, unless words were necessary, so far as men were concerned.

They drove along through the crowded streets, and at last were thankful to arrive at the rooms which Miss Morgan had taken for them. She was the headmistress in a Board school, and earned a comparatively large salary. But Pamela knew that her work was almost incessant, and was not surprised to find that when they arrived at Number Eight Ring Street, Alice Morgan was not there to receive them.

There they stayed for the next two weeks, saying to one another each day that their stay must soon come to an end. The jewels had been sold, but had brought in disappointingly little. The jeweller to whom they had been taken said that the settings were old-fashioned and ugly; and that, though some of the stones were good, the task of resetting and fitting them for the approbation of future purchasers would be too costly to admit of his giving any fancy price for them. He named one hundred and fifty pounds as the highest possible figure, and Mistress Adelaide, who had hoped to get some four or five hundred at least, was openly dismayed and aghast when Alice Morgan told her of his proposal. As no higher offer was forthcoming, however, she agreed to sell them to him; and then she and Pamela began, more energetically than ever, to search for work.

They had refused to stay on as Alice Morgan's guests, much as she wished them to do so, and knew that their small resources must not be over-taxed. There could be no unnecessary delay; work must be found.

And their chief difficulty lay in that vow as regarded men. No male employers were possible; Mistress Adelaide still ignored all men as resolutely and absolutely as ever, and here in London, as down at Blatchlands, was deaf and blind if one addressed her.

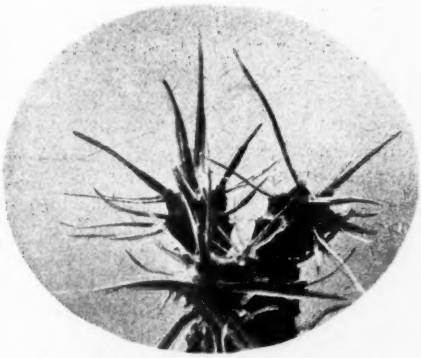
"It makes it so much more difficult," said Alice to Pamela, frowning despondently. "You must see that? Wherever you go you are bound to meet men and to do business with them, and it handicaps you both so terribly if you still keep to your old rule of not speaking to them. I was so fascinated by Mistress Adelaide when I was at Blatchlands in the dear old days that I blindly believed every word she said, and when I came out into the world, I, too, tried to avoid men in every possible way. I found it wouldn't do. It is hard enough to get on without any handicap; so you will find."

"Still, no doubt we shall succeed," replied Pamela, with determined cheerfulness. "Every day we get letters from some of those whom Adelaide has helped. They are all eager to serve us. They have never forgotten her. It makes her happy to read the letters, and I bless each one who writes and remembers. It is her reward for all her years of unselfish work."

"Yes, they all love her, but they won't be able to find her congenial and profitable work, where she will never come in contact with any man," said Alice gloomily.

Defence in Plant Life

By G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc.

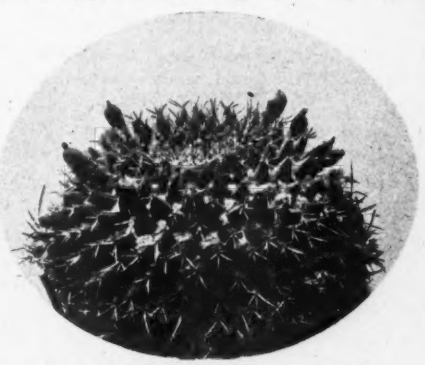


Horny spikes, several inches long, guarding a cactus

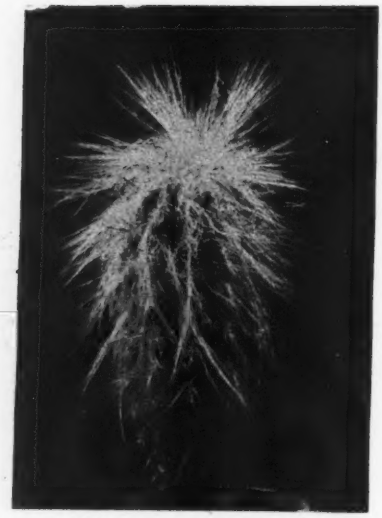
LIFE is a warfare even with the plants. The Millennium has not arrived in their kingdom yet. Among them, as among men, there is the keenest competition for life—for a standing place in the ranks of success—a competition whose severity we can hardly imagine, in which myriads succumb for one who succeeds. But their actual warfare, unlike that of men, is not carried on by individual against individual or by community against community, but rather by the plants in general against the great superior animal world, which ever threatens to overwhelm the less intelligent, less powerful plant realm.

Their tactics in this warfare are, as become the weaker combatant, almost invariably those of a strict defence. They reserve all their powers to repel attack, and very ingenious and great in variety are the means they have devised to keep their enemies at bay, for some plants fight with keen and well-selected weapons, some rely on mere protective armour, others use insidious poisons, while others, again, fewer perhaps in number, put their trust in strategy. Let us pass, then, in review the myriad ranks of plants standing in battle array, turning our attention first to those which have adopted the open obvious plan of arming themselves with weapons, more or less formidable according to the foes they lay themselves out to oppose.

Foremost among these warriors stands the Cactus tribe, whose ruthless and determined weapons are some of the finest evolved by plants. But ruthless and determined, too, are the attacks they have to defeat. They live upon the great tropical plains, where seasons of luxury and abundance alternate with seasons of drought and famine. At these times of distress the wild animals of the plains see all their nourishment scorching up and vanishing before their eyes, until blank starvation stares them in the face. In desperation they turn to the only living plants—living because they have stored up water in themselves to meet this time, and which have hitherto, owing to their defiant attitude, been left unmolested. But now, in this season of dire necessity, they are attacked with all the energy of starvation and, if they would resist successfully, formidable indeed must be their weapons. So here is one armed with sharp horny spikes several inches long, terrible to look at and still more terrible to oppose, and the long lances hedge round the juicy, eatable part of the plant and efficiently keep too pressing attentions at a distance. Here is another variety with weapons somewhat less aggressive in appearance, though probably equally



A cactus defending itself by innumerable short spines



"Old man cactus" with his wig

useful in action. This Cactus is built up of nodules of green succulent tissue, which would be tempting morsels indeed to parched animals but for the fact that the plant defends them successfully by crowning each with a circle of sharp spines, short, perhaps, but very sharp and very hard, and a badly torn mouth and bleeding nostrils is the certainty that follows any ill-judged animal attack. "Old Man Cactus," who stands next, is very curious. He seems loth to injure even his foes, so he sets up as his first line of defence a mild warning in the shape of a "wig" of long silky hairs, which wave in the breeze. An intrusive animal comes along and pushes his nose towards the coveted morsel. The hairs tickle him, and he draws back. If he is wise he takes the warning and makes no second attempt; if rashness predominates in his character he advances again still more boldly, and thrusts his nose among the irritating hairs, only to meet his merited punishment; for "Old Man Cactus" has a second line of defence in the shape of sharp-pointed spikes beneath the silky "wig," and the punishment they mete out is no light one.

The "Devil's Club" of British Columbia has a world-wide reputation for weapons of evil notoriety, for not only are the thorns with which it bristles arms of value, but the wounds they inflict do not heal "by first intention," as the doctors say, but fester and inflame as if they were poisoned.

Weapons, not quite so formidable, but of the same nature, are sported by many of our native English plants. Look, for instance, at the thorns which form the bodyguard of the wild roses of the hedges and which lie unobtrusive, but always ready for action, beneath the leaves and flowers. The Hawthorn, too, turns the end of every young branch into a lance pointed for action, and no young bud makes its entrance into this world without this sentinel standing guard above it. In the Gorse we have an even more pugnacious plant, for it has turned itself into a perfect armoury, and into every one of its leaves has entered the spirit of defiance. It is a plant loving the wild common, but precarious indeed would have been its existence within the reach of browsing cattle and donkeys had it not strongly fortified itself; therefore the tender leaf-tissues have dried and hardened, and each leaf has rolled itself into an unmistakable

The bodyguard of the roses

spike, so that the whole plant bristles at every point, and presents an almost impenetrable front.

It is not often that we come across a plant which places its thorn-weapons at irregular spots upon the surfaces of its leaves, yet here is a picture of singular leaves, which are thus equipped both above and below. On both stem and leaf these thorns rise haphazard, and the whole arrangement strikes one as a fairly effective defence. The next leaf, however, seems to improve on this one's methods, for it has fashioned itself into a two-edged saw, like the "sword" of the sword-fish, and is set on either margin with regular rows of sharp-pointed teeth. On the plant these leaves are all gathered together into rosette form, and as they confront us defiantly, we feel that this is a member of the plant kingdom which unmistakably "shows its teeth." The prickles and bristles of holly and thistle are familiar enough; in fact, many of these weapons are matters of such common occurrence that we have, for the most part, lost sight of the wonderful instinct, working through the ages, which has taught the plant, in the first place, the value of weapons,

Gorse, a defiant plant

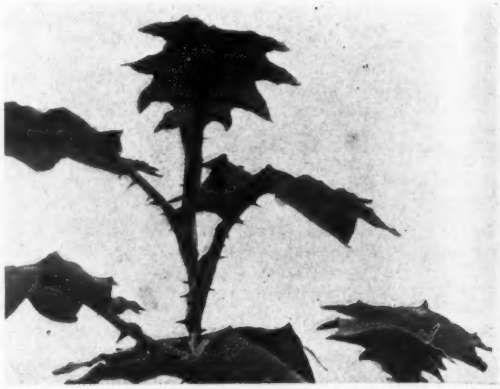
The lances of the hawthorn

and has instructed it, in the second place, to fashion them after these very various ways.

Some of the Opuntias (the photograph of one is given on p. 431) are furnished with very curious weapons in the form of barbed bristles. To the naked eye, these bristles look mild and innocent enough, but under the microscope they show themselves to be covered with sharp projections, all pointing backwards. These bristles penetrate the skin with ease and move forward, deeper and deeper, with every pressure. But it is most difficult to pull them out of the flesh again, for every projection resists the effort, so there they remain until nature rejects them through little festering wounds.

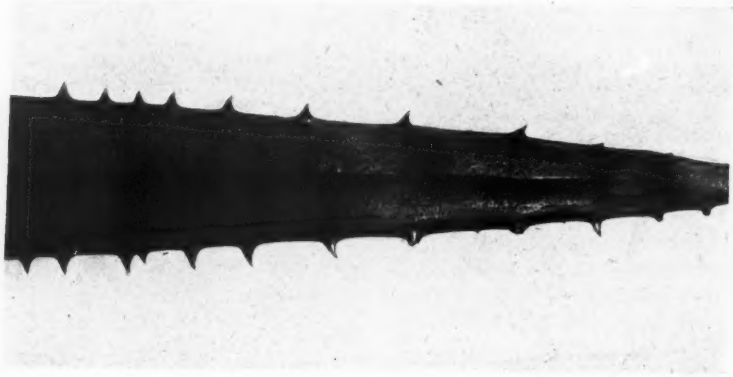
The plants which rely upon armour as their means of defence are not a great host like those are which carry weapons. But they are interesting because of the different materials with which they make up their armour. A regular coat of mail of hard, brittle silica is carried by the Horsetails, those curious jointed spikes, descendants of the old Fossils, but unlike any other members of the Vegetable Kingdom of to-day. These, if attacked, revenge themselves upon the marauders by inducing severe indigestion, and thus, like the martyrs of old, in their own death inculcate respect for their species. The Rhododendrons, the Crowberry, and

other hard-leaved plants similarly protect their kind. The Cactus on p. 432 may be said to have enclosed itself within a very secure suit of armour, for the spines are arranged in star-like forms, lying flat all over the ball-like surface, and these offer an almost impenetrable barrier to getting at the sweets within. The velvet coat in which the Mullein wraps itself is very unlike one's preconceived ideas of a coat of armour, yet, nevertheless, such it is, though the hairs composing it can neither sting nor prick. But any one who has tried the old-fashioned remedy of a cup of Mullein tea and has inadvertently not strained all the hairs from it first, well knows how intensely irritating they are to the lining of the mouth and how difficult to remove. Tenfold more intolerable must they be to a browsing animal who ventures for the first, and probably the last, time in its life to munch a mouthful of the soft velvety leaves.



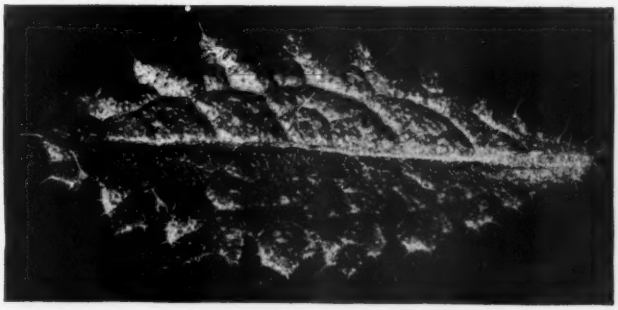
Leaves armed with thorn on both upper and lower surfaces

The Poisoners as a class have many methods of reaching their victims. The Stinging Nettle's way is very striking. It has equipped itself with a large number of appliances, so called "stinging hairs," which are practically hypodermic syringes filled with poison. You touch the plant incautiously, the tips of the stinging hairs break, and the sharp points penetrate the skin at once, and in an instant the poisonous fluid within the hair is injected into the wound. That the poisoning is very acute is proved by the sudden violent inflammation which follows the "sting" of our common English Nettle, while in some of the Indian Nettles the virulence is so great that tetanus and even death may follow it. The larger grazing animals, therefore, with tender mouths and tongues, leave the Nettles severely alone.

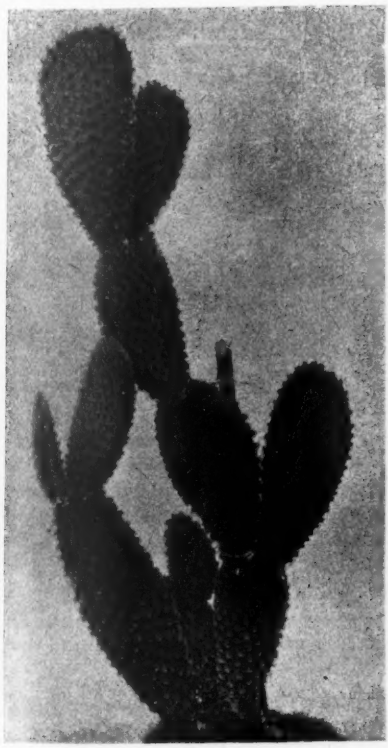


A double row of teeth

Many other plants protect themselves by the simple but effective method of storing up poisons within the tissues of their leaves. Some of these give notice to their adversaries of their plans by adding to the poison offensive smells which warn marauders of the possible personal results of interference. Thus do the Henbane, notorious for its disgusting smell, the Hemlock, and the Dwarf Elder, and many others. Some plants, however, such as Gentian and Hellebore, do not, as far as human sense goes, give this olfactory warning; yet since the policy of non-interference is rigidly carried out by their neighbours—the animals—we can only surmise that either they have learnt by the accumulated experience of ages to leave them alone, or that the plants possess some subtle odour, imperceptible to us, but patent to their possible foes, which warns them off when they attempt to trespass.



A thistle-leaf armed with prickles



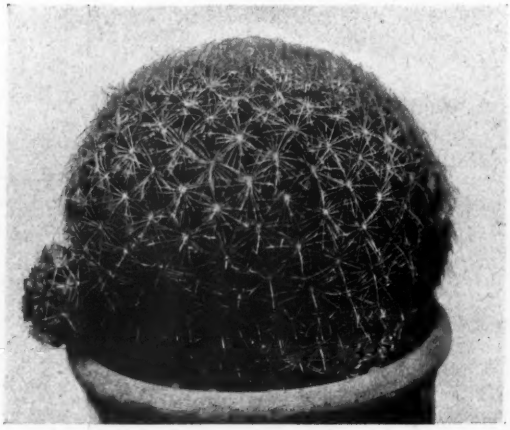
An opuntia covered with barbed bristles

When we come to the Strategists of the Plant Kingdom, we find ourselves on somewhat difficult ground, which invites further exploration, for, true diplomatists as they are, it is not easy to recognise their plans or detect their motives, though day by day we add to our knowledge. We cannot, however, deny ingenuity to one little Cactus, which, instead of arming itself with formidable weapons, as do its brothers, chooses rather to look for all the world like little lumps of the earth on which it lies, so that, times again, one might walk over it and yet never distinguish it from the soil. Thus it escapes the notice of its foes and has no need to fight, and probably comes off as well as the fighters do in the long run. But imitation is resorted to in another way for

A cactus imitating the soil on which it rests

defence purposes by these strategists. One plant may imitate another, as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out. The Stinging Nettle, for instance, has developed, as we have seen, a very strong defence. The Dead Nettle is a plant which has not troubled to develop stinging hairs for itself, but which yet derives benefit from them by a master stroke of strategy, for, though there is no relationship, it has closely imitated its neighbour. It has gradually grown so like it in appearance, leaf for leaf, habit for habit, that often when the flowers are absent we cannot tell by a casual glance one plant from the other. So, as "discretion is the better part of valour," we, in common with the rest of the animal world, leave *both* alone. The existence of the strong superficial resemblance is brought out in the popular name for both being "Nettle." The real fundamental difference is shown in their distinct botanical names, Lamium (Dead Nettle), Urtica (Stinging Nettle). Again, the yellow Bugle, innocent of weapons, armour, or poisons, is remarkably like one of the Euphorbias, which is full of an acrid poisonous juice; while the defenceless, scentless Mayweed might be easily taken for the bitter Chamomile. Thus the strategists, seemingly without defence of their own, are yet protected by the defence of others.

Thus, then, by weapons, armour, poisons, and strategy do the plants endeavour to hold their own. Mostly they depend on one or other of these; sometimes, however, as in the "Devil's Bush," they strengthen their defence by combining them. But the whole defence of plants is not yet fully known to us. The instinct of preservation is strong in the plant nature, and the deeper we peer into it the more resourceful does it appear to be to keep its foes at y.



A strong bit of armour

The Serious Game of Hide and Seek

By Harold Macfarlane

IN the inanimate world there is a game that never palls, it is indeed the only pastime that enjoys any popularity with our Lares and Penates; and when we mention that it is "Hide and Seek" the reason is obvious, for the "hiding" is the sole prerogative of the conscienceless "thing," whilst the unfortunate owner does the "seek," with generally less than more success. A careful study of the game as it is played, which study includes several hard-fought encounters, leads us to believe that to attain success as a seeker, consummate sang-froid is requisite. For example, immediately the loss is noted, that is to say, immediately the game begins, whether the article lost be a diamond or a domino, it is useless to have the carpets swept or to examine the fingers of your gloves; for those, seemingly the most likely, are the last places in which they will be found. On the other hand, it would, perhaps, be just as well to look casually into the coal-box and to examine your top-hat, for it is in the most unlikely nooks that the champion hiders always lurk. This being so, the loser should never institute a systematic search on the spot, for such an action only excites the sporting instinct of the lost, but must leisurely take steps for the recapture of his property, and above all things pay particular attention to the thorough mastication of his food. Things that hide themselves soon weary of the sport when they are apparently abandoned to their fate.

To any but the student of the game this latter advice may not be thought peculiarly apposite, but amateur and professionals with much experience in first-class "hide and seek" will recognise its importance, which cannot be better explained, in our opinion, than by a few examples taken from actual instances. In 1894 a married lady of the name of Crofts lost her wedding ring from her finger, at Choppington Colliery, near Newcastle; naturally she looked everywhere for it, and strangely enough the unlikely places as well as the likely ones were examined, which shows that Mrs. Crofts is no novice at the exhilarating pastime of "search." Three years elapsed without any trace of the missing object being forthcoming, and by then the searchers had arrived at absolutely the best state of mind upon which to enter on a search, *i.e.*, one of indifference. As a matter of fact they had given up the search, which the ring intuitively recognised, for it forthwith allowed itself to be captured. The hiding place was the interior of a potato which was being prepared for the family dinner by the daughter of the loser, when the "find" was made. It was a small potato, indeed one that but for chance might have been thrown away, which fact favours the theory that the ring had no real intention of bringing the game to a close when it did. In any case it was a fortunate circumstance that it was discovered when it was, in place of being served up at table; though from a theatrical point of view, the breaking of the tooth by some member of the family at the time of discovery would have brought down the curtain with even greater *eclat*.

An instance almost parallel to the foregoing was mentioned in the columns of GOOD WORDS (June 1895, p. 404) which may perhaps be repeated here for the sake of the very plausible explanation of the methods employed by the hider to frustrate the efforts of those seeking it. The mother of a well-known merchant of Glasgow, when paying a visit to the Isle of Arran, the weather being unusually warm, had occasion to complain that her wedding ring was irritating the finger it encircled. After some persuasion her daughter succeeded in inducing the owner of the ring to remove and give it to her

to keep until the swelling had disappeared; and it was when in her possession that the ring seized a favourable opportunity to make good its escape, and seemingly eluded all further pursuit. A year having elapsed the family again visited the same spot, and in the course of the visit a farm servant when crushing boiled potatoes for the pigs discovered inside one of the tubers a ring which was proved by the initials inside the rim to be without doubt the wedding ring that had been lost twelve months previous. The explanation put forward, which in all probability also applies to the first mentioned incident, is that the ring had originally been swept up with the dust and ashes, the ashes had been thrown into an ash-pit, the contents of the ash-pit had been distributed over a potato-field, and the ring absorbed by the potato in which it was eventually discovered.

Apropos of the marvellous ingenuity which watches display in successfully losing themselves, in 1895 a watch was lost at a picnic-party, held at Trefusis Beach; and although the loss was not discovered until the party had returned to their domicile, they promptly returned to the spot and naturally did not find it. Neither offers of a reward or advertisements succeeded in discovering the timepiece, and it was given up as lost for ever—an astute move on the part of the seekers, which resulted in the watch turning up, vulgarly speaking, smiling, after the lapse of twelve months. Immediately after the picnic-party had vanished, so it transpired, the hiding chronometer had left its place of concealment and had allowed itself to be found by a young sailor on his way to join his ship. The ship in question visited Newfoundland, and the finder of the watch was there laid up in hospital for some considerable time, with the result that he was unable to get back to England and return to its owner the errant timepiece until almost twelve months had elapsed. Early in the hunting season of '97–'98, the son of the Master of the Holderness Hounds lost his watch whilst hunting; and as months elapsed without it returning to its disconsolate owner all hope of its doing so was abandoned, this of course was the cue for the watch to reappear, which it did towards the end of June or beginning of July 1898. The lost chronometer, it should be mentioned, was found in a barley-field, which field had at the time of the loss been in turnips, sheep had been folded in it in the interregnum, and it had also been ploughed, harrowed and sown. Apparently its long sojourn in the open air had not impaired the constitution of the watch in the least. We commend to the attention of the Society of Psychical Research the problem of how a gold watch lost in a West End hotel by a Scotch lady managed to materialise itself amongst the coal in a barge, where it was discovered by an old woman who could not tell how it got there. The watch was lost in 1896, and twelve months elapsed before it was discovered by the police through the finder attempting to pawn it—where it had been in the meanwhile no one seemed inclined to put forward a theory; but Sir John Bridge, in giving his magisterial decision, said there was no reason to doubt the old woman's story.

Although its owner and the circumstances under which it was lost never transpired, an old-fashioned silver verge watch, that was probably new in the eighteenth century, materialised in a somewhat remarkable manner a year last February, when it was found embedded in some ice on which skating was taking place near Huntingdon. The watch had evidently been lying at the bottom of the water for some considerable time, and had eventually been carried to the surface by the displacement of the piece of "anchor ice" which surrounded it in the course of the severe frost.

Precious stones have a wonderful faculty for losing themselves, but the way in which they turn up after all hope of seeing them again has been abandoned is even more remarkable, as Lord Rosebery, if report speaks true, could testify, for he has twice lost a large ruby at public gatherings—once the gem fell on the reporters' table when its owner was speaking in London

during the election for the first County Council, and another time it was found after the banquet given to the Gordon Highlanders in 1898. As, on the first occasion of the loss of the stone, the ex-Premier presented the finder with a silver photograph frame containing a signed portrait of himself, and on the second he forwarded a handsome cheque to the individual discovering its lair, it will in time and in all probability entail as great an outlay as the Kaiser's engagement ring, which, it will be recalled, he lost during his last tour in Norway; on having the ring returned to him by a coachman, the Kaiser presented him with a fifty-kronen note, which the man refused to accept, on the grounds that he had not been the finder, until the owner of the ring insisted on his doing so, and at the same time handed over a note of similar value to the stable-boy who discovered it. It is related that a Glasgow lady having lost a valuable diamond in a shop had all the sawdust swept up and passed through a hair sieve without it being discovered. Hope having at last been abandoned, the ring from whence it was lost was reset and the loss almost forgotten, when the daughter of the loser, who had accompanied her mother to the emporium, complained of something in her boot which continually caught on the carpet; the boot was examined, and the errant diamond found firmly embedded in the solid leather heel. It was said at the time that the boots had been worn for at least a couple of months upon all sorts of roads without its valuable setting being at all injured. About four years ago a somewhat similar incident happened down at Paignton; but in this instance the loser, Mr. J. H. Wills, a gentleman from Clapham, lost a large diamond, valued at £65, from the ring he was wearing when out driving. A reward was offered without success, and it was not until eight weeks later—during which time it had lain on the highway unnoticed—that the cunning hiding-place of the gem was discovered by the coachman of a local doctor who found it embedded in a patch of mud which had been thrown up by the action of the carriage in driving. Eight weeks, however, is a comparatively short time for a gem to hide itself; indeed in the case of a snake-ring of considerable value, the property of a Leatherhead jeweller's wife who lost it when feeding swan with bread crumbs at Fetcham Pond, seven years elapsed before it was discovered through the agency of a little boy who was testing the depth of the pond with a walking stick, and in the process brought up a ring at the end of his instrument. Oddly enough the juvenile hydrographer took the ring to be valued at the very jeweller's whose wife had lost it so many years before.

Six years ago a well-known jeweller in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, displayed in the window of his shop a valuable diamond ring once the property of Queen Nathalie of Servia, which he was about to raffle on behalf of the "Petites Sœurs des Pauvres," there being twenty thousand tickets of one franc each to be disposed of. Queen Nathalie after wearing the ring for twenty years had the misfortune to lose it, and having searched high and low, which of course only excited the hilarity of the hiding gem, she declared that if found it should be given to the Little Sisters, whereupon the ring promptly materialised and was devoted to charity. Rash vows in respect to seemingly lost property should always be avoided, as the hiding object always regards the same as tantamount to a victory. Even when the quest appears hopeless it should not be forgotten that it is excessively difficult for an inanimate object to lose itself effectually. A couple of cases in point occurred the year before last in Wales; in one of these the loser a lady of Bedford, lost a watch on Great Orme's Head, Carnarvonshire, in June 1898, and mentioned the fact to an old man in whose cottage she afterwards had tea. Eighteen months elapsed and the same old man found the watch little the worse for its long exposure, near a beech tree, and some little time after it was returned to its owner through one of her friends at Llandudno. The scene of the other loss was the summit of Snowdon, and the loser, a lady from Stroud Green, who ascended the mountain

on December 15, 1899, took off her gloves and three diamond rings, which she placed in her lap preparatory to warming her hands, and duly forgot the same. On arriving at Bangor she missed her property and acquainted the local police sergeant with her loss; that she had much hope of ever seeing her jewellery again was extremely doubtful, especially as month succeeded month without its being returned to her. Two years last June, however, all three rings were restored to her, having been found where they were dropped, after a sojourn of nearly five months under the snow. The case of the lady who dropped a diamond brooch valued at several hundred pounds over the side of a yacht in Dover Harbour, and had the same returned to her a few days later by a sailor who, when dredging, brought up the ornament from the bed of the sea, is of too recent occurrence to demand further comment, though the apparent hopelessness of its quest renders it akin to the instances quoted.

When playing the game of "hide and seek" seriously it should never be forgotten by the searcher that although the amount of cunning contained in the professional hider is so great that it cannot be estimated, Patience is a virtue it rarely possesses, which fact frequently results in the hider voluntarily surrendering to the seeker who refuses to be bustled.

The Night of Tempest

WILD spirits ride the lonely wave to-night;
The hissing foam, in tower, and dome confused,
Bursts into form a space; and next is used
To sound its own weird trumpet of affright!

Upon the land keen whips of ceaseless wind
Lash into mournful calls of loud despair
The insensate stones of walls; and through the air
Rent branches drive with fury unconfined.

It is a night of dread—the spirit's dread—
Lest these wild cries fail to arouse the soul
Which fain would in the tumult sing, and roll,—
Which frets within its body-house, and bed!

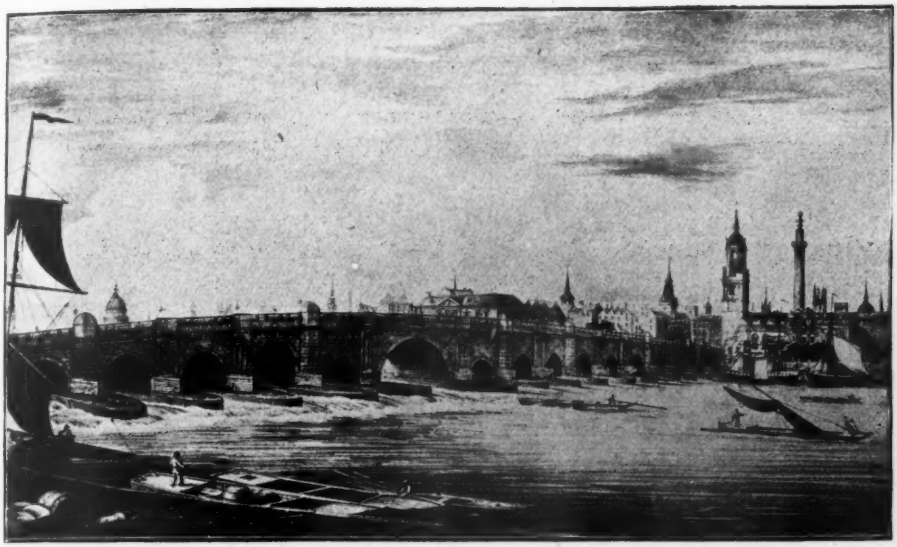
Triumphant psalms they are these shoutings wild,
Dread voices of the past, song's sterner day:
And, held within a weakened house of clay,
The cryings of a lonely spirit-child!

Help me to grasp Thy meaning in the wave,
That glads, O God, the night with spray and spume!
Nor hear within this courage aught of doom,
Or in this wealth reminders of the grave!

Wild starlight sown in pools; alarmèd air,
And shattered branch that hymns its own defeat,
Be to my heart life's veriest, bravest beat,
A valour-note to help me life to bear!

Hark to the note! strong thousands onward come!
The winds are drums, the flapping boughs a host!
The up-swirled spray—no more a pallid ghost,
And nought worth hearing at this hour is dumb!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.



London Bridge in the early nineteenth century

The Story of London Bridge

By A. W. Jarvis and P. G. Cambray

Illustrated from old prints in the British Museum

CONCLUDING PAPER

TRAVELLERS to England were never tired of remarking on the strange appearance of "a bridge that was no bridge," but covered on each side with houses, like a street. This peculiar feature can well be understood from a glance at old prints. Except for the three "void places for the retire of passengers from the danger of carres, carts, and droves of cattle," in one of which stood the cage and stocks, the bridge was wholly enclosed, and foot passengers, for safety, were accustomed to walk behind some waggon, as they traversed the narrow gulch.

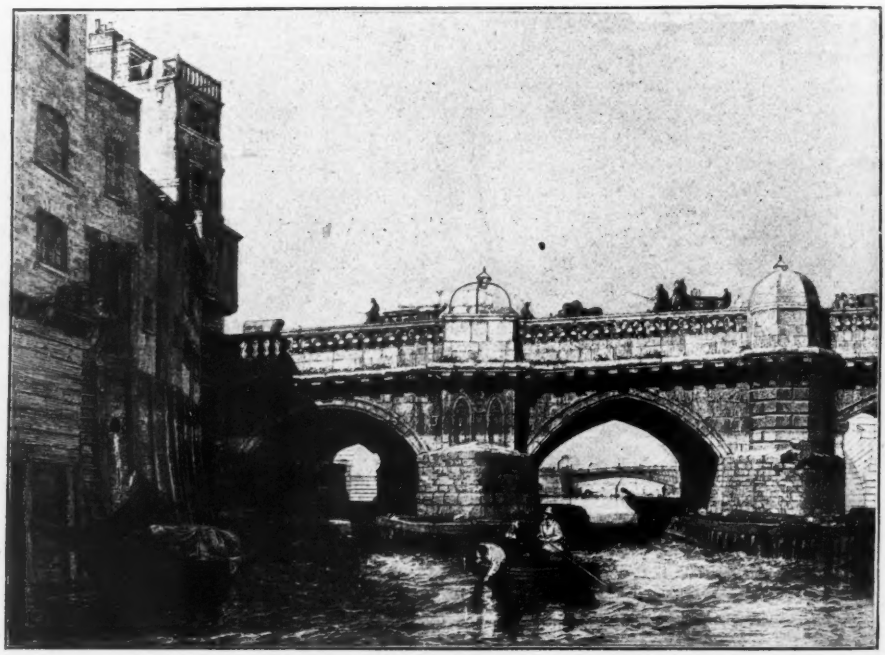
The shops, which, as in other places, were distinguished by signs, were chiefly occupied by booksellers, haberdashers and vendors of patent medicines. With the other buildings on the bridge they seem to have been the source of no little trouble. Indeed, the only gain were the rents, which, by a charter of King John, were devoted to the maintenance of the bridge. The fires, which from time to time broke out in the houses, more than once threatening the entire destruction of the bridge, constituted a grave danger; and the ultimate removal of the buildings was a very wise step.

One of the most terrible of the many calamities occurred four years after the bridge was finished. A fire broke out on the Surrey side of the river. Huge crowds flocked to the bridge to witness the spectacle, when suddenly the north end of the bridge, ignited by the breeze-borne sparks, burst into flames. Ere the people had recovered from their surprise, the southern end also took fire, cutting off their retreat both ways. A panic

ensued. Boats and vessels were quickly brought to the rescue, only to be swamped and sunk by the rush of the maddened crowd. It is said that over 3000 people were burned or drowned.

Judging from the description given by Pennant, the houses were in a deplorable condition long before their demolition. "The houses on each side," he says, "overhung, and leaned in a most terrific manner. In most places, they hid the arches, and nothing appeared but the rude piers. I well remember the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossing the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamour of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches."

At the commencement of the fourteenth century a grim exhibition was inaugurated at the north end of the bridge. Here, on the tower of the gateway, were exposed the heads of traitors and others who had suffered at the headman's hands. The inception of this disgusting display was due to Edward I.

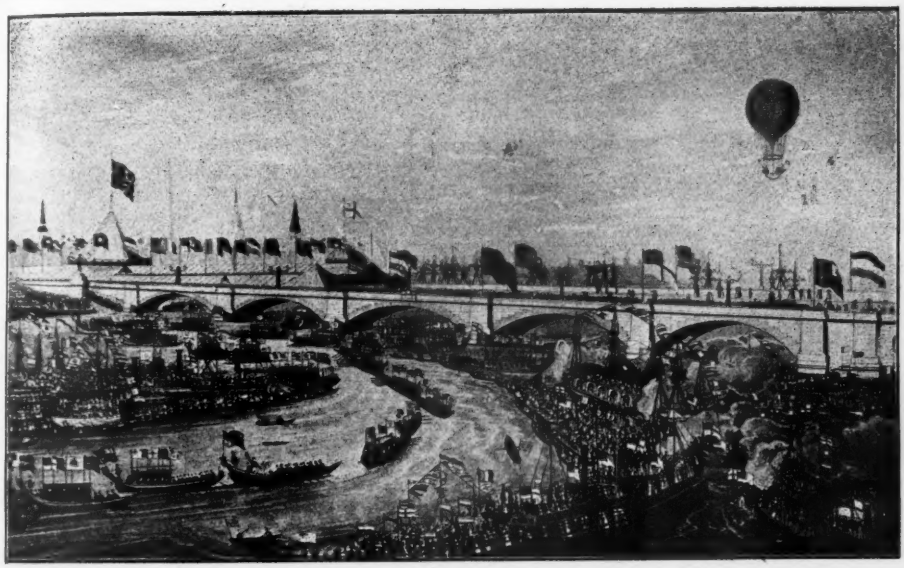


The Southwark end of old London Bridge, 1831

On his return from his fourth expedition to Scotland, in August 1305, Wallace, Scotland's hero and patriot, was drawn on a sledge to Smithfield, where, to the disgrace of all concerned, he suffered the horrible penalty of being hung, drawn and quartered, after which his head was put up on the bridge gate.

In vulgar parlance, the idea caught on, and the gate was rarely without the ghastly relic of some unfortunate.

To speak of those whose fate it was to figure in this terrible collection is to recall

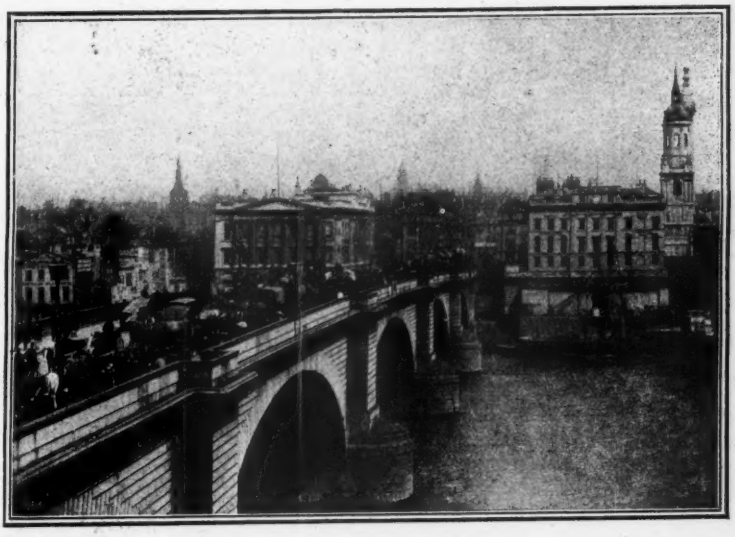


The opening of the present bridge

some of the most lurid events in England's history.

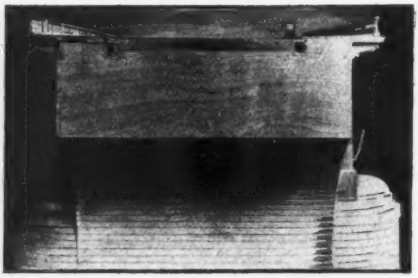
In 1399, Henry of Lancaster laid by the heels the four knights who three years before, by command of the King, had smothered the old Duke of Gloucester, and ere long their heads were spiked over the bridge-gate, their bodies being strung up in gibbets. Before another decade had passed away, they were joined by the grey-haired head of the Earl of Northumberland, the father of the gallant Hotspur.

Heny VII. contributed his quota to the exhibition with the heads of the leaders of the



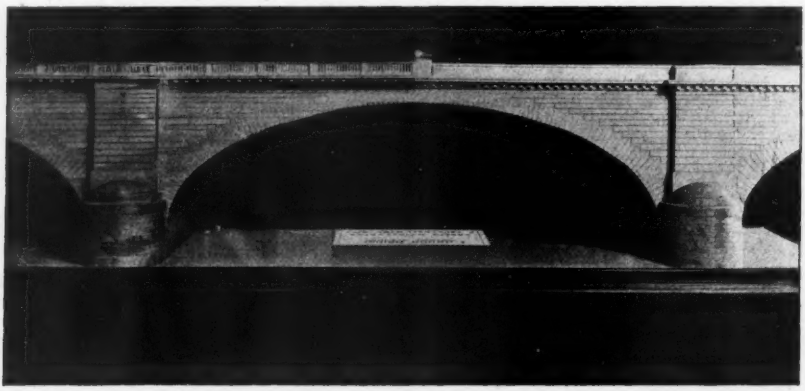
(F. Frith & Co., photo)

The present London Bridge before alteration



Sectional model showing method of widening the bridge

great Cornish insurrection; and, needless to relate, the next reign was especially fruitful of

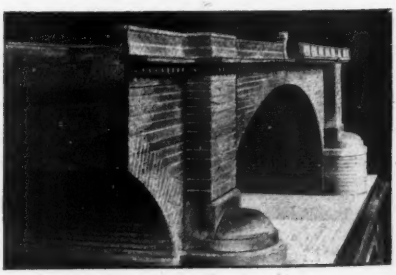


Model showing old and new parapets

these sad trophies. Extraordinary tales are told concerning the heads of John Fisher, the good old Bishop of Rochester, and his friend Sir Thomas More, both of whom were executed in 1535 for refusing to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of their royal master. Fisher suffered the penalty on June 22; but his head was not set up on the Traitor's Tower until the next day, so that the Queen, Anne Boleyn, might first see it. Hall, the Bishop's biographer, who tells us that it was placed "among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him," continues: "I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor to consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for, his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them."

Such crowds flocked to see the sight, blocking the traffic of the bridge, that the executioner was commanded to throw the head into the river.

Its place was taken by the head of Sir Thomas More, executed on July 26, when, strange to say, the miracle was repeated. More's head proved as imperishable as the



Model showing alteration partly executed

Bishop's. After it had been exposed for some months, and was about to be thrown into the Thames—"because room should be made for divers others, who, in plentiful sort, suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy"—his daughter Margaret, by bribing the executioner, secured possession of the sacred relic. She is said to have preserved it in a leaden case; and years afterwards, in accordance with her wishes, it was buried with her in the Roper vault, under a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

The custom was continued for many years; and when, in 1577, the tower was declared unsafe, its occupants were removed to the Southwark Gate, at the southern end of the bridge. Nor did the supply diminish as the result of the change; for the German traveller, Hentzner, when he was here, in 1597, counted some thirty heads.

When the buildings on the bridge were taken down, the authorities chose Temple Bar as the future show-place for their revolting exhibition.

A bridge so long in building, it would be thought, should have required but little in the way of repair. But this was not the case. It was always being patched or mended, and its unfortunate condition became proverbial. The last and greatest improvement took place during the years 1757–8, when the houses were removed, and the two middle arches thrown into one.

From that time, its history is the relation of a continual agitation for a new bridge. Ultimately the necessary powers were obtained. The first pile of the new bridge—the present one—was driven some hundred and eighty feet to the west of the old one, on March 15, 1824. In the following year the first stone was laid, and six years later, the bridge was opened by their Majesties William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

Built from the designs of Mr. John Rennie and his two sons, at a cost of £506,000, the bridge is generally considered to be one of the finest in the world.

But of recent years, it has proved altogether inadequate to accommodate the ever-increasing volume of traffic. Under these circumstances, the city authorities, overcoming their reluctance to interfere with the original scheme, wisely determined to undertake the difficult task of widening the bridge, on lines devised by Mr. A. Murray, the City Surveyor. Cantilevers have been thrown out on both sides of the bridge. These carry the footways and increase the width of the bridge from 53 feet 5 inches to 65 feet. The recesses, with their stone seats, have been abolished, and a light open balustrade replaces the old heavy parapets. The cost of the improvement has been a little over £95,000. During the whole time the alterations have been in hand, the traffic has never once been stopped. On March 28 last, the new footways were declared open to the public by the Lord Mayor.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

New Series—Fourth Paper—Charlotte Brontë's Novels

THE quality of these papers has been fully maintained to the last. Marks for the C. Brontë paper: Baloo, 100; Mosaphir, 98; Deirdre, 81; H. F. B., 78; Ion, 76; Connla, 75; Onoro, 75; Carlyon, 75; A Frump, 69; Plympton, 65; Dorothy, 63; Ariel, 61; Nameless, 48; Venture, 46; E. F. C., 41; Monica, 22.

Special Subject: Connla, 30; Ariel, 27; Mercury, 26; Baloo, 25; Onoro, 23; Ion, 20; Fred, 18; Plympton, 16.

According to the Marks the Prize-winners are: 1 Baloo; 2 Mosaphir; 3 Deirdre—Special Subject: Connla.

1. Has Charlotte Brontë any claim to be numbered among English authoresses of the first rank?

It is not possible to admit the undoubted claim of C. Brontë to be numbered among English authoresses of the first rank without recognising with something of a shock how few these authoresses are. Her view of life was limited, her plots were weak, and her melodrama bad. She had neither the delicate pencil with which Miss Austen toyed with the foibles of mankind, nor the relentless probe with which George Eliot dissected their weaknesses. But, unlike these great writers, she approached human nature from the inside, and in the delineation of passion she was unrivalled. In reading George Eliot you feel that the metal has grown cold in the statue; Charlotte Brontë makes you feel it is still liquid, to touch it burns you to the bone. Take the characteristic passage in which Jane Eyre bids adieu to Rochester: "If God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of customs, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh; it is my spirit that addresses your spirit, just as if both had passed through the grave and we stood at God's feet equal—as we are!" As dialogue it may be impossible, but the root of the matter is in it none the less. "I am plain, obscure, and unattractive," she seems to say, "but in mind I am your equal, and my love is as worthy as yours. We stand on the same footing." It is the lofty inspiration of Milton brought down to the level of daily life. "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n." The message is more familiar to us, but it came as a revelation to the down-trodden governess, the despised usher, and the early Victorian Miss, and it is owing to this intensity of emotion, added to the astonishing reality of her pictures, that Charlotte Brontë, with all her faults, must still be numbered among the scanty band of English authoresses of the first rank.

2. How does she illustrate in her novels her favourite principle that "conventionality is not morality?" It is hard for us to realise that our fathers and mothers can have been honestly shocked by the "coarseness" of C. Brontë's work and the "hardihood of her attacks upon the prejudices of proper people." No one could have been more genuinely distressed by the charge of lack of "womanly delicacy" than the authoress herself. Yet even Miss Martineau, when directly appealed to on the subject of "Villette," replied reluctantly, "I do not like the love, either the kind or the degree of it." It is true that Miss Brontë's heroines "set their caps" at their lovers with as much effrontery as the best women in Shakespeare, and doubtless "proper persons" in her day "never told their love." If Jane Eyre had been a proper-minded person on the night of the fire at Thornfield she would have shrieked or fainted on the spot, instead of donning the dress that vexed the virtuous Quarterly and coming to the rescue with her water jug. Lucy Snowe, Shirley, even Caroline, less impassioned than

Jane Eyre, follow in her footsteps as far as their lovers are concerned. Caroline indeed recognises the hard fate that a "lover feminine can say nothing: if she did, the result would be shame and anguish and inward remorse for self-treachery." Yet she can visit Moore in his illness as bravely as Porphyro on St. Agnes' Eve visited Madeline's chamber. But Miss Brontë is eminently sane in her unconventionality: her heroines are not tomboys or viragos. We have no loud-voiced, cigarette-smoking ladies. They know what is right and wrong and act up to that knowledge. Jane Eyre is willing to go out to India with St. John Rivers as "his curate, not his wife," but she does not attempt to persuade herself that a "higher law" would condone an irregular union with Rochester. Rochester himself acknowledges this: "If I bid you do what you thought wrong . . . you would say, 'No, sir; that is impossible, I cannot do it because it is wrong; and would become immutable as a fixed star.'" The question where does morality end and conventionality begin is not easy to answer, but few have answered it with greater success than Charlotte Brontë.

3. Discuss the character of St. John Rivers.

St. John Rivers would have cheerfully described himself as a *Christian stoic*. His stoicism, however, is more pronounced than his Christianity. It is not the humane stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, but a touch of the philosophy of Cato. He crushes his love of Rosamond under foot because she could not be a missionary's wife, and for the same reason he proposes to Jane Eyre. Pride and ambition are the dominant notes in his character. He is proud of his race, of his intellect, even of his self-abasement. Like many enthusiasts he is intensely selfish, without knowing it. For his ambitions—and what perhaps was for him the call of God—he would have others lay down what was dearer to them than life, their own personality at his command. He had a giant's strength, and he used it tyrannously like a giant. As a missionary he was probably a failure—in spite of the last page of Jane Eyre—but he would have been more successful as a general. He would never have spared his men, and would consequently have attained his end.

4. Show by examples that the originals of her characters were often drawn from real life.

Miss Brontë herself says: "You must not think reader that in sketching Miss Ainley's character I depict a figment of imagination —no, we seek the originals of such portraits in real life only." It would not be difficult to discover the originals in almost every case, but an example or two must suffice. Shirley is her sister Emily, but with a character modified by prosperity; Caroline Helstone is Miss Nussey—the E. of Mrs. Gaskell's book. "The three curates were living men, haunting Haworth," named Smith, Grant, and Bradley. Her own husband is said to have gone into roars of laughter at his portrait in Mr. Macarthey! Mr. Nicholls must have been easily amused. A rejected lover (E.'s brother) suggested the outward man of St. John Rivers, and Hollow's Mill belonged to Mr. Cartwright.

5. Explain with reference to the context.

i. "That caps the globe however." A provincialism into which Jane Eyre is surprised by the mysterious behaviour of St John Rivers (ch. xxxii.).

ii. "It is vulgar and puerile to confound generals with particulars." Caroline had been applying her uncle's dictum about marriage ("they tire of each other in a month") to his own case, and he naturally resented an *argumentum ad hominem* (Shirley, ch. vii.).

iii. "The brute has thrown him twice." Mrs. Edward Crimsworth is complaining that her husband will persist in driving a horse that has *thrown* him twice, but whether from the saddle or the gig she does not say (The Professor, ch. i.).

iv. Pelet's school was merely an epitome of the Belgian Nation," *i.e.*, submissive to firmness, but insolent towards supposed weakness (The Professor, ch. viii.).

v. "What tales she would tell me at such hours." William Crimsworth's unwelcome visitor, Hypochrondria (The Professor, ch. xxiii.).

vi. "Language at once choice and chaste" Mdlle. Henri's "devoir" (The Professor, ch. xvii.). We regret we cannot give a specimen for our readers' improvement.

6. Examine briefly Miss Brontë's view of discipline.

Miss Brontë is enormously interested in methods of school discipline, but the subject was not one that she could be expected to understand. She was morbidly introspective and had little sympathy with the young, therefore she was obliged to have recourse to all manner of ingenious devices for maintaining authority, which are a poor substitute for discipline itself. She lays great stress on methods of entering the room, tones of the voice, and rapid transitions from tolerance to despotism, which are really the stock in trade of the weak disciplinarian. It would be interesting if we could hear his pupil's account of Mr. William Crimsworth. We fear the language would have been neither "choice" nor "chaste," but it would have done him a world of good.

7. What are her expressed opinions on—

Almsgiving. "For those who are not hungry it is easy to palaver about the degradation of charity" (Shirley, ch. xiv.).

"The works of a Sister of Charity, far more difficult to perform than those of a Lady Bountiful" (Shirley, ch. x.).

Painted Oak. "I cannot but secretly applaud the benevolent barbarian who had painted another and larger apartment of Fieldhead, the drawing-room to wit, formerly an oak-room" (Shirley, ch. xi.).

Foreign Tea-making, i.e., "at the rate of a teaspoonful to half a dozen cups" (The Professor, ch. xix.).

An Excellent Wife. "I would be an excellent wife to him if he did marry me; I would tell him of his faults (for he has a few faults), but I would study his comfort and make him happy" (Shirley, ch. vii.).

English Folly. "The English surpass in folly all the nations on God's earth" (The Professor, ch. xxi.).

Self-advertisement. "I forgot fastidiousness, conquered reserve, thrust pride from me. I asked, I persevered, I remonstrated, I dunned. It is so that openings are forced into the guarded circle where fortune sits dealing favours round." (The Professor, ch. xxii.).

Special Subject

Conversation between M. Paul Emanuel and Miss Lucy Snowe

THE interval between the morning and afternoon school hours was due—my hoarded hour of rest and solitude, when the Labassecouriennes "rondes, franches, brusques," had betaken themselves and their brusqueries to the garden for the gossip their souls loved above every intellectual or active employment. I was tired; I might now rest, and to that end I descended to the school-room with "Wuthering Heights" under my arm, and in ten miuutes was transported in the elfin Chariot of Imagination from the Belgian lowlands to the upheaved Yorkshire moors, where the bees murmur over the honeyed heather and the livid clouds troop before the wind that brings the thunder. My soul approved it; she fluttered her bruised wings in the amplitude of unbreathed, unexhausted ether. Heathcliff, Catherine, engrossed me so that no sound, no step, reached my senses until a hand fell across the page, and with a start—all my dreams shattered like the surface of a pool—I looked up to see M. Paul. There he stood in his ink-stained paletôt; the bonnet grec lay on the floor beside him, as though hurled down in a mute passion, and his expression was so grim that I prepared for battle without a word spoken. Still was his clutch on my book, rigidly his finger pointed to the page where Heathcliff, darkening like storm incarnate, would fain drag Catherine from Death—the bridegroom who has wooed and won her.

"Quel livre!" he said. "What a book for a lady! For five minutes I have watched in silence, expecting repulsion—horror; imagining that I should see it flung down, or at the least locked into your desk. What must be the mind that can feast on such savage emotions? Singulière s femmes que ces Anglaises!"

I repossessed myself composedly of the book, and closed it. Not by a look, by the quiver of an eyelash, would I show that his censure touched me.

"It is a work of remarkable though un-

regulated genius, Monsieur," I said. "The author knows her scene well. She describes with force. And in the midst of these artificial foreign manners, reality comes with the icy refreshment of the moorland wind. I enjoy it. It stimulates and strengthens."

"What!" he said abruptly. "Is the writer a woman? Is it a feminine hand, made to sooth and caress, which creates these abnormal monsters—these friends of cruelty and vice?" He stopped. He was genuinely shocked. In M. Paul's scheme of the Universe there was no room for passion or the great emotions where women were concerned. Passive and placid feminine mediocrity was his ideal. Clearly then, "Wuthering Heights" was no book for him.

"Then why read it, Monsieur?" I asked, a little mischievously. He looked at me with sharpness.

"Because it is the *rôle* of a man, above all of a man who aspires to the study of human nature, to make himself acquainted with all that can be said on that intricate subject. For a woman the case is different. Her surroundings should be refined, elegant, simple. She should avert her eyes from vice and wickedness."

I smiled in silence; a procedure which the irritable little man could never bear with patience. He rattled his watch-chain savagely, and fixed on me a vigilant eye.

"What does that enigmatic smile imply? Speak."

"It says, Monsieur, that when vice and wretchedness avert their eyes from us we can ignore them. But not till then."

Battle was in the air. I viewed it in the sardonic curl of the lip, the despotic poise of the whole figure. He replied in a high, sharp tone, well known to me:

"Insular audacity! What women are these who leave their shelter to create or to peruse such scenes of horror? None but the English would be capable of such barbarism. This Heathcliff (he stumbled over the name, and went on furiously), this Vulcan, this Cyclops, what a subject for a delicate mind to contemplate! And the heroine, with her outrageous response to his feelings! No, if such women exist, let them be buried in oblivion, drowned, lost, forgotten!"

His language became more fluent. What excuse had I to offer for such perverted tastes? Did all Englishwomen prefer a vicious boor to a gentleman? Why did I not speak? I smiled demurely. "Because Monsieur was speaking, and I did not conceive it courteous to interrupt him. Besides, what remained to say? He had judged and condemned a whole nation." This was the tone that he could least bear. It was a piont on which he felt strongly, and his aversions and antipathies were vivid. Yet, fiery little Frenchman as he was, his sense of justice was strong. He curbed the lava-flow of vituperation, and demanded my reply. "Justify yourself," he said, striking the book with his finger. I collected my thoughts for a moment.

"Monsieur, this is a work of genius. It knows not common laws. It is rough, rude, but so are the moors whence it springs, and the characters move and act like a part of the natural forces where their lot is cast, and which there are dark, stern, forbidding. There is tyranny, but there is also freedom, for unreality and convention are unknown. There is no acting, no grimace, but there are the primal emotions undisguised, in the raw brick and beam which conventionality covers with its smooth stucco. But, though it treats of wickedness, the book is not wicked. Does one desire to be a lost soul like Heathcliff—a tortured soul like Catherine? Yet there is mercy for them. They are not exiles from the compassion of nature."

I spoke warmly, for I felt strongly. I held up the book and read aloud a magical sentence from the last chapter, though my voice trembled.

"I lingered round the headstones, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumber for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

M. Paul listened in silence, and with a perplexed and troubled expression. I laid the book quietly in my desk, and when I next looked up, shod with the shoes of silence, he was gone. CONNLA.

Essay Competition

THIS month we invite our readers to send us essays on "The Writings of Matthew Arnold."

These essays must not exceed 1400 words. They must be received at the Office of GOOD WORDS by June 20, being addressed:

Essay Competition,
GOOD WORDS,
15, Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London.

Prizes will be awarded to the three essays adjudged to be the best as follows: First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final. The winning Essays will be published in the August number.

Milton and Galileo

By the Rev. L. Maclean Watt

AT ARCETRI

There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

AREOPAGITICA.

SPAKE Galileo, "This your puny world,
This mockery of the ages, this, of Time
The sport and plaything, 'mid the wondering stars
That wheel their circling mazes round the sun,—
This world, this speck of wandering wind-blown dust,
Tost in the whirl and labyrinth of Time,
Great marshal of the conclave of the heavens,
And pivot of the circumambient whole—
Nay, 'twere to crack a madman's frantic jest!"

So spake he, but the ghostly lords of Rome,
Grinding the world beneath an iron heel,
What time the cassock veiled the bloody stain,
Stayed his bold words, and so, through long, dull years,
The eyes that had so pierced the abysmal blue,
And clutched the treasured secrets from its depths,
Grew dim in hateful solitude, and age
Crept o'er the stagnant waters of his life,
Now joyless, and beneath the ban of Rome,
Because he gave the world the thing he thought.

To him a fair young Master, from the Isles
Around whose shores the hurrying waters rave
In deep-voiced chorus through the Northern nights,
Of gentle mien, in whose prophetic soul
Even now was stirred the Apocalyptic strain
Trembling for utterance,—he who saw unveiled
The heights of heaven and hidden deeps of hell,
Came o'er the Alps to Galileo's feet,
And heart to heart conversed.
O mystic hour!
O magic of the wonders of God's heaven!
Twin souls of wonder, with the light of dawn,
And language of God's daybreak on their lips.

Ah me! those sightless orbs, where twilight sad
With twilight watches for the close of day,
Of Galileo's day, these shall be thine.—
Sighs not a whispering angel in his soul?
Thy soft, sweet eyes, the portways of God's love,
God's love which men call light, wherewith He folds
The trustful worlds, dimmed, dulled, and deadened, Night
To guard the gates of Day—O bitter hap!
And bitter, too, to dream of later days,
When old and blind, and sad and worn, to sit

And feel the genial presence of the sun,
Which cheers the world and fills the heart of man
With harvest glee, where thou canst have no share. . . .
Or, in the turn and turmoil of the state,
Thine England, by the waters, far away,
Where, even now, the growl of war is heard,
That shall reverberate, startling half the world,
And hands are fumbling at a neighbour's throat,
And yeomen in mid-furrow leave the plough,
And, with wan faces, stern, and set for death,
Take down the old sword from its cob-webbed place. . . .
Oh, even there, when old, and worn, and dead
To all but life itself, to lie and die,
Cast from the whirling eddies like a weed,
Even like this brave disciple of God's truth,
This Galileo, what if such be thine?

And such it was. God claimed thy highest gaze,
Shutting the door of earth-ward vision fast,
But made thy soul a home of stateliest sound,
Silent with quivering music evermore,
That gives earth's clamourings pause, and makes us turn
To see what angel speaks to England still.
O shake thy song across our waters now,
Strong son of Freedom, gazing unafraid
Through ancient tyrannies, and weak pretence
Grown strong on superstition and on pride.
Speak, for we need great valiant words like thine,
Out of thy blindness giving sight to ours,
And bringing peace from our discordant noise,
And light to shear the saddening mists that brood
Above the darkened tide-ways of our world.

New Marble Busts for the Grand Corridor at Windsor

THE grand corridor at Windsor Castle in which are enshrined a vast number of choice works of Art—statuary, bronzes and pictures—is soon to have added to its treasures three marble busts, the work of the young Italian sculptor, Pietro Canonica. The busts which have elicited considerable praise on account of their artistic merit and their skilful portraiture, are at present in the Royal Academy where they were privately inspected by His Majesty and received his unqualified approval. They represent King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria, and the portraits were obtained at sittings which their Majesties and Her Royal Highness gave to the sculptor at Buckingham Palace. Signor Canonica laboured under considerable difficulties, for the sittings were necessarily few in number and had to be at distant intervals, owing to the interruption of Court fêtes. The busts were executed in marble at Turin and sent thence to the Academy.

Pietro Canonica

Guigoni & Bossi, photo, Milan

It is in the grand corridor, by the way, where these busts will find a final resting-place, that Theed's famous allegorical group of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort stands, and during her late Majesty's lifetime she was constantly adding to the

treasures of the apartment.

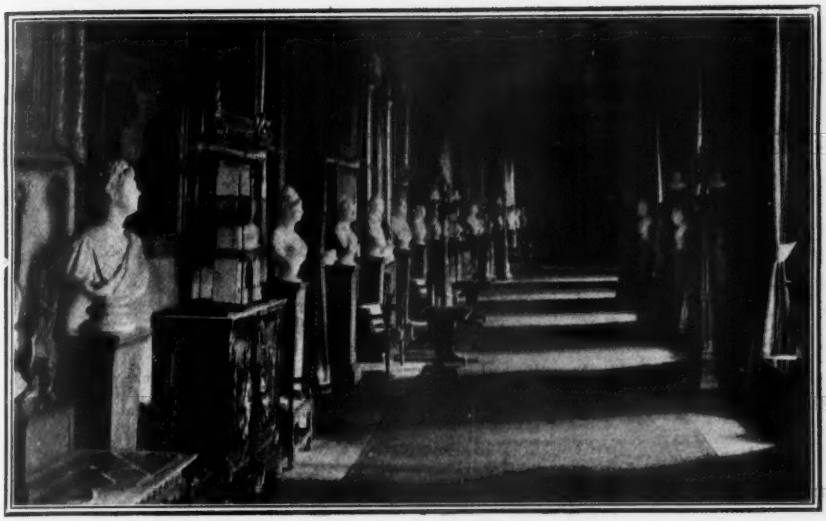
Signor Canonica, who has received this honour from the King, is a young man. He has been an artist from his youth and as a small child took a keen delight in sculpture, painting and music, one of which arts he determined to follow as a profession. Chance led him to sculpture. Near to his home lived a sculptor who took an interest in the boy and taught him the technical knowledge to such good effect that at the age of twelve young Canonica modelled the head of a child with rare skill. He entered the academy of his native town and at eighteen had completed the course of study and gained the first prizes. Thence he travelled to Florence, Rome and Turin, his opposition to the impressionist school of Milan being strengthened by the influence of the old Florentine masters. Only as "the desire to express in the clearest possible manner with the greatest simplicity, what one feels in one's soul" could he understand art.

Bust of King Edward VII.

Signor Canonica began his career by sculpturing several figures for tombs all expressive of sorrow. Then he devoted himself to fancy subjects, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1893 obtained the diploma for a statue of a nun, entitled "After the Vows." Previously he had gained a medal at the Palermo Exhibition of 1891. In 1900 he received a gold medal in Berlin, where several of his works were exhibited, and in

Bust of Queen Alexandra

Bust of Princess Victoria



(H. N. King, photo, London)

The Grand Corridor, Windsor Castle, where the new busts will be placed

1902 he gained another gold medal at Dresden.

Fame now brought prosperity to the young sculptor. Commissions flowed in, and among others who asked him to execute portrait busts were Queen Margherita of Italy, the Duchess of Genoa, the Duchess Elina of Aosta, and Prince Amedeo of Aosta. He also sculptured a very fine bust of the little Prince of Genoa, a work which was most congenial, as Signor Canonica has always had a preference for the busts of children.

He has executed a number of sacred subjects, a life-size "Crucifixion," standing in the Church of "Maria del Sacro Cuore" at Turin, while a "Dead Saviour and the Holy Mother," just completed, is destined for the Chapel at San Remo of the Marsoglia family. This chapel Signor Canonica is building and is himself executing its bas-reliefs.

Coming to London last year the sculptor met the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who, admiring some of his work at Venice, asked him to do two portrait busts of themselves. These so pleased the Duke that he showed them to the King, and shortly afterwards Signor Canonica was summoned to Buckingham Palace.

The Emergence from the pupa of the Orange-Tip Butterfly

ONE of the most conspicuous of spring butterflies in Britain is the Orange-Tip. During sunny days, in May or June, the orange-coloured blotches on the wings of the male insect brighten most country places. Especially is this so near moist meadows; for in these situations the Ladies' Smock or Cuckoo-flower (*Cardamine pratensis*) grows abundantly; and as this is the favourite food-plant of the larvæ, it therefore follows that it is largely patronised by the female insect, who carefully deposits her tiny eggs beneath the flowers of the plant; because, in some mysterious manner, she instinctively knows that the young caterpillars love to feed on the seed-pods, which are just developing when the larvæ break through their shell. And the males will be found wherever the females are.

When rambling on a sunny day in May and these blossom-like insects begin to appear it is not, perhaps, extraordinary that those unacquainted with entomology should wonder where they come from so suddenly; for the Orange-Tip is a true spring butterfly, and does not hybernate through the winter,

The accompanying illustration throws some light on this interesting question. Apparently to the lay individual this looks like a dried stalk of some plant bearing seed-pods, with a butterfly resting on its apex. This is essentially what it is, with one addition. Two of the apparent seed-pods will be found to be very much larger than the

The Orange-Tip butterfly

others; in fact, looking more closely it will be seen that these objects differ very much from the pods proper, and one is even attached to an actual pod.

If an entomologist had met with these curious "pods" apparently growing in the autumn, or even winter, he would carefully cut off the stalk and preserve it under a bell-glass or similar cover, until the spring of the next year—as I placed the illustrated example in August of last year—and await events. These "events" took place a little before I expected, and although I had had a camera and all arrangements in readiness to photograph the same for a fortnight previous, yet such was not to be, at all events not as early as I wished, for on entering my den on April 23, after an absence of only a few minutes, I found that one of these "pods" had slightly cracked near its apex, and at the top of the stem a male Orange-Tip butterfly was just expanding its wings (see illustration).

Here, then, is the secret of where the Orange-Tips come from exposed. The full-grown caterpillars suspend themselves by a silken girdle to the seed-pods and stems of the food-, or other, plants, moult their skin, and become pupæ or chrysalises, as shown in the illustration. In the autumn the plant stem dries, and either remains standing, or falls, amongst the grass and other vegetation during winter. In either case it is a very wonderful thing how the frail pupa stands against the damp and cold frosts of winter; and that some do this is obvious.

In the spring the warm sun revives the dormant butterfly to active life, and, after a few successive days of gentle heat, the pupa suddenly splits, and immediately the head of the perfect Orange-Tip makes its appearance. In five or six minutes its wings are fully expanded and exposed to the atmosphere to dry; although it may not use them for flight for several hours after.

For a few days before a butterfly emerges its colours become more and more plainly visible through the pupa case; and by this means it is possible to tell, several days before its actual appearance, in the case of an Orange-Tip, if it is a male or female insect, as the latter have not the orange patches so conspicuous on the wings of the male.

JOHN J. WARD.

The Rudiments of a Presidential Election

To the majority of readers of English papers an American Presidential election is a bewildering thing; but it is simple enough if once the principles on which the election is conducted are understood. In the first place, there are in America two great parties, the Republican and the Democratic. The Populists (who might be compared to the Nationalists in the House of Commons) and the Prohibitionists have no such strength as to give either of them any hope of electing a President; so that the struggle may be considered as lying only between the Republicans

and Democrats, who have alternately succeeded each other in office during the last twenty years.

The next thing to bear in mind is that the country does not vote as a whole, but by States; nor do the people vote directly for the presidential candidates themselves, but for a set of functionaries known as "Presidential Electors," whose sole office is to meet on a specified day and formally cast their votes for one or other of the party candidates. Of course, the body of electors from each State is pledged in advance to vote for their own party candidate, and the result is precisely the same as if the people voted for the candidates direct.

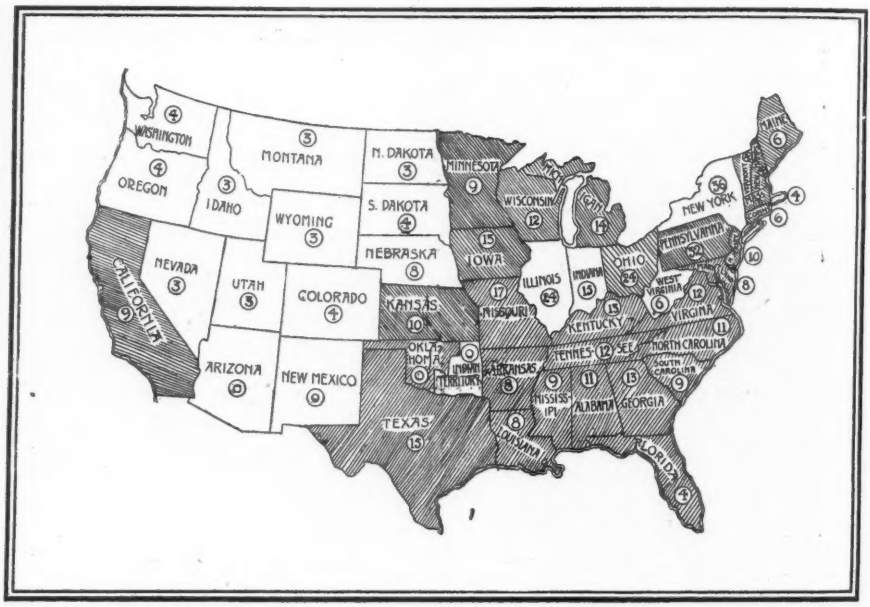
Let us consider the States as if they were English counties. First of all, the representatives from all the States (or counties) meet in convention of their respective parties and nominate the national party candidates, and let us suppose them to be called Balfour and Rosebery. One or other of these is going to be elected President. Then each party in each State (or county) nominates its list of electors—a Republican (or Conservative) list, who will, of course, cast their votes for Mr. Balfour, and a Democratic (or Liberal) list, similarly pledged to Lord Rosebery. It is the names of these electors that are on the tickets which will be voted on in November.

The number of electors varies in the different States, ranging all the way from a minimum of 3 to a maximum of 36, according to the population of each, just as London would have more votes than Dorsetshire; and it is in this fact that the peculiar uncertainties of the election lie. Supposing the Conservatives to be able to carry London, it does not matter whether their majority be 10 votes or 50,000. In the latter case 49,990 votes are, as it were, wasted. Supposing London to have 50 electors to Dorsetshire's 5, a Conservative majority of 10 in London would count for 50 votes, while the Liberals might sweep Dorset by 20,000, and would only get five votes thereby. The London majority of 10 would be worth just ten times as much as the Dorset majority of 20,000. And this thing happens in America. When Mr. Cleveland was last elected President he had a majority in the State of Texas of about 150,000, which counted for 15 votes, that being the number of Texas electors; and Ohio gave a majority against him of a bare 1000, which counted for 23. So it is evident that, just as in England, a minority of the voters of the country has placed a party in power, so a man may be elected President (and, in fact, it has occurred) to whom a majority of the population of the country as a whole are opposed.

There are certain States in America which are "safe." Texas, for instance, on the Democratic side and Pennsylvania on the Republican. Each of these can be counted on for a majority for its respective party of in the neighbourhood of 100,000. It is useless for the other party to think of carrying either. Above all, there is in the United States what is known as the "solid South," the belt of former slave-owning States which represented the Southern cause in the war of North and South, and which have remained to all intents and purposes immovably Democratic (the Republicans having been the party of the North) to this day. The total number of electors in the whole country is 447, so that 224 are necessary to a majority. The "solid South" includes 11 States, which have among them 110 electors. These are safe Democratic votes, and will to a certainty be cast for Lord Rosebery, who is equally certain of three other semi-Southern States in addition (Texas, Missouri, and Maryland), which represent 40 more votes, making an assured Democratic vote to start with in the Electoral College (as the body of electors is called) of 150 votes, out of the necessary 224.

On the other hand, the Republicans, with no chance in the South, have an almost "solid" group of States in New England, and in the manufacturing States of the middle East. In all, the Republicans can count with certainty on 15 States, having among them 170 votes which are just as safe for Mr. Balfour as the 150 on the other side are for Lord Rosebery. Thus, of the total of 447 votes, the disposition of 320 is settled in advance, and it is evident that the interest of the election must chiefly centre in the other or "doubtful" States, representing the

remaining 127 votes. Of these the Democrats must get 74 votes to make their majority of 224. The Republicans need only 54. And among these doubtful States are some very important ones. New York alone has 36 votes, Illinois 24, and Indiana 15, making 75 votes between the three, or one more than Lord Rosebery needs to make his majority, and 21 more than are necessary to Mr. Balfour. In fact it will be seen that Mr. Balfour does not need the 15 votes of Indiana at all, but those of New York and Illinois, added to the 170 of his certain strength, will be enough. He could even lose either New York or Illinois and still make up a majority from among the other and smaller doubtful States. Lord Rosebery could not hope to do so. He must win both New York and Illinois (and probably also Indiana), so that these two States are commonly spoken of as "pivotal," because on their vote the destiny of the country turns; just as we may imagine in a similar election by counties in England that the votes of London and Lancashire would determine the fate of the nation. New Yorkers have a saying that "as New York goes so goes the country," which is practically true; though it would be possible for Mr. Balfour—or, in the present case, Mr. Roosevelt—to be elected in spite of the opposition of the Empire State.



States shaded \\\\\ are Republican. States shaded ///// are Democratic.
The doubtful States are unshaded.

A glance at the map, wheron the "doubtful" States are left unshaded, the number of votes of each State being marked on its face, will show how immensely important the "pivotal" States must be. The vote of Illinois alone, for instance (24), counterbalances that of all the seven North-Western States together—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Montana, and Wyoming. New York and Illinois together (70 votes) represent 6 votes more than one-half of all the 16 doubtful States. From this some idea may be gathered of the intensity of the conflict which must rage in those two States.

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HOPE

From the painting by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

CHAPTER XIV

BARRACLOUGH TAKES A HAND

I DID not take Holgate's advice, although I had instinctively made up my mind that he was sincere in offering it. What reason he had for expressing kindliness for me—if he had any—I could not say. I reflected that it might very well be of a piece with his astute plans. He might seek to serve some purpose by it. I was useful as a doctor attending to his wounded men, but I knew enough of him to guess that that alone would not suffice to keep him friendly. There must be another reason, unless, indeed, it was as he said, and he really had been captivated by my personal charm! This solution of the problem was flattering of course, but I was not disposed to accept it. So deep was my mistrust of the arch schemer that I racked my brains to find an explanation for his conduct. This, needless to say, was not conducive to sleep, and I passed a bad night. It was profoundly still, but towards dawn the screw began to move again, and I concluded that the fog had lifted. I got up and looked out of the port, and could discern dimly the white sheets of the mountains not two furlongs distant. The *Sea Queen* began to tramp along at a slow pace at first, but finally, getting speed, resumed her normal rate of progress. If I knew Holgate he was still on the bridge, and he would remain there until the danger was over. If he was an abominable scoundrel he was indubitably also an admirable seaman with a sense of duty to his ship.

I fell asleep shortly after that, and when I awoke the sun was full up, but setting low in the east, glittering upon a field of snowy pinnacles. I ascended to the state rooms, and there found Barraclough, who had just come on duty. He had a cheerful eye, and scanned me curiously.

"Well, are we going to get through this?" he asked.

"We're going to get out of the Straits, I believe," I answered.

"Ah!" he said, and frowned, as he was accustomed to do when thinking deeply. He was not a man of much thought.

"And after that?" said he abruptly.

"The deluge," said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Look here, Phillimore, do you believe we can hold out against Holgate's forces?" he asked seriously.

"I think we shall have to try," I replied, evasively.

"I'm bothered if we can," he said bluffly. "It's all infernal nonsense."

"Well, we've got to try," I repeated impatiently.

"Oh, well, yes, we've got to try," he admitted, "unless Holgate will hear reason."

"Good Lord, man, do you suppose he's risked all this to listen to reason now?" I asked, in amazement.

Barraclough turned away. "Well, you see him. You ought to know," he growled. "If he doesn't we're done."

"I don't advise you to tell the others that," I said, dryly.

He turned on me fiercely. "Who said I would?" he snapped. "Do you take me for a fool? And who's captain here? Dr. Phillimore, I'll have you know your place," he cried, in a black passion, unusual in him. "I'm commanding officer and responsible to none, not even the — Mr. Morland, by heaven, no—not on this ship anyway." And with that remarkable tempest of unreasonable fury he strode angrily away, leaving me annoyed and something

abashed. Assuredly the situation, the waiting, the suspense had played havoc with all our nerves, even with this stolid English gentleman's. There was the development in fact, as plain as a pikestaff. This tension had worn on us. Barraclough lost his temper for inadequate reasons; the Prince shut himself in his room morosely, for I shall come to that presently; and Lane growled and grumbled so that it was difficult to avoid quarrelling with him. Indeed, it was only by silence that I averted an open collision on more than one occasion. Little Pye was as nervous as a hen; a sound set him jumping. As I came up the stairs noiselessly I encountered him, and his whole body started.

"Good gracious, man," said I, with good-humoured contempt, "you'll be skipping away from your own shadow next. How do you expect to stand up against Holgate with a spirit like that?"

He was pale even through the strong colour that the sun had beaten into him. He eyed me without replying for a moment, and then, with the ghost of his old manner, answered:

"I expect I shall sit down to him."

The fingers with which he re-adjusted the glasses—his favourite trick—were tremulous.

Pye was to be counted out in the case of an emergency, but Pye somehow set me thinking. Pye's cowardice was manifest, rampant, if one may use such a term; yet he had ventured into the fog the night before; not only so, but upon a deck which was filled in his eyes with horrid enemies, prowling in search of victims. How had he achieved that spirited action? It seemed incredible, yet I had come upon him at the foot of the bridge stairs, and I had his explanation. What induced the timid rabbit to venture out of his hutch upon such a night and in such circumstances? Frankly the riddle beat me, and I should have worried over it had it not been for other matters that seemed more immediately important. I have spoken of the Prince's seclusion. I admit now that it had already made an impression on me. He was, as became his nature and his training a disciplinarian. Each man had his place and his duties, and Prince Frederic appeared at due seasons and shared in the responsibilities. He did not shirk, in accordance with his promise. But for the rest he had withdrawn himself now for three days from the general company. His meals were served with his sister and Mademoiselle, but from what I saw he was most often in his own cabin; and here it was I got a glimpse of him once again, a glimpse, I mean, into that strange and compound character.

I forget the occasion, but it was necessary that I should see him, and I entered the cabin after knocking. When we were done he pulled his papers before him, and sat looking at them dully.

"Have you any literary qualities, Dr. Phillimore?" he asked me, quite unexpectedly.

I hesitated. "If so they are quite undeveloped," I replied. "I have no reason to suppose so."

"Ah!" he sighed, and taking a volume which lay on the table opened it. "Do you know German?"

I told him that I could read the language. He nodded.

"It has never been properly appreciated," he said slowly; "the German literature is wonderful, ah wonderful!" and he appeared to meditate over his page, then he set the book down and looked across at me.

"You are married, doctor? Ah, no." He nodded again, and once more resumed his meditations. I might have taken it for granted that I was free to go, but for some reason I lingered. He frowned deeply, and sighed again.

"There is a passage in Schiller, but you would not know it——"

He gave me no chance of saying, and I answered nothing; only sat and stared at him.

"There is more music in Germany's little finger than in all the world else—in composition, I mean," he added.

"That has always been my opinion," I ventured at last.

He turned his dull blue eyes on me, as if wondering what I did there. "So!" he said, and heaved a bigger sigh from his very heart, as it seemed. "When the attack is made, doctor——" he broke off, and asked sharply, "When will they attack, do you say?"

"Any moment now, sir," I replied.

He rose. "We must remember the ladies, doctor," he said.

"Yes, we are not likely to forget them," I replied.

He eyed me. "Do you think——?" and paused. "That is all, sir," he said with a curt nod.

It was not a ceremonious, or even a fitting dismissal, seeing the common peril in which we stood. In that danger surely we should have drifted together more, drifted into a situation where princes and commoners were not, where employers and hirelings did not exist. Yet I was not annoyed, for I had seen some way into his soul, and it was turbid and tortured. Black care had settled on Prince Frederic, and he looked on me out of eyes of gloom. The iron had entered into him, and he was no longer a Prince, but a mortal man undergoing travail and anguish.

By the afternoon we were clear of the Straits, and the nose of the yacht turned northward. Still there was no sign from the mutineers, and, that being so, I felt myself at liberty to pay my customary visit to Legrand in the forecastle. No one interfered with me, and I did not see Holgate; but the man on guard at the hatch made no difficulty about letting me down. As I descended it came into my mind how easy it would be to dispose of yet another fighting man of the meagre force at the Prince's disposal by clapping the hatch over my head. It would have been a grim joke quite in keeping with Holgate's character, and for a moment I turned as in doubt; but the next second, banishing my misgivings, I went down to the floor. Captivity was telling on the prisoners beyond doubt, for here they got no sight of sun, and the light was that of the gloaming. I remembered that I had forgotten to take a lantern from the sentry as soon as this twilight gloomed on me, and I was turning back when I heard a sound.

"Hsst!—— hsst!——"

I stopped. "Who is that?" I asked in a whisper.

"It's me, Jones, sir," said one of the hands.

I walked towards him, for the light that streamed in by the open hatchway sufficed to reveal him.

"Anything wrong with you?" said I, casually.

"Well, I could do with a bit more light and a smoke, sir," said the man, respectfully cheerful. But it was not his words; it was his action that arrested me, for he jerked his thumb incessantly as he spoke towards the darker recesses of the hold.

"All right, my man," said I. "I'll speak to Mr. Holgate. He oughtn't to keep you in such close confinement if you are to remain human beings."

So saying I waded into the deeper shadows, and as I did I felt my hand seized and dragged downwards.

"Sssh!" said a very still voice, and I obeyed.

What was it? I was drawn downwards, and at last I knelt. I knew now, and somehow my heart leaped within me. I had never really understood Legrand; I had taken him for a very ordinary ship's officer; but I had come slowly to another conclusion. I bent down.

"Heart pretty bad," I said in a mechanical way.

"There's only one way out," whispered a voice below me, "and that's through the bulkheads into the engine-room. I've been waiting, and I think I can do it."

"I don't like the look of the eyes," I remarked indifferently. "Does he eat well?"

"Not very well, sir; it's a job to get him to take it," said Jones.

"We've had four days at it with a knife," said the whisper, "and by thunder we see light now. We'll get through, Phillimore. How do you stand?"

"Sleep at all well?" I inquired.

"I couldn't say, sir," said Jones, "just lays there like a log."

"Attack may be made at any moment," I whispered back. "There are some ten of us holding the state rooms and the ladies."

He gripped my hand, and I rose to my feet. "Well, I'm afraid I can't do any more," I said. "He's going on pretty much the same. Goodbye, men."

They returned the farewell, and I made

my way to the ladder and ascended. The guard with emotionless face helped me out; and the first man my eyes fell on was Holgate, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at me. He whistled as he eyed me, and his teeth showed in his grin.

"For sheer arduous pursuit of duty I don't know your equal, doctor," said he. "You just hang on to work as if you loved it. How's the patient?"

I told him that it was a question of time, but that there was no reason why Legrand should not get over the injury to his spine, "not that he will ever be the same man again," I added.

"No," said he reflectively, "he won't. And he wants time, does he? Well, perhaps we can give him time—though, mark you, my lad, I don't promise it," he said, with his ugly fang showing in a smile.

He took ten paces along the deck with me, seeming to be wrapped up in his thoughts, and then he paused.

"Tell me, doctor, are you in this move?" he asked brusquely.

"What move?" I asked in turn. "What do you mean?"

He waved a hand towards the upper deck. "Why, Barraclough's of course," he replied. "Are you working with him? Because if so I'd like to know, if only for amusement."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking of," I replied.

"You're not making terms, eh?" said he, heavily leaden of face. "By gosh, you might be, doctor, but you ain't. More fool you. Then it's Barraclough, is it, playing on his own." He chuckled. "That man treated me as pretty dirt all along, didn't he? I'll go bail it was public property. Barraclough's real blue blood. Prick him and see. My son, he's got to be pricked, but I'm no surgeon."

"I understand nothing of all this," I replied. "You enjoy mystification, Holgate, and your talents are remarkable. You can beat Sir John out of his boots. But I wish you'd used your talents elsewhere. Better have buried them. For you've given us a stiff job, and we've simply got to lick you."

You will see that I broke out here in his own vein. I had come to the conclusion that this was my best card to play. I could sum up Holgate to a point, but I did not know him all through, and I was wise enough to recognise that. I think if I had been under thirty and not over that sagacious age I should have judged more rashly. But I had that unknown area of Holgate's character to meet, and I thought to meet it by emulating his own bearing. I am not by nature communicative, but I feigned the virtue. I spoke to him as to an equal, exchanging views upon the situation as one might exchange them on a cricket match. And I believe he appreciated my tone.

"If you had as little character as Sir John and more prudence I would have bet on your future, doctor," he said soberly. "But you must play your own cards. And if Sir John wants terms he must be generous. Generosity becomes the victor."

He smiled, and nodded farewell, and I left him considerably puzzled. I had no guess as to what he meant by his talk of Barraclough and terms. It could only mean one thing on the face of it, and that was that Barraclough had been in communication with him. If so, was this by the Prince's desire? And if so again, why had not I heard of it? Our company was so small, and our plight so desperate that it was unseemly to confine policy or diplomacy within a narrow circle. Surely we had all a right to a knowledge of what was forward, at least all of us who were in positions of responsibility. As I went back I was consumed with annoyance that such an important matter as a possible compromise with the mutineers had been concealed from me. But then was it a compromise authorised by the Prince? If I had read that obstinate and that fanatical proud heart aright, I could not credit it.

When I reached the state rooms I inquired for Barraclough, and then remembered that he would be on duty in the saloon. I immediately sought him there, but found only Grant, who informed me that he had relieved Sir John at his orders half an hour earlier. He could not give any information beyond that. It was possible Barraclough had gone to his cabin,

and so I repaired thither; but without success. I made inquiries of Ellison, who had not seen the first officer, and of the steward, who was in a like case.

It was Lane who gave me the clue, in a vein which I will set down without comment.

"He's on a perch, and crowing like a rooster, is the bart. You need not look for flies on Barraclough, doctor. He's his own chauffeur this trip. I don't fancy the job myself, but the bart is rorty, and what would you say to Mademoiselle eh?"

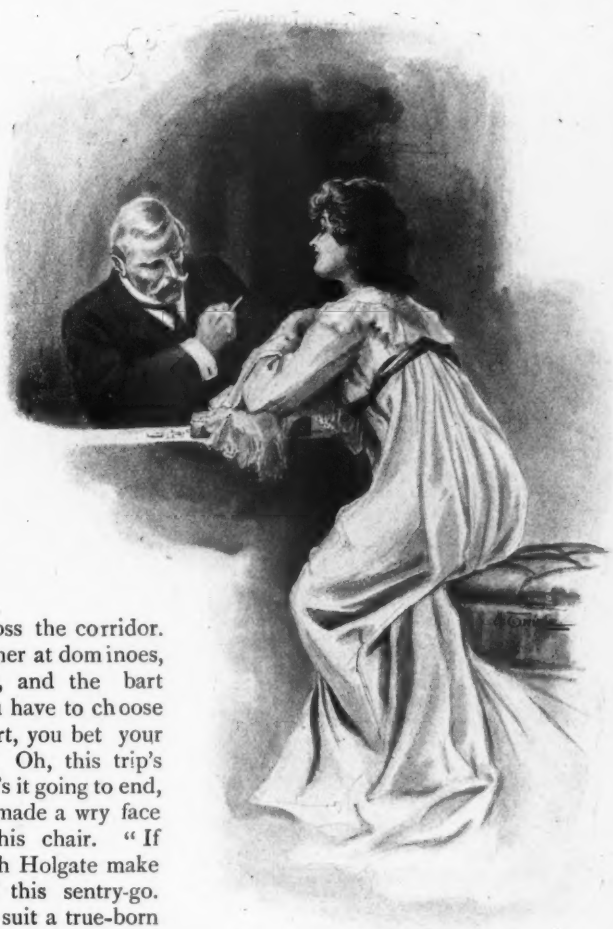
"Oh, let's be plain, Lane," I said impatiently

He jerked his thumb across the corridor. "Mademoiselle wants a partner at dominoes, matador, or bridge, doctor, and the bart plays a good game. If you have to choose between your maid and a bart, you bet your life you'll pocket the bart. Oh, this trip's about enough for me. Where's it going to end, and where are we?" He made a wry face and sank in a heap on his chair. "If you've got any influence with Holgate make him come in. I'm sick of this sentry-go. If it suits Germans it don't suit a true-born Englishman."

"Is Sir John with Mademoiselle?" I asked simply.

"Guess again and you'll guess wrong," said Lane moodily, kicking his feet about.

I was not interested in his feelings at the moment. My mind was occupied with other considerations, but it certainly gave me pause that what I had myself seen was apparently now common knowledge. That Sir John had been fascinated by the coquettish Parisian was obvious to me; if it was obvious to Lane, was it hidden from others who were more concerned? I had my answer as regards one almost immediately.



Sir John had been fascinated by the coquettish Parisian

It Sir John were in the ladies' boudoir it was not for me to disturb him, and I turned away and passed out of the corridor.

As I was preparing to descend to the cabins I heard the low strains of the small organ which the piety of a former owner of the *Sea Queen* had placed at the end of the music gallery. I entered, and in the customary twilight made out a figure at the further end of the room. Perhaps it was the dim light that gave the old air its signi-

ficance. It had somewhat the effect upon me that music in a church heard faintly and moving with simple solemnity has always had. What is there that speaks so gravely in the wind notes and reeds of an organ?

Ein feste burg ist unser Gott.

I knew the words as familiarly as I knew the music, and yet that was almost the last place and time in which I should have expected to hear it. It was not Mademoiselle who played, so low and soft to hear. Oh, I felt sure of that. The touch was lighter, graver and quieter. I drew near the player, and listened. I had heard Mademoiselle sing that wonderful song, "Adelaide," and she had sung it divinely. But I would have given a dozen "Adelaides" for that simple air, rendered by no voice, but merely by sympathetic fingers on those austere keys. I listened, as I say, and into my heart crept something—I know not what—that gave me a feeling of fulness of heart, of a surcharge of strange and not wholly painful sentiment.

I was still battling with these sensations when the music ceased, and the player arose. She started slightly on seeing me, and I found myself stammering an excuse for my presence.

"I was looking for Sir John Barraclough."

"Come," she said, after a moment's pause, "I will find him for you."

I followed her into the corridor, until she paused outside a door and opened it abruptly without knocking. I waited without, but I heard her voice, strangely harsh and clear.

"Sir John Barraclough, you are being sought by Dr. Phillimore."

Three minutes later Barraclough joined me, red and discomposed. "Anything the matter?" he growled.

I knew now that I had been used as a definite excuse to get rid of Barraclough, whose presence was not welcome to the Princess Alix; and with that knowledge I framed my answer.

"Yes; what terms have you made with Holgate?"

He started as if I had struck him, stared at me, and his jaw came out in a heavy obstinate fashion he had.

"What's that to you?"

"Only this," said I, "that my life is as valuable to me as yours or the Prince's to you or him, and that therefore I have a right to know."

He laughed shortly. "I'm commanding officer."

"Oh, I'm sick of these airs," I replied. "If you will not answer me I will go to the Prince, and get an answer from him. He, at least, will see the reasonableness of my request for information."

He changed his attitude at that. "You needn't do that, Phillimore," said he. "I can tell you all you need know. After all, as you say, you've a certain right." He looked at me with his hard unfriendly look, and I met him with one of expectancy. "You know what my opinion is," he resumed. "It's only bluff to say that we have a chance against Holgate. He's got the ship and he's got the men. I want to see if we can't make some arrangement."

"And he will?" I inquired sceptically.

Barraclough hesitated. "He's inclined to. He's to let me know. I think he's a bit impressed by our bluff all the same, and if we could hit on a suitable middle course—" He stopped. "Hang it, there are the women, Phillimore," he said vehemently.

"And you suppose Holgate will take them into consideration?" I said. "Well, perhaps he may. I don't think either you or I really know much of Holgate. But I think I know more than you. He's sociable and friendly, isn't he? One wouldn't take him for a rascally mutineer."

"He's a most infernal ruffian," said he with an oath.

"Yet you would trust him in the matter of terms," I suggested.

Barraclough frowned. "We've got to," he said curtly, "unless you can show me a way to hold out."

"Oh, men have been in worse cases than ours and emerged all right, a little battered no doubt. And then, there's the coal. We can't cruise indefinitely. Holgate's got to put in somewhere."

"Oh, he's not going to wait for that," said Barraclough moodily. "Look here, Phillimore; have you a guess at what he means to do?"

"I have about ten guesses," I replied, shaking my head, "and none of them fits the case. What's he going to do with us? That's his real difficulty and ours. The money problem's simple. I can't see what's at the back of that black mind, but I don't think it's hopeful for us—women included."

"There you are," he exploded savagely. "Anything if we can prevent the worst."

"Yes," I assented. "Provided you can trust to Holgate's word. But would he let us off at any price and run the risk? And, moreover, the Prince. What of him?"

"He would refuse. He wouldn't budge. He's a nuisance," said Barraclough moodily. "He's our stumbling-block."

"Quite so; and if we all caved in but Mr. Morland what must his fate be? And we should look on, shouldn't we? And then go home in a tramp steamer, a happy family party with a nice little secret of our own. Ten, twelve, well, say sixteen of us. I can see Holgate trusting to that, and comfortably lolling back in Yokohama deck-chairs; and I can also see Sir John Barraclough reporting the total loss of the yacht *Sea Queen*, captain and owner and so-and-so going down with her. I can read it all in the papers here, and now; it will be excellent food for the ha'pennies!"

The frown deepened on his face as I proceeded, but, contrary to my expectation, he did not display any temper at my mocking speech. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll admit the difficulties. It looks like impossibility, but so's the alternative. I'm in despair."

"There's only one thing will solve the problem," I said. He looked up. "Action."

"You mean——"

"Holgate won't wait till his coal's out. He's free for an attack now."

"In Heaven's name, let him," said Barraclough viciously.

CHAPTER XV

THE FIGHT IN THE MUSIC-ROOM

THE *Sea Queen* was making way on her northerly course athwart the long rollers of the Pacific. The wind blew briskly from the west, and the sea ran high, so that the yacht lay over with a strong list as she battled through the rough water. My watch began at twelve o'clock that night, and I took the precaution to lie down for a rest about eight. I fell asleep to the sound of the sea against my porthole window, but awoke in good time. It was full dark, and save for the screw and the eternal long wash without there was silence. Somehow the very persistence of these sounds seemed profounder silence. I groped my way into the passage, with the screw kicking under my feet, and passed Barraclough's cabin. Still there was no sound or sign of life, but I perceived the glimmer of a light beyond, and, seeing that it issued from Pye's cabin, I turned the handle of the door. It was locked.

"Who is that?" demanded a tremulous voice.

"It's I. Let me in," I called back.

The door was opened slowly, and little Pye stood before me. In the illumination of the incandescent wire he stood out ghastly white.

"It's you, doctor," he said weakly.

The smell of spirits pervaded the cabin. I looked across and saw a tumbler in the rack half full of whiskey and water. He noticed the direction of my gaze.

"I can't sleep," said he. "This heavy water has given me a touch of sea-sickness. I feel awfully queer."

"I don't suppose whiskey will do you any good," said I,

He laughed feebly and vacantly. "Oh, but it does. It stays the stomach. Different people are affected different ways, doctor." As he spoke he took down the glass with quivering fingers, and drank from it in a clumsy gulp.

"I shall be better if I can get to sleep," he said nervously, and drank again.

"Pye, you're making trouble for yourself," said I. "You'll be pretty bad before morning."

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't talk about morning," he broke out in a fit of terror.

I gazed at him in astonishment, and he tried to recover under my eyes.

"That's not your first glass," said I.

He did not deny it. "I can't go on without it. Let me alone, doctor; for Heaven's sake let me alone."

I gave him up. "Well, if you are going to obfuscate yourself in this foolish manner," I said, my voice discovering my contempt, "at least take my advice and don't lock yourself in. None but hysterical women do that."

I was closing the door when he put a hand out.

"Doctor, doctor . . ." I paused, and he looked at me piteously. "Could you give me a sleeping draught?"

"If you'll leave that alone I will," I said; and I returned to my cabin and brought some sulphonal tabloids.

"This will do you less harm than whiskey," I said. "Now buck up, and be a man, Pye."

He thanked me and stood looking at me. His hands nervously adjusted his glasses on his nose. He took one of the tabloids and shakily lifted his whiskey and water to wash it down his throat. He coughed and spluttered, and with a shiver turned away from me. He lifted the glass again and drained it.

"Good-bye, doctor—good-night, I mean," he said hoarsely, with his back still to me.

For answer he broke into tears and blubbered aloud, throwing himself face downwards on his bunk

"I'm all right. I think I shall go to sleep now."

"Well, that's wise," said I, "and I'll look in and see how you go on when my watch is over."

He started, turned halfway to me and stopped. "Right you are," he said, with a struggle after cheerfulness. His back was still to me. He had degrading cowardice in his very appearance. Somehow I was moved to pat him on the shoulder.

"That's all right, man. Get to sleep."

For answer he broke into tears, and blubbered aloud, throwing himself face downwards on his bunk.

"Come, Pye!" said I. "Why, what's this, man?"

"I'm a bit upset," he said, regaining some control of himself. "I think the sea-sickness has upset me. But I'm all right." He lay on his face, and was silent. And so (for I was due now in the corridor) I left him. As I turned away I could have sworn I heard the key click in the door. He had locked himself in again.

Lane was on duty at the farther end of the corridor, and I had the door near the entrance connecting with the music balcony. Two electric lights shed a faint glow through the length and breadth of the corridor, and over all was silence. As I sat in my chair fingering my revolver, my thoughts turned over the situation helplessly, and swung round finally to the problem of Barraclough and Mademoiselle. The Princess and I had guessed what was forward, and Lane also had an inkling. Only the Prince was ignorant of the signal flirtation which was in progress under his nose. I suppose such a woman could not remain without victims. It did not suffice for her that she had captured a prince of the blood, had dislocated the policy of a kingdom, and had ruined a man's life. She must have other trophies of her beauty, and Barraclough was one. I was sorry for him, though I cannot say that I liked him. The dull, unimaginative and wholesome Briton had toppled over before the sensuous arts of the French beauty. His anxiety was for her. He had not shown himself timorous as to the result before. Doubtless she had infected him with her fears. Possibly even it was at the lady's suggestion that he had made advances to Holgate.

Suddenly my thoughts were diverted by a slight noise, and, looking round, I saw Lane advancing swiftly towards me.

"I say, Phillimore," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I've lost the key."

"Key!" I echoed. "What key?" For I did not at once take in his meaning.

"Why, man, the purser's key—the key of the strong room," he said impatiently.

I gazed in silence at him. "But you must have left it below," I said at last.

"Not I," he answered emphatically. "I'm no juggins. They're always on me. I go to bed in them, so to speak. See here." He pulled a ring of keys from his pocket. "This is how I keep 'em—on my double chain. They don't leave me save at nights when I undress. Well, it's gone, and I'm hanged if I know when it went or how it went."

He gazed, frowning deeply at his bunch.

"That's odd," I commented.

"It puts me in a hole," said he. "How the mischief can I have lost it? I can't think how it can have slipped off. And it's the only one gone too."

"It didn't slip off," said I. "It's been been stolen."

He looked at me queerly. "That makes it rather worse, old chap," he said hesitatingly. "For it don't go out of my hands."

"Save at night," said I.

He was silent. "Hang it, what does any blighter want to steal it for?" he demanded, in perplexity.

"Well, we know what's in the strong room," I said.

"Yes—but——" There was a sound.

"To your door," said I. "Quick, man."

Lane sped along the corridor to his station, and just as he reached it a door opened, and Princess Alix emerged. She hesitated for a moment, and then came towards me. It was bitterly cold, and she was clad in her furs. She came to a pause near me.

"I could not sleep, and it is early yet," she said. "Are you expecting danger?"

"We have always to act as if we were," I said evasively.

She was examining my face attentively, and now looked away as if her scrutiny had satisfied her.

"Why has this man never made any attempt to get the safes?" she asked next.

"I wish I knew," I replied, and yet in my mind was that strange piece of information I had just had from Lane. Who had stolen the key?

The Princess uttered a little sigh, and, turning, began to walk to and fro.

"It is sometimes difficult to keep one's feet when the floor is at this angle," she remarked as she drew near to me; and then she paced again into the distance. She was

nervous and distressed, I could see, though her face had not betrayed the fact. Yet how was I to comfort her? We were all on edge. Once again she paused near me.

"What are our chances?"

"They are hopeful," said I, as cheerfully as I might. "The fortress has always more chances than the leaguers, providing rations hold out, and there is no fear of ours."

"Ah, tell me the truth," she cried with agitation.

"Madam, I have said what is exactly true," I replied gravely. "I have spoken of chances."

"And if we lose?" she asked after a pause.

Her eyes encountered mine fully. "I have no information," I said slowly, "and very little material to go on in guessing. But I hope we shall not lose," I added.

"This can't go on for ever, Dr. Phillimore," she said with a little catch in her voice. "It has gone on so long."

My heart bled for her. She had been so courageous; she had shown such fortitude, such resistance, such common sense, this beautiful proud woman; and she was now breaking down before one of her brother's employées.

"It can't go on much longer," I said, again gravely. "It will come to its own conclusion presently."

"Ah, but what conclusion?" she cried. "Who knows! Who knows?"

The sight of her agitation, of that splendid woman nigh to tears, thrilled me to the marrow with a storm of compassion and something more. I was carried out of myself.

"God be witness," I cried, "that while I live you shall be safe from any harm. God be my witness for that."

She uttered a tiny sob, and put out her hand impulsively.

"You are good," she said brokenly. "I am a coward to give way. But I was alone. I have brooded over it all. And Frederic—Thank you, oh thank you. To have said so much, perhaps, has helped me. Oh, we shall all live—live to talk of these days with shudders and thankfulness to God. You are right to call God to witness. He is our witness now— He looks down on us both, and He will help us. I will pray to Him this night, as I have prayed three times a day."

She spoke in a voice full of emotion, and very low and earnest, and her hand was still in mine. And as she finished the two electric lights in the corridor went out, leaving us in pitch darkness. I felt the Princess shudder.

"Be brave," I whispered. "Oh, be brave. You have called to God. He will hear you."

"Yes, yes," she whispered back, and clutched my hand tighter, drawing nearer me till her furs rested against my breast. "But what is it? What does it mean?"

"It may mean nothing," I replied, "but it may mean ——"

I put my ear to the door, still holding her, and listened. Through the noises of the sea I could make out other and alien sounds. "They come . . . You must go. Can you find your way?"

"Let me stay," she murmured breathlessly.

"No, no; go," I said. "Your place is in your cabin just now. Remember, I know where it is and I can find you."

"Yes, find me," she panted. "Please find me. See, I have this." She put the butt of a revolver into my hand. "That has been by me since the first. But come; find me—if, if it is necessary."

I raised her hand to my lips and she melted away. I turned to the door.

"Lane!" I called. "Lane!"

His voice sailed back to me. "What's gone wrong with the lights?"

"They're coming," I said. "Look to your door." And even as I spoke a bar crashed upon mine from without. In an instant the corridor was full of noises. The mutineers were on us, but they had divided their forces, and were coming at different quarters. It remained to be seen at which spot their main attack was to be delivered. I put my revolver through one of the holes we had drilled in the door, and fired. It was impossible to say if my shot took effect, but I hoped so, and I heard the sound of Lane's repeater at the further end. The blows on the door were redoubled, and it seemed to me to be yielding. I emptied two more

The mutineers were on us

cartridges through the hole at a venture, and that one went home I knew since I had touched a body with the muzzle as I pulled the trigger. Ellison was on guard in the saloon below and Grant and the cook in the music saloon; and I judged from the sounds that reached me in the mellay that they also were at work. By this time Barraclough and Jackson and the Prince had arrived on the scene, the last with a lantern which he swung over his head. Barraclough joined me, and Jackson was despatched to grope his way into the saloon to assist Ellison. The Prince himself took his station with Lane, and I heard the noise of his weapon several times. My door had not yet given way, but I was afraid of those swinging blows, and both Barraclough and I continued to fire. The corridor filled with smoke and the smell of powder.

"Do you think he's made up his mind to get through here?" asked Barraclough.

"I don't know," I shouted back. "He's attacking in three places at any rate. We can't afford to neglect any one of them."

"Confound this darkness!" he exclaimed furiously. "Oh for an hour of dawn!"

The blows descended on the door, but still it held, and I began to wonder why. Surely a body of men with axes should have destroyed the flimsy boards by this time. It looked as if this was not the real objective of the attack. I sprang to the bolt and was drawing it when Barraclough called out, for he could see me in the dim light of the lantern.

"Good heavens, man, are you mad?"

"No," I called back. "Stand ready to fire. I believe there's practically no one behind this;" and, having now released the bolt, I flung open the door. Simultaneously Barraclough fired through the open darkness, and a body took the deck heavily, floundering on the threshold. The rest was silence. No one was visible or audible. But at my feet lay two bodies.

"I thought so," I said excitedly. "This was mere bluff. And so's the attack on Lane's door. See, there's no force there. I will settle that."

I delivered a pistol shot along the deck in the direction of some shadows, and retreated, bolting the door behind me.

"Where is it?" gasped Barraclough, out of breath.

"One at each door will do," said I. "Fetch Lane here. I think it's the music-room. You and I had better get there as fast as we can."

Without disputing my assumption of authority he ran down the corridor, and explained our discovery, returning presently with Lane. Then we made for the music-room.

It was pitch black on the stairs, but we groped our way through, guided by the sounds within. Barraclough struck a match and shed a light on the scene. For an instant it flared and spluttered, discovering to us the situation in that cockpit. The place was a shambles. Grant was at bay in a corner, the cook lay dead, and half a dozen mutineers were struggling in the foreground with some persons I could not see: while through the broken boards of the windows other men were climbing. With an oath Barraclough dropped his match and rushed forward. My revolver had barked as he did so, and one of the ruffians who was crawling through the window toppled head first into the saloon. But the darkness hampered us, for it was impossible to tell who was friend or enemy; and I believe it had hampered the mutineers also, or they must have triumphed long ere this. I engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with some one who gripped me by the throat, and struck at me with a knife. I felt it rip along my shoulder, and a throb of pain jumped in my arm. But the next moment I had him under foot and had used the last cartridge in my chamber.

"Where are you, Grant, Barraclough, Ellison?" I called out, and I heard above the din of oaths and feet and bumping a voice call hoarsely to me. Whose it was I could not say; and upon that came an exclamation of pain, or cry, "My God!"

With the frenzy of the lust of blood upon me, I seized some one and drove my revolver heavily into his skull. I threw another man to the floor from behind, and was then suddenly seized as in the grasp of a vice. I turned about and struggled fiercely, and together my assailant and I rocked and rolled from point to point. Neither of us

had any weapon, it appeared, and all that we could do was to struggle in that mutual and tenacious grip and trust to chance. I felt myself growing weaker, but I did not relax my hold, and indeed came to the conclusion that if I was to survive it must be by making a superhuman effort. With all the force of my muscles and the weight of my body I pushed my man forward, at the same time striving to bend him backwards. He gave way a little and struck the railings that surrounded the well of the saloon, bumping along them heavily. Then recovering he exerted all his strength against me, and we swayed together. Suddenly there was a crack in my ears, the rail parted asunder, and we both toppled over into space. A thud followed which seemed to be in my very brain, and then I knew nothing.

When I was next capable of taking in impressions with my senses I was aware of a great stillness. Vacantly my mind groped its way back to the past, and I recalled that I had fallen, and must be now in the saloon. Immediately on that I was conscious that I was resting upon some still body, which must be that of my opponent who had fallen under me What had happened? I could hear no sounds of any conflict in progress. Had the enemy taken possession of the state-rooms, and were all of our party prisoners or dead? I rose painfully into a sitting posture, and put out a hand to guide myself. It fell on a quiet face. The man was dead.

It was with infinite difficulty that I got to my feet, sore, aching, and dizzy, and groped my way to the wall. Which way was I to go? Which way led out? The only sound I seemed to hear was the regular thumping of the screw below me, which was almost as if it had been in the arteries of my head, beating in consonance with my heart. Then an idea struck me, flooding me with horror, and bracing my shattered nerves. The Princess! I had promised to go to her if all was lost. I had betrayed my trust.

As I thought this I staggered down the saloon, clutching the wall, and came abruptly against a pillar which supported the balcony above. From this I let myself go at a venture, and walked into the closed door forthright. Congratulating myself on my luck I turned the handle and passed into the darkness of the passages beyond. And now a sound of voices flowed towards me, voices raised in some excitement, and I could perceive a light some way along the passage in the direction of the officers' cabins. As I stood waiting, irresolute, not knowing if these were

We both toppled over into space

friends or foes, and fearing the latter, a man emerged towards me with a lantern.

"If that fool would only switch on the light it would be easier," he said in a voice which I did not recognise. But the face over the lantern was familiar to me. It was Pierce, the murderer of McCrae, and the chief figure after Holgate in that mutiny and massacre. I shrank back behind the half open door, but he did not see me. He had turned and gone back with an angry exclamation.

"Stand away there!" I heard, in a voice of authority, and I knew the voice this time.

It was Holgate's. The mutineers had the ship.

What then had become of the Prince's party? What fate had enveloped them? I waited no longer, but staggered rather than slipped out of the saloon and groped in the darkness towards the stairs. Once on them I pulled myself up by the balustrade until I reached the landing, where the entrance-hall gave on the state-rooms. I was panting, I was aching, every bone seemed broken in my body, and I had no weapon. How was I to face the ruffians, who might be in possession of the rooms? I tried the handle of the door, but it was locked. I knocked, and then knocked louder with my knuckles. Was it possible that some one remained alive? Summoning my wits to my aid, I gave the signal which had been used by me on previous occasions on returning from my expeditions. There was a pause; then a key turned; the door opened, and I fell forward into the corridor.

My Own Domain

I HAPPY am whom man may envy most.
For that my wealth is greater than is seen,
And shows no flaunting front to tempt their greed.
Deep in my heart are hidden treasures stored,
My riches packed within my bosom lie,
And yet they be but thoughts I hold for wealth,
Such treasures as the world appraises not.
My thoughts they are my friends and counsellors,
Companions true that leave me not alone,
That weep with me when I have need of tears,
Or stir my heart to unexpected mirth,
Deep where the springs of laughter be.

I do exact obedience from my thoughts,
Who would be lord in my unseen domain,
And when they strive to gain supremacy,
To rule who should themselves be ruled,
I thrust down each usurper from his place,
And make my subjects own me for their king.

Both good and bad among my thoughts are found,
The good I pray to make my heart their home,
To bring their kindred and abide with me.
The foolish dance before me on the way,
To lure me through some by-path to a fall,
And decked with wiles and cunning bravery,
More to be feared are they than evil thoughts.

Thoughts from the fiend there be that hate my sway,
That rush upon me in tumultuous rout,
Upstart and rude, by numbers gathering strength.
I hold no parley with the invading host,
Bate not a jot, yield not an inch of ground,
And fighting as he fights whose soul's at stake,
Strike at the foe and cast him from my gates.

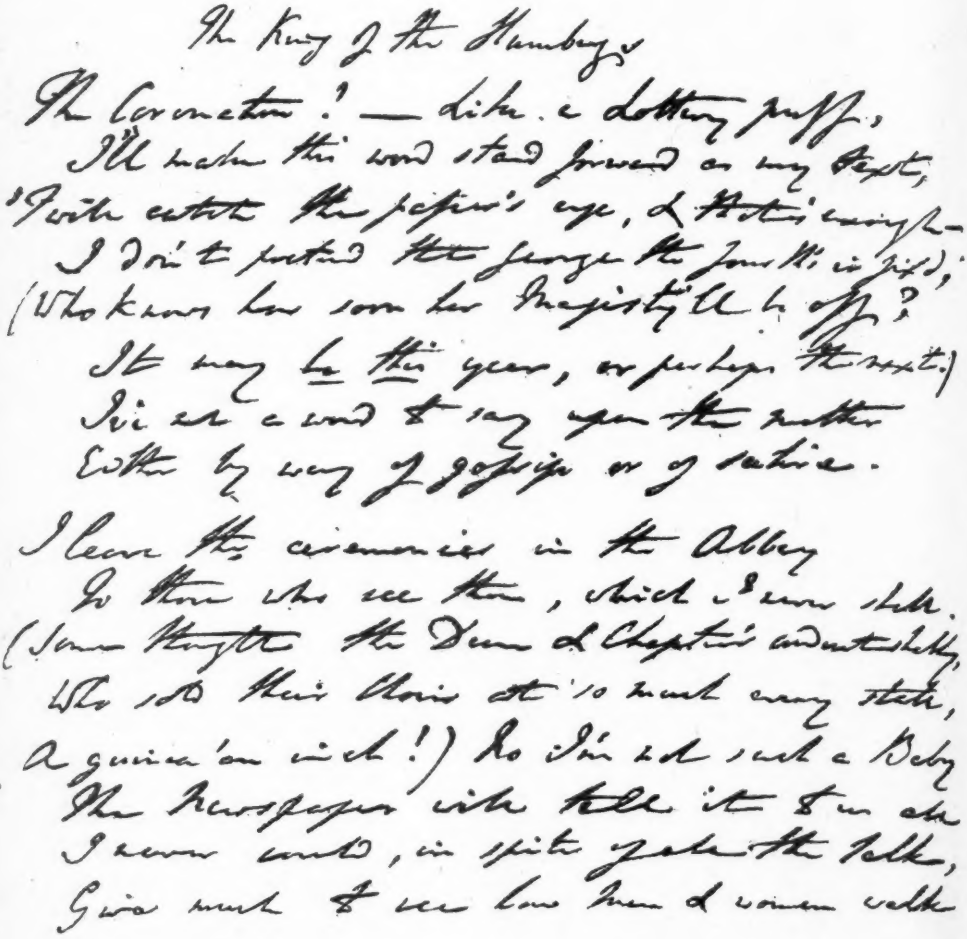
But midst the throng of thoughts that company me,
Come radiant strangers tarrying but a day,
Too passing fair to dwell with me,
Too tender for the coarse conflict of life,
Who vanish from me leaving light behind.
And other thoughts there be, mysterious, vague,
Towards whom I stretch forth unavailing hands,
To touch, and clasp, and draw them to my breast,
Scarce formed are they and inarticulate,
Their speech a perfume that my soul inhales,
And from their cloud-like robes sweet odours flow
Of flowers in Paradise where walk the blest.

L. BALDWIN.

BYRON the poet though not, perhaps, so universally read as was the case some thirty or forty years ago is still the common property of all who take any real interest in British classical literature. Byron the man, notwithstanding that it has always been open to us to know him better through the kindly medium of his friend Tom Moore, has, it is to be feared, meant little to most modern readers beyond a kind of vague embodiment of all that was dissolute and reprobate and quite unfit to be introduced into the midst of a respectable family circle. Just lately, however, a great step has been taken towards the reawakening of our interest in him, and the showing him in his true light in the giving to the world of his Letters and Journals; a labour of love by whose fulfilment both Mr. Rowland Prothero, the editor, and Mr. John Murray, the publisher, have surely raised themselves a monument more lasting than brass. There we have Bryon as he really was, in all his pathetic loneliness. It might almost be said, in his equally pathetic littleness—for, with all his undoubted talents, Byron cannot truly be reckoned amongst the world's great men—were it not that we should remember that his faults were nearly all as much of the world's making, as of his own. Vain, self-conscious, petty, passionate, peevish, even spiteful, he undeniably was, each and all in their turn; but who can wonder at that, when, after a boyhood during which his deformity was being constantly brought home to him—even his own mother, otherwise kind, not disguising her disgust at his misfortune—the world first raised him on a pedestal as a popular idol, and then as suddenly dashed him from it, execrating him for crimes at the very mention of which—weak of principle as Byron must be allowed to have been—even a ten times more dissolute man than he would have shuddered. What wonder that he became embittered, cynical, an Ishmaelite amongst his fellow men, believing every man's hand to be against him, and therefore revenging himself, and at the same time seeking consolation for his own wounded feelings, by exposing the vanity and emptiness, which, as it seemed to him, lay beneath the thoughts and words and deeds of even the best of his contemporaries? What wonder, even, that branded as he was in the world's opinion with unnamable guilt, forsaken by his wife, and deprived of all those stays in life which go to the saving of a man, he should, in his very despair, have become callous to opinion, and plunged deeper into those excesses his natural inclinations for which had been so pharisaically condemned? Rather, it would seem, does the blame of his wasted life rest with those who dealt with him so thoughtlessly and unchristianly: for himself, in the nearer

knowledge that we now have of him, we can surely have nothing but the sincerest pity.

With the interest in Byron thus revived, after having for so long lain comparatively dormant in the public mind, by the publication of documents so intimately personal, it must naturally follow that any further relics of the man and his work which may be suspected to exist will be eagerly sought after and, when discovered, as eagerly welcomed. It may therefore be regarded as a somewhat remarkable coincidence that, just about the same time that Mr. Prothero was bringing his pious work to a conclusion, the MS. fragment which forms the subject of these articles should have come to light, by the purest accident, amongst a bundle of Byron's letters found in a desk formerly belonging to the late Mr. ——, Byron's close associate while they were together at Cambridge, and one of the few persons whom he counted as his intimate friends in after life.



Of the authenticity of the MS. there cannot be the smallest doubt. Besides

having been found, as already said, amongst a number of Byron's letters to ——, in itself a sufficiently reasonably proof of both letters and MS. having been derived from the same source, and filed away as such, a careful comparison of the handwriting of the one and the other has shown them to be identical: while a further examination of the fragment side by side with previously known specimens of what may be classified as Byron's handwriting of composition reveals certain peculiarities unquestionably his own—such as the commencement of the lines with capitals of abnormal size, and the variations between the looped and unlooped "f's."

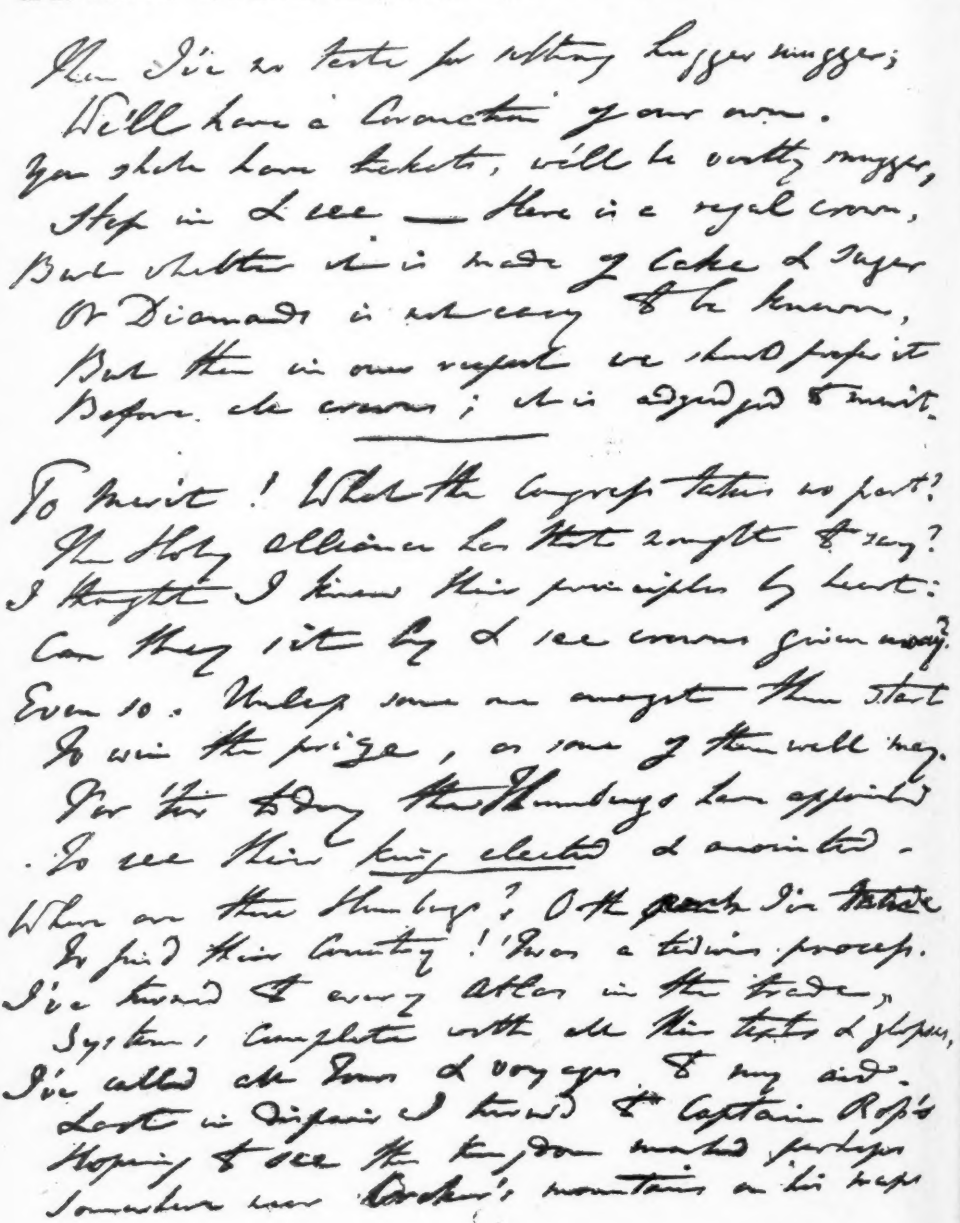
That the metre in which the stanzas contained in the MS. are written is one which has come to be regarded so distinctively as Byron's own perhaps does not go for so much in the way of proof, metres being open to imitation: but the most cursory perusal will afford ample and convincing evidence of their Byronic origin, in the easy, almost conversational, flow of the language, the ingenuity of the rhymes, and, above all, the tone of intense sarcasm pervading the whole composition—sarcasm of that kind in which Byron had made himself so eminently a master, hurting the worse because as a rule so playfully, and even delicately, expressed.

The MS. is contained in three loose sheets of the hand-made note-paper of the time, used for the rough draft of the composition and the jotting down of ideas and rhymes as they might occur, and a small quarto copy-book (6¼ ins. by 7¾ ins.), in which a fair copy has been made of the finished stanzas, with gaps of one or more pages left between stanzas, or groups of two or more stanzas, to be filled up as the poem progressed towards completion. The title of the fragment and the opening lines of the first stanza show it to have been written round the Coronation of George IV., a fact which not only helps to approximately fix the date of its composition but also seems to afford some explanation of its having been found where it was found. George IV.'s Coronation was originally fixed for August 1, 1820, but was eventually postponed, on account of the difficulties arising through the claim made by the King's discarded wife, Princess Caroline, to be recognised as Queen Consort, until July 19, 1821. The intended poem must therefore have been commenced either shortly before the first of these dates, or at some period between the two, Byron in stanza 2 line 2 clearly referring to the ceremony as still to take place, and internal evidence appears to point to the first of these alternatives as being the more likely of the two. A very reasonable explanation would seem to be that the work was begun in anticipation of the Coronation, and, when the ceremony was postponed, was put aside and never taken up again. At about that time we know from Moore's "Life of Byron" that —— was paying a visit to his friend at Ravenna; while in Byron's own letter of February 19, 1820, to ——, pressing the latter to come and stay with him, he speaks of a drawer full of manuscript, notably the last cantos of "Don Juan," which he proposes that his guest shall convey for him to England. What then can be more likely, than that, when the manuscripts were being turned over, this unfinished work should have been found among them, and that Byron, having abandoned the idea of completing it, should have acceded to Bankes' request to be allowed to keep it?

Though the poem, as has already been said, was obviously suggested by the Coronation, it is not quite evident from as much of it as is in complete shape, whether it was intended directly as a satire against George IV. himself—a companion poem, it may be, to "The Vision of Judgment"—or whether simply as a general castigation of some of the prominent men of the day.

Perhaps the most likely interpretation is that Byron had the latter purpose most chiefly in his mind when he began, but his feelings of indignation towards the King—his sympathies being wholly with George's persecuted wife—

made him stray from his original object as he went on. It is not necessary to give include. We give below the completed portions only, with such notes as seem



here an account of all the rough notes, unfinished stanzas, &c., which the MSS. necessary to its understanding. The poem is called.

THE KING OF THE HUMBUGS

I

The Coronation!—Like a Lottery puff,[1]
I'll make the word stand forward as my text,
'Twill catch the passer's eye, and that's enough—
I dont' pretend that George the Fourth is fix'd.
(Who knows how soon her Majesty 'll be off?[2]
It may be this year, or perhaps the next.)
I've not a word to say upon the matter,
Either by way of gossip or of satire.

II

I leave the ceremonies in the Abbey
To those who see them, which I never shall.
(Some thought the Dean and Chapter's conduct shabby,
Who sold their Choir at so much every stall,
A guinea an inch!) No, I'm not such a Baby,
The Newspaper will tell it to us all.
I never could, in spite of all the talk,
Give much to see how men and women walk.

III

Then I've no taste for sitting hugger mugger.
We'll have a Coronation of our own.
You shall have tickets, we'll be vastly snugger,
Step in and see—Here is a royal crown:
But whether it is made of cake and sugar
Or Diamonds is not easy to be known,
But then in one respect we should prefer it
Before all crowns; it is adjudged to merit.

IV

To merit! What, the Congress takes no part?[3]
The Holy Alliance,[4] has that nought to say?

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(1) "Lottery puff." — Lotteries were abolished by 6 Geo. IV. c. 60, Oct. The last was drawn Oct. 18, 1826. Hone gives a number of examples of lottery puffs in his "Every Day Book," (vol. ii. pp. 1503 *et seq.*), pointing out, as Byron here insinuates, that though they might contain a large amount of matter seemingly of general interest, the sole gist of them lay in the announcement that a lottery was to take place, and an admonition to the public that it was advisable to take tickets at once.

(2) "how soon Her Majesty'll be off." —This may refer, according to the date at which the poem was written, to (*a*) Princess Caroline's journey from Italy in 1820 to claim her rights as Queen; (*b*) the passing of the Bill of Pains and Penalties brought in to Parliament against her; (*c*) her departure from England, with the consequent ending of the popular agitation in her behalf.

"There can be but little doubt that had the queen been found guilty and divorced, George IV.'s position as king would have been imperilled." Dict. Nat. Biog. *art.* Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel.

(3) "The Congress."—There had been several Congresses held in the years immediately preceding the composition of the poem, but Byron probably had most particularly in his mind those of Vienna, Nov. 3, 1614, and Carlsbad, Aug. 1, 1819, at the first of which England, Austria, Russia and Prussia bound themselves together for the complete suppression of Napoleon, and at the second the same Powers decreed measures to curb the liberal press, etc., both of which purposes were particularly obnoxious to Byron.

(4) "The Holy Alliance"—ratified at Paris, Sept. 26, 1815, between the Emperor of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, by which they ostensibly bound themselves, among other things, to be governed by Christian principles in all their political transactions with a view to perpetuating the peace they

I thought I knew their principles by heart ;
Can they sit by and see crowns given away ?
Even so. Unless some one amongst them start
To win the prize, as some of them well may,
For 'tis to-day the Humbugs have appointed
To see their King elected and anointed.

V

Where are these Humbugs ? O the search I've made
To find their country ! 'Twas a tedious process,
I've turned to every Atlas in the trade,
Systems complete with all their texts and glosses,
I've called all Tours and Voyages to my aid.
Last in despair I turned to Captain Ross's,
Hoping to see their Kingdom marked perhaps
Somewhere near Croker's Mountains on his maps.[5]

VI

Poor Croker ! It is very hard to lose
One's Mountains ! But a truce with maps and charts.
For some one whispers—(Could it be my Muse ?)
That Humbugs are found natives of all parts,
And scattered through all nations like the Jews,
And have, like them, great skill in little arts,
Yet not, like them, held up to scorn and laughter,
They're feasted, listened to, and followed after.

VII

Then I have known some few—It is a sect
Enjoys so much beyond mere toleration
(More even than the Catholics expect)[6]
There's scarce a post of honour in the nation,

had achieved—an example of humbug well worthy of Byron's satire !

(5) "Captain Ross—Croker's Mountains."—In 1818 Captain (afterward Rear-Admiral Sir John) Ross, R.N., was appointed commander of an expedition, consisting of the "Isabella" and "Alexander" (the latter commanded by Lieut. Parry), to endeavour to make the North West Passage through Davis Straits. The expedition resulted in the rediscovery of Baffin's Bay. Ross then attempted to go westward through Lancaster Sound, but being deceived, presumably by a mirage, he described the passage as being barred by a range of mountains which he named "Croker's Mountains," after the Secretary to the Admiralty, and returned to England. Doubts being cast on the reality of the mountains in question by Captain Sabine, a member of the scientific staff of the expedition, a hot controversy on the subject raged for some time. Byron seems to be here alluding to the weight of scientific opinion being in favour of Sabine's contention. The Admiralty next sent out another expedition under Parry, who returned in October 1820, with proof that Ross had been too hasty in his judgment.

The Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, author and politician, and Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830. His strong Tory prejudices, and perhaps particularly for the caustic manner in which he expressed them in "The Quarterly Review," made him especially obnoxious to the Whig party as witness Macaulay's wholly uncalled for attack on him in his review of Croker's "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Byron, whose politics may, perhaps, be best summed up as "against the government," here seems also to consider him a proper subject for, at least, irritation.

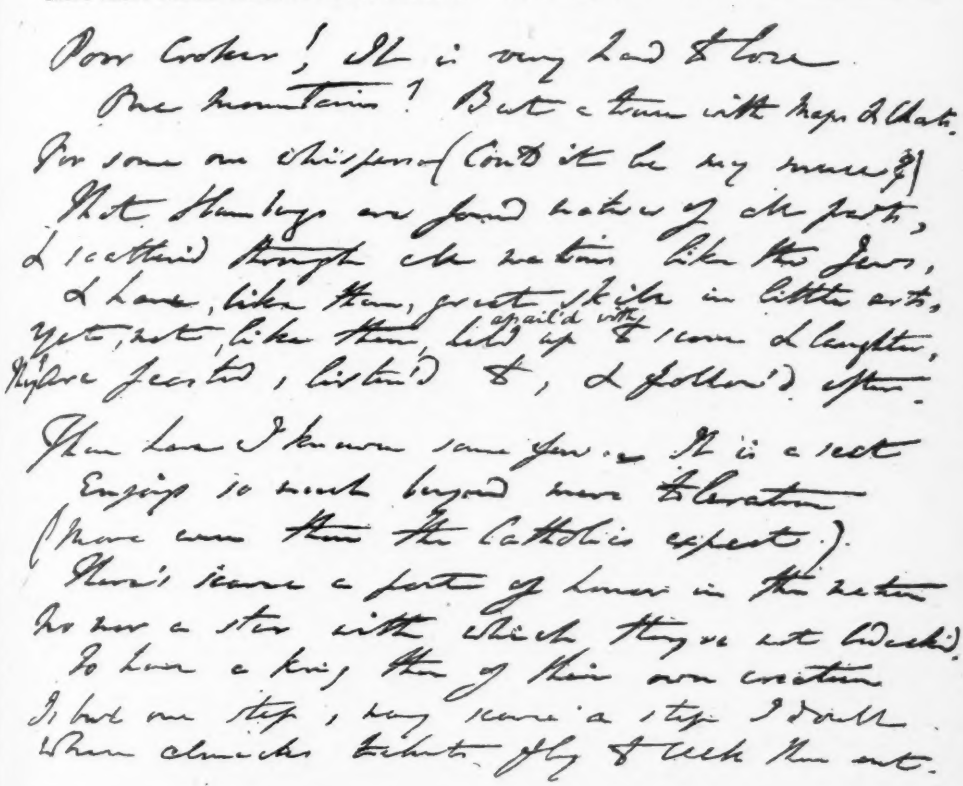
(6) "More even than the Catholics expect."—Bills in favour of the Roman Catholics were frequently brought in without effect from 1813 to 1828. Pitt himself had proposed measures for their relief at intervals between 1801 and 1804, but had given them up.

Never a star with which they're not bedecked.
To have a King then of their own creation
Is but one step, nay scarce a step I doubt
When Almack's tickets fly to seek them out.[7]

* * * * *

Here there occurs a hiatus in the finished copy, Byron evidently being unable to get the next stanzas to his liking. In the draft, however, there are a series of incomplete stanzas and half-worked out ideas. He seems first to have contemplated describing the procession of Humbugs. Then breaking off for a time, he turns to the consideration of the question, who is most fit to be king of the Humbugs!

The prosecution of this theme being probably for the time not congenial, Byron leaves it, to turn to the discussion of another point in his satire—the place where the Coronation, or the election, of the Humbug Monarch was to be held. In this direction he was for a brief period more successful, the next three stanzas having apparently been written at once into the copy-book, without any previous drafting, the sequence of the rough copy going to prove that no part of it has been lost, and such alternative readings as have occurred to Byron being inserted in the fair copy.



(7) "Almack's"—Almack's Assembly Rooms, King Street, St. James', erected by a Scotchman named Almack, or McCall, and opened February 12, 1765, were at first very exclusive. They were afterwards known as Willis' Rooms, and have now been utilised as a fashionable restaurant.

(To be concluded next month.)

The Autobiographical Element in "David Copperfield"

By F. G. Kitton

Illustrated from photographs taken by Catherine Weed Ward

CONCLUDING PAPER

IN the eleventh chapter of "Copperfield" the author relates how David amused himself after business hours at Murdstone and Grinby's by "wandering about the Adelphi, because it was a mysterious place, with those dark arches," and how he would seat himself upon a bench outside a little public-house close to the river and watch the coal-heavers dancing. All this is reminiscent of his own boyhood, for he always enjoyed strolling about the back streets, and, even at that tender age, of studying such life and character as may be witnessed there. The "mysterious" Adelphi Arches were familiar to him, likewise the "little public-house" abutting on the Thames called the Fox-under-the-Hill, and approached by an underground passage. This quaint tavern stood at the foot of Ivy Bridge Lane, in the Adelphi, and was left high and dry by the Victoria Embankment. It was a favourite resort of coal-heavers, many of whom, their day's work completed, assembled here to drink and make merry, having as a witness of their barmless diversions a certain delicate lad, who probably failed to attract their notice. "I wonder what they thought of me," is David's comment upon himself as spectator of the proceedings.*

The autobiographical element is revealed in another striking adventure recorded in the same chapter, where David is described as going "into the bar of a strange public-house for a glass of ale or porter." Dickens tells us (through the medium of Forster) that one evening he had acted as messenger for his father at the Marshalsea, and was returning to the prison by way of Westminster Bridge, when he went into a public-house in Parliament Street, at the corner of Derby Street, and ordered a glass of "the very best ale" (the "genuine stunning") "with a good head to it." "The landlord," says Dickens, "looked at me, in return, over the bar, from head to foot, with a strange smile on his face, and, instead of drawing the beer, looked round the screen and said something to his wife, who came out from behind it, with her work in her hands, and joined him in surveying me. Here we stand, all three, before me now, in my study at Devonshire Terrace—the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, leaning against the bar window-frame; his wife, looking over the little half-door; and I, in some confusion, looking up at them from outside the partition. They asked me a good many questions, as what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, &c. &c., to all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door and bending down, gave me a kiss that was half-admiring and half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure." So youthful a customer was apparently unusual, and, had the new Act bearing upon the subject of serving children at public-houses been in force in those days, Charles would have been sent thirsty away. He explains the circumstance by stating that "the occasion was a festive one," either his own birthday or somebody else's, which might prove an insufficient excuse from the point of view of the temperance advocate. The public-house in question was the Red Lion, still existing, but changed beyond recognition; even the original sign of the rampant red lion has

* The Fox-under-the-Hill is referred to by name in the forty-first chapter of "Pickwick." Thackeray, who also knew the place, introduced it into the thirtieth chapter of "Pendennis," where we are told that Warrington beheld with interest "the coal-heaving company there assembled."

vanished and a newly-sculptured animal substituted; but the associations are perpetuated by means of a bust-portrait of the novelist, placed in a niche in the principal front of the building. Readers of "Copperfield" will remember the scene as described in the eleventh chapter, and "Phiz's" admirable etching of it.

Another portion of the true story of this time also finds a place in the fiction, viz., the incident of Mr. Micawber, when incarcerated at the King's Bench, composing a petition to the House of Commons, "praying for an alteration in the law of imprisonment for debt," and reading it aloud with great solemnity before the members of the "club" prior to their signatures being appended. The description of this impressive ceremony was based upon a similar function at the Marshalsea; but, instead of an alteration in the law, John Dickens petitioned for a bounty to the prisoners to drink the King's health on his Majesty's birthday, and his son remembered that it was Captain Porter who read aloud the document "in a loud sonorous voice," imparting "a certain luscious roll" to such words as "Majesty," "Gracious Majesty," "Your Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects," "Your Majesty's well-known munificence," "as if," observes the novelist, "the words were something real in his mouth and delicious to taste; my poor father meanwhile listening with a little of an author's vanity, and contemplating (not severely) the spikes on the opposite wall"—truly a Micawber-like picture.

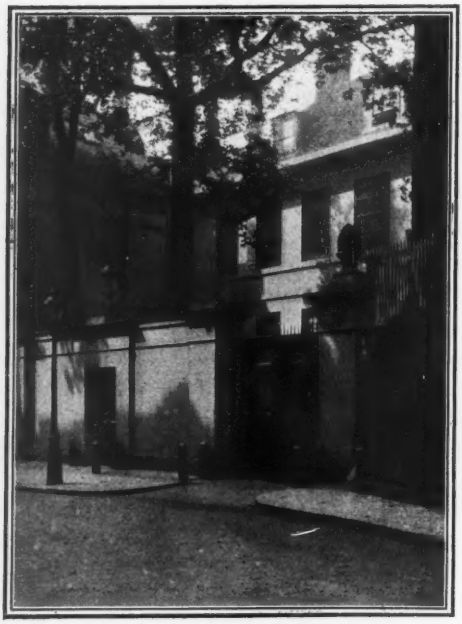
From the Marshalsea we pass to pleasanter scenes and happier times. Thanks to an opportune legacy bequeathed by a relative John Dickens was enabled to discharge his obligations, and shaking the Marshalsea dust from his feet he and his family went to live in Somers Town. Just then a quarrel took place between him and James Lamert, the manager at Warren's, which proved a blessing in disguise for little Charles, who thereupon left the blacking-warehouse, and, much to his delight, was again sent to school. His father entered him as a day-scholar at Wellington House Academy, at the corner of Granby Street,* Hampstead Road; the schoolroom and large playground disappeared in 1835, on the formation of the London and Birmingham Railway, but the house still stands, although its destruction is imminent. This "Classical and Commercial Academy" and its proprietor—a Welshman named William Jones—are portrayed in "David Copperfield" as Salem House and the tyrannical Mr. Creakle.

Still greater prominence is given to Wellington House Academy in a paper entitled "Our School," contributed by Dickens to *Household Words* in 1851, where are recorded many reminiscences which his schoolfellows in after years easily recognised as absolute facts. Concerning this seminary he says: "It was a school of some celebrity in its neighbourhood, nobody could say why—the master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know everything." Taylor, the English master, had a partiality for playing the flute, and appears in "David Copperfield" as Mr. Mell; while a gruff serving-man, who nursed the boys through an attack of scarlet fever, was the prototype of Phil Squod, in "Bleak House," who performed the same kind act for poor Jo. During Dickens's pupilage there (1824–26), the junior English master was Richard Shiers, who coached him in Latin, with the result that he won the Latin prize, and as a token of gratitude he presented to his tutor a volume of Horace ("Quintii Horatii Flacci Opera," 1823). This interesting memento is treasured by that tutor's son, who possesses another relic of Dickens's schooldays in the shape of a heavy ruler, the identical "instrument of torture" to which reference is made in "Our School" as "a bloated mahogany ruler," and which is specially mentioned in the seventh chapter of "David Copperfield" as the implement used by Mr. Creakle for ruling the ciphering-books and flattening the hands of his helpless victims. Both the Horace and the ruler were on view at the Dickens Exhibition recently held in London and attracted considerable attention. Mr. Shiers the younger tells me that he noticed among a number of old school books

* So named from the tavern there called the Marquis of Granby. Probably Dickens recalled this sign when he made Tony Weller the landlord of the Markis o' Granby at Dorking.

formerly in use at Wellington House Academy, a small Eton Latin Grammar, the peculiar interest of which he did not recognise until too late, when the volume had been sold with the rest as waste-paper; the frivolous youth to whom it belonged had covered the margins and blank pages with drawings of skeletons, so it must therefore have been this very book which Dickens remembered when, in the seventh chapter of "David Copperfield," he alluded to Traddle's strange method of solacing himself, while immured by Creakle, by limning "a whole churchyard-full of skeletons all over his Latin Dictionary."

It is, I suppose, common knowledge that in describing David's struggle in accomplishing the art of writing shorthand he simply recounted his own experience. He began to study shorthand at the British Museum, and his difficulties are amusingly reflected in the story, where we read that David "plunged into a sea of perplexity" that brought him in a few weeks to the confines of distraction. "The changes that were rung upon dots, which in one position meant one thing, and in another position something else; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effect upon a curve in a wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. . . . In short, it was almost heartbreaking." Like David, he first essayed to try his hand at Doctors' Commons—"I'll take down speeches in our court for practice," observed David to Traddles—and, owing to that dogged determination which characterised all his efforts, he eventually acquired the consummate skill by virtue of which he won the premier position in the gallery of the House of Commons, his colleagues declaring that there never was such an expert in shorthand writing. Dickens likewise resembled David in possessing a strong incentive to perseverance; something to stimulate him in endeavouring to overcome every obstacle; for he, too, had his Dora, who (says Forster) was "apparently at the same hopeless elevation; striven for as the one only thing to be attained, and even more unattainable, for neither did he succeed nor happily did she die; but the one idol, like the other, supplying a motive for exertion for the time, and otherwise opening out to the idolater, both in fact and fiction, in a highly unsubstantial, happy, foolish time."



All that remains of Doctors' Commons. Where Dickens was shorthand writer to the Proctors, and Copperfield served Spenlow and Jorkins

Years after his marriage with Miss Catherine Hogarth he and his wife made a formal call at the house of the Dora of his youth, "and contemplated with a calm equanimity, in the hall, her stuffed favourite Jip"; the lady herself he beheld without a heart-flutter, for time, in the interval, had wrought a change in her personal appearance, with the result that the fascinating and *petite* child-wife in "Copperfield" was presently revived in "Little Dorrit" as the robust and loquacious Flora, relict of the deceased Mr. Finching. Writing to the Duke of Devonshire in 1856, when engaged upon the latter story, Dickens said: "I am so glad you like Flora. It came into my head one day that we have all had our Floras, and that it was a half-

serious, half-ridiculous truth which had never been told." Before Dora Copperfield passed away, a third daughter was born to the novelist, upon whom he bestowed her Christian name. She died in her infancy.

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. Where the first article was dropped stealthily one evening at twilight into a dark letter-box, in a dark court in Fleet Street

After a training of nearly two years' duration in the Law Courts, an opening was found for young Charles Dickens, in 1831, on the parliamentary staff of a London daily journal called *The True Sun*, and the fact is turned to account in the forty-third chapter of the story where David says: "I have tamed that savage stenographic mystery. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the Debates in Parliament for a Morning Newspaper." Dickens was not content to remain all his life a newspaper man; he aspired to literature, and has recorded how, one evening at twilight, he stealthily dropped his first effusion, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court, in Fleet Street,"* and how, when it appeared "in all the glory of print," he walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there." David's career as a writer began under similar conditions, for he observes, in the forty-third chapter: "I have come out in another way. I have taken with fear and trembling to authorship. I wrote a little something, in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published in the magazine. Since then I have taken heart to write a good many trifling pieces"—all of which is literally true of Dickens, whose initial effort, his "little something," was

* Johnson's Court. The actual door to which the letter-box was attached is still preserved as a memento of the event.

a humorous paper entitled "A Dinner at Poplar Walk" (re-christened "Mr. Minns and his Cousin,"), which appeared in the old *Monthly Magazine*, December 1833, and was succeeded by others, subsequently published under the general designation, "Sketches by Boz." Encouraged by his success, he determined (like David) to relinquish newspaper-reporting and to adopt literature as a profession, his connection with the "gallery" ceasing with the Session of 1836, when (quoting David's words on a like occasion) he "noted down the Parliamentary bagpipes for the last time."

It will be remembered that during the period of his initiation into the intricacies of the proctor's calling, at Spenlow and Jorkins' of Doctors' Commons, David obtained possession of a "sweet set" of apartments in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, presided over by the incapable Mrs. Crupp, who thanked Heaven that in her new lodger she "found some one she could care for!" It is not generally known that Dickens himself rented rooms in this street before occupying chambers in Furnival's Inn, *apropos* of which Charles Dickens the younger remarks, that if his father lived in David's rooms — "as I have no doubt he did"—he must have kept house on the top floor of No. 15 on the east side, marked by a tablet commemorating its one-time tenancy by Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias. To the end of his life this house was the London home of another distinguished novelist, William Black, who probably had the very apartment in which David gave the two memorable dinner-parties—was this function another personal reminiscence of Dickens, I wonder? The house is certainly an interesting one in many ways; a chamber on the second floor has a ceiling adorned with a painting of the signs of the Zodiac in the style of the thirteenth century, and is enriched with carved doorways and panelled walls, while from the upper windows commanding a view of the Thames, may be seen gorgeous sunsets, which must often have impressed Dickens, as they undoubtedly inspired Black.

The date of the publication of the first number of "Pickwick" synchronised with that of the marriage of its author, who, on April 2, 1836, plighted his troth to the eldest daughter of George Hogarth, a colleague on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which paper the young author attached himself for a brief period, and in which several of his "Boz" sketches were first printed. David, unlike his creator, entered the bonds of matrimony before breaking away from newspaper work, and had been a Benedict about a year when he attacked his first work of fiction. *Apropos* of the novelist's early married life, we find the following amusing entry in his private diary, or "Daily Remembrancer," under date January 6, 1838: "This day last year Mary [his younger sister-in-law] and I wandered up and down Holborn and the streets about for hours, looking after a little table for Kate's [his wife's] bedroom, which we bought at last at the very first broker's which we had looked into, and which we had passed half a dozen times because I didn't like to ask the price." The incident is recalled in the twenty-seventh chapter of "Copperfield," where Traddles proudly exhibits the "little round table with the marble top," which, as he confessed to David, he bought "as a beginning towards housekeeping," in view of his impending marriage with "the dearest girl in the world." It seems that among the first things that Dickens purchased for his housekeeping in Furnival's Inn were two small marble-topped tables (second-hand); these are still owned by a member of the family, who always calls them the "Traddles tables." A fire-screen, mounted on a stand, was actually the first piece of furniture the novelist procured in anticipation of his domestic requirements. He, like Traddles, spent his honeymoon in Kent, and it is not improbable that the description (chapter 59) of Traddles' chambers in Gray's Inn was drawn from the author's own rooms at No. 15 Furnival's Inn, where he and his young wife resided for a short time, and where their eldest son was born; and it surely needs no undue stretch of the imagination to believe that the delightful account of his surprise visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Traddles and their guests, the romping,

blushing sisters from Devonshire, was based on a personal reminiscence; or that Traddles' opinion that "the society of girls [in chambers] is a very delightful thing" found a response in his own heart. At those "blessed chambers" in Furnival's Inn his favourite sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth (a girl of sixteen), sometimes stayed; and that her bright presence captivated the young couple and cheered the opening months of their married life is testified by the letter written by the novelist from Doughty Street to her mother directly after Mary's sudden death in 1837, in which he says: "I wish you could know how I weary now for the three rooms in Furnival's Inn, and how I miss that pleasant smile and those sweet words which, bestowed upon our evening's work, on our merry banterings round the fire, were more precious to me than the applause of a whole world would be."

My readers will remember that David, heart-broken through the death of Dora, sought to mitigate his sorrow by change of scene. He accordingly left England for a tour in Switzerland and Italy, remaining abroad for more than two years. The fifty-eighth chapter of "Copperfield" presented some graphic pen-pictures of the natural beauties of the countries visited by him—"the sublimity and wonder on the dread heights and precipices," "the roaring torrents," "the wastes of ice and snow," the mountains and valleys, the mists and sunsets—and so forth. Turning to Forster's "Life," we find that during 1844–5 (*i.e.*, about four years before this chapter was written), Dickens himself, with wife and children, sojourned in Italy, and made ample notes of his impressions, especially of those towns in which he was enabled to prolong his stay. His opinions of the places and people found expression

House at Chalk on the Dover Road. Here Dickens spent his honeymoon. Traddles (in "Copperfield") and several characters in other books spent their honeymoon in Kent

The "Rookery," Blundestone. Where Copperfield was born. Really, the Rectory

in voluminous letters to Forster and other friends, and in a more extensive form in "Pictures from Italy," which originally appeared as "Travelling Sketches, written on the Road," in the *Daily News* during 1846. It is obvious that, when relating David's experiences of continental travel, the author recalled his own, and could therefore give those truthful and realistic touches so essential to descriptive writing.

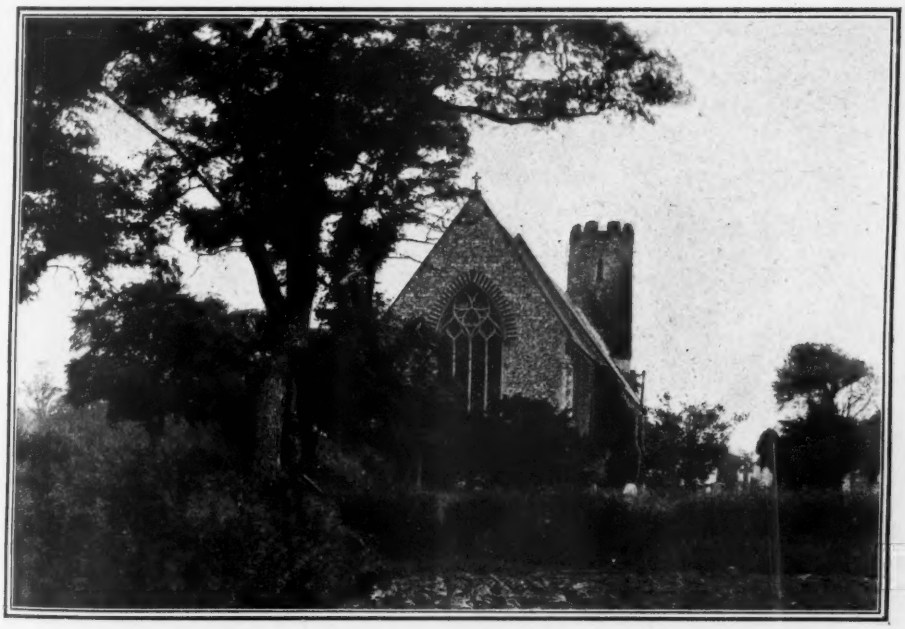
It is indubitable that the author was more or less intimate with the living originals of the leading characters in "David Copperfield," so that, in considering the autobiographical aspect of the story, it is justifiable to make mention of them here. It has already been pointed out that, within certain limits, Micawber was drawn from the novelist's father, who unconsciously supplied many of the principal traits of that impecunious personage: in personal appearance, too, they resembled each other, and "Phiz's" representations of the redoubtable Wilkins may have been inspired by his knowledge of John Dickens. Sir Joseph Crowe, who, with Dickens *père*, was a member of the original staff of the *Daily News*, describes him as short, portly, obese, fond of a glass of grog, full of fun, never given to much locomotion, but sitting as chairman, and looking carefully to the regular marking and orderly despatch to the printers of the numerous manuscripts thrown off at lightning speed by the men from the gallery.'" * Dickens acknowledged his father to be "as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world," and declared that his conduct to wife, or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, was beyond all praise. "He never undertook any business, charge, or trust, that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honourably discharge. The longer I live, the better man I think him." It has been conjectured that the conception of the charming presentment of Agnes is to be traced to the novelist's wife.

* "Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years of my Life," by Sir Joseph Crowe, K.C.M.G., C.B. 1895.

Thomas Traddles—dear old Traddles—has been identified in some respects with John Forster, in others with Serjeant Talfourd. We know that Forster's relations with the novelist were as intimate as were those of Traddles with David, while Talfourd attained the distinction foretold concerning Traddles in the last chapter—that of attaining a seat on the Bench—for the learned Sergeant won a Judgeship in 1849, a few months before those lines were penned.

The prototype of Miss Mowcher was an eccentric, dwarf-like creature, whose real name was Mrs. Seymour Hill, and whose occupation was that of a chiropodist and hairdresser; this diminutive lady resided near Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, a stone's throw from the house where Dickens lived when engaged upon the story, and she became known to him through her professional attendance upon his wife. Mr. Chillip, "the meekest of his sex," who assisted at the birth of David, was sketched from the little doctor who attended the Dickens family during the time when the story appeared in monthly numbers. On the authority of Charles Dickens the younger we learn that the original of Betsy Trotwood was a certain Miss Strong, whose surname the novelist bestowed upon the venerable doctor at the Canterbury school; she resided on the sea-front at Broadstairs (not Dover), and, like David's aunt, assumed a right to prevent the passage of donkeys along the road opposite her double-fronted cottage, in Nuckell's Place, deterring trespassers by means of hostile demonstrations with a hearth-broom.

It was probably owing to the autobiographical element in this fascinating story—the most popular, next to "Pickwick," of Dickens' writings—that he himself preferred it to any other of his productions. "Of all my books," he said, "I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my family, and that no one can ever love that family as much as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is David Copperfield."



The Church, Blundestone. "I am so frightened that they are obliged to take me out of bed and show me the quiet churchyard, out of the bedroom window"

By Victor L. Whitechurch

Illustrated by Gordon Browne

IT was a wild, raging day. The wind came blowing over the countryside strong from the south-west, driving before it the flying clouds, from which every now and then fell fitful showers of rain. The light was fading fast, and the leafless trees stood forth in bold, black outline against the gray of the sky, their branches bending and swaying with the fierce blast, a day on which the labourer gladly finished his task and betook himself, dripping wet, to his cottage fire and the hot tea which it behoved his good wife to have in readiness for him.

Along the so-called village "street" of Little Carrington, battling against the storm, came a poor little frail figure, a child of some ten years of age, but ill clad for the boisterous weather, a girl with a thin pinched face clutching a basket with one hand, while with the other she tried to keep around her as some protection a faded old red shawl. Poor little thing! On a fine day you might have smiled and thought of her as a little Red Riding Hood on her way to visit her grandmother, but on such a day as this it was pitiful to watch her struggling along, and the stern reality of the picture would have put all fairy tales out of your mind.

Presently she passed the last cottage of the straggling village and turned aside from the main road to a lane bordered by high hedges. Here there was at least some shelter from the gale; but if her way had become better from that point of view, it was worse underfoot, for the lane was muddy in the extreme, while the deep ruts formed by heavy carts made it all the worse for her tired feet and the worn boots that encased them.

But she plodded along bravely, shifting her basket every now and then from hand to hand to rest the muscles of her tired arms. The lane became worse and worse, until, when she had trudged along a good mile of it, it was more like a ploughed field than a road.

A momentary look of relief came over her face when, at a sudden turn, a tiny cottage came in sight, a lonely-looking shed of a place that stood all by itself, surrounded by a patch of neglected garden bordered on the farther side by a row of huge elm-trees which stood grimly against the departing day.

As she laid her hand on the latch of the gate there was a roar above that of the storm, and just beyond the row of elms a train ran past, the lights from the carriages flashing between the tree-trunks.

"That's the half-past five," she murmured to herself. "Dad'll be wanting his tea. I'm late."

The child was accustomed to tell the time from the trains that rushed by the lonely cottage day and night. In a moment or two she had opened the door and entered the little brick-paved room. The glimmer of a fire faintly illuminated it.

"Be that you, Lizzie?"

The voice came through an open door that led into a tiny inner room.

"All right, dad; I'm a-comin' soon as I've lit the lamp."

She busied herself with getting a light, and then went in with it to the other room. On the bed, about the sole article of furniture, lay a pale-faced, worn-looking man of some fifty years of age, severe suffering stamped upon his countenance and prematurely old.

"'Tis a bad day, Lizzie," he said. "I'm afeared you must ha' got wet."

"Not much, father, but 'twas heavy walkin' along the lane, and I'm a bit late. We'll have some tea as soon as the kettle boils, and I've got a couple o' bloaters. Mrs. Simmons up at the shop gave 'em to me when I bought the bread and things."

"'Twas kind of her, Liz."

"Has the doctor been, father?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

The man shook his head.

"I'll tell you when we've had tea, my girl," he said. "Only 'tain't good news, and I'm a bit upset over it. Did you spend all the shillin'?"

She nodded.

"Ah, 'twas the last we had. Never mind, Liz," he added, with an attempt to smile, "we'll get along, ay, we'll get along, but 'tis crooel hard. There, lass, I'm a-wantin' summat to eat."

Tears stood in the child's eyes as she went back into the other room to prepare the simple meal. The bloaters were soon hissing before the fire while she unpacked the rest of the contents of her basket, producing bread, butter, tea, and sugar. Her old red shawl she had hung over a chair by the fire, and it was steaming in the heat. In a very short time she had everything ready, and had carried in the meal and put it on the little table by her father's bedside. Then she took in a chair, and they fell to on the simple meal.

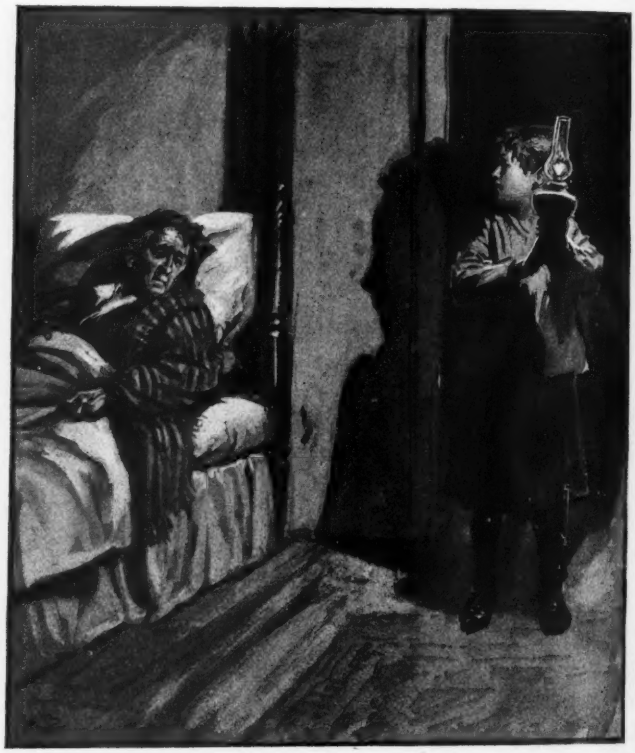
Slade was known in Little Carrington as a "casalty chap," which, being interpreted from the local idiom, meant that he was an unlucky being. He was a widower, his wife having died some seven years previous to the time of this narrative, leaving him with their one child. He was a labourer, who all his life had had to be content with odd jobs. Not that it was any fault of his that a permanent post had never fallen to his share, for he was willing enough to work, but his invariable ill luck was always against him. If ever he heard of a vacant job on a neighbouring farm and tramped a few miles to get it, some one else was sure to have been half an hour before him, or, if he did get the place, sooner or later he was bound to fall ill and lose it, for Slade was not a strong man, and no benefit society would have him on its books, so he picked up what he could haying and harvesting, hedging and ditching, turnip-hoeing or stone-breaking on the road, it mattered little so that he earned enough to keep the cottage over his head and provide for Lizzie. As for the cottage, it was cheap enough, being so old and out of the way; but there had been times when he was

weeks in arrears with the rent, small as it was, and the two had gone through many a trial together.

And now the worst of all had come. Slade had met with a nasty accident, his usual bad luck, it seemed. Coming home one night from work he had taken a short cut through some fields. His way lay over a deep ditch, not a hundred yards from his cottage. This bridge was crossed by a narrow plank and he had slipped on it, falling heavily, and breaking his leg badly in two places. He had managed to drag himself to the door, which did not improve matters, and when the doctor came he shook his head gravely before he proceeded to set the limb.

"This may be a very bad job, my man," he said; "you ought really to go to the hospital, but I hardly like to move you yet."

Slade winced; not merely with the pain, but because of Lizzie. She was all he had to live for now, and a terrible thought took possession of him—the workhouse! He had been out of work for weeks, the winter had been a bad one, and now, just as he had got a job, he was laid up—and with only a shilling or two in his old tea-pot, the family cash-box.



On the bed lay a pale-faced, worn-looking man of some fifty years, severe suffering stamped upon his face and premature old age

And, worst of all, the doctor had come that afternoon—some three or four days after the accident—had noticed certain blood-stains coming through the bandages and had removed them, looking graver than ever when he put on fresh ones, and had told Slade something that filled his heart with a mightier dread than ever.

After tea, when Lizzie had finished washing up, she came and sat by his side and he took her hand in his and told her.

"Lizzie dear," he said, and his voice was choking, "I must tell you what the doctor thinks. He told me he's afeared he'll have to cut my leg off, dearie."

"Oh, dad!"

"He wants me to go to the hospital to-morrow. He says it's the only chance. Lizzie, I dunno what's to become of us. There ain't no money, and I owes four weeks rent, and—and—I shan't never get a job with one leg. I dunno what'll happen."

The child was struggling to keep back her sobs. For a minute or two she could not speak. Then she tried to cheer him.

"Don't worry, father. You'll be well taken care of in hospital, and—and—p'r'aps it's not so bad—p'r'aps they'll cure it all right."

"I'm afeared not, Lizzie. But I don't

mind about myself. It's you I'm a-thinkin' of."

"Won't they let me come with you to the hospital? P'r'aps they might."

"No, dearie. And—there ain't no one as 'll take you in."

There was silence for a minute. He pressed the little hand more closely.

"You know what I means, Lizzie?"

The girl understood.

"I must go to the house, dad," she said quietly.

He gave a deep sigh. It was the thing he had dreaded so much—as only the respectable poor *can* dread it. For the term "disgrace" still clings to the poor-house, and parish relief is a thing to be fought against to the last. And it had been a boast of the man, in all his struggling poverty, that he "hadn't been ne'er a pauper, nor Lizzie either."

"It ain't *so* bad, father," said Lizzie presently, though her voice quivered. "Sally March was there a time, and they goes to school just as I does—only—only——"

"Only what, dearie?"

"The others call 'em workhouse brats, sometimes. But that's nothin'. . . I shan't mind. But I wish I was goin' long o' you, dad."

He tried to cheer her.

"P'r'aps by'me-by I shall come out," he said, "an' maybe I'll get some sort of a job. There's lots o' things a chap with a wooden leg can do. It don't make no diffrunce, as I can see, to hedgin' an' ditchin', or hoe-in' an' such like. And, besides, they'll let you come an' see me while I'm there, an' maybe—maybe——"

But he stopped short. The very helplessness of his position overwhelmed him.

Presently he said:

"Lor', how the wind do blow, surely! 'Tis a tur'ble night, Liz. Let's be thankful as we've got a roof over our heads, an'——"

He stopped short again, as the thought that that poor little roof would soon be over their heads no longer swept into his mind.

There was silence again. Then Lizzie went into the other room, took down the old Bible from its shelf, and brought it back with her.

"That's right, dearie," said her father. "P'r'aps we'll find a word o' comfort in it."

"What shall I read, dad?"

"I dunno. Anything you like."

By chance the child lit on the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and read it slowly. Slade listened attentively, and when she had finished, remarked:

"Ah, that poor chap was hurt, too. But he got some one to look arter him."

"Don't the Good Samaritan mean the Lord, father?"

"Ay, but seems as though He's a-passin' me by, same as the Priest an' Levite did. I wonder if that man as was wounded had a little girl at home, and was worryin' about what 'ud become of her while he was ill."

"P'r'aps he had, father, and p'r'aps the Samaritan asked him all about her and said he'd go and see her when *he* got to Jericho. He was such a kind man, and I think, if there *was* a little girl, he'd ha' seen to her."

Slade reached out his hand and took Lizzie's again.

"P'r'aps he would," he murmured. "P'r'aps he *will*. I hope so."

Then he went on.

"T'warn't much to give the landlord tuppence. I should ha' thought he'd ha' done more."

"Our teacher says it was worth a lot more, really; more'n we think."

"Ah!" soliloquised the sick man, "maybe the Lord does do more for us than we think He do. But He don't seem to ha' done much for us, do He, Lizzie?"

The child pondered deeply for a minute, trying to solve the doubt, her little forehead anxious and wrinkled. At last she said:

"Maybe the man in the parable didn't think no one was a-goin' to help him. And he had to lie there a long time waitin' for the Good Samaritan. We must wait, too, dad."

He shook his head wearily on the pillow.

"Somehow it seems there ain't no Good Samaritan for us," he said.

A little later she kissed her father goodnight and crept up the rickety stairs to the one tiny room above. The storm was

raging more fiercely than ever as the child prepared to undress. She had borne up as bravely as she could before her father, but now her little heart felt like breaking, tears gathered in her eyes, and a big lump began to swell in her throat. She sat down on the bed, her face in her hands, and sobbed—quietly, for fear her father should hear her.

Suddenly the storm outside seemed to gather in violence. A terrific gust of wind shook the little shanty of a cottage, rattling its ill-fitted doors and windows, and nearly blowing out Lizzie's candle as it came through the chinks of the lattice. The next moment there was an awful, rending crash, apparently just outside. The child sprang to her feet, while her father called out:

"Lizzie! Lizzie!!"

She seized the candle and rushed down the stairs.

"What is it, dad?"

"Summut's happened, surely, and 'tis close by. See what it is, dearie."

Half frightened, the child went to the door, opened it, and looked out into the night. The clouds had cleared away, and there was a faint light from the stars. She stepped out into the garden and looked round, fearfully. And then something strange caught her eye. One of the big elm-trees at the end of the garden was missing from the sky-line. She ran down the path as fast as she could, and saw, in the semi-darkness, a sight that filled her with horror.

For the wind had literally uprooted the great tree and dashed it right across the railway! And there it lay, grim and black, on the shining metals.

"Father, father!" she shrieked, as she rushed back into the cottage; "it's a tree blown down, and it's on the railway-line!"

He grasped the situation at once, and forgot his pain as the meaning of it flashed across him. The nearest house was over a mile away in the village, and, along the line one would have to walk twice the distance either way before one came to a station or even a signal-box. And he was helpless.

"Lizzie!" he cried, "you must run to the village—no—there won't be time—the down slow went by not half an hour since and the express is due before you could get there—let alone stopping it then."

"Father! What are we to do?"

"There'll be a tur'ble accident. Lizzie, my girl, we *must* stop the train . . . the driver 'ud never see it, let alone stoppin' in time if he did . . . We *must* stop it!"

"How, daddy?"

"There's only one way as I knows on. Get the old horn lantern and put a candle in. Quick, Lizzie! And then run up the line and wave it. 'Tis all we can do."

She rushed into the other room, reached down the lantern from its peg and put the candle in. Then a sudden thought struck her as she glanced at the chair by the fire.

"Father, don't a red light mean danger?"

"Yes, Lizzie. But we ain't got one."

"Yes, we have!"

And, seizing the old red shawl, she tore a strip off it and wrapped it round the lantern, tying it with a bit of string.

Then she ran out of the cottage, climbed the fence alongside the railway, and stumbled along the line over the sleepers, waving her lantern, with its dim red light, frantically as she went.

On and on, along the permanent way, hurried the child, now slipping on the wet ballast, now catching her foot in a sleeper, but never wavering for a moment.

And then, in the distance ahead, she saw a little flickering light that drew rapidly nearer and nearer—brighter and brighter. It was the head-light of the express.

The critical moment had arrived. Getting into the six-foot way the child stood and waved the lantern, wondering anxiously if it would be noticed.

But there was no fear of that. The men of the foot-plate are ever on the alert, and the driver's keen eye had seen the light, dim and flickering as it was. And it was of a colour which he knew well. Closing the regulator with one hand he applied the steam brake with the other, while his trusty mate, watchful as himself, had sprung to the hand brake even before he had shouted a warning "Brake, Jim!"

Sparks flew from the wheels as they dragged along the metals, and the train came to a standstill with a good fifty yards to spare in front of Lizzie.

"What's up?" cried the front guard to the driver as he came jumping out of his van.

"Dunno! Some one's holding us up with a light."

The guard was a man of a few words.

"Please, sir, there's a tree blown across the line opposite our cottage."

"Good girl!" he exclaimed, patting her on the head, "you've saved a smash."

He rushed back to the engine.

The child stood and waved the lantern, wondering anxiously if it would be noticed

Lantern in hand he ran forward to the little red star of warning, and flashed his light on the child's face.

"Well, what's all this about?" he asked, bending his head to catch her reply through the storm.

"The road's blocked!" he shouted. "Likely we'll have to wire from Pitt Box for the break-down gang."

"What is it, Jenkins?" asked an authoritative voice belonging to a gentleman who had got out of a first-class carriage.

"Tree across the line, sir!" said the guard, touching his cap; "I'd best go on an' fix a light the other side to warn the down goods. She'll be along in half an hour."

"Who gave the warning?"

"A little girl, sir. It's a lucky escape."

As he hurried towards the obstacle he overtook Lizzie, struggling back to her home. With a kindly word he caught her up in his arms and carried her right to the cottage door. Then he fixed his lamp, red shade on, some distance the farther side of the fallen tree.

Slade was anxiously waiting for the child's return.

"All right, father!" she cried as she went into his room; "I was in time."

"Thank God, dearie, thank God!"

As she threw herself down by his side, kneeling on the floor, the reaction of the terrible strain came over her, and she broke out into a flood of tears. Her father tried to comfort her, and so some little time passed by. At length there came a knock at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch, and a cheery voice cried:

"May I come in?"

It was the same gentleman who had spoken to the guard. One of his hands was doubled up as though holding something, and with the other he took the child's hand.

"So you are the little girl that stopped the train, are you?" he said kindly. "And is this your father?"

She nodded.

"I couldn't get out to do it myself," explained Slade, "my leg's broke."

"I'm sorry, my man. But your little daughter did it as well as you could have done it yourself. She's a brave girl, and you ought to be proud of her. Tell me all about it, my dear."

In a few simple words they told him all there was to tell. Then he questioned them rather closely and found out something of their trouble.

"And you tore up your shawl to tie round the lantern, eh?" he asked.

The lantern was on the table, still burning, though she had lit the lamp.

"Yes, sir."

"That was right. Well, now I've brought something to get you a new shawl. The passengers asked me to bring it."

And he opened his closed hand. On the table there fell out a little pile of gold and silver coins. Probably Lizzie had never seen so much money before, and her father himself was speechless for the moment. They tried to stammer out their thanks, but the stranger stopped them.

"I must go now," he said, "the breakdown gang will be along soon. And now, my man, don't worry yourself. You must go to the hospital to-morrow, but your little girl won't go to the workhouse. We'll see about that—and when you get all right again—well, sometimes I can find a job for a wooden-legged man if he's steady. I won't forget you!"

"Daddy dear," said the child, before she finally went to bed, "he was a sort of Good Samaritan, wasn't he? And he's given us a big tuppence," she added, as she put the money into the old tea-pot.

. . . . . .

The gentleman was as good as his word. He was one of the Divisional Superintendents of the line, and when he said that there were jobs going for wooden-legged men he knew what he was talking about.

For there is a certain level crossing with a neat little cottage close by the side of the line. And whenever a train is signalled, a cheerful-looking wooden-legged man comes stumping out of his wooden cabin to close the gates. He is often to be seen in the flourishing strip of garden attached to the cottage, and he even says that a wooden leg has certain advantages, to wit, he finds it useful in the potato-planting season to dibble the holes with.

And shortly after four o'clock he keeps a look-out, not only for the train, but also for a certain happy little girl, who comes hurrying home from school to get father's tea, with no misgivings that there may be nothing in a certain old tea-pot used for another purpose if she has to do some shopping later on in the evening. And sometimes a certain keen-eyed engine driver or a certain brown-bearded guard wave a hand, as the train dashes by, to Lizzie, as she stands by her father, with a grateful remembrance of that night of the great storm.

Some Shell-Homes of Sea-Dwellers

By Mary Fermor

THERE is always a fascination in picking up shells, but few of us pause, like Tennyson, to consider "the miracle of design," or to speculate on "the living will that made it stir on the shore." The conchologist makes a scientific study of these marine dwellings; the collector seeks rare specimens in pursuit of his hobby; and the trader, who caters for both, searches sea and shore for the cunning handiwork of these divinely instructed craftsmen.

As a rule we leave shells behind with our childhood. We see the pink-lined helmets adorning the cottage-garden; we accept a spider-shell as a door-stop in our seaside lodgings, and quite expect the familiar cowry to grace the mantelpiece. When a shell does occupy the place of honour in our rooms it is because the seafaring member of the family has brought it home, not for its own beauty—"Frail but a work divine, made so fairly well."

We might well spare more than this somewhat contemptuous tolerance for these works of nature, for the marine architects not only supply us with a wealth of colour, design, and form, but they provide us with many useful and ornamental commodities.

The shell-builders, or Mollusca, are soft, cold, viscous creatures, like the snail, and their shell is at once their house and their castle. The struggle for existence runs fiercely below water, and many a shell shows signs as eloquent of a death-struggle as the shattered buildings of a besieged city. They are endowed with wonderful constructive powers, and build their dwellings to fit exactly their own growing necessities. Each animal has its mantle, a soft, transparent substance, capable of extracting the lime from the sea-water absorbed by the body and converting it into shell.

The apex is the starting-point; and, as the animal grows, it thrusts out the mantle beyond the edge of the existent shell, leaving a film round it which hardens and increases its size. In this simple way the two grow together, the work being finished equally well both within and without. Each varix, or ridge, overlapping the surface and identical with the final aperture, shows a pause in the growth, which may occur at regular or irregular intervals.

The nature of the mantle is communicated to the shell: according as it is smooth or crumpled we get a smooth or rugged exterior; and in proportion to the amount of sunshine enjoyed by the animal we get warm and brilliant colouring.

The glossy, polished lining of certain shells, known as nacre, is white and silky when made by a smooth mantle, and the tiny folds in another give the iridescent, mother-of-pearl effect. As Michelet wrote: "In no other creature is there the same identity between the inhabitant and the nest. Drawn from its own substance, the edifice is the continuation of its own fleshly mantle. It follows its form and tints." It is also noteworthy that the animal can mend its own house. If the damage is beyond the reach of the mantle outside the repairs are done from within. Such seams are often to be noticed in otherwise perfect shells.

Collectors much prefer to find the shell still inhabited, for "dead shells," as they are called, are more or less decayed and of smaller value. Special fishing expeditions are sent out to supply merchants and conchologists with the rare specimens found in deep waters and on distant shores.

As every shell has its inmate, so we constantly find parasites clinging to larger creatures for protection or convenience. In some cases they are so numerous as to cover the shell to which they have attached themselves. All such external ornaments are not uninvited, however. Certain animals, like the *Phorus* (Carrier Shell) and the *Trochus*, collect objects which they fasten to their

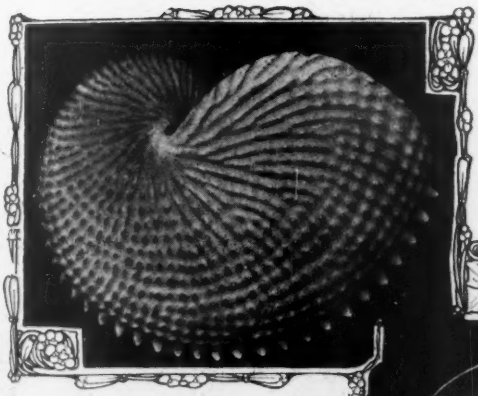
dwellings as outworks and fortifications against an enemy. They have their likes and dislikes. Some take stones, mud, chalk, or lime, and are called mineralogists; others gather dead shells or corals, and are termed conchologists. They are all very clever and careful in arranging these defences so that they shall not in any way interfere with their own comfort or growth.

some animals are moored to the rocks or sea-bottom. The Pinna has a very large *byssus* formed of soft, silky hairs six or seven inches long of a red-brown colour, out of which the Greeks and Romans used to weave a wonderful fabric, and up to the present time the Maltese and Neapolitans make curiosities of the fibre to sell to travellers. French naturalists call these shells *Jambonneaux*, from their likeness to the shape of a ham. They are eight or nine inches in length.

Among the bivalves we get the largest shells. The Clam family leads off with the *Hippopus*, so called from its likeness in shape to a horse's foot. A Clam from Torres Strait which has reached a venerable age measures forty-eight inches across the two valves when open. The *Pinna* Clam was so named by Linnæus, owing to the resemblance of its *byssus* to the aigrette worn by Roman soldiers in their helmets. For the benefit of the unlearned, I may say that the *byssus* is a fibrous kind of cable by which

The *Pintadine*, which provides us with mother-of-pearl, moors itself at the sea-bottom and is at perfection when about eight or ten years old. The shell then measures six or eight inches across and is an inch and a quarter thick, the two valves weighing as much as four or five pounds. The nacre is very carefully ground off in flakes as thin as paper and used for all kinds of inlaid work.

There are 176 species of *Pecten* (Scallop or Pilgrim Shell), affording every delicate

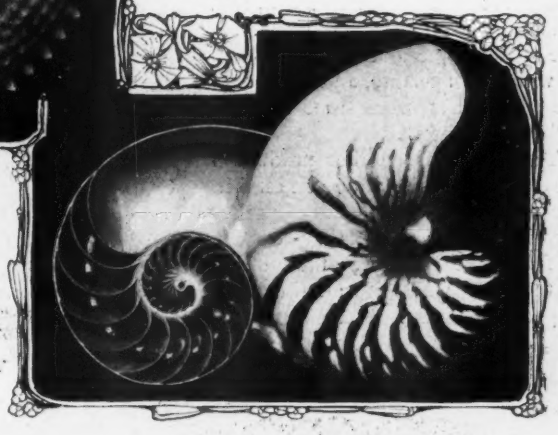


The Nautilus

shade of colour and gradation of weight, from the common scallop to a semi-transparent thing of dainty proportions. The "Ducal Mantle" is a handsome specimen from the Indian Ocean, with twelve radiating stripes, horizontal furrows and curious white marks on the red and brown marbled ground. Though something like the oyster in shape, the animal differs from it in many ways, one being its power of motion, which is effected by using its shell as a kind of pump. By sharply closing its half-open valves it drives out the water and propels itself backwards with the recoil.

The *Spondylus* is an exquisite bit of workmanship, showing both beauty and wealth of colour combined with variety of form. It well repays the arduous care of the polisher, for when taken from its natural abode it looks more like a rough, jagged, encrusted fragment of rock covered with sand and grit, but underneath are the rich reds, glowing yellows, or warm terra-cottas that delight the eye. The shell is thick and solid, bristling with spines which sometimes differ in tone and colour from the surface. The varying number and direction of these spines are the chief features of the Spondylus. The animal occasionally fixes itself so firmly upon corals that the lower valve has no room to develop these spiky ornaments. Inside the shell is a deep carmine, shading off at the edge. The creature is like the Pecten, but not a traveller, and lives under water, in the warmer seas by preference, though many are found in the Mediterranean.

The *Spondylus Regius*, from the Indian



The Chambered Nautilus

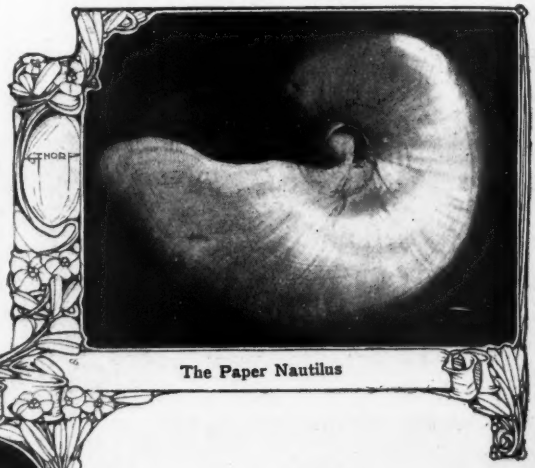
Ocean, was formerly very rare, only three specimens being found in European museums, and an amusing story is told of an eager French collector who pawned the family plate, unknown to his wife, to purchase one of the treasures. He took it home, but was so agitated with the mingled joy of possession and fear of the angry lady that he sank down on a chair, forgetful of the shell in his pocket. Happily only one or two spines were broken and his wife proved merciful.

Now let us look at some of the univalves. The *Trochus*, already referred to, is a large, round, spiral shell, found in all seas either near the shore or among the rocks. It is not beautiful at first sight and requires much skilful cleaning and polishing to reveal the glory of its many-tinted, pearly surface. It is richly nacred within and is largely used for ornamental buttons. The animal is one of those who provide themselves with an operculum, a horny, chalky kind of movable plate which fits exactly into the opening of

the shell. This plate is not necessarily of the same material as the rest of the structure, but is formed in successive layers corresponding to its growth. When the creature is frightened or feels unsociable, it draws down the operculum like a trap-door and can defy both friends and enemies.

The *Haliotis*, or Ear Shell, has a brilliant iridescent surface when freed from its parasites, and is found in green, red, peacock blue, black and white. A line of round perforations runs parallel with the aperture, and the size of the shell varies from three to eight inches in diameter.

The *Cowry* is another product of the tropics that is quite at home in our midst. It does not need polishing, because the mantle is large enough to fold right back over the outside of the shell, which it can thus keep in good condition. There is a strong



The Paper Nautilus

The Great Triton shell

similarity between all mature cowries large and small, but the form and colour vary according to their age. A young shell is long, thin and cone-shaped, with a large opening. By degrees the right lip thickens and the aperture gradually closes from both sides till it becomes the narrow slit edged with tiny teeth seen in the full-grown shell. The pale shades of youth are deepened into richer colours arranged in bands or spots. The animal is long in shape and, like the *Trochus*, has two long tentacles supplied with eyes. It lives near the shore under water or buried in sand, being of a very timid nature; its only effort appears to be made when it creeps slowly out in search of the animal food upon which it lives exclusively. We have small cowries in the English Channel, but the Indian Ocean is the home of the fine specimens. Shells have always played an important part in the lives of uncivilised islanders and shore dwellers. The Asiatics make bracelets, collars, amulets and head-dresses of the cowries they find, while the Orange Cowry, a globe-shaped, golden-coloured shell, with a white lining and orange-tinted teeth, is worn by the South Sea chiefs, who hang them round their necks as a mark of rank. One specimen in the British Museum, though pierced with holes for this purpose, was bought for the sum of £30.

The small money cowry is collected in shoals by the native women of the Maldive Islands three days before the new moon and after the full. The shells are then shipped off to Bengal and other parts of India, while tons of them pass through English ports on their way to West Africa, where they are used as money by the natives.

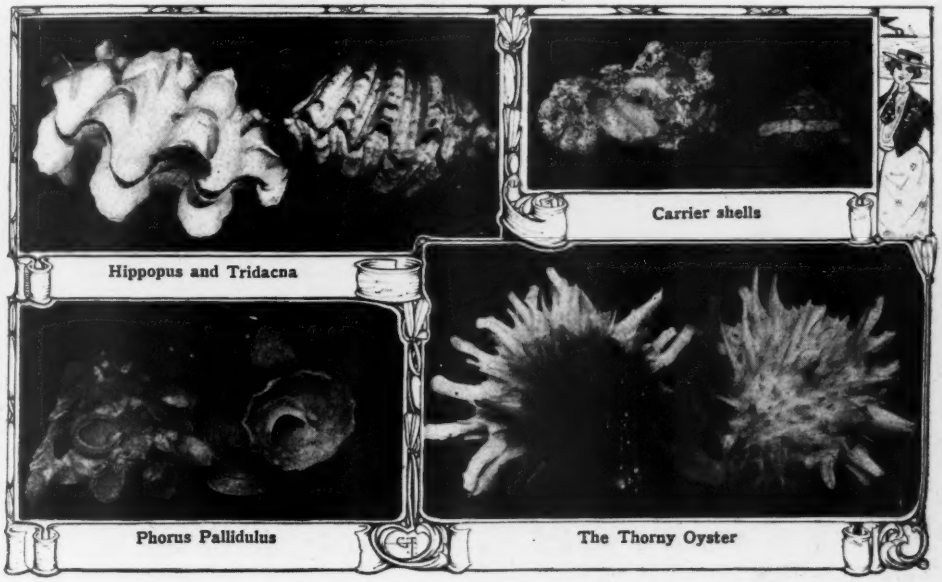
The large family of *Cones* mostly resemble one another in shape, while they vary mate-

rially in scheme and tone of decoration. The "Gloria Maris," a native of the East Indies, is still worth ten times its weight in gold, one specimen having in recent times fetched £70.

A slice off a large cone, provided it measures more than three inches across, is worth many cattle to a Matabele or other African chief. It takes hours to grind it to the necessary dimensions, but the dusky potentate buys it readily and hangs it round his neck as a badge of rank.

The *Murex*, or rock shells, are found in all seas, the larger ones coming from warm latitudes. They assume curious forms and wear brilliant colours. Some, like the African and white *Murex*, have ridges of tusklike spines, which the animal can not only form but can dissolve and remove when they interfere with its comfort or growth. The most notable come from the Moluccas.

Among other interesting shells may be mentioned the *Harpa*, with its smooth enamelled lining and slanting exterior stripes alternated with bands of delicate carving; the *Turbo*, which is richly nacred and wonderfully marked; the *Solarium Perspectivum*, or staircase shell, so called from its spiral interior, which winds round and round, each ring edged with tiny teeth till the circles are lost in the apex. It is a delicate, semi-transparent shell of a brown shade and comes from the Indian Ocean. The *Slit* shell is rare and quaint. The name was given in consequence of the deep slit in its outer lip, which is gradually filled up as the shell grows and forms a distinct raised band running round the whorls to within a short distance of the rim. Only two living specimens have been found: one came from the Antilles, the other from the East Indies. Many dead shells of this kind have been discovered as fossils.



The *Great Triton*, named after the mythical trumpeter of Neptune, is one of the Conch family, and is used by the Polynesian islanders in their solemn ceremonies, in processions and in their temple worship. They take a large shell, measuring from twelve to eighteen inches, bore a hole near the apex and fasten a bamboo cane into it with gum from the breadfruit-tree. This strange instrument is blown before the newly appointed king and gives forth a loud dismal sound. Spiral shells have been put to such

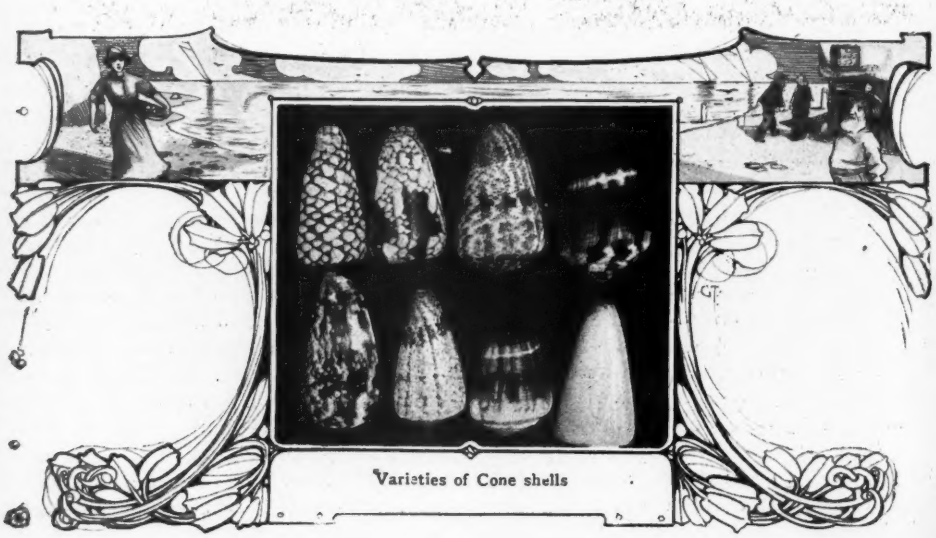
purposes by uncivilised tribes from prehistoric times.

Of all the ocean homes the most lovely and certainly the most historic shell is the Chambered Nautilus, whose beauty has inspired poets of all time—"the Ship of Pearl" as Oliver Wendell Holmes calls it in his lovely little poem, while Byron refers to it as "The tender Nautilus who steers his prow, the sea-born sailor of his shell canoe."

This animal builds his dwelling with exquisite skill and lavish beauty. As many as thirty-five cells, divided by pearly partitions and connected by a tube of membrane, may be counted in one shell. He has left each of these cells in turn as he grew too large for it, and in the centre he has a pumping apparatus which assists him to rise in the water. When swimming his head and tentacles project beyond the shell, and if he takes a walk on the rocks he does so upside down, with his body above his head. The shells are generally found empty, but the animal is sometimes caught in lobster-pots, whither he has probably wandered in search of food. The Pearly Nautilus is common off the Nicobar Islands, where the natives salt its flesh for their own consumption. Beautiful drinking-cups are made by Eastern people out of the shell, upon which they engrave artistic designs, and the little partitions, which are very difficult to remove without breaking them or the outer frame, are used in this country for brooches and other ornaments. In the earlier stage of cleaning, dull brown stripes come to the surface, but these give way to the exquisite, iridescent nacre when fully polished.

The Paper Nautilus looks like a fairy's handiwork, it is so frail, and its almost transparent, fluted surface might have been fashioned out of frosted spiders' webs. This dainty thing is made by the female Argonaut as a cradle for her young. It was celebrated among the Greeks and Romans, who wove many a pretty legend round this delicate, floating nursery. It is much prized in India, where dancing-girls carry it aloft in their right hand to grace solemn processions. The lady who makes this exquisite shell is cautious and shuns the shore, keeping out to sea, where she holds nightly gambols with her particular friends. When disturbed she withdraws right into her shell, which turns over and completely hides her from sight, and in any danger she seeks safety at the sea-bottom. A small Paper Nautilus, so light as to be hardly felt in the palm of the hand, is worth three or four guineas if perfect.

The vast majority of shells follow the course of the sun in building and are right-handed, but the *Clausilia*, *Fusus Contrarius*, and *Fulgar Perversus* are all left-handed.



Varieties of Cone shells

Reason and Rationalism from the Side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

SEVENTH PAPER

IN our last paper we were led to make some mention of the altered attitude of mind towards the Bible, which has manifested itself among Christian people as a consequence of the characteristic intellectual developments of modern times. In this paper I propose to consider somewhat more carefully the place which the Scriptures hold in the scheme of Christianity, and I shall limit myself to the case of the Old Testament. Let it be observed that there is no unreasonableness in deciding the main question on this issue, for the Scriptures of the Old Testament come to us with even weightier authentications than those which can be pleaded for the Scriptures of the New. The supreme authority of the Founder's teaching and example can be advanced for the one, but not for the other; and the scarcely less weighty authority of the Apostles is altogether limited to the same extent. It is certain that the writings which now form the New Testament were not in the first instance regarded as standing on the level of the older Scriptures. The Bible of the earliest Church contained no New Testament. It is, indeed, matter of common knowledge that complete agreement among Christians with respect to the Canon of the New Testament was not attained for many generations. Bishop Westcott, in his excellent "Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament," claims that "from the time of Irenaeus the New Testament was composed essentially of the same books which we receive at present," * but he shows that there was not a final end of questionings until a much later period. While, therefore, we accept the Old Testament on the authority of Christ and His Apostles, the New Testament comes to us on the sole authority of Christian usage, expressed and confirmed by ecclesiastical decisions. It is necessary to point out the relative superiority of the claim on Christian regard possessed by the Older Scriptures, so far as external authentication goes, because too often an irrational aversion to honest criticism of the New Testament shelters itself under the pretence that the Old Testament, which beyond all rational questioning lies open to critical treatment with the results we have indicated, stands on a lower religious level. We shall have occasion to appreciate the nature of the *spiritual supremacy* of the New Testament at a later stage in our discussion. Here it suffices to point out that higher spiritual authority is nowise incompatible with inferior external authorisation: and it is the latter which is important when we have under consideration the place which the Scriptures hold in the scheme of Christianity.

Forty years ago this question was the subject of prolonged and acrimonious controversy within the Church of England, and, though, at the time, there was much distress of mind among devout people, yet in the sequel much good resulted, for a juster understanding established itself in Christian thought. Bishop Thirlwall, of St. David's, perhaps the most intellectually distinguished prelate of his time, took occasion to deliver a Charge to his clergy in October 1863, in which he passed the current controversy under review, and laid down some positions which we may well have in mind now. I shall not scruple to reproduce one paragraph of that Charge, as it states the very points on which, in this paper, I desire to insist.

"Another thought which may well be brought home to our minds by the controversies of the day, is that we have greater need than ever to distinguish between things

* *Vide* p. 6. 5th ed.

which do and things which do not concern our Christian faith and hope. A great part of the events related in the Old Testament has no more apparent connection with our religion than those of Greek or Roman history. It is true that even the minutest and seemingly most insignificant facts may have entered into the scheme of Divine Providence, as part of the process through which a way was prepared for the introduction of the Gospel. But this is no more than may be said of everything that has happened everywhere upon earth from the beginning of the world. The adaptation of the means to the end is one of the secrets of the Divine counsels; and we cannot presume to say that the same end might not have been attained by some other means. This, therefore, is not sufficient to invest the means with any share in the sanctity of the end. The history, so far as it is a narrative of civil and political transactions, has no essential connection with any religious truth, and, if it had been lost, though we should have been left in ignorance of much that we should have desired to know, our treasure of Christian doctrine would have remained whole and unimpaired. The numbers, migrations, wars, battles, conquests, and reverses of Israel have nothing in common with the teaching of Christ, with the way of salvation, with the fruits of the Spirit. They belong to a totally different order of subjects. They are not to be confounded with the spiritual revelation contained in the Old Testament, much less with that fulness of grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Whatever knowledge we may obtain of them is, in a religious point of view, a matter of absolute indifference to us; and, if they were placed on a level with the saving truths of the Gospel, they would gain nothing in intrinsic dignity, but would only degrade that with which they are thus associated. Such an association may indeed exist in the minds of pious and even learned men; but it is only by means of an artificial chain of reasoning, which does not carry conviction to all beside. Such questions must be left to every one's private judgment and feeling, which have the fullest right to decide for each, but not to impose their decisions, as the dictate of an infallible authority, on the consciences of others. Any attempt to erect such facts into articles of faith would be fraught with danger of irreparable evil to the Church, as well as with immediate hurt to numberless souls." *

Now if Bishop Thirlwall's words be read carefully, it will be seen that he draws a distinction between the Old Testament as a *national literature*, and the Old Testament as containing the *spiritual revelation* which reached its climax in the Incarnation. In the first character, the Old Testament "is a narrative of civil and political transactions," and obviously "has no essential connection with any religious truth." In the last character the Bishop implies, though he does not actually say, that the Old Testament will always retain its worth as a witness to, and a commentary upon, the truth as it is in Jesus. This distinction is not only reasonable in itself, but it is also familiar to Christian thinkers. Essentially it was implied in the allegorism of the Alexandrine Fathers. Holding firmly to the traditional belief, inherited by the Church from the synagogue, that the Old Testament was truly one and inspired, they were none the less perplexed, both as Greeks and as Christians, by much that they found in it; and the way out of their perplexity, the only way open to them in the existing state of knowledge, was the adoption of the familiar method of allegorical interpretation, which both their Jewish and their Pagan contemporaries were wont to employ. Dr. Bigg, in his admirable Bampton Lectures, has described the procedure of Origen, the greatest of the Christian allegorisers. "He held that innumerable passages in both Testaments have no sense at all except as Allegories. . . . Many passages of Scripture, he says, are excluded from belief by physical impossibility. Such are those which speak of morning and evening before the creation of the Sun, the story of the Fall, and the carrying up of our Lord into an exceeding high mountain by Satan in the Temptation. Others again imply moral impossibilities. Such are those which speak of the child as punished for the sin of the parent, the law that on the Sabbath no Jew should take up a burden or move from his place, the precepts

* *Vide* "Remains," ed. Perowne, vol. ii. p. 83.

of the Saviour not to possess two coats, to pluck out the offending eye, to turn the right cheek to him that has smitten the left. Yet another class are rejected by the enlightened conscience. Such are the adventures of Lot, the cruelties of the Jewish wars, the execrations of the Psalms. All these antinomies of Scripture were forced upon him on one side by the Ebionite and Gnostic, on the other by the Greek philosopher, who was beginning to study the Bible in a spirit of not wholly unfriendly curiosity, and was violently repelled by these proofs, as he thought them, of Jewish barbarism. Origen felt the embarrassment most acutely, and his fearless logic saw but one way of escape. These passages, he admitted, in their literal sense are not true. Why then, urged the adversary, are they found in what you Christians call the Word of God? To this he replied that, though in one sense untrue, they are in another the highest, the only valuable truth. They are permitted for an object. These impossibilities, trivialities, ineptitudes, are wires stretched across our path by the Holy Spirit, to warn us that we are not in the right way. We must not leap over them; we must go beneath, piercing down to the smooth broad road of the spiritual intelligence. They are the rough outer husk, which repels the ignorant and unfit reader, but stimulates the true child of God to increased exertion. The letter is the external garb, often sordid and torn, but 'the king's daughter is all glorious within.' It is as if the sunlight streamed in through the crannies of a ruinous wall; the wall is ruinous in order that the sunlight may stream in." Dr. Bigg points out the strength and the weakness of Origen's method. Its strength lay in the frank recognition of a real difficulty; its weakness lay in the arbitrary even fantastic character of the allegorical interpretation by which he endeavoured to meet that difficulty. "To us it is not difficult to allow that the Old Testament is the history of a people and not merely of a religion, that God's revelation is progressive, that He speaks by human messengers, that something has been permitted because of the hardness of men's hearts. But to the Alexandrines, bound as they were by their Jewish theory of inspiration and beset by eager foes, it was not easy to admit all this Concessions are not readily made by men struggling for all that they hold dear. Nor indeed was the notion of historical development familiar to their times. Perhaps we may say that its first fruitful germ is found in the Church, in the qualified admission of the inferiority of the Old Testament to the New. The Alexandrines went so far as to explain certain passages—those which attribute human figure and emotions to God—by the principle of accommodation or condescension, and Origen even admitted the existence of degrees of inspiration. Through these observations lay the way to a clear solution of the difficulty. But though the key was actually in the lock, Origen did not turn it. The time had not yet come." *

Dr. Bigg draws the same distinction as that drawn by Bishop Thirlwall. Both perceive the importance of the fact that "the Old Testament is the history of a people and not merely of a religion." To admit this is to admit that the Old Testament contains large, very large, non-religious elements, for the history of a people is by no means only religious, nor will the literature which expresses the national life be only religious. It is not sufficiently remembered that the Old Testament contains practically the whole extant literature of ancient Israel, and therefore when the limits of the Jewish canon of Scripture are discussed by a modern student the discussion tends to have a somewhat unreal aspect. Selection there may have been, but no means of judging it remain to us, for the sufficient reason that there is no competition of documents until we come to the precincts of the Christian era, and then the competition is on a very limited scale. "Only in the case of two extant writings is there any probability that an attempt may have been made, in some quarters, to include them within the Canon, *i.e.*, Ecclesiasticus and the First Book of Maccabees. In both instances there never seems to have been any real approach to success." † The so-called Apocryphal Books came into Christian

* *Vide* "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria," Bampton Lectures, 1886, pp. 137–8, 147.

† *Vide* Bishop Ryle's "Canon of the Old Testament," p. 183.

Jewish Prophecy is evidently pushing its way into Jewish minds.

The fact of the Incarnation, which must be the necessary starting-point of Christian thought, throws back upon the history of Israel an illumination which redeems it from the unimportance which naturally belonged to it, and clothes it with unique religious significance. A national history, indeed, it is; but there is this to be added, that the nation was ordained of God to provide the historic milieu of the Life of Christ. "*Ye search the Scriptures*," He is reported to have said to the Jews, "*because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of Me; and ye will not come to Me that ye may have life.*" Christians need no better reason for their religious use of the Old Testament than such words offer; yet if additional reason were required, it could be found in the accumulated testimonies of Christian experience. It was of the Old Testament that in the first age these words were written; the last age, with the records of intervening history at hand, affirms their truth: "*Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness; that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work.*"

The Dream

I

COME to my castle stream!
Where pine and hawthorn grow,
The bank in verdure green,
The sky all spread below,
Repeating in a dream
The world of long ago.

Come! hear the wonderful tune
Invisible minstrels play,
To ripen the tardy bloom
And quicken the fainting spray:
White hands come out in the gloom
And lift the music away.

II

Into the day with a leap
Through the clear wells of day,
Down at the source entreat
The god of wonderful May,
To fill with music the street
And make more out of our clay.

Into the range of the sky
Large with the passion of light,
Run with the spirits that ply
The darkness out of the night;
So wound the terrible lie
And make the centuries white.

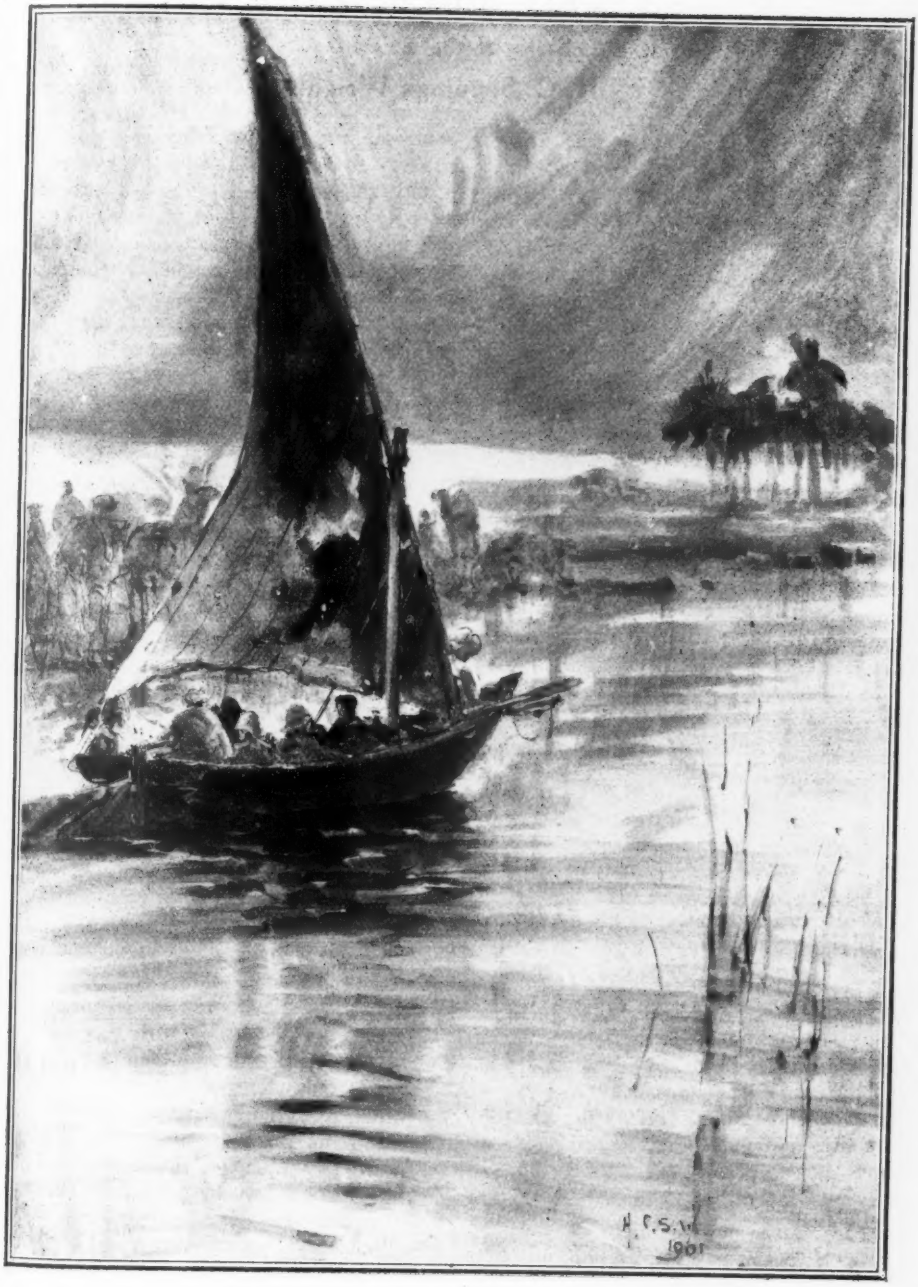
JOHN FRASER.

acceptance through the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, which contained them, and which the early Church generally used. I do not wish to build more on the fact than it can fairly sustain, but at least it cannot be without significance that the thirty-nine canonical "books" of the Old Testament do, in point of fact, constitute an entire national literature, and that the normal characteristics of a national literature are evidently present in them.

Why, then, has this national literature so great religious importance that the Christian Church has consecrated it for her own spiritual uses? Putting aside, as no longer worthy consideration, the arbitrary letter-worship pre-supposed by the allegorical method of interpretation, and admitting, as we must admit, that whatever theory of inspiration we may adopt must be inferred from the Scriptures and cannot be imposed upon them, what defence can we offer for the solemn dignity with which, as Christians, we invest these Jewish writings? I think that, in the last result, we must take our stand on the fact that those writings *are* a national literature, that is, that they uncover, as only such literature can, the life of that Nation which was providentially commissioned to be "the priest of the peoples." If we recognise in the historic Jesus the culminating-point of Divine Self-revelation—and this is implied in the notion of the Incarnation—then we cannot but maintain that the history of the Jewish People, from which Jesus Christ came, was inspired with a purpose of unique and sublime importance. The Mission of our Saviour manifestly stands in succession to the ministry of the prophets of Israel; the Gospel is historically unintelligible apart from the history of Israel. The Christian Church was making no unwarranted claim when it applied to itself the names and attributes of the "chosen people." S. Augustine's famous formula, "in veteri testamento novum latet; in novo vetus patet," is seen to be true by every student of the Bible. It is not by an accident that the same sacred compositions utter the praise of Jews and Christians alike. The solidarity of Christianity and Judaism, so impressively symbolised by the union of the Old and New Testaments in the Christian Bible, is becoming evident to thoughtful Jews. A modern Jewish writer includes "Jesus of Nazareth" among "Jewish forerunners of Christianity," and plainly accounts Him the noblest of the company. "I desire," he says, "to place clearly before men of our day the community of spiritual thought which, beginning with Hillell, runs through, and is consecrated by, the life-and-death agony of the Man of Suffering of Galilee." He is anxious to avert from the Jewish people responsibility for the rejection of the great Prophet, which he attributes to the hierarchy. "The man Jesus is the most heroic, the grandest, the noblest personality of all time and age. Even in the shadow of Golgotha let us, however, be just and not lay the charge of the great Crime on those who did not commit it. It was not the Mosaic Law, nor the Jewish people, nor the great body of its teachers, the Pharisees, who steeped their hands in the blood of Christ. That was exclusively the work of the Sadducean High Priest and his servile adherents." * In less ardent language, Mr. Claud Montefiore concludes his interesting Hibbert lectures with some cautious, but significant suggestions, for an acceptance by his co-religionists of some of the teachings of the Gospel. "If, then, Judaism be still destined to play a prominent and fruitful part in the religious history of the world, it may, perhaps, be that this new stage in its development will only ensue when it has harmoniously assimilated to itself such of the Gospel teachings as are not antagonistic, but complementary, to its own fundamental dogmas, and has freely and frankly acknowledged the greatness, while maintaining the limitations, of the illustrious Jew from whose mouth they are reported to have come."† Thus from the side of the older Religion comes admission of the true solidarity of the Old Testament and the New, and the notion, so familiar to Christians, of the Gospel as the greatest utterance of

* *Vide* "Jewish Forerunners of Christianity." By Adolph Danziger, pp. 32, 52. (John Murray 1904.)

† *Vide* "Hibbert Lectures for 1892," p. 551.



Once afloat we set sail and glided majestically against stream

A Day's Play and a Day's Pay

A Story of the Soudan

By H. C. Seppings Wright

IN June 1896, after the battle of Firket, in Egypt, Gwynne of Reuters, Sheldon of the *Black and White*, Garrett of the *New York Herald*, and my humble self of the *Illustrated London News* decided, after despatching our work, to take a holiday. The question was "Where?" The sand-driven, scorching desert did not look tempting. It must be either up or down the river; and, as we were familiar with most of the scenery below the cataract it was decided to go up, camp at a place called Abri, and make merry on a fat sheep which Gimma, our Bedouin camel-man and guide, declared could be procured from some friends of his. I must confess I felt rather sceptical as to the fatness of that sheep in prospect. Experience had taught me that sheep which are fed upon stones and gravel, varied by a drink of water, produce a curiosity in the way of mutton. You have only to see a carcase to realise this; for it look sas though it would serve excellently for a Chinese lantern, and the sunlight shines between its ribs with the accuracy of Röntgen rays. My readers can therefore understand the magnetic attraction of the promise of a fat sheep. The others, moreover, appeared to have equal doubts on the subject, to judge by the amount of stores taken on board for the trip. At the lowest estimate there must have been three months' supplies. Gwynne was appointed wine caterer by acclamation, he being the only correspondent possessing a case of whisky. This duly arrived and was put on board, with rifles, guns, revolvers, and ammunition enough to kill all the crocodiles in the Nile.

We keep early hours up the Nile; breakfast at sunrise, before the flies get active. Then we get inactive, rest till lunch, and sleep till dinner. Such is the monotony of camp life. Our *reis*, or skipper, was one Abu Sir, and very black. The crew consisted of Mahomet, my camel-man, who told me that he was a sailor, and had been to America, and sundry other servants and cooks. A merry boatload it was; but for sound and sanitary reasons we proposed sleeping on the banks at night. Our boat was shoved off by a willing troop of volunteers, camel-men, and grooms, who happened to be preparing their meal on the bank, a kind of damper, composed of native meal (*dhurra*) and water, and cooked on a rude griddle. Once afloat we set the sail, and glided majestically against stream, yet we seemed to take an ignominiously long time getting past the camp, for the current was running about four knots, and we made little more. Right in the centre of the stream, and immediately opposite the Sirdar's headquarters, lay a long sand-bank, protected from the encroachments of the river by a pyramid of black rocks; and here, although close to the camp, we had our first taste of sport. We shot some geese, or rather goslings, just out of the egg. They were so tiny, and so tame! But our cook was delighted, and seized their battered carcases with joy, promising us a *fricassee*. They were hardly fit for anything else; because wire cartridges fired into small and tender birds at a couple of yards leave little scope for carving or disjointing. (I am not narrating these experiences for sporting readers, but appeal to the wider circle of the hungry.)

The river seemed alive with geese after this, and yet we could not hit any more of them, though we blazed away with gun, revolvers, and rifle. It might have been a general engagement; but the fusillade was stopped in rather an alarming manner. Bimbashi Prendergast had lent us a hammerless gun which, like Mr. Winkle's weapon in "Pickwick," would go off of its own accord; so we treated this piece of ordnance with great respect and laid it down on the sternsheets, loaded and carefully covered with a blanket. In some inexplicable way Gwynne and Sheldon became entangled in the blanket, which tied itself in a knot round the gun,

The muzzle of his gun dived into the sand and off went both barrels

and it promptly went off, both barrels at once, knocking a hole through the stern, and nearly blowing off Abu Sir's foot. We scarcely realised what had happened until the smoke filled the stern. Then we held solemn conclave, and decided that the gun was fetish and must only be loaded one second before firing. By this time we were luckily well out of sight of the camp, in pure air, free from the detestable smell of camels, the flies, and the usual camp pests. The river runs round a broad bend here, with thousands of islands, amid which we drifted from side to side, lost in the beauty of the new scenery. A splendid jackal started from a tuft of *halfa* rushed up the sandy bank, and disappeared before we sportsmen could make up our minds whether it was not somebody's dog. Abu declared, however, that it was an undoubted jackal, and the excitement was tremendous. The whole battery was loaded, and we ran the boat's nose into the bank. The "spoor" was plain enough, and we toiled and struggled up the yielding sand-bank; but here that brute of a gun stopped us once more. Gwynne, who was carrying it, stumbled in his hurry; the muzzle of his gun dived into the sand, and off went both barrels. The bank had the appearance of a mine recently fired, whilst the gun described a very beautiful parabola, and disappeared to our horror in the water. Gwynne's helmet was also blown off; but no other damage was done, as Abu Sir dived successfully to rescue the piece. For a wonder it had not burst; so it was reloaded and most carefully and ceremoniously carried up to Gwynne, who once more resumed his place in the procession, with the muzzle pointed to the ground. After an hour's kicking of the bushes and speculation as to the whereabouts of that wily jackal, we returned; but just as we were scrambling down the bank a bush rustled, and out darted a hare. It was followed by a volley of bullets; but the gun, of course, had been unloaded as a precautionary measure on approaching the scene of its previous outbreak. After much surprise had been expressed at the escape of the hare, we carefully stowed

revolvers and guns in the boat and started again.

The river began to narrow from this point, rushing through what seemed to be a small forest, so we tied up to one of the overhanging willows to sketch. Scarcely were we settled than a caution was whispered from Mohamet, who pointed excitedly to the depths of the tree. We all stared with all our might, wondering what the Arabs were now all talking about and pointing at. I caught sight of it at last. I said nothing, but reached slowly for my revolver. My motives were quickly divined by the other sportsmen, and all was confusion in an instant. The fetish gun was so securely wrapped and tied this time that it could not be got at immediately; and during this uproar a pair of handsome blue cranes, the causes of it all, watched us curiously from the middle of the willows. They did not seem alarmed, and we could almost touch them! The excitement increased as they stepped nervously towards the outside of the tree. Just then I got in one shot with my pistol, and the beautiful pair leisurely flapped down stream and were soon lost in the bush. Dumb with amazement for a minute or two we seriously began to think that we must have some Jonah on board: the luck was so bad.

We crossed over now to a deserted village, embowered in date-trees, and the prospect of fresh dates, although green and unripe, acted like the stimulus of a farmer's orchard upon a lot of school-boys. Sport was forgotten, so were fishing and sketching. The eagerness of the explorer seized us. We moored the boat in one of the numberless natural docks, and scaled the height, zigzagging like goats. At the top a clear space, shaded by a magnificent date-tree, invited us to rest. Here we would dine and sleep, so orders were given to Abu Sir, who cheerfully obeyed. We wandered in and out of old ruins, here to find the remains of the old grain-stores, there a broken *zeer*, or water-cooler, but no signs of life. It was a city of silence. This was the work of the Dervishes. Their policy of devastating the country between themselves and the British for a few hundred miles formed a perfect protection from invasion until Kitchener appeared on the scene. Open-mouthed and speculative we wandered through the broken walls and gap-toothed defences until we reached our camp, where the grateful fumes of coffee greeted us—and they can make coffee in Egypt. A rest and a pipe soothed us after our exertions, and to the musical sound of falling water we dreamt. Sheldon, who had been prospecting round, re-appeared in a mysterious and sudden fit of energy. He talked about a "picture" somewhere a little further up which would do for *Black and White*. At the same time he seized the gun and took the bag of cartridges, and wandered off, muttering something about sketching. We were too luxuriously lazy to follow, although we had our suspicions that Master Sheldy was after something more solid than a Nile landscape on paper. The silence was presently broken by two reports; and two grand Nile geese, of the long-legged, red-billed kind, soared majestically upward, twinkling at last like two stars in their stately flight. Shortly afterwards our friend returned, very hot, very dusty, and very cross. The whole company abused him for his unsportsmanlike conduct in not letting us know, each and every one declaring that had he been less selfish we should have got the birds. He explained that his sport was marred by crocodile birds, those tiresome screamers that, like redshanks or peewits in England, seem to stand sentry for everything.

A good dinner and a good sleep restored us for the exertions of next day; we started early and did a bit of shooting, but with no result. For my part I could not make out what was the matter with my match pistol. The bullets seemed to go just over and just under the mark, but somehow never quite hit it. There was that Iguana, for instance, basking within ten or a dozen yards. We stopped the boat, bang! went my pistol and off went the astonished brute into the water. We lingered near the spot some time, so certain was I that I shot him through the stomach. Then we all landed to look at the bullet mark on the rock, and speculate on the course of it. I thought I killed the thing. The others said that I missed. So we proceeded on our way in a mist of doubt;

and, as the current ran strong here, said the Uris, the oars were taken out and the Arab servants were told off to row. They chopped the water, broke the oars, screamed and let the boat spin wildly round. The situation grew serious, so we had to man the oars, whilst our servants squatted aft, laughing at the labouring Bimbashis. However, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, the strong current was cleared, and we glided into a long smooth reach, broad and lagoon-like, between receding banks fringed with bushes. The north wind had dropped and we were still obliged to struggle with the oars against the stream, when, presumably from some clearing among the bushes, rang out the cheery familiar voice of Carlton Bimbashi of the 13th Soudanese. We came suddenly on him immediately afterwards. He was trying to educate the stupid Nile fish to take his brown May fly. But such legitimate sport was no good, though fish were in plenty and to be had with the ordinary unscientific bait of the country. A hearty invitation to dine we unanimously accepted, qualified by the condition that we might bring the liquor. It was our own dinner too, as a matter of fact, for some of our stores were instantly placed at the disposal of the General Mess Caterer, Captain Green Wilkinson, of the Camel Corps, and the dinner was, like all campaign feeds, a great success. Story-telling and singing filled in one of the pleasantest of evenings. Carlton was very proud of his falsetto, and Sparks Bey, the gallant colonel, favoured us with a dismal love-ditty. We afterwards heard that his own true love had treated him badly by marrying some English landowner. The worst I wished her was that she could have seen him out here—fearless, manly, and dashing, leading his regiment anywhere, the hotter the corner the better. We drank many toasts and sang many songs. Our battles were fought over again; missing heroes came in for silent honours, and our eyes moistened as we spoke of poor Roddy Owen and many another gallant comrade who lay on the "Road to Dongola"—the chorus of our campaign song. We slept that night where we dined, our *angerebs* or native beds being put up under the date-trees. Oh! those lovely Egyptian nights where on earth else can you find their equal? Solemn, grand, and majestic, in awe-inspiring silence the night swept up the sky. Brilliant were the heavens with starlight, even without the moon. The delicate tracery of the palm leaves was silhouetted against the deeper indigo of the heavens; and so we slept. But, with the night's influence upon us, the morning found us undecided to leave the happy spot. Should we remain and eat up our stock of tinned provisions, or go on? We waited until lunch and then the recollection of the night having faded somewhat, decided on taking to the ship.

Abri is not much more than eight miles by river and half that distance by desert; for at this point the Nile makes one of its many little bends. Just as we were starting a boat drifted silently by. Beaman, of the *Standard*, showed up on the gunwale, and told us he was sick, or would join us and go up again. The swiftly moving river bore him along until he signalled his farewell, dropping back in the stern-sheets. We skirted the shore, and with the aid of the north wind now blowing fresh, it was not long before we ran our boat's nose into the long sandy flat, below the bluff on which Abri stands. This place was similar to the last, a tumble-down village, half hidden in a palm grove. Anxiously we looked for Gimma, our faithful Bedouin, provider of the fat sheep. Strange, he was not to be seen! Presently a small Arab came over the flat and talked earnestly with our servants, who looked serious. Gwynne and Garrett went up to the village together with Said (the interpreter) and the small Arab. They remained for half an hour, after which they returned with a ragged following and the village sheik. We all jumped out, rejoiced at having reached our goal, our thoughts full of the fat sheep. "Don't be in such a hurry," said Gwynne impressively, "and bring your revolvers; they may be wanted.' Here were the makings of an adventure. "What's up! Why this mystery?" we asked. "Dervishes," quietly said Gwynne. The servants suggested going back for the soldiers; but our small force was marshalled, and we

made quite a formidable show as we marched along up the rugged bank. What we could not understand, however, was that the natives, who ought to welcome us as protectors against the dreaded Dervishes, seemed to be seized with panic. They were all busy carrying down their belongings—their Lares and Pænates—to the boat, evidently with a view of clearing off. To add to the mystery, a wounded Soudanese soldier lay bleeding beneath the mimosa; and told us a rambling story of the village having been attacked by a party of seven Dervishes; pointing to his wounds, four in number, as evidence of his bravery in defending the place and beating off the enemy. Our native beds being fetched up with the provisions from the boat, the soldier was placed on one of them to have his wounds dressed, when it was found that he had been stabbed in four places, one on each side of the breast, and twice in the thighs. The wounds were superficial and not very serious; but we crowded round the hero, offering sardines, bread, biscuits, anything and everything. He refused them all, but called out in a plaintive voice for "Weeskey! Weeskey!" This was supplied until tears, whether real or pretended we could not tell, ran down his cheeks. We made a zareba of thorn boughs, and martial-lawed the village, and made them keep watch and ward. The high, deserted towers were manned, pickets stationed, and a runner despatched to Sparks Bey, Gimma having already gone on to report the circumstance at the next military station. In the meantime we lunched, strengthened our zareba, appointing one of our number to visit the outposts and sentinels. Four hours passed, and great clapping of hands from the watch-tower announced something coming from the desert. Gwynne and I mounted the tower, trying to make out whether the advancing party were Dervishes or friends. With the aid of our glasses we at last decided that they were a detatchment of the camel corps, twenty-five in number, swiftly coming up at the rate of ten knots an hour. (It will be observed that our cruise had made us nautical.) We rushed out to meet them, and in five minutes were guiding Green Wilkinson and his gallant camel-men to our camp. Here the wounded Soudanese underwent a further examination, but he still adhered to his original statement, adding that the dervishes crossed the river. Wilkinson turned to us saying, "I am afraid, gentlemen, I must take your boat to cross with some of my men and try to locate these chaps." We volunteered to accompany him, and our services were gladly accepted. His small company was divided thus. Twelve men and a corporal were to cross with him; eleven were to remain under the sergeant, look after the wounded man and keep a bright look-out; and one was to start at once for reinforcements, or rather to hurry them up, for they were already on the way, his company being the advance guard. We refreshed the inner man, and started, without more delay, getting safely over to the other side. Up the bank we scrambled, much to the astonishment of a Beberi shepherd, guarding a solitary sheep; and, now I come to think of it, that must have been the sheep destined for us. However, the shepherd fled; and on being brought to by a shot fired in his direction, seemed so confused that his manner was naturally put down to guilt and complicity in the outrage. Gimma, our desert-man, undertook to do a little private scouting, and quickly brought back the intelligence that seven riding-camels had passed not long ago, and a party had been eating; bread crumbs and date-stones showed the nature of the repast; and it was decided that they must have been enemies, because our own, or friendly Arab camps, are generally littered with Bovril and other tins. Green Wilkinson with some of his men, and we correspondents, went out towards the desert to verify Gwynne's report. There, sure enough, were the tracks; here the spot they had halted, with the date-stones and everything. The tracks pointed south. "This must be looked into," says Green Wilkinson. "It might be a party of the enemy. They must be located, and a report sent up to the Sirdar." A runner was despatched back again to hurry up Sparks, and also to take the news to the camp. The general conclusion was that the enemy might be anywhere hiding in the

bushes, but they could not be far ahead. We advanced in skirmishing order, covering about one-eighth of a mile, with the desert on the one hand and the river on the other —very like a party of beaters. We advanced cautiously, Gimma keeping the tracks on the right of the desert on our extreme left. Presently we were ordered to halt.

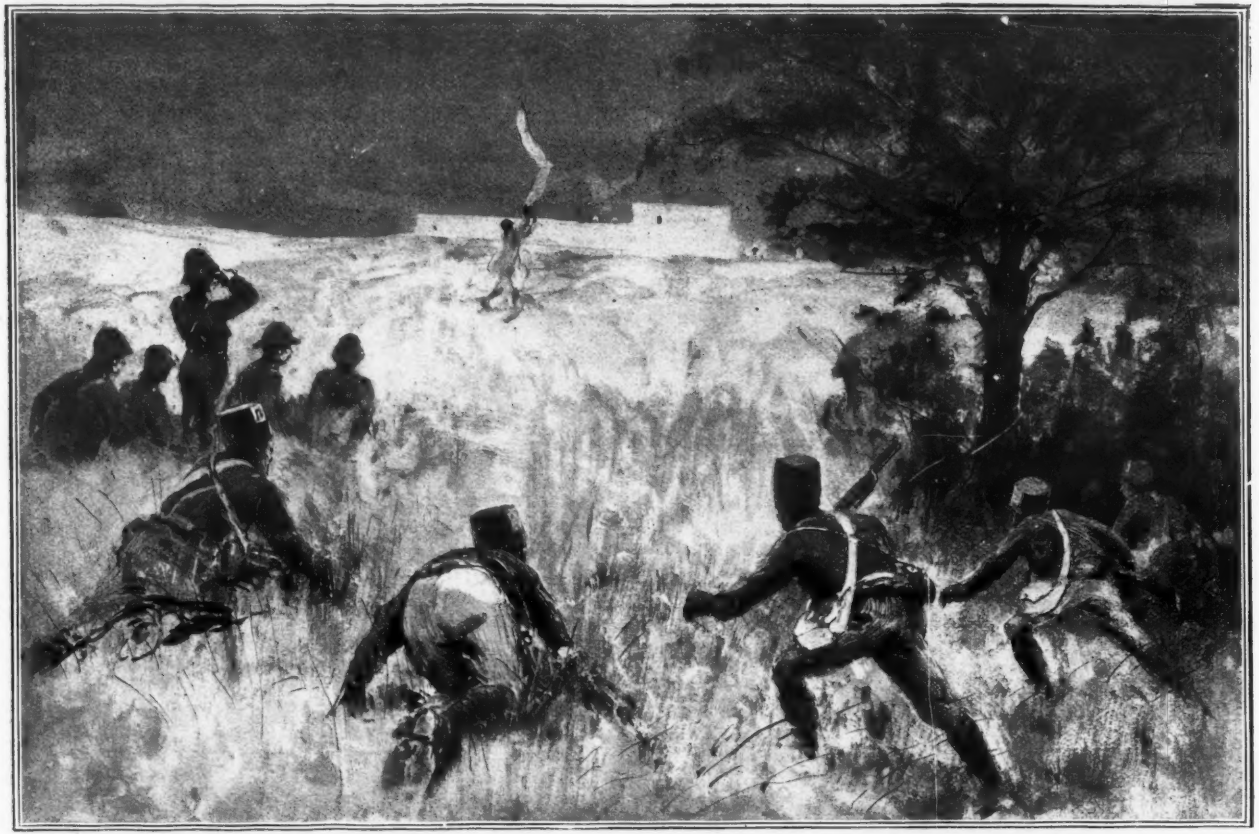
Gimma reported a Dervish fort, or rather a sort of enclosure, where he saw a head garnishing the wall. As we breasted the rise in the plains, this became visible to us also, only about 1000 yards away. There were a couple of mud houses at the back of the wall, over which a head appeared, then another, and two puffs of smoke shortly announced we had been seen. The bullets splashed amongst us, striking up the sand. We opened out and squatted like a covey of partridges. Three or four more bullets came along overhead, whilst we held a council of war. It was not exactly the place for a frontal attack, and we should have all been down if we had attempted it.

"It's a nasty place to turn them out of," said Wilkinson. He was loth to fire, as there was some suspicion that they might be friendly Arabs. Gimma's idea was the best. It was that we should remain where we were and that some one, our prisoner by preference, should advance, waving a white rag to find out who the enemy were. To this proposal there was only one dissentient, and that was naturally the envoy; not even the explanation that he was covered by our rifles would induce him to undertake the commission; and not until Gimma had bared his brawny arm, and given him several lusty cuts with the kurbash, did he see the force of our arguments. This prevailed, however, and he gave a despairing rush straight into the jaws of the enemy, waving his long turban high in the air. An answering signal was displayed presently, and two envoys from them came to meet our man. After a very short conference the three came towards us. Our men were called in, formed up, and we marched towards the fort, at the

Gimma

back of which we found our late foes. Drawn up grinning they came to the salute, as their commander told them of their mistake. In the explanations which followed it turned out that they were a friendly outpost, that seven of their number (whose tracks we had followed) had gone out scouting, that the Dervishes were all at Dongola, and the country was quite quiet on either side of the river to Suarda, where Townsend Pasha was camped. They sent for our boat, into which we all packed, and shoved off to sounds of their good-humoured cheers. On reaching the other side we found the prisoner very much recovered; he reiterated his story with so many variations that our captain placed him under escort back to the camp he strayed from. We remained here, intending to visit the Geserah or Island the next day to shoot pigeons. Early next morning Sparks Bey and Carleton appeared with fifty men. They told us that the Dervish story was all fudge as far as they could understand, that this soldier had left his camp without leave, and, on coming to the village, had insulted the inhabitants, and otherwise proved obnoxious to them. They remonstrated, on which he drew his short knife stabbing himself as has been told. "Now," he said, "I shall have my revenge; I shall accuse you of harbouring Dervishes, and against my wounds who is going to believe you?" It was rather cunning of him, because at that time it was well known that there were many waverers or trimmers waiting for a decided victory on either side and prepared to shout with the winners, so that a village would readily be suspected of welcoming our troops one day and harbouring Dervishes the next. The true facts, however, all came out at the court of inquiry, and the interesting martyr received fifty cuts with a kurbash. Although it had been shown that the Dervish story was all humbug, it was decided to pay a military or sort of domiciliary visit to the island. Our boat was again taken by the Egyptian Government, and so, together with a sergeant and ten men, we landed once more at the same spot. The island was well wooded, the graceful acacias growing in a stately way that reminded us of park timber in England, and there were grassy lawns shaded by date and other trees. The grateful coolness of the dense groves after the hot blistering desert sun was a relief which we all appreciated. Playfully we marked out plots of ground for building marine villas, as we jocularly called the sites, and they had ideal lawn-tennis and croquet-grounds. Combining business with our pleasure, we paid an official visit to the Sheik and his village. The houses, built of sun-dried clay, were nearly all tumbling down, but the women had made things habitable with such simple furniture as satisfies an Arab's idea of comfort. Hand mills had been fixed, and the women were at work grinding the corn. Two women manned each mill, and very warm work it appeared, for they were streaming with perspiration, whilst their lords and masters squatted in the shade gossiping. Sparks Bey was soon satisfied that they were peaceable loyal Berberis, so we returned back to his camp. Our day had not been entirely fruitless, for we shot a number of doves, which Carleton made into an excellent pie. That with some fish (Nile salmon), tinned *entrées*, and soup, made a dinner fit for a king. Once more story-telling and songs concluded a very pleasant day. The memory of this will remain green for many a year. Often now in the solitude of my studio, the sound of the merry voices, some alas! for ever stilled, break with almost startling vividness on the mind. The moonlit table, with the candles set glimmering in the distance to attract from it the myriads of night flies, the faces softened in the dim and solemn light, and backed by the delicate tracery of the palms, all rise before me as I write.

Bright and early we made our start next day. All the officers who could be spared came down to the landing-stage to see us off. Silently we pushed off into the swift-moving flood, and before the last "God speed!" was said we had vanished round the bend. Drifting is the correct way of proceeding down the Nile. It seems simple enough, and in the solid built nuggah is not attended with much danger, but he would be rash who did not keep his weather eye open in a small boat such as ours. Treacherous rocks, tree



Two puffs of smoke shortly announced that we were seen

tops, and shoals have to be avoided. Here was where Abu Sir scored. Your Nile *reis* is a natural born pilot; to him you may entrust yourself with perfect confidence; not a shoal or rock for thousands of miles that he does not know. We needed no sail; in fact sailing is only for those upward bound, as the wind always blows from one direction, that is, north. A couple of oars, by Abu's orders, were kept out to sweep the boat one way or the other. Soon we got into the rapids, where we slaved at the oars in ascending, and swiftly we glided past the thousand islands. We viewed our old camping-ground with mixed sensations. But we were going altogether too fast. We did not want to get back until nightfall, because we were, so to speak, out for a holiday. A happy thought of Gwynne's decided us. We would land and have afternoon tea. No sooner said than done. Once more the boat's nose was shot into the nearest island, and we all swarmed over it to see what our new possession was like. A marshy way was discovered leading to the mainland. The tufty, hummocky nature of the place suggested the haunt of duck or goose. That unfortunate gun was requisitioned again. Somehow we had got accustomed to it now and it did its duty, only going off when required. "Bang! Bang!"—two lovely geese! "Well done, Gwynne," we shouted, "we'll have a dinner when we get back to-night, and ask dear old Pearce of the *Graphic*, if he has turned up from Wady Halfa. Knight and Scudamore are sure to be there." So we looked forward to a merry time.

Our kettle took some time to boil, all the wood on the island seeming to be damp; but Mahomet was, as Kipling would say, a man of infinite resource and sagacity. So he crossed the swamp, crawled up the sandy bank and came back with heaps of dry wood. We soon settled round the table, and with biscuits and tin milk did as well as in many a London drawing-room. Slowly the things were packed up, and once again we shoved out into the stream. This time we were all more or less pensive; we were returning to civilisation and regulation, and there was the monotony of every-day affairs to worry us. We passed Hackett's tukle; we exchanged greetings, but declined his cordial invitation to land. Then, as we slipped past the point, the whole camp of Koshi burst on us, the tents glittering in the afternoon sun. There was some excitement on, too, for a crowd of soldiers appeared at the landing-place, where a big pair of shears in position told of the foundation of the Sirdar's dockyard. The Nile fleet was in being, and the *Zaffir* was being put together. We swept round the last lap, and ran the boat's nose in the mud. Here we exchanged a few greetings with the busy men around, and then slunk off one by one to our encampment. The correspondents all crowded round to get news. They divined something had happened, or at any rate ought to have, and pestered us with questions, to all of which we turned a deaf ear. Reuter's man, of course, had the first chance, and off he slipped with his copy to Wingate Bey, now Sirdar. The news of our trip was to be reserved for that night after dinner; we let them into the secret that we were having goose, and with that they had to be satisfied.

The dinner passed off as all feeds do where good fellowship is flavoured with a spice of danger; but death waited at our board, and laughed with us. Truly an Egyptian feast. The evening was prolonged, we were all in good spirits, and it was late before we turned in. In the morning dear old Pearce looked disturbed; good old chap! he told us, with a broken voice, of the death of Abdullah. "What, Abdullah, who helped to wait last night, and laughed so much? That good-looking youngster—gentle in his ways even for a Berberi?" "Yes," said Pearce, looking graver still, "Cholera!"

Tibet

A Visit to an Infant Grand Lama a hundred years ago

THE little-known, mysterious land of Tibet has of late had a special interest for Englishmen, a British mission or expedition having reached and penetrated some distance into that inhospitable country. But few European travellers, save one or two Roman Catholic missionaries, notably Messrs. Huc and Gabet, have succeeded in entering the capital Lhassa, or Lassa, as the old geographers spell it.

Even that intrepid Swedish traveller, Sven Hédin, failed in his attempt, although he took every imaginable precaution, dying his clean-shaven face to the dark, swarthy hue of a native, leaving his caravan far behind him, and taking with him as sole companion a Lama, who, after much persuasion, and in fear and trembling, consented to accompany him. They chose a comparatively unfrequented road; nevertheless they found it jealously guarded; his disguise was penetrated; he was turned back, and quietly but firmly escorted out of the country.

Lassa, the capital, is the residence of the Dalai Lama, the temporal as well as ecclesiastical sovereign of Tibet. He is venerated by his people as a being of divine nature, whose spirit is never long absent from them, for if by age, accident, or disease he quits his "corporeal person," he is reincarnated, that is, his spirit re-enters the world in the person of some child indicated to his worshippers by "certain signs of their religion," no less than thirty in number.

But in this land of monks and priests the Dalai Lama is not the only being to whom a divine character is attributed. In 1774, when Warren Hastings was Governor-General of Bengal, Teshoo Lama was equally venerated, and the same religious services paid to him at his capital Teshoo Loombo as to the Dalai Lama, and as he was then Regent of Tibet, the Dalai Lama being still a minor, Warren Hastings decided to send an envoy to him, in reply to a communication from him respecting some frontier troubles between Bengal and Bhutan, a tributary state of Tibet.

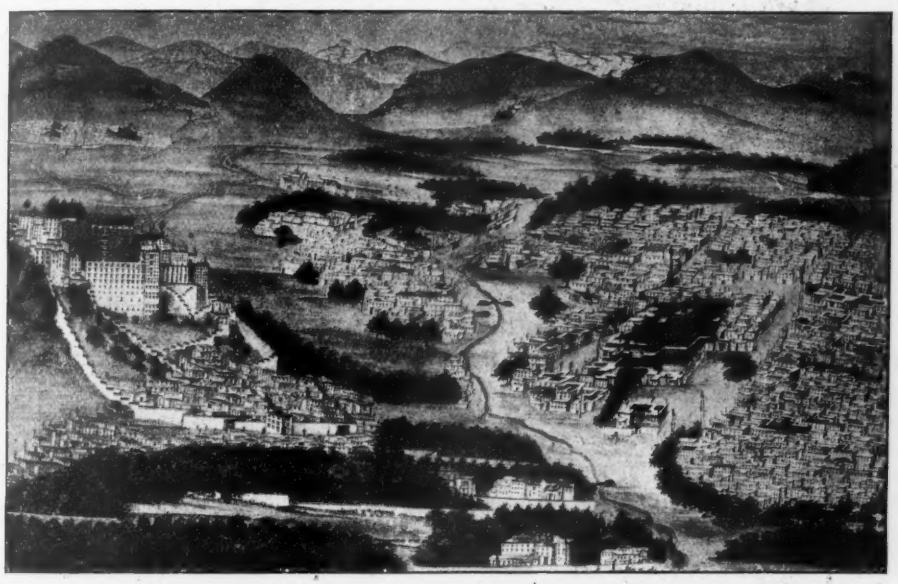
After some time and considerable hesitation, the Lama consented to receive the envoy, who was not only well treated after his long and arduous journey, but remained at Teshoo Loombo three months until the Lama's departure for Pekin, whither he was going to celebrate the Emperor of China's seventieth birthday, he being a votary of the religion of Tibet. Unfortunately the Lama died of small-pox a few days after his arrival in Pekin, to the grief and consternation of every one. His remains were carried back to his own country and buried in the beautiful mausoleum erected during his lifetime. The funeral procession, escorted by two hundred horsemen, took seven months and a week to reach its destination.

Thus this first direct communication between Bengal and Tibet led to no results. But when shortly after the Lama's death had been notified to Warren Hastings he was informed that he had reappeared in the world in the person of an infant boy, proclaimed by the same title and appellation as his predecessor, the Governor determined to send a second envoy to Tibet.

Captain Samuel Turner published in 1800 an interesting account of his long and difficult journey, his reception and entertainment by the Regent Chanjoo Cooshoo, the brother of the late Grand Lama, and of his interview with the infant sovereign, the heir and possessor of his predecessor's spirit. The Regent assured him that the "late and the present Teshoo Lama were the same—there was no difference between them, only as he was now merely an infant, his spirit having but just returned to the world, he was at present incapable of action and unable to comfort them with his voice."

At this time the youthful Lama was still living with his parents in the valley of Painom where he was first discovered, but he was to be removed in a few days to the

monastery of Terpaling, which had been prepared for his reception, and where he would remain until the time arrived for him to take his place on his *musnud* or throne in the great Temple at Teshoo Loombo. The envoy was not permitted to view the ceremonies and procession of the removal, which was attended by the whole court, officials, and monks, but it was intimated to him that he would be permitted to have an interview with the Infant Lama on his homeward journey.



Lhassa, the Forbidden City of Tibet. Painted by a Tibetan artist for the Bible Society's sub-agent on the Indian frontier

Meantime, he was allowed to go over the immense monastery in which he was lodged, and where the Regent and all the officers, civil and ecclesiastical, belonging to his court were established. This great building contained in addition to temples, two mausoleums, some hundreds of houses for two thousands gylongs, or monks, the greater number of whom were engaged in daily religious services of chants and prayers.

On the 3rd of December 1783, Capt. Turner and his suite left Teshoo Loombo, and arrived at Terpaling on the 4th. This monastery covered about a mile of ground and, as all buildings of importance in Thibet are, was situated on a hill and enclosed by high walls. It accommodated about three hundred monks. The envoy and his secretary, in plain English dress, presented themselves at an early hour to the youthful Lama, whom they found seated on his *musnud*, or throne, composed of cushions, raised about four feet from the ground and covered with rich embroidered silk.

At this time Teshoo Lama was only eighteen months old, but though unable to speak, he made the most impressive signs and conducted himself with such astonishing dignity and decorum that Capt. Turner felt satisfied that he understood what was said to him, as he was assured he did, and after delivering the Governor-General's present of a string of pearls and coral into the Infant's own hands, and placing the other presents before him, he commenced to address him as if he were a grown-up person.

He said, that the Governor-General on receiving the news of his death in China was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and continued to lament his absence from the world until the cloud that had overcast the happiness of this nation was dispelled by his reappearance and then, if possible, his joy was greater than the grief he had experienced on hearing the first mournful news.

The Governor anxiously wished that he might long illumine the world by his presence, and the friendship which had subsisted between them would not be diminished, &c. &c.

During this address, the little creature, it seems, listened with the greatest attention and nodded his head as if he understood and approved every word. His whole attention was given to the Envoy, his eyes were scarcely ever turned from him. Mr. Turner could detect no sign of direction from his father, or others who stood beside him, his

The present Abbot of Teshoo Loombo, a successor of the infant Grand Lama spoken of in the article

actions seemed absolutely natural and spontaneous.

When he saw that their tea-cups were empty, this usual refreshment having been served, he seemed uneasy until they were filled again, and he took some burnt sugar out of a golden cup near him and gave it to an attendant, making signs for it to be given to the envoy, and also to the secretary. His father said that the Lama had been unable to sleep as long as usual, so anxious was he to see the English gentlemen whom he expected. This youthful priest and sovereign was not the offspring, as is sometimes the case in an occasional selection, of lowly parents, but was first cousin to the Dalai Lama of Lassa, his superior in ecclesiastical rank, his father being uncle to that exalted personage, to whom access is seldom if ever obtained by a foreigner.

The parents of this most remarkable and surprising infant were people of condition; his mother, a young and rather handsome woman of the Tartar type, was magnificently dressed, her black hair scarcely visible from the profusion of ornaments covering it. The father, Gyap, to whom Mr. Turner had presented, according to the prevailing custom, a white silk Pelong scarf, was a lover of sport and martial exercises; a perfect connoisseur on the subject of arms, of which he had a considerable collection, and showed it with pride to the envoy on a subsequent visit to him, when they entertained him with music, the wife playing several instruments, and singing to her husband's accompaniment on a stringed instrument like a guitar. Their child, the young Teshoo Lama, Mr. Turner describes as having what in England we should term a brown complexion, good features, small black eyes, with a bright, lively expression. Altogether he thought him one of the handsomest children he had ever seen, and was immensely struck by his sedate and dignified demeanour. When he was about three years old he was carried with great state and ceremony from Terpaling to the temple at Teshoo Loombo, the capital, where his inauguration or consecration took place. After which, seated upon his *musnud* or throne, he received the ambassadors from the Emperor of China and the Dalai Lama of Lassa, who delivered to him the costly presents entrusted to them.

NOTE.—The present Abbot of Teshoo Loombo visited the Khambayong Camp recently to confer with the heads of the British Mission. He was accompanied by a large retinue.

Day and Night

THE spirit of Day is fair with a crown of gold in her hair,
On her lips a joyous song;
But oh, there is many a care in the wallet she's wont to bear,
And her tasks are long!

The spirit of peaceful Night is robed in a stole of white;
She chanteth a holy psalm,
And there is a world of bliss in her pure and godlike kiss,
And depths of calm!

G. KITCHING.

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

CHAPTER XIII

MISS RIVERS' OFFER

HOWEVER, it appeared that she had been mistaken. Three weeks later Mistress Adelaide and Pamela had both found work in Bidebridge, a big working town in the Midlands. Two sisters who had been educated partly at Blatchlands, and afterwards at Mistress Adelaide's expense, offered Pamela a post in their school, which she accepted gratefully, when it seemed that nothing better would be forthcoming. The work would be congenial, she was to teach her own special subjects, the hours were not too long; but the salary was very small, and Pamela had looked dismayed when she found that she was not likely to obtain anything more highly paid. She could have gone out as a resident governess, but that she was very unwilling to do.

She had looked graver when she heard that Adelaide had decided to accept an offer from another *protégée;* one at which Pamela had shuddered and cried that it was quite out of the question.

"She offers a hundred a year," said Mistress Adelaide stoutly; "with that and your salary we shall manage to rub along and have old Biddy with us. Beggars mustn't be choosers! I will take it."

"It will kill you!"

"I am not so easily killed! Dear child, I am a tough old woman, not a fanciful girl; these poor creatures are my sisters, even if God has afflicted them."

The offer had come from Maud Wynter, who had a small home for mentally afflicted women in Bidebridge. She received six patients, all relations of wealthy people who could afford to pay liberally; and she offered a hundred a year if Mistress Adelaide would come and accept the post of sub-manager; she herself was often away, and needed some one on whom she could absolutely rely. She had heard that Mistress Adelaide and Mistress Pamela did not wish to be separated, she added, but the work would only be from nine till seven; outside that Mistress Adelaide's time would be her own; she need not live in the home; in fact, it would be more convenient that she should not do so; during the night Nurse Wootten was in sole charge.

"It will be an awful life," cried Pamela dissuadingly; "and though you think you are so strong, you have had much to try you lately, Adelaide. Will you not wait a little longer at least? Letters still come in constantly; any day we may hear of something more suitable."

"We shall hear of nothing else at which I can earn a hundred a year, I fear. If I were twenty years younger it would be a different thing, Pamela, or even if I were 'like other people,' as I heard poor Alice say the other day. I might be offered some sort of a managership then; I might be a lady housekeeper, or bookkeeper, or many other things; but there is not one of those positions in which I should not have to break through every rule and guiding principle of my life; I will not do that. I will go and try how I can get on at Bidebridge. She says she is sure you will find work; and now I remember that the two Allisons have a school there. We could let them know what you want; perhaps they may have a vacant post."

So it was settled. They went to Bidebridge and took up their new life there; and the weeks passed slowly on.

Pamela's life was by no means a hard one, if irksome in its monotony. She had been accustomed to such varied interests, and now was bound down to one schoolroom; still she had absolutely nothing to complain of, and knew that she ought rather to be grateful. The Allisons were very kind, and only afraid of overworking her; she had her evenings free, and if she could have felt

more satisfied about Adelaide, she would have been content.

But she was anything but satisfied. It was almost impossible to hear anything definite about Adelaide's work; only it was work that was taking all the colour out of her face, and indenting yet more deeply the new lines which had come there. She began to look much older; she stooped; she looked sometimes almost deadly tired; but she imparted only the most trifling incidents out of her daily life to Pamela, and what the girl guessed was guesswork only.

Old Biddy had brightened up, and managed to do a good deal of the work in the small rooms they had taken, and Pamela gave willing assistance; it was not easy for them to live on the small income which was all they had to depend on. Adelaide Winston during long years had had ample means, and the change was too sudden to be found easy or pleasant; but the time passed. Pamela had already learnt to look forward with dread into the future, being certain that an inevitable breakdown awaited Adelaide when once her indomitable spirit failed to carry her through her trying days, when one morning at breakfast she awoke to the fact that the slow tears were falling down the latter's cheeks as she read a letter which had come by the post.

It is the offer of a home and work that I love

"Adelaide, dearest; surely no fresh misfortune is in store or us?" she cried blankly.

"What did you say, child?"

"You are crying, dearest! Something is wrong?"

"Crying?"

Mistress Adelaide laid the letter down and put her hand up to her face, looking amazed when she found that her cheeks were indeed wet with tears.

"I am an old fool," she said, hunting vigorously for her handkerchief; "and my nerves are not what they were. Too much living in hot rooms and—uncongenial companionship have played havoc with them; though I have always counted myself among the strong. It is nothing bad, Pamela, no fresh misfortune; it is a hand held out to help us when I thought such help impossible; it is the offer of a home and work that I love."

"Adelaide!"

"Read for yourself. It seems to me that it can hardly be true; and yet there are the words clearly written. Read it, child, and tell me if I have been mistaken, or if that letter offers us a home and freedom."

Pamela took the letter and began to read eagerly, sending up prayers of silent thanksgiving as she read. The letter was from an old maiden lady who had a large estate in Scotland, which had been allowed to go to "rack and ruin," as she expressed it.

"Thieves and rogues have made the place a byword," she wrote. "Repairs have been shirked; buildings have been allowed to fall; crops have failed; stock depreciated in value, until it is difficult to say how all that has been done can be undone. The place belonged to my old friend Agnes Fraser, and has for many years been utterly neglected and mismanaged. She was old, infirm, and helpless, and her servants took the utmost advantage of her weakness. A few months ago she died, and the place then passed to her nephew, from whom I have it. He has land of his own in England, and did not care to undertake such a piece of work as lies before any one who endeavours to restore Glencay to prosperity. But, for the sake of old friendship, I, having the means, wish to see if it can be done; and I have thought of the one person who can do it, if she will. I know all about your life at Blatchlands; from a distance I have admired your strength of purpose, your courage, your unselfishness. I heard with deep regret of your loss; it must have been heartbreaking for you to be obliged to leave your home. Now I hear that you are working elsewhere, and the idea has come to me that, as you are free, things are not quite hopeless even at Glencay. Will you come up and see me? Will you undertake the work of putting this place into fair order again? Money enough there ought to be; Agnes Fraser had once a large rent-roll; now everything has fallen into a terrible state of neglect and decay, and unless a lot of money is spent upon the place, and spent wisely, it will soon be but an unsightly ruin. But I believe you can bring it round; I believe also that it will be congenial work to you. You will be your own mistress, accountable to no one but me; you will hire your own servants, men or women as seems best to you. There is a comfortable house which has always been the bailiff's, and which shall be put into order. I could offer you four or five hundred a year, and we could make an agreement whereby the place was secured to you for life if you agree to undertake it. On the other hand, I am a cross-grained, afflicted old woman, and no pleasant companion; but you need have very little to do with me. Even if I speak harshly I mean well. I have had many troubles, and they have soured me; but I shall trust you implicitly, and I believe that the arrangement would be for the good of both of us. If it could be managed, I should wish to establish some sort of convalescent home, or, indeed, any one of the branches of work you founded at Blatchlands. I am alone in the world, my money is my own, and I do not care for conventional charities. I beg you to come up and see the place, and then to take pity on it and on me. Come here, and in a small way begin again the work in which you have already succeeded so splendidly.

"Your sincere Friend,

"MARY RIVERS."

"Oh, Adelaide!"

Pamela laid down the letter, walked round the table, and threw her arms round Miss Winston's neck.

"So it isn't a dream?"

"No, it is real, though it sounds almost too good to be true. You will go? You will give up this awful work which is killing you?"

"I will go. Maud must give me a day off to-morrow."

"And you will tell her to look out for some one else at once?—for some one with nerves of steel and muscles of iron, without a heart or imagination, or any of the other disadvantages which make the life dreadful to you! You look amazed? Did you think I was so blind? Just because you have said nothing, do you not know that all the more I have thought and thought of it all, and hated the idea of your being surrounded by those poor dreadful creatures?"

"It is not the work that is in fault, it is I," said Mistress Adelaide rather sadly. "As you say, it wants a tremendous stock of courage and nerve to undertake such work successfully, and I have not got it. I shall never be quite the woman I was again, Pamela; turning out of Blatchlands cut a good many of the strings that held me together."

"But life at Glencay will rebind them!" cried Pamela joyfully. "There will be work for me, too, Adelaide? And for some of the faithful friends who have always been near us?"

"Undoubtedly; not for all. In taking up this work I shall have to study the question of economy very keenly; of making the estate repay what Miss Rivers expends upon it. That was not my aim at Blatchlands. Certainly the work was mostly self-supporting of late years, but, as you know, it was a matter of years to make it so."

"But there will be land work; dairy and poultry farming at least," suggested Pamela with eager interest, "and that means a lot of employment to be given."

"I shall see when I get up there; don't set your heart upon it too securely, child! There may be some great drawback; one feels that there almost must be, and yet I do not fear it!" She tossed up her grey head with something of the old spirit and courage. "All my life long the blows Fate has dealt me have come from or through a man; this, the first offer of help and comfort, comes to me from one of my sisters, and I will accept it thankfully from her hands."

Mistress Adelaide went, stayed a night, and came back full of hope and renewed vigour. The state of the place was terrible, she said, and made her long to get to work at once. Miss Fraser must have had the most incompetent, lazy, thieving servants that any poor woman was ever cursed with, and Miss Rivers, in her turn, was quite incapable of wielding authority.

"There is the one drawback, Pamela," she added slowly. "The work is what I love, and I know that I can do all she asks of me. Give me a few years, a fair field, free use of power, and Glencay shall be what I hear it once was—one of the most prosperous estates in that part of Scotland. But I don't altogether like Miss Rivers. She meant to be kind, I meant to be grateful, and yet something seemed to rise up as a barrier between us. I felt it, and so I am sure did she. She is an ill-favoured, crusty old person, poor old soul, and no doubt she resents that, and also perhaps the need of giving into other hands the power she cannot herself make use of. Friends we shall never be, I believe; there is something which jars and separates us, even while we are both joined in one interest. But she wants me and I shall go; I shall be grateful to her always, I will serve her with all my power and will; only—I do not like her, I do not altogether trust her. I had the feeling that she was keeping something back from me, something that I ought to know, and that she was afraid of my forcing it from her. It is a strange thing, but then I have strong instincts; I know a friend from an enemy at first sight; I know who is to be trusted and who to be feared. But in this case I am at fault; and the feeling is a strange one—one I have never felt before."

"But, if you don't altogether trust her, is it safe to give up our work here and go up there?" asked Pamela anxiously.

"Yes. We are to have a legal agreement. If I accept it, the post is to be mine for life; she is perfectly willing to bind herself down, she is sincerely anxious for me to come. I do not fear to be thrown out of employment,

I only know that there is something that she wishes to conceal; it may be only some secret of her own; at any rate, I shall not try to find it out. She has befriended and helped me, I will do my best to repay her."

"Then we are to go?"

"We are to go. We must find out how soon the Allisons can spare you, and I must ask Maud to set me free. Perhaps she will not be altogether unwilling; I am not so strong as I was when she was with us at Blatchlands, and she knows it."

CHAPTER XIV

GLENCAY

MAUD WYNTER behaved very well; set Mistress Adelaide free on the spot, and said how very glad she was that a more congenial sphere of action was opening out before her.

"You will make it a Blatchlands in miniature," she said gladly, "and all your old girls will be coming to look you up. You are not in your right place here, dear Mistress Adelaide; I have known it from the first. Your heart is much too soft. The troubles of these poor creatures are a nightmare to you, and take all the gladness out of your life. I suppose I am more callous; I look upon them as patients, not as sisters. However, I am glad you are going to be more lucky, glad that you are going where you can go on helping and encouraging girls such as I was. I will wish you every good thing, and so will hundreds of others. You must succeed."

The Allisons, however, if quite as unselfishly willing to forward the career of Mistress Adelaide, were not able to free Pamela until the end of the term, and therefore Adelaide went off alone, and Pamela was left at Bidebridge, with old Biddy to look after her.

"You can have a strong girl in to do the rough work," said Mistress Adelaide, who seemed to be recovering all her old spirit, "and Biddy can fuss about you to her heart's content. Then, when your work here is finished, you and she will come up to Glencay, and I will have a welcome ready for you. I don't like parting with you, child, but it may be for the best. I daresay the way up there will not be too smooth just at first, and it may be better if I have all my time and my thoughts free."

"You will write regularly? You will try to tell me everything? I shall be interested in small things as well as big ones, remember! I wish I was going with you, but I daresay it is just as well that I am not. You will have to make friends with Miss Rivers if I am not there, Adelaide. You couldn't be near any woman for long without wanting to fascinate her, even if you tried!"

"Impertinent child! I shall make friends with her if I can. I begin to think I may have been unjust to her, and that I ought not even to have hinted to you that my first impression of her was an unfavourable one. She has been too generous to us to allow of our being either captious or critical."

She went next day, leaving Pamela feeling decidedly forlorn. But Adelaide's letters came constantly and were full of interest. Since their misfortune Pamela had had two or three letters from Audrey Laurier. In the first she had written impulsively, offering every sort of help in Rupert's name. To that Pamela had answered coldly, that it was quite out of the question, as, in view of Mistress Adelaide's views, Audrey must surely have known. She had ended by saying that, unless Audrey could write without in any way referring to her cousin, it might be best that she did not write at all.

That letter had driven Rupert nearly mad; he had agreed that it was impossible for Audrey to do anything more, but insisted that she must go on writing, even though she might not mention his name, because it would be his only way of hearing of Pamela. So Audrey had written frequently, and Pamela, in her turn, was glad to write the good tidings of Miss Rivers' generous offer. Audrey's answer was full of amazement:

"Where has this old person sprung up from? I am sure I don't know! I never heard of her, and neither, I am sure, has R—— or any one else. And yet Miss Fraser, who was the late owner of Glencay, was some sort of relation of ours; only she hated my father and mother always; and me, too,

because I belonged to them. She was an extraordinary old person; and from all accounts Miss Rivers must be quite as odd; but she is a brick to have given over the management of the place into Mistress Adelaide's hands, and I do hope the life will suit her and make her happy again. It was too awful to think of her being turned out of Blatchlands; it made one quite feel that men are unspeakable beings who ought to be shunned by all self-respecting females. If that wretched Torrington had had any sense of decency, he would have held his tongue and let her keep it; he is not likely to enhance the reputation of Blatchlands, I hear, being outrageously mean and pompously vulgar at the same time. As soon as you are settled down at Glencay, may I come up and see you? I have some relations in Scotland, and on my way to them I could drop in on you just for one night, if it was not convenient to you to have me for longer. But I am full of curiosity about Miss Rivers; and I should so much like to see Glencay again. By the way, at the risk of offending you, I must just say that Rupert went off to India last month without telling any one of his intention beforehand; so you need not fear that I shall wish to talk to you about him. I am very much hurt that he should have treated me so unkindly. Hurt, and surprised as well, because it is not like him. There! I will not mention him again, you little piece of ice!

"Yours affectionately,
"AUDREY LAURIER."

She wrote long letters to the only address he had given

Audrey had, indeed, been hurt by Rupert's behaviour. He had been very much upset at the breaking up of Blatchlands and all that it entailed. He had raved to her by the hour on the awfulness of Pamela having to go out into the world and work for herself; and they had quarrelled when Audrey had retorted sharply that, after all, it was exactly what Pamela had always recommended to other people, and therefore ought to be regarded as no such striking hardship for herself!

Rupert had gone off not saying whither, and a week later she had had a letter from Southampton, evidently written in great haste, to say that at last he had made up his mind to give it up, that he saw it was quite hopeless, but that, as he found it impossible to stay on in England, he was sailing for India that day, and that it was not likely that he should return for a year at the very least.

"You had better write to my club," he had added in his hasty scrawl. "I am quite uncertain as to my movements, but shall wire there for letters. Forgive me for not coming to say good-bye to you in person, Audrey; but at present it seems to me that we are as well apart. We should only quarrel again, as we so often do now. You are quite incapable of understanding Pamela, or my love for her."

Audrey had smiled bitterly over that letter, but she had felt that it was well that Rupert had gone away. Surely in time he would forget Pamela and come back to be her friend and cousin as of old, if nothing more.

When she heard of Miss Rivers' offer she was filled with curiosity. "How mean of Rupert to have gone away without telling her anything about it!" she cried to herself indignantly. "What had he done? Had he sold Glencay to old Miss Rivers on the distinct understanding that this offer should be made? Very likely. Sold it for a mere song to benefit Pamela indirectly. He might surely have told her."

Pamela answered that she was not going up to Glencay till the end of the term, but that, as Adelaide wrote that the bailiff's house was a very comfortable and roomy one, no doubt Audrey would be very welcome if she wished to go there; only she thought it would be better for Audrey to wait a little while, as Adelaide seemed to be overwhelmed with work.

"I only hope she won't thoroughly overdo it," wrote Pamela, more confidentially than was her wont. "She is trying to do the work of three as usual, I am sure. But she writes that she is very happy and that she begins to see her way clear."

She absolutely ignored Audrey's information as to Rupert's movements and refrained from any comment on his sudden departure.

"Heartless little prig!" That was Audrey's angry exclamation when she finished the letter; but her spirits rose. Rupert was safely out of reach of "the perfect Pamela's" influence at last. He would probably learn very soon to realise how foolish it was to worship a statue of ice; to throw himself down before a girl who absolutely refused to have anything to do with him. Then the old times would come back. Audrey would be once more his friend and confidante; and in time——!

She wrote long letters to the only address he had given her, telling him all Pamela's news, because she knew that in it he would still be most interested, but also saying frankly that she hoped his infatuation for her would soon pass, as she was fully persuaded that it would be absolutely impossible that Pamela should ever return his love.

The weeks passed; Christmas drew near; and Mistress Adelaide wrote long cheerful letters speaking joyfully of their approaching meeting. She said also how much she had missed her child and that Pamela would find her place and work all ready for her.

"I spend two or three evenings in the week with Miss Rivers sometimes," she wrote. "I took to going in because I thought she was dull, and I have kept it up. Sometimes she isn't well enough to see any one, and I may see nothing of her for days at a time; but when she is well it doesn't seem natural that she should sit alone at the Great House, when I am here and quite willing to try and amuse her to the best of my ability. Not that I am good at amusing people; but I tell her about the work on the place and how things go; and I suppose she must be interested in it all, or she wouldn't have troubled to have me up here. They are rather awful evenings, or so you would think. The first time I don't suppose she spoke half a dozen sentences during the whole evening; she just sat and endured it, while I talked, when I could think of anything to say. I don't know if she likes it; I can't say I do; but I shall go until she hints that she would rather I stayed away.

"*Thursday.*

"Since I wrote I have had a surprise. Miss Rivers sent me a message asking me to dine with her this evening; so, after all, I was right to go, and she can't have been so bored as I thought she was. I shall look up my best coat and go and dine; but I am glad that you will be here before she has time to ask me very often. She has a sort of paralysing effect on me; and words never come to me very quickly at the best of times, as you know. A little chatter from you would be useful, to tide over the gaps in the conversation. To-night I can begin by thanking her for acceding to my wishes as usual. I wanted to have Mabel up; I can't find any one here who will do so well by the poultry; you know she made them pay splendidly at Blatchlands, and she wanted to come. Also Martha. She is to have a quarter of her late salary, and do any sort of work that comes; but as she offered to come for nothing she will be quite satisfied. It was a pleasure, indeed, to see their faces; it brought back home and Blatchlands; but I don't intend to bring girls from England except when I know it will be to the direct advantage of the estate. There must be plenty of young women round here who are only waiting to be trained; and I am here to train them. It doesn't seem fair to give all the work to strangers. I am afraid I have won a good deal of hate already; but that was bound to be. To me fell most of the dismissing of the old servants, who have proved themselves absolutely unworthy of being retained in their posts. No pleasant task! I hear they vow vengeance against me; but I don't let that trouble me much. We shall soon settle down. Of course there is the usual outcry because I give the work to women; but that I expected. They will get used to that too."

She added some instructions as to getting warm clothes. Pamela would probably find Glencay a good deal colder than Bidebridge; and then she ended her letter with a sigh of gladness that in so short a time Pamela would be with her again.

She hardly looked forward to her evening. She did not find Miss Rivers at all easy to get on with, but she was genuinely grateful and willing to do anything that lay in her power to please the old lady, who seemed to be ungracious only in word. Her speeches were curt, abrupt, very often rude; but her actions were invariably considerate and generous.

When Mistress Adelaide came into the drawing-room that night they formed a curious pair. Miss Rivers was in her invalid chair, bent, crippled, aged. She could not even sit upright, and invariably looked out from under her heavy gray eyebrows and bushy gray fringe of hair (which was obviously a wig) with eyes which blinked from weakness under their reddened lids. She was not prepossessing in appearance; her face was sallow, lined, gaunt, and her expression harsh and sullen. She was always very much muffled up; wearing a heavy black lace shawl over her head as well as one over her shoulders; her hands were covered with mittens, her feet seemed to be swathed in bandages; but she volunteered little information respecting herself or her ailments, and Mistress Adelaide refrained from asking questions as much as possible, after having noticed that they generally seemed to give annoyance.

Adelaide strode into the room with her usual easy gait. The fresh healthy colour in her cheeks, her abundant crisply waving short cropped hair, her pleasant smile, all seemed redolent of health and good spirits; and it was perhaps hardly wonderful that, after one of her quick furtive glances, Miss Rivers seemed to cower down still lower in her chair, and was heard to mutter something about "draughts." Mistress Adelaide seemed to bring some of the freshness of the night in with her.

"It is good of you to ask me, and I've come," she said cheerfully; and she apologised with frank contrition when Miss Rivers said fretfully that her hands were rheumatic

"Did I hurt you again? I am really sorry to be so stupid. May I push your chair for you? You'd rather have Emma? Well, then, I'll walk alongside, if I may."

Miss Rivers grunted; it was her usual form of assent; and Emma wheeled the chair carefully towards the wide door.

"It's a strange thing that first Miss Fraser, and now you, should use a chair; and it is

well that the doors are so wide," observed Mistress Adelaide interestedly, as she watched to see that Emma did not give the chair a jar in getting through the doorway.

"It may seem strange to you," retorted Miss Rivers rather rudely; "but it isn't a thing I care to hear remarked upon."

You needn't take any notice of him; but I must have him."

"Certainly."

Mistress Adelaide moved to the chair pointed out to her and sat down with no further words. It was Miss Rivers' house, and she was free to do in it as she chose;

It is good of you to ask me, and I've come, she said

After that there was silence until they got into the dining-room. Then Miss Rivers looked round fretfully, and finally turned to Adelaide, who was watching her rather anxiously, and wondering what it was that she wanted.

"I want Peters," she said curtly. "You can have Emma to wait on you if you like; but I'm used to Peters, and I'll have Peters.

she knew Mistress Adelaide's views and had agreed to regard them with consideration. If in this case she seemed inclined to retract her promises, it was for the first time, and patience must be shown.

So Peters came, was given a quick order to stand where Mistress Adelaide would not see him when he was not actively engaged in waiting upon his mistress, and the meal

proceeded. Emma waited on Mistress Adelaide; Peters stood carefully in the background, except when Miss Rivers called him forward. Few remarks were made, Miss Rivers' time being apparently entirely taken up in closely surveying all the food put before her. Mistress Adelaide, who cared very little what she ate, waited patiently until it seemed to her that her hostess wished her to talk, and then remarked that the holly berries were very fine that season.

"I hate holly at any time; most of all at Christmas," said Miss Rivers. "I never allow a bit of it in the house."

"What a pity!"

"It won't matter to you; you can have as much as you like."

"I shall certainly have some as a welcome to Pamela," said Mistress Adelaide, forgetting the cross old woman beside her, and letting her thoughts go out gladly to the girl she loved.

"Do what you like," replied Miss Rivers ungraciously; and then she waved to Peters to come to her assistance, and the uncomfortable meal ended.

Estrangement

So, then, to-day, for some few days—or years—
Perhaps for some few years—we say good-bye!
Yet, though we part as at the end of life,
I do not fear but we shall meet again.
I think I know your heart still, and I think,
When you have calm for thought, you will know mine;
And so our differing pathways shall converge,
And bring us each to each again, at last.

—When we are sick and sad, and can forget
The sordid aims whose sorceries could raise
Envy and hate where only love had been—
When we are tired of changing newer friends
For newer, and still find them cold or false,
And lose them with the veering of a wind—
Or find them friends indeed, but met so late,
So far beyond our youth, that every touch
Of memory makes them strangers who but dwell
Wintering in outer suburbs of our lives,
Alien to joys and sorrows we have known,
To those dear faces we shall know no more,
To those dead hands that you and I have clasped,
To all those buried hopes that once were ours;—

In some such time of loneliness, at last,
The past shall call us back, and we shall feel
Its wistful fingers catching at our hearts:
Then, when the years have broken down our pride,
We shall remember all that we have lost,
And pause, forgetful of our smaller gains,
And so return and, meeting in that past
Where you nor I can ever live alone,
Find the old doors still open when we come,
The fire still glowing on the kindly hearth,
And memory, with forgiveness in her eyes,
And the old love, to bid us welcome home.

A. St. John Adcock.

Things and other Things

The Art of Mr. G. F. Watts

THE papers forwarded in response to our invitation for expressions of opinion on the Art of Mr. G. F. Watts have attained a very high average and the selection of the prize-winners has been a difficult task.

The subject of the essays as set forth in the May number of GOOD WORDS was to be

MY FAVOURITE PICTURE

(PAINTED BY G. F. WATTS)

ITS TEACHING AND MESSAGE.

By a considerable majority readers have selected *Hope*, the succeeding pictures in order of popularity being *Love and Death*, *Love and Life*, *Love Triumphant*, and *For He had Great Possessions*, each of which obtained the same number of advocates.

After most careful consideration the judges have awarded the prizes to the following contributors. First prize to Asphodel, second prize to Carlyon, third prize to A. Frump. The successful essays are published below:

My Favourite Picture, by G. F. Watts.

No. 1.—"HOPE"

The choice of a favourite among many well and almost equally loved pictures is to a large degree influenced by the mood of the hour. My selection is then *Hope*, a painting which ranks among the most popular of Mr. Watts' works.

Some years ago a casual observer, unacquainted with the artist's style, would, in his ignorance, have condemned the title as belying the subject; but there are now happily few who are unaware that Mr. Watts is a painter with a purpose, and that under all seemingly fantastic inappropriateness there lies a deep meaning and a valuable message to the age.

Such is the case with *Hope*.

One thing, perhaps, should be said by way of explanation. The title *Hope* does not, as so many imagine, apply to the central figure, but rather to the principal idea embodied in the whole scheme, namely, the suggestion of the music that can come from the remaining chord. The teaching of this wonderful blue and green phosphorescent symphony is as personal in its application as it is universal. "If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience."

The bowed figure, symbolic of Humanity, is seated on the summit of the world: the greatest possible height has been attained, but at what cost? Her eyes are blind to the glorious prospect of the Universe, her ears deaf to its harmonies. They have been bandaged by ambition. String after string of "the harp of Life" has snapped, till but one is left to sound out its monotonous note. And yet this picture is by no means synonymous with despair; rather is it grandly optimistic. In spite of weariness, and the grey numbness that has crept as far as her feet; in spite of the chill uncertainty of her position, this slight girl, before whom, though she knew it not, lies endless development and progression, is straining to catch the faint murmur of her almost inaudible lyre. There is a strength in the bent back that will enable it to straighten by-and-by; the finely-moulded chin is expressive of a will-power that is alone sufficient guarantee of further endeavour; the hand that grasps the lyre would retain it even in death; and there is the promise in the starlit sky of a dawn whose growing light will effect many changes. The sun will dissipate the mists, and while it warms the soft flesh of the now shrinking maiden, will render the bandage unbearably hot and thus bring about an effort for its removal. Discomfort leads to many an improvement. Sight and hearing will then be restored, when it will be hard if some at least of the strings cannot be restrung in the clearer light of day.

Many a man has all but lost his own soul in the acquisition of the world. He has become blind and deaf in his ascent; he has found that the material cannot satisfy after all; and, having only one string left, it has been well with him if he has had the courage to console himself with thrumming it, for it may be the keynote of a diviner air. The position is well summed up in Matthew Arnold's cry for help:

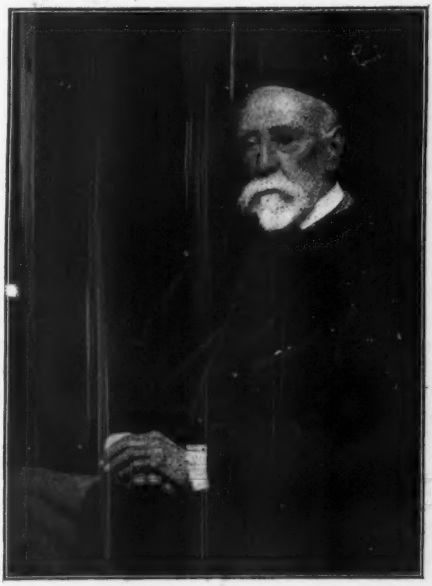
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save.

Mr. Watts expresses his firm hope of salvation by making the disconsolate figure listen intently for the music that is left, for the so doing is a proof that vitality is not exhausted, and while there is life there is also hope. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." By making the most of the remainder a man proves that he is still capable of receiving more.

The picture is, then, fraught with "Hope" for the individual. What of its general application?

In the first place it is a significant fact that a woman is chosen to represent the human race. For, in the story of our parents' fall, as it is poetically rendered by the old Hebrew writer, the main point to be grasped is not that Eve led Adam into sin—that is only an incidental experience whose consequences are so disastrous and misery-working that we have been glad ever since to try and shift all the blame upon the shoulders of our Mother; the main point is that Eve led Adam. The guidance of the man has always been the woman's duty, and, though she led him astray at the start, the privilege is hers yet of leading him back to higher things, of ennobling his character and purifying his aims.

That the woman is young is also worthy of notice. Her girlish form has not matured, neither has it been tasked to its utmost limit. In its very immaturity lies the strongest hope of further development.



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)

Mr. G. F. Watts

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last.

While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

The symbol of the globe surmounted by youth reminds one irresistibly of the link between Revolution and Evolution. The earth was whirling onwards through the clinging mists all the while that Humanity was climbing higher and higher. Evolution was accomplished in spite of Revolution.

We may, indeed, be grateful, as Tennyson says,

> for the sounding watchword "Evolution" here,
> Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
> And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

The bandaged eyes and ears may be ascribed either to wrongful ambition or to the effect that sin has of dulling our perceptions. It may be that the aim of the climber was but to gain the material world, and that she has done so at the expense of losing her most valuable gifts, and of breaking many chords whose music is thus missing from the universal pæan. Or it may be that Mr. Watts was anxious to teach not only his own but all future generations, that sin, by whomsoever indulged in, is a deterrent force that would ever hinder and drag back not only individuals, but through them the whole race. Where many walk together the pace is that of the feeblest.

The lyre, again, is symbolic of the unimpaired innocence with which our first parents were endowed. Their purity was to resound to the honour and glory of their Maker, who made all things good. But as innummerable sins have accumulated throughout the ages, all confidence in self-righteousness has proved to be misplaced. The grace of God has been found to be the only sure hope of ultimate salvation. To that must every man trust. It is the only string of the once perfect lyre that will not snap in the stress of life.

The star in the deep blue sky (and blue is the conventional colour of *Hope*) is in all probability one of the morning stars whose song greets the creation of light. The dawn is not far off.

DAWN NOT DAY!

> Is it shame, so few should have climbed from the dens in the level below,
> Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of a four-footed will;
> But if twenty million of summers are stored in the sunlight still,
> We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the race to grow.

And, quoting from yet another evolutionary poem, we may say:

> All about him shadow still, but while the races flower and fade,
> Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
> Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
> Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finished. Man is made."

The main teaching of this picture is the ultimate perfection of the human race; its chief message "Nil desperandum."

ASPHODEL.

No. 2.—"LOVE AND DEATH"

My favourite picture by Mr. G. F. Watts is *Love and Death*, and though as a rule our chief likings can only be accounted for by "a woman's reason," I think in this case the reason is because beauty of idea and beauty of execution go hand in hand, and also that the meaning of the picture is not too deep for the average gazer to fathom.

Death is shown here—as in all Watts' other pictures where Death enters—as a female figure, larger than life, because superhuman; she is clothed from head to foot in graceful draperies of a cold greenish grey hue, and is advancing with a firm inexorable mien to the door of a house, with one outstretched arm raised to the latch. The head is bent, and the face unseen.

Below the arm of Death is the figure of Love, in the traditional shape of the winged undraped youth; the wings are red, and the figure is full of colour and life, contrasting well with the chilly hues of Death. He is in an attitude of frantic protest and appeal, vainly attempting to bar the way against the slow majestic advance of the dread visitant.

The contrast between these two is the essence of the picture; the calm inevitable approach of the one, the agonised impotence of the other; there is no possible doubt of the result of the encounter.

There are trails of a climbing rose about the lower part of the picture, which seem to have fallen from the doorway; a symbol, perhaps, of how the graceful accessories of

life fall and fade, of no account any more in the presence of Death.

At the foot of the steps is a solitary dove, to mourn the passing of mere earthly joys, like the stock-dove of Scottish legend: "It was sweet once, sweet once, but now it's done, it's done."

The picture is in Watts' best manner; it is a beautiful composition, and has perfect finish and soft harmonious colouring. The background is in deep shadow, but a mysterious light from above falls across the figure of Death.

For the teaching of the picture, Watts himself said that it showed "the progress of inevitable but not terrible Death, partially but not completely overshadowing Love."

That "inevitableness" is indeed the strongest note of the picture, impressing the mind beyond words; and next to it comes the fact that Love, human love, is powerless to stay its approach.

It is for this reason that Love is presented according to the pagan tradition, and not like the strong angel-winged helper in *Love and Life;* that Love, partaking of the Divine, would not attempt to hinder Death, knowing that it comes rather as friend than foe.

The message of the picture lies chiefly in the conception which Watts has of Death. He makes Death a woman, not a man, and then suggests the special womanly qualities of kindness, pity and tenderness: "That kind nurse who puts us all as her children to bed," as he has himself said. There is nothing to be feared in that figure with the bent head, who will do what she has come to do with gentle reluctance, and in the subdued light which touches her from above there is a subtle suggestion of the "realms of glory" to which Death leads the way.

CARLYON.

No. 3.—"LOVE AND LIFE"

This picture of Mr. G. F. Watts represents, with the painter's usual grace of line and delicate hazy colouring, Love, a youth in the pride of manhood, bearing up in his strong arms the faltering form of Life, a frail and tender maiden, who without his aid would faint and die on the rocky track she must follow. He holds her hands, while

(By permission of Frederick Hollyer)

"Love and Death," from the painting by Mr. G. F. Watts

she rests her head upon his breast, and "abides in the shadow of his wing."

Every line of the picture is an allegory. The stony track all can appreciate and interpret. It winds upward ever, and the tracts of pleasant grassland are few and far between. They recede before our eyes, like the mirage of the desert, and our feet seem

ever upon the rock-strewn hill path. Life is a maiden, young and frail, for all are children, straying and stumbling as we toil along. And as the form of Life is unclad, typifying life of all ages, of all conditions, so also is the form of Love, representing all love, if only it be pure and unselfish love, which alone can support Life. The love between mother and child, husband and wife, friend and friend, disciple and master, God and man, all are shadowed here. All are winged, since all true love is divine and raises lover and loved above earth's care and woe. And as all have Life, so Love comes to all to sanctify and bless. To some he shows himself late, and they seek him long, until they find him. Some press onward along the steep mountain path, undaunted by a cruel cold and aching pain; and these in their eagerness mistake for Love, Admiration and Fame and Success; for these wear the garb of Love, and when, in the hour of trial, they cannot sustain, their worshippers cry out on Love that he is a deceiver, and they go on their way alone, hard and bitter. But by-and-by Love comes to these, and puts his hand in theirs, and they know him and lean on him rejoicing. Others set out upon the path caring little for Love, contented with Pleasure, Success, or Ambition; but after a time Sorrow, or Failure, or perchance Death lays a cold hand upon their hearts; then they seek Love in the eyes of those about them, and if they have not neglected him too long they may still find him there. If not, they try to climb on without Love, till Sorrow wounds them sore; then they seek Love where he cannot fail them, in the face of God. And some there be who sit down upon the rocky path and bewail themselves because they have not met Love; but when their tears are dried they find Love beside them, and know that they have been always in his keeping, but their eyes have been holden that they knew him not, for he has worn the grey garb of Discipline, and his rosy wings have been folded.

And this is the message of *Love and Life* to all who have the understanding heart, whether they look upon the conception of the master in the White House or upon one of the many copies scattered through many lands. Love walks with Life always, though she knows it not. As a little child she accepts all from Love, not knowing even that he gives or that she takes; Love looks at her through her mother's eyes, and she clings to him unconsciously. In youth she slights Love, though he guards her still; she seeks now for Passion, not knowing that Passion is but the rainbow-hued robe of Love, which he assumes to dazzle youth, and later flings aside. And in her search, Life meets Admiration, with this fiery garb of Love wound about him, and leans on him in rapture, thinking him to be Love. He fails her, and believing that Love has failed her, she scorns him. Now she seeks Success; and the rocky path grows steeper and the sunlight fades. But when at last Life catches a glimpse of the purple robe and jewelled diadem, Success only beckons her to further heights, and aids her not at all; she gives Life, indeed, new tools wherewith to climb, but no new strength to use them; and Life toils on, goaded by Ambition, hindered by Envy and Pain. Why climb further, she asks? Why not drop down on one of the boulders so hard for tender feet to climb? She is weary of stumbling and striving; her eyes are dim, her brain is weary, her limbs falter, her feet are bleeding in the never-ending march; and to what end? And again Success beckons, and Life banishes once again the haunting image of Love, and struggles after her. . . . At last, at last, she meets Love; he stands beside her, Love, with Passion, his rainbow garb, about him; with glowing eyes, which flash living light into Life's wan face; with springing step and wings like the rosy-fingered dawn; his strong arms are about her, and all else is forgotten in the rapture of his embrace. She does not feel her aching limbs and bleeding feet, or feels them only to rejoice; for the sharper the pain, the closer the pressure of Love's arms about her, the keener the rapture of his warm touch, the brighter the fire of his kindling eyes. Little recks Life of pain while Love's hot breath is on her cheek; she finds new harmony in music, a new colour in flowers, fresh beauty in the earth; and Love shows her the hearts of all her brothers, and, still looking at her through the eyes of that

loved one, bears her on to "calmer regions, purer heights." It matters not though he throw aside his rainbow robe; Love's majesty needs no adorning.

And in after years, the "Reaper, whose name is Death," gathers the human form which Love has won to himself, and Life sinks to the earth crushed and fainting in her anguish. But when at last she looks up again, she sees Love keeping watch over her. And she sees his face clear, without the human veil between. And it is the face of God; and she sees that Love and God are one, and that, because of his exceeding glory, He had been constrained to take flesh even as Christ took it, so that her dim eyes might be able to apprehend Him. And she sees that it was He and He only who had walked with her from the first. A. FRUMP.

We have pleasure in finding space for the following additional essay on *Hope*.

No. 4.—"HOPE"

Peace rose like Hope, a patient queen.
SWINBURNE.

This picture is scarcely, I think, the picture which will be generally selected as a favourite. Mr. Watts himself confesses a predilection for *Love and Life* which is certainly exquisite in treatment and in subject, but it is the mysterious strain in the picture of *Hope* which appeals to me with such power. The message is hidden, dim as the misty background; it requires seeking for, but when found it speaks gladness and joy to the weary heart, it promises better things hereafter, and is an assurance of happiness beyond, which carries the tired brain through the present sorrow and disappointment into the unknown realms of eternal bliss.

Consider the subject: A woman's figure, full of grace and youth and womanliness and purity, resting languidly upon the summit of a large globe, leaning a tired head against her lyre and touching with her hand the only remaining string. The eyes are hidden, blindfolded, but there is a look of expectancy upon the face, the ear is keenly listening for the faint notes of music. Around her is twilight—above, one beautiful clear star. A simple picture, in very truth, the highest form of art, drawn with a master painter's unerring hand, bearing its message of cheer to the heart and soul of man.

It is one of the brightest messages that Watts has ever spoken. There may be suffering and grief and death, troubles unforeseen and unfathomable, troubles undeserved and unexpected, which narrow us down and would fain sink this world of ours into the depths of despair, but if we will only listen there is always just the faintest sound in the distance, the sweet notes of that harmony which contains the promise of peace. Hope is blindfolded, for faith requires no eyes. St. Paul says, "But if we hope for what we see not; then do we with patience wait for it." We may never realise our desire in the way that we think will be the best for us. The painter says, himself, "Hope need not mean expectancy. It suggests here rather the music which can come forth from the remaining chord." All the music possible Hope will draw out of that poor frail remaining string. There is no complete refrain, only a few solitary notes, echoing the divine promise and the angels' message of peace upon earth.

Hope is weak herself, she is but a fragile figure without the strength to raise physically the world she crowns, but there she clings, her feet touching earth, but her face nearer to the one beautiful star in the sky, persuading by gentle touch her lyre to sound soft silvery music, not powerful nor grand but sweet as the rippling waves on a sandy shore. It is the harmony of encouragement, the love-song which bids no man despair and promises to every one another chance, another opportunity to try again. This I picture is the glory of the optimists, and by it the convictions of the most hardened pessimists should be unsettled. There is no life left without some blessing, there is no soul quite deadened to love and hope and futurity. Mr. Johnson, in his admirable address delivered at Whitby, July 1901, points out that the blue scheme of colour is purposely arranged because blue in art is the colour which signifies Hope. The green robe is equally well adapted to the subject, for green is the colour of the spring, just as blue is the colour of the sky, and both are emblems of immortality. The angel in

the Valley of Princes in Dante's "Purgatory" wore a green colour signifying Hope, which is the distinguishing virtue of "Purgatory,"

(By permission of Frederick Hollyer)

"Love and Life," from the painting by Mr. G. F. Watts

as we are told by Longfellow. The youthful and lovely Hope of Burne-Jones in the exquisite west window of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, is clad in green too, so that we have some reason for attributing to Mr. Watts a motive for his colouring.

The method of arrangement is also interesting; in the lower part of the picture the world and man; higher up Hope, "the patient queen," and the lyre of encouragement, while at the summit is the star, the break in the clouds, the glimpse of the world beyond. Could Tennyson have been thinking of this picture when he wrote:

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me?

The light seems to be stealing upwards and lingering round the woman's feet as if caressing earth. It is not always from the expected direction that help comes, as Clough illustrates in his lines:

> And not by eastern windows only;
> When daylight comes, comes in the light,
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward look, the land is light.

The soft green robe which drapes the figure is perfectly simple and devoid of ornament. There are no jewels or bracelets. Hope is for rich and poor alike; money cannot satisfy many ambitions nor heal heart sorrows. We cannot tell what Mr. Watts really intends to teach us by his pictures; they speak differently to every soul; but it seems to me that there was a special reason why he chose a woman instead of either a youth or an angel to illustrate Hope.

Is it not from a woman's nature that we expect most sympathy—sympathy with pain and disappointment and suffering, an instinctive comprehension of minor difficulties and a longing to heal and help all mankind? Watts emphasises this fact by always choosing a woman's figure for embodying gentleness and sympathy. The Messenger of Death is a woman; it is a woman's tender face which is gazing down upon the infant she is holding; when Love bars the door against the entrance of Death, it is once more a woman who with firmness and sympathy passes inwards with unerring steps. But when Watts is representing Justice, it is always a man who has the prominent place. To a woman it is always difficult to be absolutely just; there is too much impulse and pity in her heart for there to be room for severe or, at any rate, correct judgment, and in the Court of Death we find a

man upon the throne speaking the sentences to each one as he or she has deserved. It is Jonah, the man of wrath, who delivers himself so vigorously of those prophetic denunciations of Nineveh; but, when a tender sympathy is in the thoughts of the painter, he almost invariably expresses his idea in female form.

In the Bible we read that Jonathan was filled with a love "passing the love of women." Then may we not understand that from above there is sympathy for all—for the wrongdoers as well as for those who suffer from no fault of their own, and that this sympathy to which we cling so gratefully is the one necessary thing to rouse us and to teach us to hope?

Martin Tupper writes in his quaint but strangely powerful style:

Each star beckoneth on to glory, our distant twinkling goal,
Albeit this clay-cold soil of earth may clog the wayward feet;
Ever do we grope and guess, hoping where we cannot see,
And all our wisdom here the while is walking straight in faith.

All around is mist, twilight, or dawn, call it what you will, but beyond the mistiness there is light, and what is not known now shall be known hereafter:

Beneath the fingers of the master hand
Gladly it echoed youth's ambitious dream;
Then, gently, like the ripples on the shore,
Whispered sweet confidence in love supreme.
Changeful the theme as waves upon the sea.
From low-breathed hope to psalms of victory.

VENTURE.

The photographs of Mr. Watts' pictures illustrating this article are from copyright reproductions by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, Kensington.

Essay Competition

THIS month we invite our readers to send us essays upon "The comparative influence of Literature and Art in Modern Life."

These essays must not exceed 1400 words. They must be received at the Office of GOOD WORDS by July 20, being addressed:

Essay Competition,
GOOD WORDS,
15, Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London.

Prizes will be awarded to the three essays adjudged to be the best as follows: First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final. The winning Essays will be published in the September number.

A true story of a robin—which was to have been illustrated

THE ways of wild birds and animals are always interesting, but, occasionally, instances occur where a bird or animal performs some extraordinary and unexpected action which not only astonishes us but which we should scarcely have thought feasible. An incident of this kind recently occurred at Coventry in connection with a robin.

The robin is everywhere known as a pert and plucky bird, but in the particular instance I am about to relate it not only exhibited remarkable courage, but combined with it in a very wonderful manner considerable tact and enterprise; and if it had not been for one miscalculation on its part this story would possibly have had an ending which I should have enjoyed penning much more than the one I have to write: but as it is a true story, I have no alternative.

It was on a cold day about the middle of November last year, in the busiest part of the town, where people and traffic are more or less incessantly passing, and electric cars from the outlying districts are

continually putting down and taking up passengers; and the place was a confectioner's shop.

Then the robin came on the scene, flew down from a house-top or somewhere, in a kind of premeditated manner, and picked its way amongst people until it reached the doorstep of the above-mentioned shop, which it cheerfully hopped up, and then Robin was inside the shop.

After this bold and initial move was accomplished the rest of Robin's scheme was easy, and he soon made himself at home, and as refreshments were abundant, this was not a difficult task. Customers coming in and going out did not seem to disturb Robin in the least while he took his meal of cake-crumbs; and after awhile he made his way from shelf to shelf until he found a suitable place to arrange his toilet. He seemed perfectly confident of his surroundings, in fact he appeared to have carefully studied the whole situation from the opposite house-top before entering, and knew exactly what to expect; so that the young ladies moving about behind the counter as they served the customers gave him no anxiety.

So satisfied did Robin seem with the course that events were taking that, after pluming his feathers, and showing off his rich colours to their best effect, he had the good manners to indulge in song. Possibly he may have thought this was a suitable return for the liberties allowed him—for surely a robin who was capable of selecting and entering a confectioner's shop for the purpose of dining, was able to think of other things besides.

Eventually, of course, the robin left the shop and disappeared and was heard no more of; this is how the story should go. Nothing of the kind, however, this was only the beginning of Robin's scheme, and he knew bad weather had yet to come, when food would be scarce; and shall I add that he also knew that a confectioner's shop was a good and faithful friend at such times?

Certainly, his actions would justify me in saying this, for after a week Robin still remained, and was even bolder than ever, and would take his bath in a saucer of water which was put down for him, quite fearlessly. And, too, amongst such a selection of delicacies, it is not perhaps surprising that he should discover certain things which pleased his palate best, and this he unmistakably did, and pork-pie crumbs were his favourite food.

So brave Robin lived on in luxury, and sung merrily to the wonder and delight of customers visiting the shop during the day. But what about the night, where did Robin go then? I asked of one of the young lady assistants, and was surprised to learn that he also spent his nights in the shop, in fact the young lady assured me that one night she had tried to see if she could send him out, but that "he wouldn't go."

So famous did Robin become, that local newspapers paragraphed him and his curious tactics; and there is no telling how much extra business that confectioner might have done had there not been an enemy in the camp.

This enemy, too, prevented a photograph of this pretty little bird being made amongst the confectioner's shelves, for owing to waiting for suitable light the opportunity was left too long, and now I have no picture.

Yes, the confectioner kept a cat, and at first difficulties arose. Eventually, however, the cat seemed to understand that she and Robin had to be friends; and Robin on his part was perfectly willing to fall in with this arrangement, and placed his whole confidence in puss; and this is where poor Robin miscalculated.

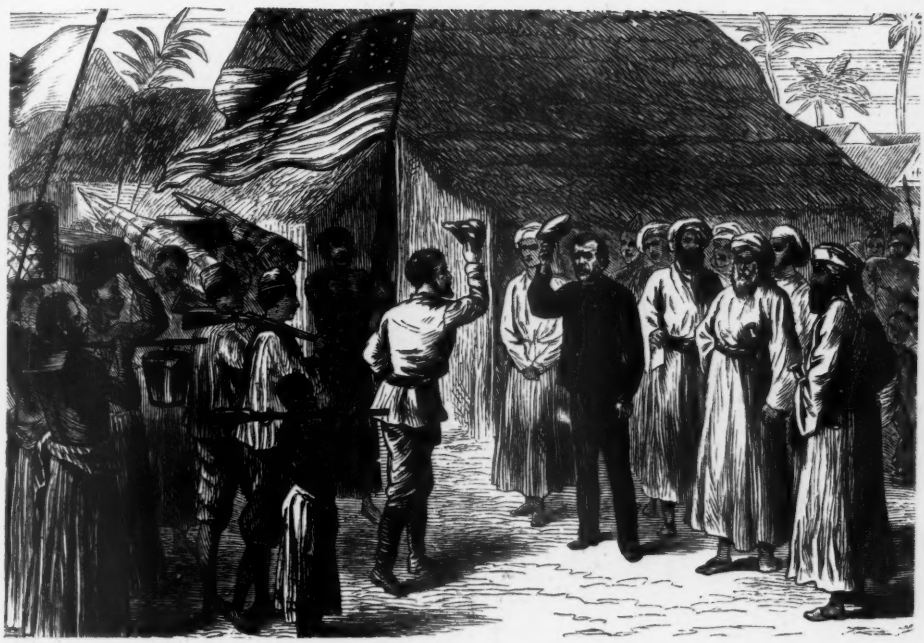
As Robin grew more confident, so craftily did the cat, and two weeks from the day that Robin entered the shop, she had that meal she had so long anticipated.

Such was Robin's sad end, and while regretting to have to record it, I can only wonder what would have been the result if Robin could have carried out his little scheme, and spent the winter under such favourable circumstances: would he, in due course, as the season advanced, have brought his mate to share his luxuries, and would they have shared their family cares in that confectioner's shop? I am inclined to think that such a daring little bird might have gone so far.

J. J. W.

THE VAGRANTS

From the painting by WALKER in the Tate Gallery



From the painting by WALKER in the Tate Gallery

The meeting of Stanley and Livingstone—Dr. Livingstone, I presume?

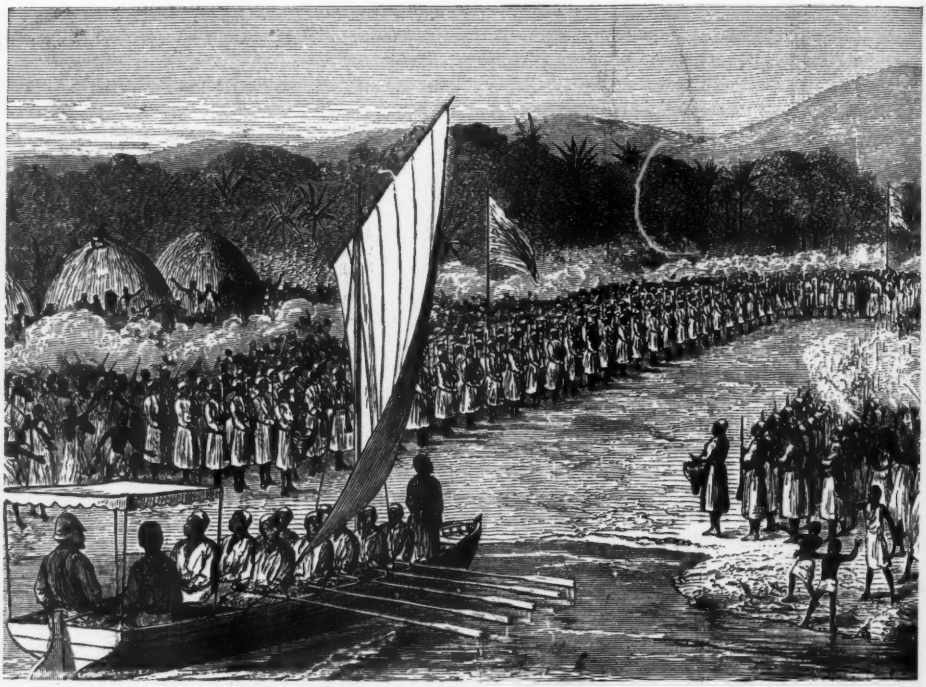
The Results of Stanley's Work

By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., &c.

ON May 10, 1904, within a few weeks of attaining his 64th birthday, Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B., L.L.D., the greatest of African explorers, died at Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. Born of Welsh peasants in uttermost poverty, brought up and educated in the workhouse at Denbigh, John Rollant struggled through obstacles and adventures—actual, but almost too fantastic and improbable for a boys' weekly paper—till he had attained the highest position in the world's record as an African explorer, dying full of honours if not full of years, and absolutely happy. In 1890 he was married with more pomp than some royal personages in Westminster Abbey. In 1904 he should, by rights, have found burial there close to Livingstone, if he was to be judged by his intentions. But recent events on the Congo had influenced public opinion and had reacted on the Dean of Westminster, who adopted the compromise of offering the Abbey for the recital of the funeral service over Stanley's remains, but tendered no place under the Abbey stones for the reception of his coffin. If Stanley had died a few years ago there is little doubt that he would have been buried as well as married in Westminster Abbey. It may be interesting, therefore, to the readers of GOOD WORDS if we pass briefly in review the trend of Stanley's work and his intentions in Central Africa, and the results which have specially sprung from his work or are likely to be the outcome of that work in the future.

I have been asked to write this paper because of considerable personal acquaintance with Stanley dating from 1882.

Let me take him at 1882 and describe what appeared to be his personal characteristics then: he would have been about forty-two years old, and not far off the middle of his working life in Africa. I found him a broad, thickset man, of short stature and short but very sturdy legs. He had back view. He was wearing a short jacket, knickerbockers, and stockings. His legs were provided with remarkably well-developed calves, but I could not help smiling at the podgy aspect of his body viewed from behind—the disproportionately broad body, and the short, stout legs.



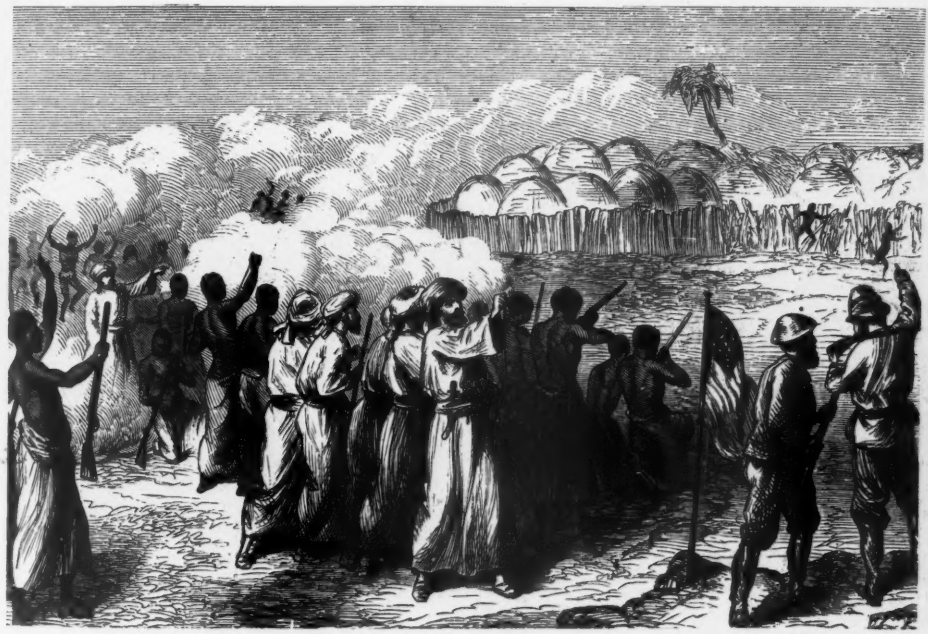
Stanley's reception by King Mutesa's bodyguard at Usavara

a very American-looking face, of the modern American type—a type vastly different from the theoretical Uncle Sam—short, stout, broad, Napoleonic, high-cheekboned, straight-nosed, with a prominent, rounded chin and a strong jaw. Stanley's hair at that period was nearly quite white, though it was abundant then and to the end of his life."* I remember my first view of Stanley was a Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps he wheeled round suddenly, and all desire to laugh left me, because I came face to face with two fierce blue eyes, like the eyes of an angry lion except for the difference in colour. No one who ever saw Stanley face to face felt inclined to laugh at him: his look always inspired respect, whether that respect was accompanied with admiration or personal dislike.

In those days on the Congo I watched him closely. He was very quiet in manner and reserved in gestures. Only when much and justly angered did he raise his voice. During eight months of constant expeditions

* On his return to England in 1885 Stanley very foolishly disliked this whitened hair lest it should give him an appearance of premature age. He therefore attempted to use various colour restoratives, with the unfortunate result that his hair for a time became a greenish-grey.

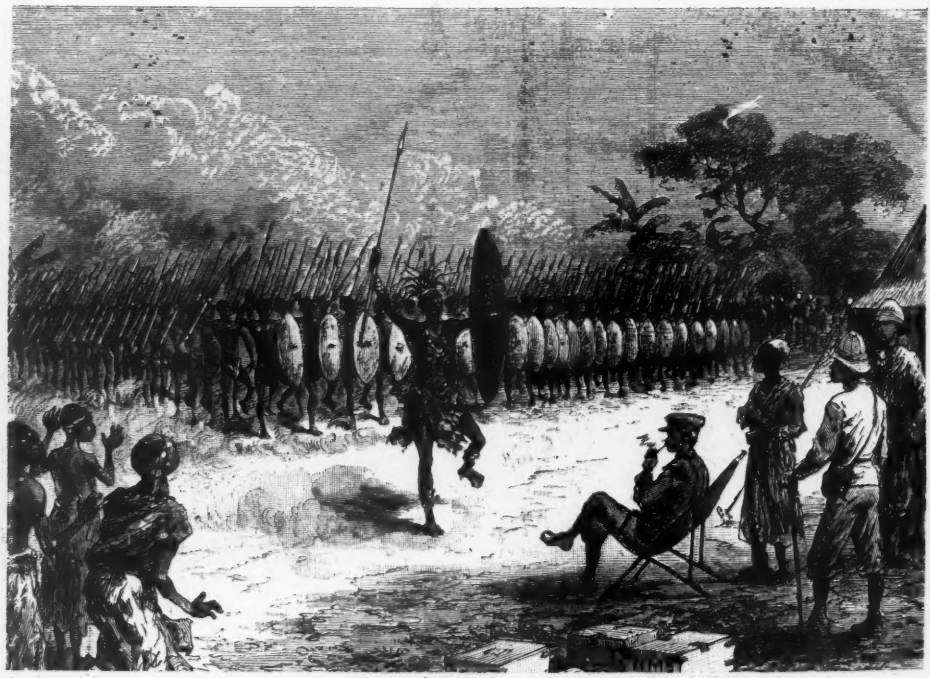
between 1882 and 1883 there was much in the difficulties of his task and the unruliness of the men working with him—white, yellow, and black—to excite bad temper, and I have several times seen him enraged and excited, and eloquent in his wrath in English, bad French, or Swahili; but although he may have used a great many strong expressions in all those languages, equivalent to our "d——", I never heard him make use of an indecent word, an abstention which certainly did not apply to the greater number of his assistants, of all nationalities. In his conversation, in like manner he was decent almost to prudishness. At that time, whatever development his views may have taken subsequently, he had little fixed religious faith, only a general aspiration after "some far off divine event," such as is expressed in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a poem by-the-bye that he was constantly reading and quoting. But all his aspirations were genuinely framed for the welfare of Africa. To attain some great end in exploration, or in development after exploration, he was unsparing of himself and of his companions, white and black, and if a fight was forced on him by a negro tribe he fought for all he was worth—fought for the quickest victory. But he was genuinely a friend of the negro, and as a matter of fact far more sentimental about negro rights and wrongs than about the feelings of white men. So far as I was concerned, personally, no host could have been more charming and considerate; no old explorer more free from petty jealousy and desirous of giving every possible assistance to a neophyte in African exploration. Yet I have known not a few good men, English and Belgian, who complained bitterly of Stanley's treatment of them, of his coldness, aloofness, and want of sympathy. On the other hand, I have never known any African explorer more universally praised by *black* men than Stanley. Any one who doubts this statement has only to make a journey to Uganda



Stanley's attack upon Mirambo in the march to find Livingstone

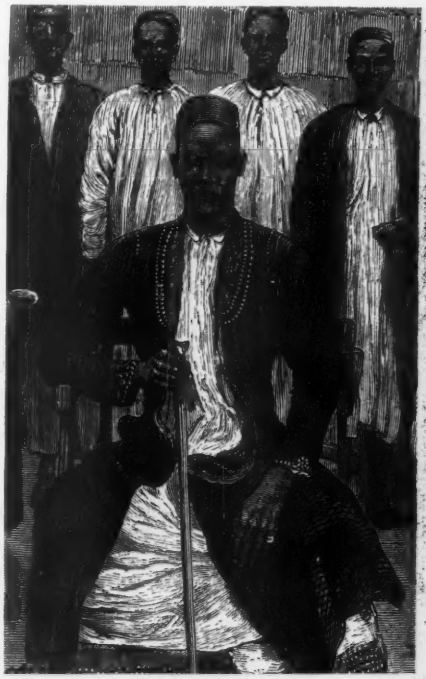
(which is nowadays scarcely more difficult than a visit to the United States) to inquire for themselves amongst the older chiefs and men and women of the people what they thought of Stanley when he stayed in their country twenty-nine years ago. He tried hard to be just to the negro, and was inclined to be generous.

How is it, therefore, that since his great journey across the continent, which ended in 1877, an impression has got abroad amongst many people that Stanley was a bloodthirsty, unscrupulous conqueror who recklessly slew hundreds or thousands of negroes if they did him the slightest wrong or offered the least opposition to his plans? Perhaps Stanley in this respect has been his own worst enemy, for after all it is on Stanley's own statements that this opinion has been based. All Stanley's journeys before 1879 were undertaken in the service of sensational "journals," chiefly the *New York Herald*, which at that period was no better if no worse than the other American newspapers. Stanley's employers demanded, above all, sensational, hairbreadth escapes, the combats of an heroic few against uncountable savages. Though Stanley has been truthful as an explorer, he undoubtedly placed no check on his imagination in depicting the probable results of his battles on the Victoria Nyanza or on the Upper Congo. But if the cold truth could have been definitely known and stated it would probably have been found that from first to last in his various expeditions—in all the exploration that was under his own personal guidance—he has only been responsible for the death of six or seven hundred negroes between 1870 and 1890; and all these negroes fell as the result of attacking Stanley. I have never found any credible story yet of Stanley having been the first to break the peace. He has been attacked,



A great dance of African warriors in Stanley's honour

generally without provocation, and he has punished his attackers either immediately or, in one or two rare instances, after a lapse of time. Much capital has been made out of the Bumbire incident in 1875. Bumbire is a small island close to the south-west shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which, at the time of Stanley's circumnavigation of that lake in 1875, was inhabited by a fierce race of stalwart negroes, under the chieftainship of the aristocratic caste of the Bahima*. The people of Bumbire had for some time established themselves as pirates in a strong position on this little island. They had succeeded in cutting off all communication between the north and south ends of the Victoria Nyanza, because in those days, when the only means of communication were canoes made of planks or dug out of a single tree, negro navigators were obliged to coast the whole way, and dared not put out far to sea. Thus the people of Bumbire, by commanding the route along the western coast of the lake, could, whenever they pleased, prevent access by water to the Kingdom of Uganda. They had thus succeeded in isolating that kingdom from the rest of East Africa lying to the south. On Stanley's first circumnavigation of the lake they attacked him unprovokedly, and nearly destroyed him and his expedition. Hearing from King Mutesa of Uganda that these pirates were practically masters of the lake, and had severed all water communication between Uganda and the outer world, Stanley resolved to return, chastise them, and put an end to their misused power. This he did, and if about a hundred negroes fell on the occasion of his taking Bumbire Island by assault the rest of the lake inhabitants gained greatly, because they were able to resume their commerce and intercourse. Only once more was an attempt made by the same people—the Bahima—to cut off communication with Uganda. This was the attack on the agents of the Church Missionary Society, who were proceeding in their sailing-boat with Lieutenant Shergold Smith in command. Absolutely unprovoked the missionary boat was attacked off one of the islands of the Bukerebe Archipelago, and Lieutenant Smith lost his life. It became subsequently necessary for the late Mr. Stokes and other lay members of the Church Missionary Society to resort to force against the natives ruled over by the Bahima in order to resume unchecked the navigation of the lake. No reasonable person could blame them for so doing, and therefore Stanley should not be blamed for an act which was of great service to the lake populations generally.

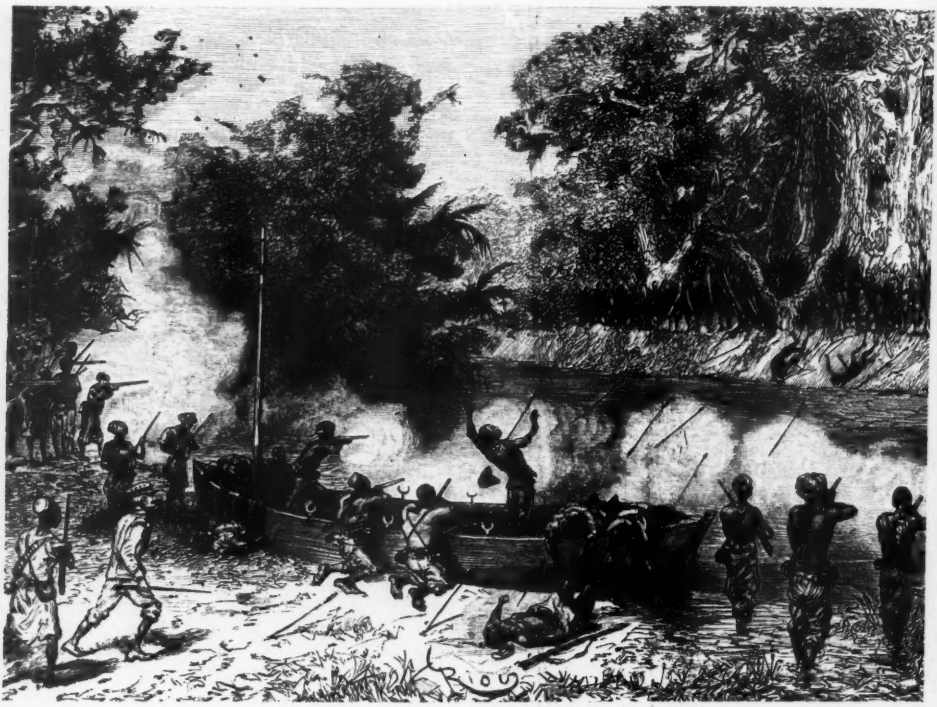


King Mutesa of Uganda

When Stanley was descending the Upper Congo from Nyangwe to Stanley Pool in his great pioneering journey of 1876-1877 he relates many great battles as having taken place between himself and the cannibals

* The Bahima under that and other names are the descendants of pre-historic Gala immigrants, Hamites with light skins and Caucasian features, who invaded Equatorial East Africa perhaps a couple of thousand years ago, coming from the direction of Abyssinia and the Nile.

who attempted to stop his expedition. It is probable, I think (from what I subsequently learnt), that there was but little loss of life amongst the negroes, though the fire from Stanley's guns scared them into flight. When I was ascending the Congo in 1883 I nobody being killed or hurt, while Stanley's flotilla passed at all possible speed. The fact was that in this descent of the Congo delay was a matter of vital importance, because of the scarcity of food; while to have allowed possible enemies to come to



Stanley's fight with the Avisibba cannibals

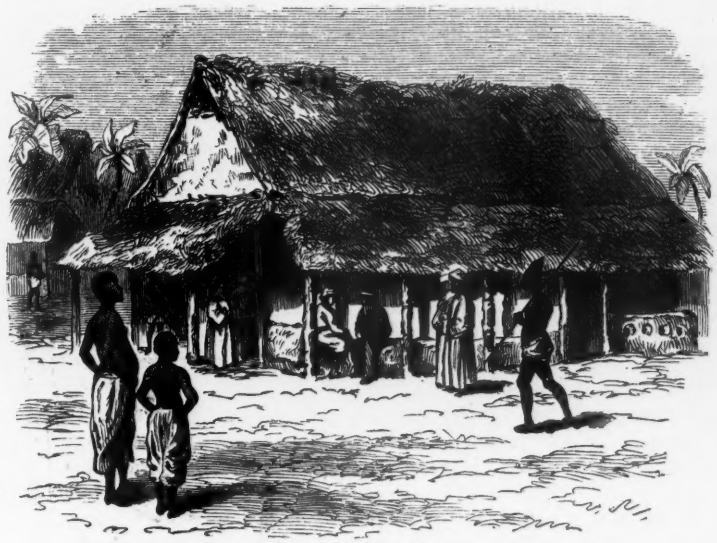
stopped at one village nearly opposite the mouth of the Kwa (Kasai) where Stanley was supposed to have had a tremendous battle with much loss of life on the part of the attacking negroes. My visit was six years after the event, but the chief—a most intelligent man—assured me that his people had not suffered as the result of Stanley's rush past: he said that the rumour of a white man flying down the river in a boat and a few canoes had spread to his people, who manned their canoes and paddled out to see this phenomenon. They were, however, greeted with a few rifle shots, upon which they promptly paddled back to the bank, close quarters would have sealed the fate of the expedition. Therefore, no doubt, Stanley in a more or less panic-stricken condition ordered his men to fire on any assemblage that seemed to indicate war. But up and down the Congo the natives al denied knowledge of loss of life resulting from this first descent of the river.

During Stanley's quest of Emin Pasha (1886-1890) some cruelties were inflicted on the natives of the Aruwimi district by one or two of the English officers of Stanley's expedition; but these took place during Stanley's absence, and were wholly repugnant to his policy. Stanley himself after

leaving Lake Albert Nyanza fought once or twice with the soldiers of Kabarega, the King of Unyoro. But these were little better than brigands engaged in devastating the country of Toro, where they were making life impossible for the indigenous inhabitants. Stanley's smashing blows dealt at the Unyoro warriors made it possible not long afterwards for Lugard to enter the country of Toro and to commence the settlement of that land which has produced such patently happy resuls.

And now, to consider the outcome of Stanley's work in Africa :

His journalistic enterprise in Abyssinia (where he was attached as newspaper correspondent to the British expedition of 1867-1868) and Ashanti (1873) resulted in little else than somewhat bitter criticism of British Army methods, criticism no doubt thoroughly justified from what we now know after reading reports of Commissions on our methods of conducting warfare. Between 1870 and 1872 Stanley was engaged in effecting the relief of Livingstone. Dr. David Livingstone had been employed by the British Government for about five years (1858-1863) to explore and open up the regions of the Zambesi and Lake Nyasa, with the status of Consul. With the able co-operation of Dr. (now Sir John) Kirk, Livingstone undoubtedly effected a great deal during these five years, but he was working against the grain of Royal and Ministerial opinion. The Portuguese were in possession of the coast and of the lower Zambesi, and Livingstone could not help repeatedly expressing himself as opposed to their rule. The then King Consort of Portugal was a cousin of the Prince Consort of England, and Royal influence in our own country perhaps quite justly and fairly opposed itself to any illegal disregard of Portuguese sovereignty in those regions so far as it was recognised by Great Britain. Livingstone's expedition from this and other causes ended in something like a fiasco, though it has since borne splendid results.* Livingstone on his return to England in 1865 was somewhat coldly received, and it was with difficulty that he



The house in which Stanley and Dr. Livingstone lived at Ujiji

* All his predictions regarding suitability for cotton cultivation are now producing actual results.

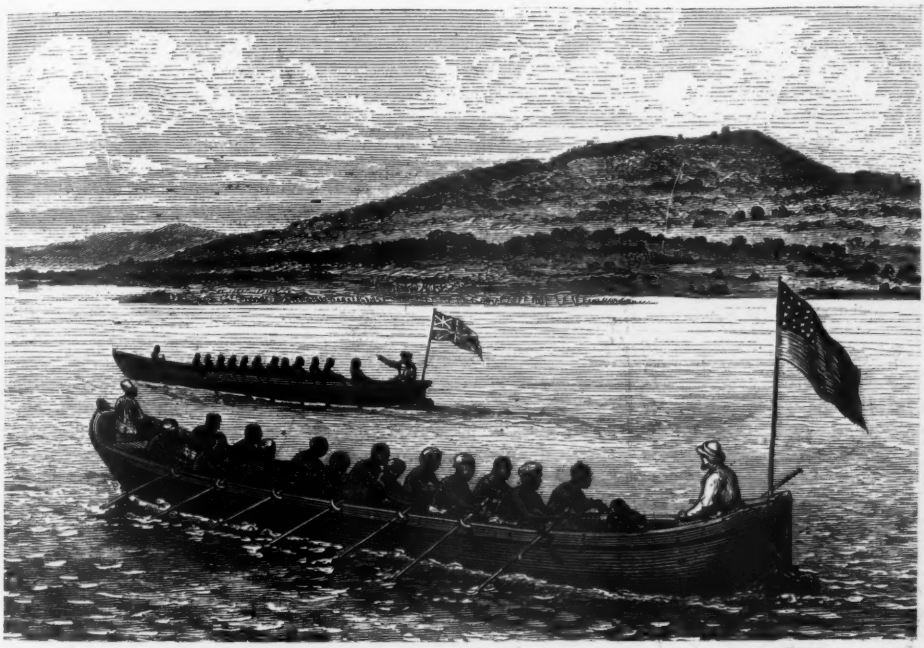
was supplied with sufficient funds to follow up the most wonderful and mysterious of his discoveries—namely, indications of a great river system to the west of Lake Nyasa. He was permitted to retain the title of Consul, though allowed no salary by the Treasury. Consequently, soon after he returned to Lake Nyasa in 1866, he was in difficulties for want of funds. His death was circumstantially reported, but was shown in 1868 to be untrue by an expedition under Lieutenant Young, which, however, from various circumstances beyond Mr. Young's control, was unable to convey to Livingstone any fresh stores. At last Livingstone reached Tanganyika; but his old colleague, Sir John Kirk, then Consul at Zanzibar, found it extremely difficult to keep him supplied with goods at a distance of nearly a thousand miles from the coast-line. Various attempts at relief expeditions resulted in failure until Stanley succeeded in getting through to Ujiji, where he found Livingstone (who had just discovered the Lualaba) enfeebled in health and almost at his last gasp for lack of provisions and trade goods. Stanley restored him to partial health and strength and fitted him up splendidly. He gave him another year of vigour, and enabled him to add materially to his explorations of the country between Tanganyika, Nyasa, Bangweulu, and Mweru. Undoubtedly the result of Stanley's first great achievement was to increase the value of Livingstone's geographical work and to save for our records the bulk of his journals and observations, besides giving Great Britain an impetus which resulted in the final solution of the Congo problem by a Briton.

The result of Stanley's circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza and his long stay in Uganda was unquestionably the saving of that country from Islam and the gaining of it for Christian civilisation, which, with all its faults, is, after all, the best kind of civilisation as yet presented for the consideration of mankind. If Stanley had not arrived in Uganda when he did, and had not been able to exercise great personal influence over Mutesa, the latter would have become a Muhammadan, and would have been followed in that by the bulk of his subjects and by the peoples of his dependent states. In all probability Uganda would then have suffered from the woes which attended the Muhammadan revolt of the Egyptian Soudan. In any case, it would have been most recalcitrant to European influence. Some cynics might hold that this would have been no loss so far as Uganda was concerned. If they really consider the internal condition of *any* Muhammadan state existing, or of former existence, in Africa, and still maintain that a Muhammadan Uganda, left to itself, would have been any happier than a Muhammadan Bornu or Sokoto, they are ignorant of African affairs present or past.

The results of Stanley's work on the Congo have been, no doubt, a bitter disappointment to philanthropists, in that they have created a despotism which is seemingly more cruel than that of the Arab, while the country is so far from being open to European commerce as a whole that it has been divided up into domains worked by a privileged few. For this disappointment of our expectations Stanley cannot be held responsible. When he first returned from discovering the Congo in 1878 his hope was (as had been the case with his predecessor Cameron) that those engaged in the West African trade at Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol would back him up in his entreaties to the British Government to take this region so splendidly endowed with trade products under its protection and control. But Stanley was only laughed at for his pains. He then turned to the King of the Belgians as the head of an international movement for developing Central Africa. He strove for some time to think that something good could be done by international methods. It took him a long time to be convinced that we are not ripe for international movements of this kind. We were certainly not ripe for it in 1879, when Frenchmen viewed Englishmen and Englishmen Frenchmen with bitter distrust, and the same inter-racial struggles were going on between Germans and Portuguese, Belgians and Dutch. The King of the Belgians and his friends in that country found the means for creating out of negro anarchy and Arab

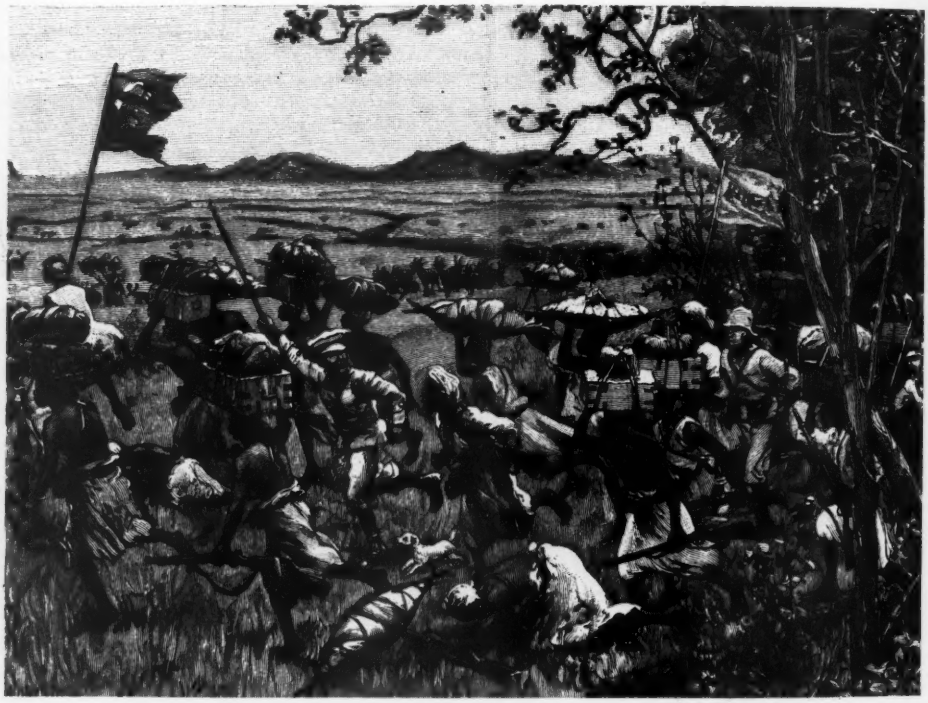
raids a great State in the basin of the Congo. If the cynic discounts the stories of cannibalism, internecine warfare, and slavery which were going on between all the negro tribes in this part of Africa he cannot refuse to believe, at any rate, that the Arabs were bent upon conquering and turning to their own ends these territories within the basin of the Congo; had they succeeded, they would have, at least, produced results as bad as those which, in our shame and bitterness, we must confess have for once followed European intervention. These results Stanley could not himself have foreseen. He felt that unless action was taken speedily Tipu Tipu and his men would soon advance down the Congo and establish an Arab State too powerful to be easily overthrown.

He therefore set to work in 1879 to create what is now the Congo Free State. But during the years of his labours between 1879 and 1884 he still hoped that that state might eventually be placed under British protection, so that Great Britain might be the guarantor of an honest policy towards the negroes. His hope might have been attained but for the factious opposition of Liverpool and Manchester to Sir Charles Dilke's famous treaty with Portugal in the early part of 1884. Liverpool and Manchester succeeded in upsetting this treaty, and then ensued the Berlin Conference and the definite recognition of the King of the Belgians as sovereign of the Congo Free State entirely uncontrolled. Stanley soon afterwards retired from any further active work in connection with the Congo; but for years he hoped that something great and good might result from his efforts in this direction. The last year of his life was certainly embittered by the gradually growing conviction that he had been the indirect means of placing in the Congo basin a Power more unscrupulous and more disastrous in its results than might have grown up under the



Stanley on Lake Tanganyika

flag of Islam. Yet, like myself, he was slow of conviction, since he had witnessed, as I had, so much that was admirable and altogether praiseworthy on the part of the Belgians—both military and civil—in that region. It was long before he could be convinced that in the present state of the world's affairs any enterprise that is international is conscienceless, because its component parts are without patriotism; they are no longer responsible to their own nationality.



Stanley emerging from the great forest in his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha

The results of Stanley's last great journey to relieve Emin Pasha may be summed up as follows: He was enabled to stay the progress of an Arab conquest which, on his own withdrawal from the Congo, had begun to threaten the very existence of the international bantling. He enabled Emin Pasha to retreat from Equatoria, where his position had already become most precarious. Had Stanley not arrived on the scene, in all probability Emin would have been tied up and sent a prisoner to the Khalifa, terminating his life about four years sooner than he lost it at the hands of a Manyuema slave-trader. Stanley enabled a large proportion of the Egyptian garrison of Equatoria to return to its homes in Egypt, and he gave the first check to the power of Unyoro, which threatened to close to any European intervention the territories north of the Victoria Nyanza. He also gave an indirect impetus to British aspirations in Eastern Equatorial Africa, which strengthened Lord Salisbury's hands and enabled him to conclude with the German Government, in the summer of 1890, a treaty which gave us a prescriptive right to what is now the Uganda Protectorate; this was the principal result of Stanley's journey "in Darkest Africa," and by the success or failure of our

regeneration of Uganda must be measured the value of Stanley's work.

The principal geographical results of Stanley's achievements have been the definite solution of the last mysteries of Africa: (1) He was the first to circumnavigate and approximately map the great Lake Victoria Nyanza, the existence of which had been discovered by Speke; but Speke made no attempt to confirm his guesses as to its shape and area by any actual exploration of it shores; consequently the very existence of the lake as a great undivided sheet of water was called in question. (2) Stanley discovered at different times Lake Albert Edward and its northern gulf, Lake Dweru; he also definitely established the existence of the Semliki or Albertine Nile. (3) He discovered (also on different occasions) the mighty snow range of Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon of the Greek geographers and the highest point of the African continent. (4) Though Schweinfurth and Miani had preceded him in finding those wonderful forests in the north-eastern watershed of the Congo, Stanley first drew public attention to the area and density of this woodland, and he supplemented Schweinfurth's observations on the Akka Pygmies by showing that these dwarf races extended southwards and eastwards to the verge of Uganda. He also gave the first hint of the existence of the Okapi, which enabled the present writer to definitely reveal the existence of that dwarf giraffe. (5) He discovered the course of the Congo from Nyangwe to Isangila Prior to this discovery Livingstone had believed the Lualaba to be the Upper Nile, and Cameron had given a guess without offering any proof that it was the mighty Congo. Stanley furnished actual proof that the river which rises a few days journey from the north end of Lake Nyasa was the main stream of the Congo; he completed the work of Livingstone on the east and Tuckey on the West. He also explored the course of the Aruwimi-Ituri and other affluents of the Congo. It is this last feat, the discovery of the Congo, which gives him a claim to the first place on the roll of African explorers.

What of the Summer

WHAT of the Summer, Heart,
If it be over,
Are not the Autumn fields
Fragrant with clover?
Corn with its husky sheath
Thrown open wide
Standeth the dusky red
Poppies beside;
Wind-blown the sky, where sailed
Fantasy's cloud;
Why do the grey dark mists
Thee, Heart, enshroud?
What of the Summer, Heart,
If it be over?

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

CHAPTER XVI

PYE

I LOOKED up into Barraclough's face.

"Then you're all right," I said weakly; "and the Princess——"

"We've held these rooms, and by Heaven we'll keep 'em," said he vigorously.

I saw now that his left arm was in a sling, but my gaze wandered afield under the lantern in search of others.

"The Prince and the Princess are safe," said he, in explanation. "But it's been a bad business for us. We've lost the cook, Jackson, and Grant, and that little beggar, Pye."

I breathed a sigh of relief at his first words; and then as I took in the remainder of his sentence, "What! is Pye dead?"

"Well, he's missing, any way," said Barraclough indifferently; "but he's not much loss"

"Perhaps he's in his cabin. He locked himself in earlier," I said. "Give me an arm, like a good fellow. I'm winged and I'm all bruises. I fell into the saloon."

"Gad, is that so?" said he; and I was aware that some one else was listening near. I raised my head, and, taking Barraclough's hand, looked round. It was Princess Alix. I could make her out from her figure, but I could not see her face.

"You have broken an arm?" she said quickly.

"It is not so bad as that, Miss Morland," I answered. "I got a scrape on the shoulder and the fall dazed me."

I was now on my feet again, and Barraclough dropped me into a chair. "They got in by the windows of the music-room," I said.

"Yes," he assented. "Ellison and Jackson ran up from the saloon on the alarm, apparently just in time to meet the rush. Ellison's bad—bullet in the groin."

"I must see to him," I said, struggling up. A hand pressed me gently on the shoulder, and even so I winced with pain.

"You must not go yet," said the Princess. "There is yourself to consider. You are not fit."

I looked past her towards the windows, some of which had been unbarred in the conflict.

"I fear I can't afford to be an invalid," I said. "There is so much to do. I will lie up presently, Miss Morland. If Sir John will be good enough to get me my bag, which is in the ante-chamber, I think I can make up on what I have."

Barraclough departed silently, and I was alone with the Princess.

"I did not come," I said. "I betrayed my trust."

She came a little nearer to my seat. "You would have come if there had been danger," she said earnestly. "Yet why do we argue thus when death is everywhere? Three honest men have perished, and we are nearer home by so much."

"Home!" said I, wondering.

"Yes, I mean home," she said in a quick low voice. "Don't think that I am a mere foolish woman. I have always seen the end, and sometimes it appears to me that we are wasting time in fighting. I know what threatens, what must fall, and I thank God I am prepared for it. See, did I not show you before?" and here she laid her hand upon her bosom, which was heaving.

I shook my head. "You are wrong," said I feebly. "There is nothing certain yet. Think, I beg you, how many chances God scatters in this world, and how to turn a corner, to pause a moment may change the face of destiny. A breath, a wind, the escape of a jet of steam, a valve astray, a jagged rock in the ocean, the murmur of a voice, a handshake—anything the least in

this world may cause the greatest revolution in this world. No, you must not give up hope."

"I will not," she said. "I will hope on; but I am ready for the worst."

"And the Prince?" I asked.

"I think he has changed much of late," she said slowly. "He is altered. Yet I do think he, too, is ready. The prison closes upon us."

She had endured so bravely. That delicate nature had breasted so nobly these savage perils and mischances that it was no wonder her fortitude had now given way. But that occasion was the only time she exhibited anything in common with the strange fatalism of her brother, of which I must say something presently. It was the only time I knew that intrepid girl to fail, and even then she failed with dignity.

Barraclough returned with my bag, and I selected from it what I wanted. I knew that, beyond bruises and shock, there was little the matter with me, and for that I must thank the chance that had flung me on the body of my assailant and not underneath it. There was need of me at that crisis, as I felt, and it was no hour for the respectable and judicious methods of ordinary practice. I had to get myself up to the norm of physique, and I did so.

"Well," said Lane, who had been attending to Ellison, "they've appropriated the coker-nut. It wasn't my fault, for the beggars kept me and the Prince busy at the door, and then, before you could say 'knife' they were off. A mean, dirty trick's what I call it!"

"Oh, that's in the campaign," I said. "And what said the Prince?"

"Swore like a private in the line—at least I took it for swearing, for it was German. And then we ran as hard as we could split down to the row, but it was too late. There wasn't any one left. All was over save the shouting."

"Then the Prince is well?" I asked.

"Not a pimple on him, old man," said the efflorescent Lane, "and he's writing like blue blazes in his cabin."

What was he writing? Was that dull blue eye eloquent of fate? When he should be afoot, what did he at his desk? Even as I pondered this question a high voice fluted through the corridor and a door opened with a bang. It was Mademoiselle. She dashed across, a flutter of skirts and a flurry of agitation, and disappeared into the apartments occupied by the Prince. Princess Alix stood on the threshold with a disturbed look upon her face.

"She's gone to raise Cain," said Lane, with a grimace.

"We've got enough Cain already," said I, and walked to the window opposite. Dawn was now flowing slowly into the sky, and objects stood out greyly in a grey mist. From the deck a noise broke loudly, and Lane joined us.

"Another attack," said he. "They're bound to have us now."

I said nothing. Barraclough was listening at the farther end, and I think Princess Alix had turned her attention from Mademoiselle. I heard Holgate's voice lifted quite calmly in the racket:

"It's death to two, at all events. So let me know who makes choice. You, Garrison?"

"Let's finish the job," cried a voice. "We've had enough," and there was an outcry of applause.

Immediately on that there was a loud rapping on the door near us.

"When I've played my cards and fail, gentlemen," said Holgate's voice, "I'll resign the game into your hands."

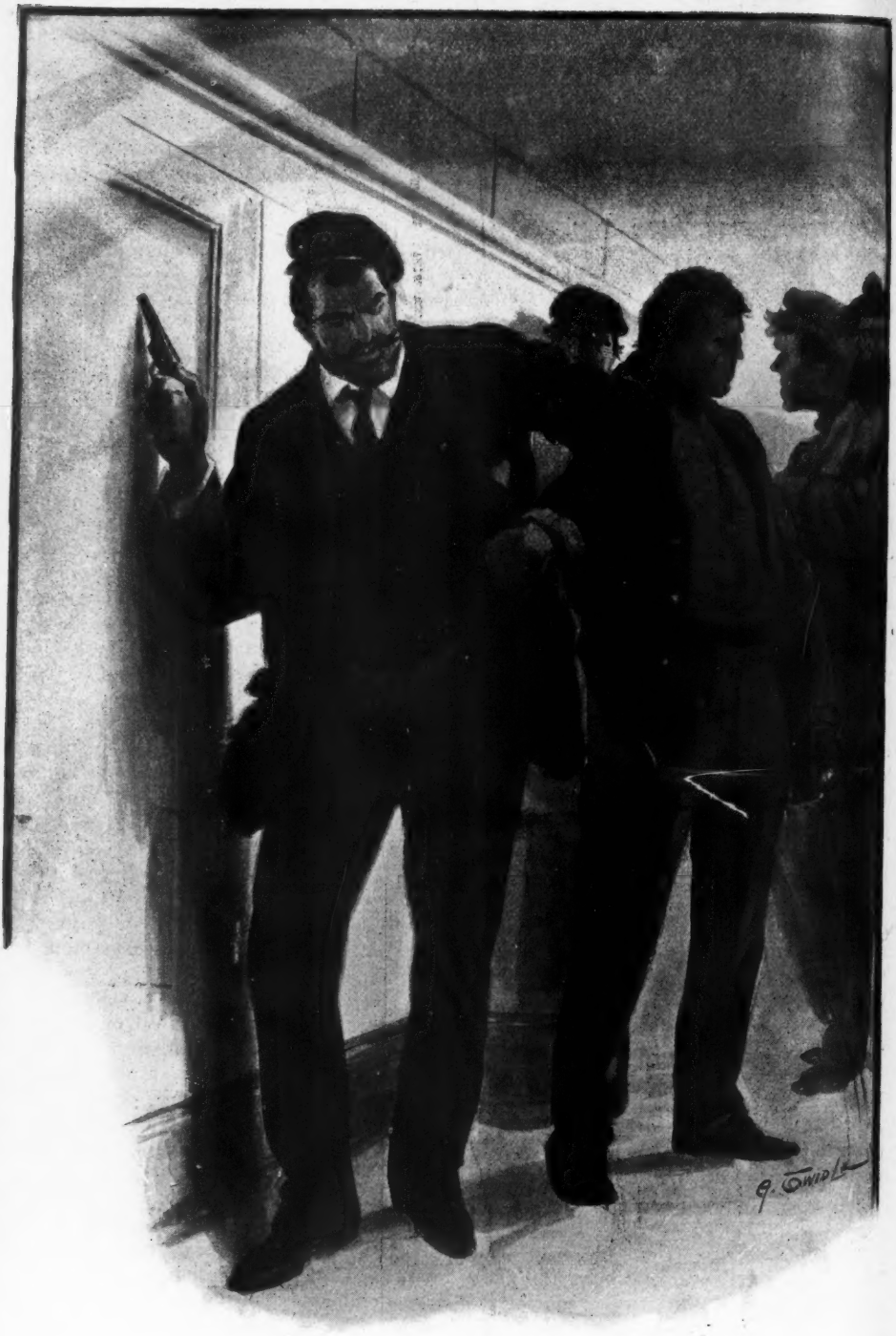
"What is it?" shouted Barraclough. "Fire, and be hanged!"

"You mistake, Sir John," called out Holgate. "We're not anxious for another scrap. We've got our bellies full. All we want is a little matter that can be settled amicably. I won't ask you to open, for I can't quite trust the tempers of my friends here. But if you can hear me, please say so."

"I hear," said Barraclough.

"That's all right, then. I won't offer to come in, for William Tell may be knocking about. We can talk straight out here. We want the contents of those safes, that's all—a mere modest request in the circumstances."

"You've got the safes," shouted Barraclough. "Let us alone."



We want the contents of those safes, that's all

"Softly, Sir John, Bart.," said the mutineer. "The safes are there safe enough, but there's nothing in 'em. You've got back on us this time, by thunder, you have. And the beauty of the game was its simplicity. Well, here's terms again, since we're bound to do it in style of plenipotentiaries. Give us the contents of the safes, and I'll land you on the coast here within twelve hours, with a week's provisions."

There was a moment's pause on this, and Barraclough looked towards me in the dim light, as if he would ask my advice.

"They've got the safes," he said in perplexity. "This is more treachery, I suppose."

"Shoot 'em," said Lane furiously. "Don't trust the brutes."

"Wait a bit," said I hurriedly. "Don't let's be rash. We had better call Mr. Morland. There's something behind this. Tell them that we will answer presently."

Barraclough shouted the necessary statement, and I hurried off to the Prince's cabin. I knocked, and entered abruptly. Mademoiselle sat in a chair with a face suffused with tears, her pretty head bowed in her hands. She looked up.

"What are we to do, doctor? The Prince says we must fight. But there is another way, is there not?" she said in French. "Surely, we can make peace. I will make peace myself. This agitates my nerves, this fighting and the dead, and oh, Frederic, you must make peace with this 'Olgate."

The Prince sat awkwardly silent, his eyes blinking, and his mouth twitching. What he had said I know not, but despite the heaviness of his appearance he looked abjectly miserable.

"It is not possible, Yvonne," he said hoarsely. "These men must be handed over to justice."

I confess I had some sympathy with Mademoiselle at the moment; so obstinately stupid was this obsession of his. To talk of handing the mutineers over to justice when we were within an ace of our end, and death knocking veritably on the door!

"The men, sir, wish to parley with you," I said somewhat brusquely. "They are without and offer terms."

He got up. "Ah, they are being defeated," he said, and nodded. "Our resistance is too much for them." I could not have contradicted him just then, for it would probably have led to an explosion on the lady's part. But it came upon me to wonder if the Prince knew anything of the contents of the safes. They were his, and he had a right to remove them. Had he done so? I couldn't blame him if he had. He walked out with a ceremonious bow to Mademoiselle, and I followed. She had dried her eyes, and was looking at me eagerly. She passed into the corridor in front of me, and pressed forward to where Barraclough and Lane stood.

"The mutineers, sir, offer terms," said Barraclough to the Prince. "They propose that if we hand over the contents of the safes we shall be landed on the coast with a week's provisions."

The Prince gazed stolidly and stupidly at his officer.

"I do not understand," said he. "The scoundrels are in possession of the safes."

"That is precisely what we should all have supposed," I said dryly. "But it seems they are not."

"Look here, Holgate," called out Barraclough after a moment's silence, "are we to understand that you have not got the safes open?"

It seemed odd questioning a burglar as to his success, but the position made it necessary.

"We have the safes open right enough," called Holgate, hoarsely, "but there's nothing there—they're just empty. And so if you'll be so good as to fork out the swag, captain, we'll make a deal in the terms I have said."

"It is a lie. They have everything," said the Prince angrily.

"Then why the deuce are they here, and what are they playing at?" said Barraclough frowning.

"Only a pretty little game of baccarat. Oh, my hat!" said Lane.

"It seems to me that there's a good deal more in this than is apparent," I said. "The safes were full and the strong room was secure. We are most of us witnesses to that. But what has happened? I think, Sir John, it would be well if we asked the—Mr. Morland

forthwith if he has removed his property. He has a key."

"No, sir, I have not interfered," said the Prince emphatically. "I committed my property to the charge of this ship and to her officers. I have not interfered."

Barraclough and I looked at each other. Lane whistled, and his colour deepened.

"There, doctor, that's where I come in. I told you so. That's a give-away for me. I've got the other key or had."

"Had!" exclaimed the Prince, turning on him abruptly.

"Yes," said Lane with sheepish surliness. "I was telling the doctor about it not long ago. My key's gone off my bunch. I found it out just now. Some one's poached it."

The Prince's eyes gleamed ferociously, as if he would have sprung on the little purser, who slunk against the wall sullenly.

"When did you miss it?" asked Barraclough sharply.

"Oh, about an hour and a half ago," said Lane, in an offhand way.

"He has stolen it. He is the thief!" thundered the Prince.

Lane glanced up at him with a scowl. "Oh, talk your head off," said he moodily, "I don't care a damn if you're prince or potboy. We're all on a level here, and we're not thieves."

Each one looked at the other. "We're cornered," said Barraclough. "It will make 'em mad, if they haven't got that. There's no chance of a bargain."

"It is not my desire there should be any bargain," said the Prince stiffly.

Barraclough shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing. But it was plain to all that we were in a hole. The mutineers were probably infuriated by finding the treasure gone, and at any moment might renew their attack. There was but a small prospect that we could hold out against them.

"We must tell them," said I; "at least, we must come to some arrangement with them. The question is whether we shall pretend to fall in with their wishes, or at least feign to have what they want. It will give us time, but how long?"

"There is no sense in that," remarked Prince Frederic in his autocratic way. "We will send them about their business and let them do what they can."

"Sir, you forget the ladies," I said boldly.

"Dr. Phillimore, I forget nothing," he replied formally. "But will you be good enough to tell me what the advantage of postponing the discovery will be?"

Well, when it came to the point, I really did not know. It was wholly a desire to delay, an instinct in favour of procrastination, that influenced me. I shrank from the risks of an assault in our weakened state. I struggled with my answer.

"It is only to gain time."

"And what then?" he inquired coldly.

I shrugged my shoulders as Sir John had shrugged his. This was common sense carried to the verge of insanity. There must fall a time when there is no further room for reasoning, and surely it had come now.

"You will be good enough to inform the mutineers, Sir John Barraclough," pursued the Prince, having thus silenced me, "that we have not the treasure they are in search of, and that undoubtedly it is already in their hands, or in the hands of some of them, possibly by the assistance of confederates," with which his eyes slowed round to Lane.

The words, foolish beyond conception, as I deemed them, suddenly struck home to me. "Some of them!" If the Prince had not shifted his treasure, certainly Lane had not. I knew enough of the purser to go bail for him in such a case. And he had lost his keys. I think it was perhaps the mere mention of confederates that set my wits to work, and what directed them to Pye I know not.

"Wait one moment," said I, putting my hand on Barraclough. "I'd like to ask a question before you precipitate war," and raising my voice I cried, "Is Holgate there?"

"Yes, doctor, and waiting for an answer. but I've got some tigers behind me."

"Then, what's become of Pye?" I asked loudly.

There was a perceptible pause ere the reply came. "Can't you find him?"

"No," said I. "He was last seen in his

cabin about midnight, when he locked himself in."

"Well, no doubt he is there now," said Holgate, with a fat laugh. "And a wise man too. I always betted on the little cockney's astuteness. But, doctor, if you don't hurry up, I fear we shall want sky-pilots along."

"What is this? Why are you preventing my orders being carried out?" asked the Prince bluffly.

I fell back. "Do as you will," said I. "Our lives are in your hands."

Barraclough shouted the answer dictated to him, and there came a sound of angry voices from the other side of the door. An axe descended on it, and it shivered.

"Stand by there," said Barraclough sharply, and Lane closed up.

Outside the noise continued, but no further blow was struck, and at last Holgate's voice was raised again.

"We will give you till eight o'clock this evening, captain, and good-day to you. If you part with the goods then, I'll keep my promise and put you ashore in the morning. If not——" He went off without finishing his sentence.

"He will not keep his promise, oh, he won't," said a tense voice in my ear; and, turning, I beheld the Princess.

"That is not the trouble," said I, as low as she. "It is that we have not the treasure, and we are supposed to be in possession of it."

"Who has it?" she asked quickly.

"Your brother denies that he has shifted it, but the mutineers undoubtedly found it gone. It is an unfathomed secret so far."

"But," she said, looking at me eagerly, "you have a suspicion."

"It is none of us," I said, with an embracing glance.

"That need not be said," she replied quickly. "I know honest men."

She continued to hold me with her interrogating eyes, and an answer was indirectly wrung from me.

"I should like to know where Pye is," I said.

She took this not unnaturally as an evasion. "But he's of no use," she said. "You have told me so. We have seen so together."

It was pleasant to be coupled with her in that way, even in that moment of wonder and fear. I stared across at the door which gave access to the stairs of the saloon.

"It is possible they have left no one down below," I said musingly.

She followed my meaning this time. "Oh, you mustn't venture it," she said. "It would be foolhardy. You have run risks enough, and you are wounded."

"Miss Morland," I answered, "This is a time when we can hardly stop to consider. Everything hinges on the next few hours. I say it to you frankly, and I will remember my promise this time."

"You remembered it before. You would have come," she said, with a sudden burst of emotion; and somehow I was glad. I liked her faith in me.

"What the deuce do you make of it?" said Barraclough to me.

I shook my head. "I'll tell you later when I've thought it over," I answered. "At present I'm bewildered—also shocked. I've had a startler, Barraclough." He stared at me. "I'll walk round and see. But I don't know if it will get us any farther."

"There's only one thing that will do that," said he significantly.

"You mean——"

"We must make this sanguinary brute compromise. If he will land us somewhere——"

"Oh, he won't," I said. "I've no faith in him."

"Well, if they haven't the treasure, they may make terms to get it," he said, in perplexity.

"*If* they have not," I said. He looked at me. "The question is, who has the treasure?" I continued.

"Good Heavens, man, if you know—speak out," he said impatiently.

"When I know, I'll speak," I said; "but I will say this much, that whoever is ignorant of its whereabouts, Holgate isn't."

"I give it up," said Barraclough.

"Unhappily it won't give us up," I rejoined. "We are to be attacked this evening if we don't part with what we haven't got."

He walked away, apparently in despair of arriving at any conclusion by continuing the conversation. I went towards the door, for I still had my idea. I wondered if there was anything in it. Princess Alix had moved away on the approach of Sir John, but now she interrupted me.

"You're not going?" she asked anxiously.

"My surgery is below," said I. "I must get some things from it."

She hesitated. "Won't—wouldn't that man Holgate let you have them? You are running too great a risk."

"That is my safety," I said smiling. "I go down. If no one is there so much the better; if some one crops up I have my excuse. The risk is not great. Will you be good enough to bar the door after me?"

This was not quite true, but it served my purpose. She let me pass, looking after me with wondering eyes. I unlocked the door, and went out into the lobby that gave on the staircase. There was no sound audible above the noises of the ship. I descended firmly, my hand on the butt of a revolver I had picked up. No one was visible at the entrance to the saloon. I turned up one of the passages towards my own cabin. I entered the surgery and shut the door. As I was looking for what I wanted, or might want, I formulated my chain of reflections. Here they are.

The key had been stolen from Lane. It could only have been stolen by some one in our part of the ship, since the purser had not ventured among the enemy.

Who had stolen it?

Here was a break, but my links began a little farther on, in this way.

If the person who had stolen the key, the traitor that is in our camp, had acted in his own interests alone both parties were at a loss. But that was not tne hypothesis to which I leaned. If, on the other hand, the traitor had acted in Holgate's interests, who was he?

Before I could continue my chain to the end, I had something to do, a search to make. I left the surgery noiselessly and passed along the alley to Pye's cabin. The handle turned, and the door gave. I opened it. No one was there.

That settled my links for me. The man whom I had encountered in the fog at the foot of the bridge was the man who was in communication with Holgate. That pitiful little coward, whose stomach had turned at the sight of blood, and on the assault of the desperadoes, was their creature. As these thoughts flashed through my mind it went back further in a leaf of memory. I recalled the room in the "Three Tuns" on that dirty November evening; I saw Holgate and the little clerk facing each other across the table and myself drinking wine with them. There was the place in which I had made the third officer's acquaintance, and that had been brought about by Pye. There, too, I had first heard of Prince Frederic of Hochburg; and back into my memory flashed the stranger's talk, the little clerk's stare, and Holgate's frown. The conspiracy had been hatched then. Its roots had gone deep then; from that moment the *Sea Queen* and her owner had been doomed.

I turned and left the cabin abruptly, and soon was knocking with the concocted signal on the door. Barraclough admitted me.

"I have it," said I. "Let's find the Prince."

"Man, we can't afford to leave the doors.

"We may be attacked," said he.

"No; they won't venture just yet," I replied. "It's not their game, at least not Holgate's. He's giving us time to find the treasure, and then he'll attack."

"I wish you wouldn't talk riddles," said Barraclough shortly.

"I'll speak out when we get to the Prince," I said; and forthwith we hastened to his room.

"Mr. Morland," I burst forth, "Pye came aboard as representing your solicitors?"

"That is so," he replied, with some surprise in his voice, and manner.

"He was privy then to your affairs—I refer to your financial affairs?" I pursued.

"My solicitors in London, whom I chose in preference to German solicitors, were naturally in possession of such facts relating to myself as were necessary to their advice," said the Prince somewhat formally.

"And Pye knew what they knew—the contents of the safes in the strong-room?"

He inclined his head. "It was intended that he should return from Buenos Ayres, after certain arrangements had been made for which he would lend his assistance."

"Then, sir," said I. "Pye has sold us. Pye is the source of the plot; Pye has the treasure."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Prince rising.

"Why, that Pye has been in league with the mutineers all along, and—good Lord, now I understand what was the meaning of his hints last night. He knew the attack was to be made, and he is a coward. He locked himself up to drink. Now he is gone."

"Gone!" echoed Barraclough and Lane together; and there was momentary silence, which the latter broke.

"By gum, Pye's done us brown, browner than a kipper! By gum, to think of that little wart getting the bulge on us!"

"I should like to know your reasons, doctor," said Prince Frederic at last.

"I'm hanged if I can puzzle it out yet myself," said Barraclough. "If they've got it why the deuce do they come and demand it from us?"

"Oh *they* haven't got it," I said. "It's only Holgate and Pye. The rank and file know nothing, I'll swear. As for my reasons, sir, here they are;" and with that I told them what I knew of Pye from my first meeting with him, giving an account of the transactions in the "Three Tuns," and narrating many incidents which now seemed in the light of my discovery to point to the treachery of the clerk. When I had done, Lane whistled, the Prince's brow was black, but Barraclough's face was impassive. He looked at me.

"Then you are of opinion that Holgate is running this show for himself?" he asked.

"I will wager ten to one on it," I answered. "That's like him. He'll leave the others in the lurch if he can. He's aiming at it. And he'll leave Pye there too, I shouldn't wonder. And if so, what sort of a man is that to make terms with?"

Barraclough made no answer. For a man of his even nature he looked troubled.

"If this is so what are you in favour of?" he said at last.

The Prince too looked at me inquiringly, which showed that he had fully accepted my theory.

"Go on as we are going, and trust to luck," said I.

"Luck!" said the Prince, raising his fingers. "Chance! Destiny! Providence! Whatever be the term, we must abide it. It is written, gentlemen; it has been always written. If God design us our escape, we shall yet avoid and upset the calculations of these ruffians. Yes, it is written. You are right, Dr. Phillimore. There must be no faint heart. Sir John, give your orders and make your dispositions. I will take my orders from you."

This significant speech was delivered with a fine spontaneity, and I must say the man's fervour impressed me. If he was a fatalist he was a fighting fatalist, and I am sure he believed in his fortune. I was not able to do that; but I thought we had, in the vulgar phrase, a sporting chance. And that I was right events proved, as you will presently see.

CHAPTER XVII

THE THIRD ATTACK

HOLGATE had given us till eight o'clock, but it was, of course, uncertain if he would adhere to this hour. If I were right in my suppositions (and I could see no flaw in my reasoning), he would present himself at that time and carry out the farce. It was due to his men, to the other scoundrels of the pack whom he was cheating. And what would happen when we maintained that we had no knowledge of the treasure? It was clear that the men would insist on an assault. And, if so, what chance had we against the infuriated ruffians? On the other hand, we had nothing to hope for from a compromise with such men. Altogether the outlook was very black and lowering. When the Prince and all that remained with him were swept away, and were as if they had never been, Holgate would be free to deal with the mutineers according to his tender mercies; and then, with such confederates as he might

have in the original plot, come into the possession of the plunder for which so many innocent lives and so many guilty ones would have been sacrificed.

By now the wind had sprung into a gale, and the *Sea Queen* was running under bare sticks. The water rolled heavily from the south-west, and the yacht groaned under the perhaps, as well for us. Chance decides according to her fancy, and the most trivial accidents are important in the scheme of destiny. Mademoiselle had an attack of *mal de mer* and had recourse to me. Nothing in the world mattered save her sensations, which were probably very unpleasant, I admit. But the yacht might go to the bottom, and

Outside in the corridor we sat and nursed our weapons

buffets. It became difficult to stand—at least for a landsman. We had hitherto experienced such equable, fine weather that I think we had taken for granted that it must continue. But now we were undeceived. The yacht pitched uneasily and rolled to her scuppers, and it was as much as we could do to keep our legs. Holgate, too, must have been occupied by the duties of his position, for he was a good mariner, which was, Holgate might storm the state-rooms at the head of his mutineers—it was all one to the lady who was groaning over her symptoms on her bed. She kept me an unconscionable time, and when I at length got away to what I regarded as more important duties I was followed by her maid. This girl, Juliette, was a trim, sensible, and practical woman, who had grown accustomed to her mistress's vagaries, took them with philosophy, and

showed few signs of emotion. But now a certain fear flowed in her eye.

Would Monsieur tell her if there were any danger? Monsieur looked up, balanced himself neatly against the wall, as the yacht reared, and declared that he had gone through much worse gales. She shook her head with some energy.

No, no, it was not that. There were the sailors—those demons. Was it true that they had offered to put us all ashore?

"Yes," said I, "if we give them what we have not got. That is what they promise, Juliette. But would you like to trust them?"

She considered a moment, her plain, capable face in thought. "No." She shook her head. "Mademoiselle would do well to beware of them. Yes, yes," and with a nod she left me.

Now, what did that mean? I asked myself, and I could only jump to the conclusion that Mademoiselle had thoughts of making a bargain with Holgate on her own account. I knew she was capable of yielding to any caprice or impulse. If there had not been tragedy in the air it would have amused me to ponder the possibilities of that conflict of wits and brains between Holgate and the lady. But she was a victim to sea-sickness, and our hour drew near. Indeed, it was then but two hours to eight o'clock.

It was necessary to take such precautions as we might in case Holgate kept his word. But it was possible that in that wind and sea he would not. However, to be prepared for the worst, we had a council. There were now but the Prince, Barraclough, Lane, and myself available, for Ellison was in a bad way. The spareness of our forces was thus betrayed by this meeting, which was in effect a council of despair. We made our arrangements as speedily as possible, and then I asked:

"The ladies? We must have some definite plan."

The Prince nodded. "They must be locked in the boudoir," he said. "It has entrances from both their cabins."

"The last stand, then, is there?" I remarked casually.

He echoed the word, "There."

I had my duties in addition to those imposed by our dispositions, and I was not going to fail—I knew I should not fail. Outside in the corridor we sat and nursed our weapons silently. I don't think that any one was disposed to talk; but presently the Prince rose and retired to his room. He returned presently with a magnum of champagne, and Barraclough drew the cork, while Lane obtained some glasses.

"Let's have a wet. That's a good idea," said the purser.

The Prince ceremoniously lifted his glass to us and took our eyes.

Lane quaffed his, emitting his usual gag hoarsely.

"Fortune!"

How amazingly odd it sounded, like the ironic exclamation of some onlooking demon of sarcasm.

"Fortune!"

I drank my wine at a gulp. "To a good end, if may be," I said. "To rest, at least."

Barraclough held his glass coolly and examined it critically.

"It's Pommery, isn't it, sir?" he asked.

I do not think the Prince answered. Barraclough sipped.

"I'll swear it is," said he. "Let's look at the bottle, Lane."

He solved his doubts and drank and looked at his watch. "If they're coming, they should be here now."

"The weather's not going to save us," I observed bitterly; "she goes smoother."

It was true enough. The wind and the sea had both moderated. Barraclough examined the chambers of his revolver.

"Sir John Barraclough!"

A voice hailed us loudly from the deck. Sir John moved slowly to the door and turned back to look at us. In its way it was an invitation. He did not speak, but I think he invoked our aid or, at least, our support in that look. We followed.

"Yes," he called back, "I'm here."

"We've come for the answer," said the voice. "You've had time in plenty to turn it over. So what's it to be—the terms offered or war?"

"Is it Holgate?" said Lane in a whisper.

"Oh, it's Holgate, no doubt. Steady! Remember who has the treasure, Barraclough."

"The treasure is not in our possession," sang out Barraclough. "But we believe it to be in the possession of Holgate, one of yourselves."

"Oh, come, that won't do—that game won't play," said a familiar wheezy voice from behind us, and we all fell back in alarm and amazement.

The boards had fallen loose from one of the windows, and Holgate's head protruded into the corridor. In a flash the Prince's fingers went to his revolver, and a report echoed from the walls, the louder for that confined space. Holgate had disappeared. Barraclough ran to the window and peered out. He looked round.

"That opens it," he said deliberately, and stood with a look of perplexity and doubt on his face.

"Since you have chosen war and begun the offensive we have no option," shouted Holgate through the boarding.

"All right, drive ahead," growled Lane, and sucked his teeth.

Crash came an iron bar on the door. Barraclough inserted his revolver through the open window and fired. "One," said he.

"Two, by thunder!" said Lane, discharging through one of the holes pierced in the door.

"They'll play us the same trick as before," said I, and dashed across to the entrance from the music-room.

Noises arose from below. I tested the locks and bars, and then running hastily into one of the cabins brought forth a table and used it to strengthen the barricade. Prince Frederic, observing this, nodded and gave instructions to Lane, who went on a similar errand on behalf of the other door.

Crash fell the axe on my door, and the wood splintered. Lane and Prince Frederic were busy firing through the loopholes, with what result I could not guess, and probably they themselves knew little more. Barraclough stood at his peephole and

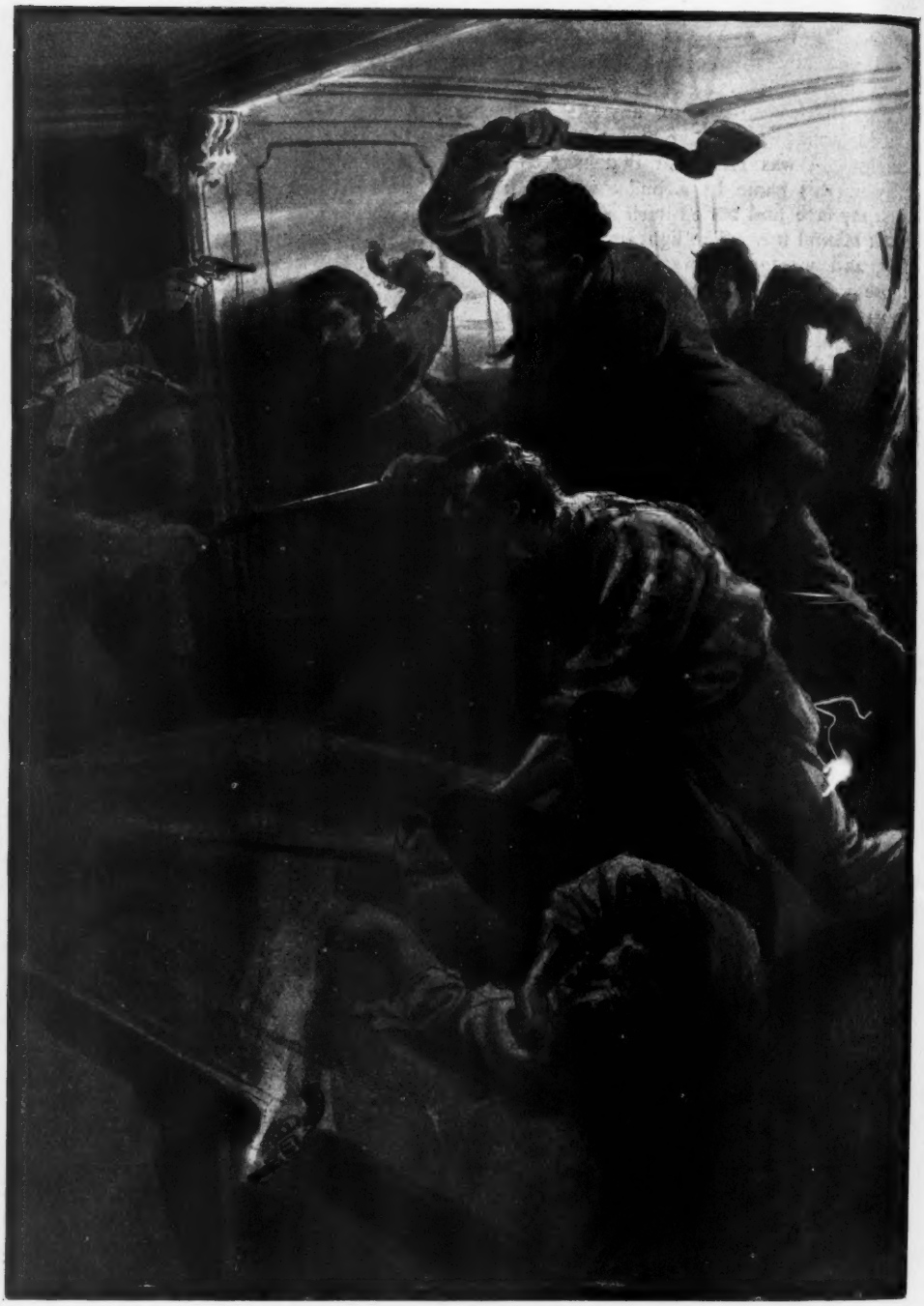
The axe fell again and again, and the door was giving in several places

fired now and then, and I did the same through the holes drilled in my door. But it must have been easy for any one on the outside to avoid the line of fire if he were careful. I was reminded that two could play at this game by a bullet which sang past my face and buried itself in the woodwork behind me. The light was now failing fast, and we fought in a gloaming within those walls, though without the mutineers must have seen better. The axe fell again and again, and the door was giving in several places. Once there was a respite following on a cry, and I rejoiced that one of my shots had gone home. But the work was resumed presently with increased vigour.

And now of a sudden an outcry on my left startled me. I turned, and saw Prince Frederic in combat with a man, and beyond in the twilight some other figures. The door to the deck had fallen. Leaving my own door to take care of itself, I hastened to what was the immediate seat of danger, and shot one fellow through the body. He fell like a bullock, and then the Prince gave way and struck against me. His left arm had dropped to his side, but in his right hand he now held a sword, and, recovering, he thrust viciously and with agility before him. Before that gallant assault two more went down, and as Lane and Barraclough seemed to be holding their own, it seemed almost as if we should get the better of the attack. But just then I heard rather than saw the second door yielding, and with shouts the enemy clambered over the table and were upon us from that quarter also. Beneath this combined attack we slowly gave way and retreated down the corridor, fighting savagely. The mutineers must have come to the end of their ammunition, for they did not use revolvers, but knives and axes. One ruffian, whom in the uncertain light I could not identify, bore a huge axe, which he swung on his head, and aimed at me with terrific force. As I dodged it missed me and crashed into the woodwork of the cabins, from which no effort would withdraw it. I had stepped aside, and, although taking a knife wound in my thigh, slipped a blade through the fellow. But still they bore us back, and I knew in my inmost mind, where instinct rather than thought moved now, that it was time to think of the boudoir and my promise. We were being driven in that direction, and if I could only reach the handle I had resolved what to do.

But now it seemed again that I must be doomed to break my word, for how was it possible to resist that onset? There were, so far as I could guess, a dozen of the mutineers, but it was that fact possibly that helped us a little, as, owing to their numbers, they impeded one another. Prince Frederic was a marvellous swordsman, and he swept a passage clear before him; but at last his blade snapped in the middle, and he was left defenceless. I saw some one rush at him, and, the light gleaming on his face, I recognised Pierce. With my left hand I hurled my revolver into it with all the power of my muscles. It struck him full in the mouth, that ugly, lipless mouth which I abhorred. He uttered a cry of pain and paused for a moment. But in that moment, abstracted from my own difficulties, I had given a chance to one of my opponents, whose uplifted knife menaced me. I had no time to draw back, and if I ducked I felt I should go under and be trodden upon by the feet of the infuriated enemy. Once down I should never rise again. It seemed all over for me as well as for the Prince, and in far less time than it takes to relate this the thought had flashed into my head—flashed together with that other thought that the Princess would wait, and wait for me in vain. Ah, but would she wait? If I knew her fine-tempered spirit she would not hesitate. She had the means of her salvation; she carried it in her bosom, and feared not. No, I could not be afraid for her.

As I have said, these reflections were almost instantaneous, and they had scarcely passed in a blaze of wonder through my brain when the yacht lurched heavily, the deck slipped away from us, and the whole body of fighting, struggling men was precipitated with a crash against the opposite wall. Some had fallen to the floor, and others sprawled against the woodwork, shouting oaths and crying for assistance. I had fallen with the rest, and lay against a big fellow whose back was towards me. I struggled



I heard rather than saw the second door yielding, and with shouts the enemy clambered over the table

from him and was climbing the slope of the deck, when she righted herself and rolled sharply over on the other side. This caused an incontinent rush of bodies across the corridor again, and for a moment all thought of renewing the conflict was abandoned. I recognised Prince Frederic as the man by me, and I whispered loudly in his ears, so that my voice carried through the clamour and the noises of the wind that roared outside round the state-rooms.

"Better make our last stand here. I mean the ladies . . ." He nodded.

"It will be better," he answered harshly. "Yes . . . better."

He turned about, with his hand on the door knob behind him, and now I saw that we had reached the entrance to the boudoir.

"Alix! . . . Yvonne!" he called loudly through the keyhole. "You know what to do, beloved. Farewell!"

I had refilled my revolver in the pause, and, with a fast-beating heart turned now to that horrid cockpit once more. The first person my eyes lighted on was Holgate, broad, clean-faced, and grinning like a demon.

"He shall die, at any rate," said Prince Frederic, and lifted his revolver which he had reloaded. It missed fire; the second shot grazed Holgate's arm and felled a man behind him.

"No luck, Prince," said the fellow in his mocking voice, and in his turn raised a weapon of his own. But he did not fire. Instead he turned swiftly round and made a dash towards the other end of the corridor.

"To me, men, this way! By heaven and thunder!"

His voice, fat as it was, pierced the din, and acted as a rallying cry. Several of the mutineers, now confronting us again, turned and followed him, and there was the noise of a struggle issuing from the darkness of the top end of the corridor.

"What the deuce is this?" screamed Barraclough in my ear.

"I don't know. Let's fall on. There's an alarm. They're—! Now, by heaven, it's Legrand, thank God! Legrand, Legrand!"

"Bully for Legrand!" cried Barraclough, wiping some blood from his face, and he set upon the mutineers from the rear. Those left to face us had scarcely recovered from their astonishment at the alarm when the Prince shot two, and a third went down to me. The others retreated towards their companions, and the three of us followed them up. I say the three, for I could not see Lane anywhere, and I feared that he had fallen.

The conflict thus renewed upon more equal terms found, nevertheless, most of the participants worn and exhausted. At least I can answer for myself, and I am sure that my companions were in a like case. The twilight that reigned disguised the scene of the struggle, so that each man saw but little beyond his own part in the affair; yet I was conscious that the mutineers were being pushed back towards the deck door. They had been caught between the two parties as it appeared, and Legrand's unexpected onset from the music-saloon entrance had thrown them into confusion. It was obvious that Legrand and his men were armed, for I heard a shot or two issuing from the mellay and above the noise of the oaths and thuds and thumpings was the clash of steel. Presently my man, who had engaged me overlong, dropped, and before me was a little vacancy of space, at the end of which hard by the door, I discerned the bulky form of Holgate. He was leaning against the wall, as if faint, and a revolver drooped from his fingers.

"By ——, doctor, if I'd had any idea of this, I'd have crucified 'em all," he said to me savagely; "but I'll get square yet. First you, and now Legrand! I'll be square yet."

As he spoke, panting, he heaved himself higher against the wall and levelled his revolver. In a flash my arm descended and knocked the weapon to the floor. I could see his grin even in the dim light.

"Well, it was empty anyway, man," he said, "but I'll give you best for the present. I've my ship to look after."

I could have struck him down then and there, and I raised my point to do so; but he seized my arm. "Don't be a fool, my lad. She'll be gone in this wind if I don't take charge. Have your fling if you want it," he screamed in my face above the

clamour. For the noise of the wind was now increased and grown into a roar. It sounded as a menace in the ears, and I involuntarily paused and looked out of the doorway. The heavens were black, the waters ran white to the gunwale, and the *Sea Queen* staggered like a drunkard on her course. Holgate's practised eye had taken in the situation, and he had seen that he was necessary to the navigation of the yacht. And yet I marvelled at his coolness, at the strength of will and heroic resolution which could turn him of a sudden from one filled with the lust of blood and greed and battle into the patient sailor with his ship to save. These thoughts ran through my head as I paused. It was only a brief pause, so brief that it was no time ere I rejoined my companions in their attack on the failing mutineers; but in it I had a glimpse deep into the chief mutineer's nature.

I let him go. His argument came home to me. I do not know that I could be said to have considered; rather his individuality dominated me in this appeal to something beyond our immediate quarrel, to a more ultimate good. Perhaps his very assurance, which was almost contemptuous in its expression, helped to dissuade me. I dropped my arm and he went. Outside, as I turned back, I saw him stay a moment and look upon us, that pack of desperate wolves and watch-dogs. Almost I could think he lifted his lips in a grin over his fancy. Then he disappeared into the gathering gloom, and, as I say, I returned to the attack. A few minutes later the mutineers broke and scattered. Their resistance was at an end, and they fled out into the night, leaving our party breathless, wounded, but secure and triumphant.

I say, secure, but alas, the price of that security had been heavy! Legrand with two of his men had escaped unhurt, but two were dead and two seriously wounded. Lane had his face cut open; Barraclough had come off with a nasty stab in the ribs, and Prince Frederic was not to be found. We hunted in that scene of carnage, and I discovered him at last under the body of a dead mutineer. When we had got him forth he was still unconscious, but breathed heavily, and I found traces of internal injuries. I administered what was necessary, including a restorative, and he came to presently.

"Well, sir," said he weakly, "what's the report?"

"By heaven, sir, we've licked them," I cried. "Good news, sir. The dogs have run."

"They shall be hanged in due course," said he in a loud voice. "My luck holds, doctor." He waved his hand weakly down the corridor. "Tell the ladies. Acquaint—her royal highness."

It was the first time he had given his sister her proper style, and in a way this might be taken by those who look for omens as auspicious. Did his luck indeed hold, as he said?

I took the office on myself. The *Sea Queen* was galloping like a racer, and plunged as she ran. Two steps took me to the boudoir door, before which lay the body of one of our enemies. As the ship rolled it slipped away and began to creep down the corridor. The yacht reared before she dipped again, and a cascade of spray streamed over the side and entered by the broken door. I rapped loudly and called loudly; and in a trice the door opened, and the Princess Alix stood before me, glimmering like a ghost in the darkness.

"They are gone," I shouted. "We have won."

"Thank God! He has heard us," she exclaimed. "I could hear nothing for the sound of the sea and the wind. But oh, the suspense was terrible! My hair should be white."

"Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"Mademoiselle sleeps," said she, and I thought there was something significant in her voice.

It was well that mademoiselle slept. I left her and went back to the Prince, for more than he needed my care, and as I reached the group the roll of the yacht sent me flying. Legrand caught me.

"We can't spare you yet, doctor," he shouted.

"Thank God for you," I answered fervently. "You came in the nick of time."

"I thought we might have cut our way

out last night, but I found we couldn't," he explained. "You see, we only had one knife, and it has been a tough job to get through the heavy wood of the partition."

He answered nothing, for his gaze was directed towards the door.

"We must take charge," he shouted. "Good heaven, there's no time to lose."

A whole tide of sea rushed over the bulwarks and flooded the state-rooms. The water ran knee-deep

"Thank God," I repeated, and clutched at him again as the floor rose up. "I'm not accustomed to this," I said with a laugh. "It's worse than the mutineers."

"Holgate's there," I screamed back. "He went to look after the ship."

We stood holding on to each other, and Barraclough, Lane and the Prince were

holding on by the brass rods on the cabin doors. She rolled and kicked and stood up at an angle of 45°.

"What is it?" I screamed.

Legrand pointed to the blackness without. "We'll get it in a little. I hope to heaven it will be no worse than this. She can't stand on her head with safety."

Suddenly the roar swelled louder, and dismal shrieks and whistlings sounded in the ears. The *Sea Queen* sank and a whole tide of sea rushed over the bulwarks and flooded the state-rooms. The water ran knee-deep and set the bodies of the dead awash. One struck against me in the whirlpool. It was a ghastly scene, set in that gathered darkness.

"Nothing can be done. We've got to hold on," said Legrand. "He's a good seaman; I'll say that for him. But how many's he got with him? He's undermanned. It's all on the engine-room now."

We were silent again, mainly because it was almost impossible to hear anything through that tempest of wind and volcanic sea. She came right for a moment, and our grip of each other relaxed.

"I'm going, Legrand," I called to him.

"Don't be a fool," said he.

"Oh, I'm all right. I've forgotten something," I shouted. "I'll see to myself;" and I cut myself adrift from him.

I crossed the corridor successfully, and then the yacht heeled and I was almost precipitated to the other end of it. She was being knocked about like a tin pot in a gale. I seized a door handle and hung on, and when the vessel recovered somewhat I twisted it, but it did not give. The boudoir must be farther on.

I crept on by means of the brass railing and at last reached a door which gave. I opened it, and called out:

"Princess! Princess!"

Blackness filled the room. I could hear and see nothing human. I entered, and the door swung-to behind with a clang.

"Princess!" I shouted, but I could hear no answer.

I groped in the darkness with both hands, and then I touched an arm! I seized it, and drew the owner to me gently.

"Princess!" I called, and this time an answer reached me, through the raging elements:

"It is I."

"Thank God, you're safe. Do not be alarmed," I said, speaking into her ear. "The yacht's caught in a hurricane, but——"

There fell at that instant a resounding crash far above the noise of the storm, and we were thrown headlong against the outer wall of the boudoir. I knew that only, and then I knew no more.

CHAPTER XVIII

AT DEAD OF NIGHT

Consciousness flowed back upon me slowly, and I emerged in pain and in intense bewilderment from my swoon. The first sound that came to me in my awakening was the terrific roar of the water against the side of the yacht, the next a woman's scream. Recalling now the incidents exactly preceding my fall, I stirred and endeavoured to sit up, and then I was aware of being pinned down by a weight. It was, as will be remembered, pitch dark, but I put out my hand and felt the beating of a heart. There was also unmistakably a woman's bodice under my fingers. It was Princess Alix, who had fallen with me.

But what had happened? And what noise was screaming through the night, even above all that awful tumult of waste water and wild wind? I answered the second query first. It was Mademoiselle. Well, she could wait. My first concern must be for the Princess, who lay upon me a dead weight, but, as I knew, a living, breathing body. I carefully extricated myself and raised her. The yacht was stooping at an angle, and I was forced back against the wall with my burden. If it had been only light and I had known which way to move! I laid the Princess on the couch, which I discovered by groping, and tried to open the door. It was jammed. Then it dawned upon me that the screw had stopped. The noise of its beating was not among the many noises I heard. If it had stopped, only one thing could have happened. The *Sea Queen* must be ashore. That was the explanation. We had struck.

I was now the more anxious, as you may conceive, to get out of the cabin, for if we had struck it was essential to know how we stood and what degree of risk we ran. For all I knew, the yacht might be sinking at that moment or breaking up upon rocks. Finding egress through the door impossible, I made my way with difficulty to the other side of the boudoir, where I knew there was a communication with the bedrooms. This door stood open, as it had been flung by the shock, and I was now able to locate the sounds of the screaming. They came from the cabin beyond, which I knew to be Mademoiselle's. I guided myself as well as I could to the door giving access to the corridor and unlocked it. As I did so a speck of light gleamed in the darkness and arrested me. It enlarged and emerged upon me till it took the shape of a candle, and underneath it I beheld the capable face of the French maid Juliette.

"It is necessary I should have something to quiet Mademoiselle, monsieur," said she in her tranquil way.

"I am in search of something now for the Princess, Juliette," I explained. "Thank God for your light. How did you get it?"

"I always have a candle with me when I travel, monsieur," she replied. She was the most sensible woman I had ever met, and I could have embraced her.

"The yacht has gone aground," I said. "I will find out how much damage has been done. I will bring back what is necessary. The Princess lies in there. See to her."

With that I left her and stepped into the corridor. Like the cabins, it was opaque with the night, but I groped my way across it without hearing any sounds of living people, only that terrible turmoil of waters without. I knew where my bag was. It was in the small cabin which the Prince used as his smoking-room, and in which we had sometimes played cards to pass the time during those days of anxiety and trouble. The first door I opened seemed to give me access to the open sea. The wind ramped in my face, and would have thrown me back, and I was drenched with a cascade of water. I thought I must have opened the door to the deck until I remembered that that had been destroyed in the fight. I put out a hand, and it touched a piece of furniture, and then once again the sea broke over me. There could be no other solution of the puzzle than this—that the outer wall of the cabin had been carried away. I judged that I was in the Prince's room.

I retraced my way, opening the door with difficulty, and, once more in the shelter of the corridor, felt my way along the railing. There seemed to be a foot of water about my legs, and it was icy chill. The next handle I hit upon I turned as before, and the door came back upon me with a rush, almost sending me headlong. I entered the cabin, and by dint of groping I reached the upholstered couch at the back. My bag was not where I had left it, but it could not be far away. The salt water flowed and oozed on the floor, but I dropped to my knees and hunted for it, and was at last rewarded by finding it jammed into a corner under a cupboard. Getting back into the corridor, I had now to determine whether to return at once to the Princess or to go in search of news.

I stood wavering, reluctant to leave her in her swoon all untended, and yet conscious that it would be wiser to ascertain the extent of our damages. Happily the decision was not forced upon me, for I saw in the distance a swinging lantern, which seemed to be advancing towards me down the corridor. I shouted, and the dim figure behind it stopped and turned the light upon me.

"You, Phillimore?"

It was Barraclough's voice. "What has happened?" I asked.

"Struck on a reef," he roared back. "She's tight yet, I think. But where are the ladies?"

"Let me have your lantern and I'll take you to them," said I, and, thanking Providence for that signal mercy, I crossed the corridor with him. The lantern shed a benign light upon the wreck of the boudoir. The Princess lay where I had left her; but her eyes were open, and I made use of my flask of cognac with beneficial results. Then I was plucked by the arm, and Barraclough claimed my attention.

"Mademoiselle Trebizond is ill," he called.

"Give her something. You must see to her."

Of course that was my duty, and I took such steps as seemed necessary for one of so neurotic a nature.

"She is all right," I explained. "If the ship's in no danger just now they are best here. The maid has a candle."

I returned to Princess Alix and found her recovered, and I bade her be of good cheer, shouting (for it was always shouting) that we had defied the mutineers successfully, and that we should also successfully defy the elements. Then I went back, for I had other work to do.

Barraclough informed me that the Prince had been taken to the music-saloon, and Lane also was there. I therefore joined the relics of our company in that devastated chamber, and did what my skill availed to do for the injured. The Prince had been struck on the head and in the body, but the marks were not very apparent. He breathed heavily, but had still his old air of authority. Lane bubbled over with alternate fumes of petulance and passion; but he had his excuse, as he was suffering a great deal of pain. Ellison, too, wounded as he was, had dragged himself from his temporary hospital to the music-room. But one of Legrand's men had vanished, and it was supposed he had gone overboard in one of the great tides of sea that swept over the yacht. Legrand had ventured on deck, and, clinging to the railings, had endeavoured to get some notion of the position of things. But he had seen and heard nothing beyond the storm.

"She's firm so far," he shouted in my ears, "and the night's clearing. I can see a star."

"The Star of Hope," I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders. "They may be at the pumps. But the sea's moderating and the wind's dropping. We shall know presently."

Something was now drawing me irresistibly back to the Princess. My heart pined for the sight of her and the assurance that she had suffered no injury. I grew restless at the inaction, and, weary and bruised as I was, I think passion gave me wings and endurance. I left the music-saloon and emerged into the lobby where the stairs went down to the saloon below. The sea was breaking through the shattered door on the one side, but on the lee the *Sea Queen* was tilted upwards, and it was there she lay in irons, no doubt upon some rocks, or shores. If only the day would dawn! As I stood awhile, before entering the corridor through another shattered doorway, the glimmer of a light caught my eye. It came from the door upon the farther side of the lobby, seeming to shine through the keyhole. As I watched the door opened and let in a blast of wind that shook the broken woodwork; it also let in the figure of a man, and that man, seen dimly in the shades of the light he carried, was Holgate. I drew myself up into the fastness of the gloom and stared at him. He had turned the shutter in his lantern now, for it was a bull's-eye, and the darkness was once more universal, but I had a feeling that he had a companion, and although I necessarily lost sight of Holgate I was assured in myself that he had descended the stairway. Any noise his heavy feet might make would be absorbed into the general racket of the night. I stood and wondered. What was Holgate's object in this silent expedition?

I confess my curiosity rose high, to a pitch indeed at which it might not be denied. A surmise sprang into my mind, but I hardly allowed it time to formulate, for not a minute after the recognition I too was on my way down the stairs. It was comparatively easy to descend, for, as I have said, there was no danger of discovery from noise, and I had the balustrade under my hand. When I had reached the floor below I caught the gleam of the lantern in the distance, and I pursued it down one of the passages. This pursuit took me past the cabins towards the kitchen; and then I came to an abrupt pause, for the lantern too had stopped.

I could make out Holgate's bulky form and the light flashing on the walls, and now, too, I found that my senses had not deceived me, and that there was a second man. He stood in the shadow, so that I could not identify him; and both men were peering into an open door.

The tomb of Philippe le Hardi

The Burgundian Monuments at Dijon

By Sophia Beale

Photos by Neurdein, Paris

A VAST number of persons going to the South of France pass Dijon regardless of its intense interest as the former capital of Burgundy. Its quaint old houses, the palace of the dukes, and some of the churches deserve to be visited; but the two tombs now in the museum are worthy of attention, even at the expense of a slower train than the *rapide*.

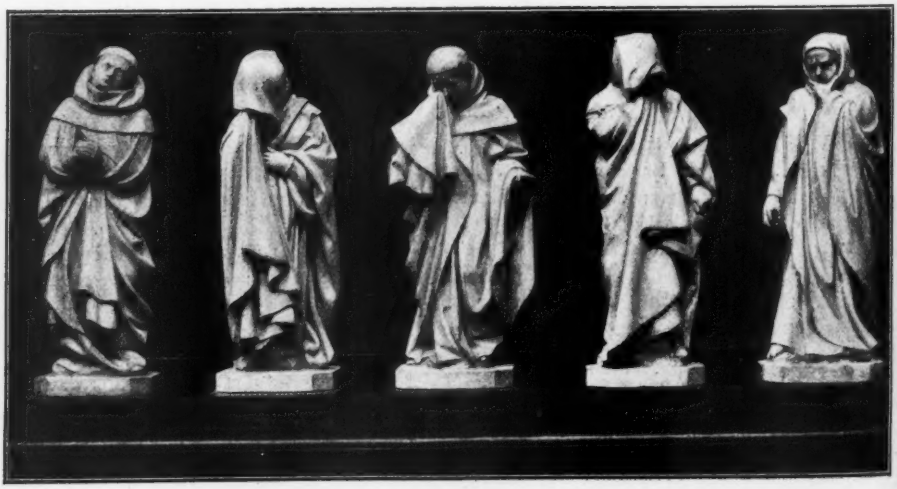
The monuments are magnificent specimens of Burgundian art of the fourteenth century; that of Philippe le Hardi being somewhat earlier and finer in the workmanship than his son's, Jean-Sans-Peur. Their original resting-place was at the Chartreuse Monastery, which was founded by Philippe; but at the suppression of the convent they were removed to the church of St. Bernique. In 1793 the Commune ordered their destruction, but happily they were only broken up and hidden away. In 1818 they were restored. It is curious that a like fate befell the tombs of Charles, the bold duke of Burgundy, and Maria, his daughter, both marvellous examples of Burgundian art metal work. They also were saved during the Revolution. The sacristan took them away piecemeal until quieter times, when they were restored, but unfortunately

Some figures from the Dijon Monuments

not replaced in the choir of the cathedral of Bruges.

The tomb of Philippe le Hardi, by Claus Slater, a Dutch sculptor, represents the duke in his robes. His coronet is a single circle of metal, jewelled, surmounted by the velvet cap. All round the "high tombs," as Leland called this style of monument, are sculptured statuettes in niches, generally three figures in each niche.

The tomb of Jean-Sans-Peur is similar, but the canopies in which the "weepers" are stationed are of more richly decorated designs. Philippe died in 1404; Jean was



Observe the life-like appearance of the weeping monks in this group

Varieties of sorrow

murdered in 1419, so that his tomb is somewhat later than his father's.

The figure of the duke is draped in a robe *semé* with the device of the *rabot*, or carpenter's plane, assumed by him in opposition to the ragged staff of his rival, the Duc d'Orléans. The duchess lies at his side. Her robe is *semé* with daisies, emblem of her name, Marguerite de Bavière. The great winged angels have gilt metal wings and robes of ermine. The two behind Jean bear his helmet. The slab upon which the figures rest is of black marble. It will be seen that the canopies

A further group of the Dijon monks

of the earlier tomb are less elaborate than those of the later one. The difference of the dates of the two monuments is trifling, but is sufficient to account for the two styles —the Early Pointed and the Decorated.

The weepers are full of character, and although some display in their expression or attitude an appropriate sorrow for the defunct, others are occupied with little homely offices such as snuff-taking, which betray them as merely professional weepers. Any one who has seen a funeral conducted by the Misericordie of Italy, will recognise the truth of these matter-of-fact figures. The pious undertaker, with his *figure de circonstance*, is the same all the world over and in all lands. Here in the Burgundian artist's statues we see a monk wiping his eyes; another is frowning, apparently from a bad toothache. A third is a pious fellow praying with upward gaze, his fat face betokening that he exercises ejaculations more than he labours with his hands. Some veil their faces entirely, and herein the sculptor shows his genius, for the mere attitudes and the flow of the draperies are full of the expression of grief.

In another the clasped hands, invisible under the full sleeves, are most expressive.

Observe, too, the facial expressions of the monk with the books, evidently a student, and the other reading, who is obviously aged from the way he holds his book at arm's length. Then there is the man who is bored, but pretends to look sympathetic, and the supercilious person whose habit seems to be a mere temporary covering for the occasion, he being a layman. And see the figure, face invisible, of the deprecating mannered person. He, too, holds a book: "You may not believe what I say, but it is all true, I assure you." That is clearly the meaning of the hand raised, not in blessing. Two hold rosaries, one of them gazing upwards, a pious fellow. But perhaps the one which displays most fully complete abandonment to grief, is the robed figure who presses his flowing cloak to his face with both hands. It is merely the attitude which gives this expression of absolute abandonment, the figure being perfectly straight, but with bent head.

Little Brown Bird

A LITTLE brown bird
Came flying one day
Where the clouds hung low
And the world was grey,
And it sang—sang—sang—
In the gloom and cold
Of skies of blue,
And of suns of gold,
Till those who heard it believed it true,—
And their sun was gold and their sky was blue

A little brown bird
Came flying one day
In the days when grief
Had the mastery,
And my heart awoke
As it heard it sing,
And the shadows fled
With the fresh'ning Spring.
I hear it still and believe it true,—
So my sun is gold—and my sky is blue.

MARGARET S. CLARK.

Reason and Rationalism from the Side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

EIGHTH PAPER

IN such discussions as have engaged our attention in these papers it is extremely important to keep well in view the standpoint which we have elected to accept. It is not at all our purpose to say all we think or believe about the Religion we profess, but only to examine and appraise certain aspects of it. We imagine ourselves arguing in presence of candid non-Christians, who have, as they hold, a case against us as men who profess a creed which violates reason, and not less as men who reject alternative beliefs intrinsically more reasonable. From the circumstances under which we write it has been unavoidable that we should treat specific points without attempting to correlate them and set all out in a complete case: and of course we thus stand open to the risk of being portentously misunderstood. We may appear to ignore, or even to disallow, considerations of great intrinsic importance, which yet, from the standpoint we have chosen, are properly irrelevant to our argument. This risk appears inevitable, and we can do no more in the matter of self-protection than point it out.

In the last paper we considered the position which the Old Testament has in the scheme of Christianity, and we attempted to show that there was a basis in reason for that position: in this paper we go on to consider the position of the New Testament, which, as we have indicated, comes to us with inferior external authority, but is none the less universally allowed to possess superior religious value. We are not now concerned with the beliefs about the New Testament which Christians have held, but with the position which can reasonably be assigned to the New Testament in the Christian system. What is the function of these documents which justifies the supreme importance attached to them in the Church of Christ? Does the Christian use of the New Testament imply anything unreasonable in itself? Treated freely and frankly, as all historical memorials from a distant past must be treated, do these Christian writings suffice for the burdens laid on them by the Christian Religion? Does Christianity bind us to any disloyalty to our reason in the handling of the New Testament? These are the questions we have in mind throughout the present discussion. In the brief space at our disposal we can do no more than indicate the directions in which we should seek the answers.

Christianity has been called a historical religion, and it is of great importance to understand exactly what the phrase implies. In one sense, indeed, it is the merest of platitudes. Christianity is obviously the religion of Christ, and the mission of Christ is a fact, or series of facts, certified by history. So much might be said of other religions. In this sense Buddhism and Mohammedanism are historical religions. Evidently we mean something more than this when Christianity is called a historical religion by way of distinguishing it from all other religions. Other religions are not, as we have already indicated in a previous paper, dependent for their truth and their power on the personal excellence of their respective founders. Christianity, on the contrary, is the religion of the Incarnation, that is, its Founder is held to be in Himself the true and perfect exponent of God. Not Christ's teaching merely, but His life and character, constitute the revelation which He made to mankind. And hence it follows that an accurate knowledge of the life and teaching of Christ is of the very utmost consequence to Christians, and the New Testament has its unique value precisely because it contains practically all that has survived to us about the Founder of Christianity. Outside the four Gospels there are indeed a few words of Christ and a few more or less doubtful traditions about Him, but making the largest allowance for these, it is certain that, within the narrow compass of the four Gospels, the Christian Church possesses practically the whole knowledge about its Founder which it lies within its power

to gain. Moreover in the Apostolic epistles we have recorded the impression made by Christ upon the first generation of believers, and these documents thus serve the purpose of a most valuable commentary on the evangelic narratives.

It will be at once apparent that from the point of view of a thoughtful Christian the documents of the New Testament demand at his hands the most searching examination. Christianity, we say, is a historical religion, and, therefore, historical criticism would seem to be a necessary instrument for the purpose of Christian teaching. The core of the Christian revelation is precisely the life, character and teaching of Christ, and all these belong to us in a slender collection of ancient documents presenting, as all ancient documents necessarily present, many difficult problems, upon the solution of which a just understanding of their contents depends.

Historical criticism is the science to which properly belongs the solution of such problems. Human experience knows no other instrument so trustworthy. It is, of course, notorious that within the Christian sphere tradition has been constantly represented as the true authority for determining all questions respecting the Christian documents, but as controversialists have often pointed out, no tradition has reached us with anything like the same claim on our acceptance as the documents themselves, and therefore while it is true that the New Testament must always be the criterion of tradition, it is not less true that tradition can rarely, if ever, be the criterion of the New Testament.

Christian theology accordingly would seem to be dependent at every point on the sound interpretation of the Christian documents. Before the theologian can enter on his solemn and difficult task, the critic must provide him with a true text of the canonical scripture and the historian must present the testimony of the sacred writers in its true temporal and local connections. What is called the higher criticism* is really an indispensable auxiliary of interpretation and a fortiori of theology. We may illustrate our point by a reference to what everybody will at once admit is the very central doctrine of Christianity. What was implied in the Incarnation of God in Christ? What was the nature and the measures of that self-chosen Kenōsis of the Son of God, by means of which He became the Teacher, King, and Saviour of the human race? We have no means of knowing save the record of the New Testament. To understand aright the witness of the New Testament is to be provided with the materials of a sound Christology. For the modern theologian to accept the New Testament in its current interpretation unanalysed, uncriticised, unrelated with the conditions under which it originally took its shape, is to build the doctrinal fabric without first taking heed to the foundations. This indeed was the method of the mediæval schoolmen. Why is it that so great neglect has fallen upon the stupendous labours of those indefatigable thinkers? Certainly it is not the case that the mediæval schoolmen were intellectually unworthy of modern regard. On the contrary, many excellent modern judges would confess that in point of sheer intellectual force St. Thomas Aquinas or Albertus Magnus have had no superiors. Nor is any fault to be found with their methods of reasoning. Their logic is close, their insight is keen, their dialectical courage is splendid, but one thing is lacking in their work, and that precisely is the condition of permanent value in all

It may be serviceable to reproduce here Dr. Sandays' definitions of the "Lower" and the "Higher" criticism in the volume, entitled "Criticism of the New Testament." (Murray. 1902), p. 1: "The criticism of any work of antiquity has two branches, which are commonly distinguished as the Lower Criticism and the Higher. The Lower Criticism deals with the smaller questions of words and text. Its problem is to determine as nearly as may be what the author really wrote. The Higher Criticism deals with the larger questions of authorship, date, sources, composition, literary and historical character. Its problem is to set the writing in its place among other writings; to determine where it comes in place and time and what are its relations, internal and external: I mean what are the relations of the parts that compose it to the whole, and what are the relations both of the parts and of the whole to the surrounding literature and history, *i.e.*, broadly to the intellectual, and, in the case of the New Testament, to the religious conditions of the time."

intellectual work. The postulates of their reasoning are unsound, their facts are too often no facts. They build on a tradition which they never dreamed of doubting, and which we know to have been extremely untrustworthy, and hence it is that for the modern student the work of the schoolmen has no value. It cannot be too often insisted on that the preliminary condition of sound theological thinking is a just interpretation of the documents, and that a just interpretation of the documents implies not only what is called the lower criticism, by which the true text of the sacred writers is recovered, but also the higher criticism by which the methods of composition, the aims and objects of the writers, the modes of thinking and expression are examined and as far as possible ascertained. If these be the reasonable procedures of Christians desirous to understand their faith, they are absolutely indispensable when Christians come to discuss their faith with those who are not Christians. For, manifestly, the New Testament has one character when read by believers for the nourishment of their religious life, and another character when offered to unbelievers as the justification for the Christian faith about its Founder. It is only by observing this distinction that we can avoid the ancient fallacy of arguing in a circle. "Why must I believe the Church? Because the Bible says so. And why believe the Bible? Because the Church says so." This argument has played a great part in religious discussions, and still in a thousand forms, more or less concealed, it is to be met with in the field of religious debate. The true position is rather this. In the first instance the Christian society claims the attention of men with its doctrine about Christ, and when men ask for the proofs of that doctrine, the Church offers first of all the documents of the New Testament, not as canonical, not as sacred, not as in any sense exempt from the normal treatment, but simply as historical materials, the means of forming a reasonable decision on the questions submitted for examination. Manifestly if a student of the New Testament discover that their evidence does not bear out the doctrine of the Church, it will be in vain to press that doctrine on his acceptance, but if on the contrary a free and impartial examination of the documents justifies *so far as it goes* the doctrine of the Church, then the Church has so far established its case. We must, however, ask how far does the appeal to the New Testament carry us? The great presuppositions of Christianity are, of course, altogether independent of the Christian documents. Christianity assumes the lofty Theism of the prophets, and from the first it has included the philosophic doctrines of the divine immanence in the universe, and of the immortality of the soul. What used to be called natural religion is the basis on which Christianity builds its characteristic doctrines, and therefore these vital truths of religion are not properly in question when the New Testament is examined. The student of the New Testament equally with the authors of the New Testament takes these for granted, and seeks in his study to discover how far the revelation of truth in and by Jesus Christ justifies its necessary claim to be the true climax and interpretation of the religious achievement of mankind.

The two questions which must be answered by an honest examination of the New Testament, that is, of the primitive Christian documents which are substantially included without exception in the New Testament, are these. On the one hand, Is there anything in the facts of the Life of Christ which disallows the Christian doctrine about Him? On the other, Is there anything in the authentic teaching of Christ which disallows the doctrine and practice of the Christian Church? It will be observed that I have not said that the New Testament, impartially examined, can demonstrate the Christian belief about Christ, for indeed that belief has a profounder and more complex origin. What Christ is reported by St. Matthew to have said to Simon Peter, when first of all the Apostles he confessed His Messiahship, utters a truth which enters into every genuine discipleship, "*Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven.*" Religious conviction is something more than a sound inference from ascertained facts: the conscience and the heart have their place in the process of "con

version," and it must always be the case that "*except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God*"; but it can never be seriously believed that these activities of the Divine Spirit can at any point require or tolerate infidelity to truth: and we must certainly maintain that in that specific sphere where the doctrine comes under the criticism of history, we can only act religiously when we apply with exactitude the methods and accept with willingness the results of historical science. To this extent, therefore, the doctrine of the Church stands at the bar of criticism. What we believe about Christ can never reasonably be allowed to *contradict* the facts of His history, as these are conveyed to us in the documents, justly examined; but that belief, so far determined, will necessarily *transcend* the meagre knowledge which from the documents alone we can gain. Moreover, we cannot reasonably ignore the evidence of Christian history, continued now through 1900 years: that evidence, of course, cannot carry into the primitive tradition anything that was not originally there, but it can bring out into prominence elements which were obscured, and demonstrate the soundness of inferences which only experience could draw. An example of what is meant may be offered in the case of such an utterance of Christ as that so familiar and so precious to English Churchmen as the first of "the comfortable words of our Saviour Christ," which are included in the service of the Holy Communion. No study of the New Testament, however careful and honest, could convey the full meaning of Christ's Words of Invitation: "*Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.*" The critic necessarily reads the words in their historic connection, and interprets them solely with reference to those to whom they were spoken. Thus HOLTZMANN* understands by the labouring and heavy-laden those who "because of the place they occupy in the social scale" are so to be described: but Christian experience through nineteen centuries has authorised, nay, has necessitated, a grander and profounder understanding of Christ's words. We cannot reasonably ignore the fact that in the experience of so many men under such various conditions, Christ has been found to lift the burden of guilt from the conscience and to give peace to the troubled mind; and, though we may not in the first instance recognise this deep spiritual significance in the words of the Gospel, yet, surely we are following the guidance of reason as well as yielding to the suggestions of piety, when we accept the experience of Christendom as a trustworthy commentary on the sacred text. The Christ of History is, first, the Christ whose Life and Character are made known to us in the documents of the New Testament; and, then, the Christ who has made Himself known in the protracted and various life of the Christian society. The last revelation explains the first, and is itself explained by it: the first never can be altered by the last, which properly it enables and determines.

So, as a result of all this, we reach our conclusion. The supremacy of the New Testament arises from nothing arbitrary or irrational, and depends on nothing of the kind. Christianity being a historical Religion has in its documents the title-deeds of its spiritual heritage, and the standing apology for its own existence. What BISHOP WESTCOTT* wrote of the Bible as a whole is pre-eminently true of the New Testament. "The Church offered a living commentary on the Book, and the Book an unchanging test of the Church." This critical function of the New Testament manifestly assumes the greater importance as the Church departs ever more widely from its primitive simplicity of faith and life: and for its due exercise the New Testament must be freely studied without the risks and embarrassments of ecclesiastical tradition. Thus studied the Christian finds in his sacred writings, not the obedient creature of any system whether of theology or of government, but an ever-fresh witness of vital truth, "*the truth as it is in Jesus.*"

* "The Life of Jesus," pp. 284–285. A. & C. Black. 1904.

* *Vide* "The Bible in the Church," p. 11.

By Norman Maclean

Author of "Dwellers in the Mist," &c.

HE was a tall, loosely knit, shambling man, and he had a habit of rubbing his hands when he spoke. His work was to look after the walks in the woods; that was, at least, what he lived by; but his own idea of his mission in life was to show his fellow men the errors of their religious beliefs. When the minister in the little church under the shadow of the hill preached on any of the miracles, or in any way touched on the supernatural, the face of Macmorran was a study. Those near him could hear the sound of hands being vigorously rubbed under the shelter of the bookboard, while his eyes stared hard at the preacher. For Macmorran in every time of excitement rubbed his hands, and by it he sometimes denoted approval, but at other times stern disapproval. I yet remember the summer day on which he buttonholed the minister on the road under the shadow of the elms. "Excuse me, sir," queried Macmorran, "but will you tell me as one truthful man to another whether you yourself believe that five thousand men and women were fed on five loaves and two fishes? You preached to us yesterday on the subject—five thousand, just think of it, and the whole of Glencroe has only five hundred people in it!" The minister blushed (he was a trifle young and had not yet ceased to blush), while I laughed, but Macmorran rubbed his hands. When the minister passed on Macmorran said, nodding his head after him, "A kind man, but terribly old fashioned; he actually believes that sort of thing, and he knows nothing of evolution!" and Macmorran washed his hands with invisible water and soap, and shook his head in the direction of the retreating minister who had yet to learn not to blush.

Near the centre of the village there is a wooden seat placed against the wall, and there, in the summer time, you will find the fathers of the glen assembled from seven to nine o'clock. They got in the way of foregathering there in the old days when the postman used to arrive in the evening, and they came to get their letters. Now with the march of progress the mail-coach drives up from the railway station at mid-day, and the letters go from house to house; but still, when the day's work is done, they move out and gather there, and sit with their backs to the stone wall and look with blank eyes down into the gorge through which the noble river flows, and across to the pinnacled hills. Often of an evening I came and leaned against the wall and listened to the talk while I smoked my pipe. The rush of the great city where I sit at the ledgers seemed far, far away then.

One evening, sitting there, half listening to snatches of conversation, I sat up and listened to it all, when I heard the woodman taking his pipe from his mouth, saying:

"There's prayer, now; and what can be more ridiculous than that, asking God to send rain, to send wind, to give victory; when Calum there is asking for rain for his braird, I am asking for sunshine to enable me to get my paths all finished. We cannot both get what we ask."

"Aye, aye," said Tearlach the molecatcher, "true for you, Macmorran. It's yourself who can speak."

Macmorran expanded his chest and smiled a smile of satisfaction. The hands began to be washed.

"There's the war, now," he continued, "we are praying for victory: you heard the minister at it the other day; and the other side are praying; we cannot both get the victory. It is absurd. At this time of day, too. I'll tell you what, boys; the minister, decent man that he is, knows nothing of evolution!"

At this there was a laugh—a laugh with a note of derision in it—from the little crowd, and the hands went on rubbing harder than ever.

But Ian Dubh, the stalker, who was resting on his way up to his home in the corries, eyed the woodman with great disfavour. His eye, which had, when I first marked him, the far-away gaze of those who scan the far horizon, grew hard; and he spoke slowly as one whose tongue has little occasion for being used.

"Listen to me, man," said he, "and I'll tell you a little story. You remember Calum Ban in Baluina, who was killed in the forest."

Oh! yes; they all remembered Calum Ban. And the woodman, eyeing Ian Dubh, forgot, in his surprise, to rub his hands.

"Well, I was there at that time," went on Ian in his slow measured voice. "It was the early winter, when the hind shooting had begun, and there were beautiful days; days such as often come then when the silence is brooding over the sun-lit corries, as if caressing them in a last farewell ere handing them over to the full winter blasts. One day it fell to me to go out with Calum; we were working up a corrie; he was a little behind me; I heard suddenly a shot; and looking round, there was Calum lying at the bottom of an earthern dyke, with the smoking rifle beside him. I rushed to him, but he was dead—shot through the head. Nobody knows how, but scrambling over the dyke the trigger got

Excuse me, sir, queried Macmorran, but will you tell me, as one truthful man to another, whether you yourself believe that five thousand men and women were fed on five loaves and two fishes

caught in the heather; and Calum never spoke again. Oh, the horror of that moment! And the sun shone down on the corrie, and sparkled on the river, as if nothing had happened."

Ian came to a pause, as if the telling of the tale were proving more than he expected. A hush fell on the little group. The pipes were in the mouths, but they forgot to draw, and there was no fire under the ashes.

"I ran two miles to the nearest house," went on Ian, "and got two men and a boy. We brought a door with us and laid Calum on it; and very slowly the four of us carried him back towards his house at the bottom of the corrie, and because I knew him best, I had to go to break the news to Janet, his wife. I went to the door, and since then I am not afraid of anything I may have to do. I will never, please God, have a harder task.

"She was baking when I went in, and singing a song to the baby (their only child, you know) who was half asleep in the cradle beside her. I can still see her hands white with the flour, the bright fire and the happiness shining in her face as she turned to rock the cradle with her foot.

"'What has brought you back so soon?' she asked when she saw me at the door.

"'Oh! Janet,' I said, 'an accident has happened to Calum——'

"The rolling-pin fell from her hand as she looked in my face. She gave one cry; and forgetting her baby and everything, she ran out, saying:

"'He is dead, dead, where is he? Where is my man?'

"So I took her where he was laid, and she looked on his face; but she wept not a tear and said not a word. So we took him in. But she sat before the fire; and though the women came to comfort and help her, yet she sat on there, taking no heed, saying no word, till we all felt that we would give gold if she would only speak or cry.

"'She'll go mad,' said old Peggy, 'if she does not cry or speak.'

"But the evening fell; the child awoke and cried, and yet she paid no heed; the wind began to rise—the first of the winter storms—and the rain pattered on the panes, and still she sat there with drawn face and unseeing eyes, saying never a word.

"When the night was a few hours past, in the lull of the wind, a knock was heard at

She looked on his face, but she wept not a tear and said not a word

the door. We all started and thought of ghosts. For who could it be there in the storm and the darkness? But when the door was opened the old minister, who lies sleeping there near the church door" (and Ian pointed to the little church), "walked in shaking the rain from his coat. News travels fast even in the corries, and far down the glen the old man heard the news, and immediately he saddled the grey mare and rode through the darkness. That was the sort of man he was, peace be with him!"

"Aye, a good man, that he was," they all assented, "we'll never see his like."

"I wonder did he know about evolution," I whispered to the workman who was nearest me; but he only scowled.

"A sigh of relief went round, you may be sure," continued Ian, "when we saw Mr. MacRuaridh come in. The silence of that house was more than we could bear. And I thought it curious that he said almost nothing at first. The others spoke a great deal when they came in one by one; but he only held Janet's hand for a while, and then sat near her, and looked at the fire, too. After a while he took out a little Bible and began to read here and there, and every word he read seemed as if it had been written for Janet. I yet remember the wonder that seized me as I watched the easy way in which he turned here and there, and always found what she required. I can tell you I found them all for myself afterwards. And as he read, his voice often quivered, and he now and then shaded his eyes with his hand to hide his tears, but every word came throbbing to our hearts as he read.

"And then he knelt; we all knelt, and he prayed. It was the first prayer that I remembered having listened to. For we all felt God was very near us. A sob rose in our breasts as the old man began to speak to God about Janet, asking that she might hear the words spoken to her, 'what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' asking that she might feel how God was a husband to the widow, a father to the fatherless; that she might know in her woe the tenderness of 'the Hand which wipeth away the tears from all eyes.' I never forgot that prayer, I can tell you that.

"When we rose from our knees, and wiped our eyes, we saw that Janet was crying too.

"'I have not heard the river for days,' she said in a husky voice, 'but I hear it moaning now, crying for the dead; and I can cry too.'

"And we noticed then that we could hear the moan of the river, swollen by the first of the winter rains. The minister stayed till Calum was buried; and I can tell you, men, that if I do not know all that prayer can do, I learned that night one thing that prayer can do—it can save a heart from breaking."

A silence fell on us; we all discovered that we had stopped smoking. The sunlight was still lingering on the hill-tops, and I looked at it. One by one they rose and moved up the road, and a little cloud of dust driven before the evening breeze eddied up the glen and fell on them. Ian Dubh turned his face upward towards the corries.

"But prayer won't gain a war," I said to Macmorran, who was the last to move away, for they left him all alone.

But he only smiled a sickly smile, and rubbed his hands in a disconcerted sort of way.

"My father," said he, "was powerful in prayer. Many a time when I was a little boy I used to steal to the door of the barn and listen to him praying all alone among the straw."

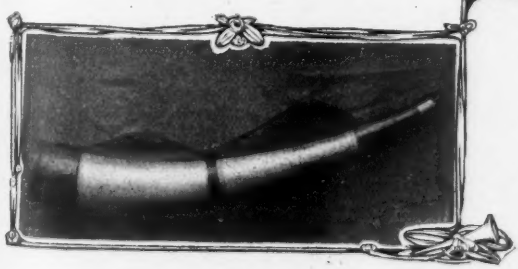
And he turned up the road and disappeared in a little cloud of dust round the corner of the wood.

THE ROMANCE OF MUSIC

BY J.F. ROWBOTHAM: THE TRUMPET

THE trumpet came into being originally for a purpose the reverse of musical. Unlike other musical instruments, which were invented in order to be the voices and mouthpieces of music, the trumpet was first of all created to be but an organ of noise—not to please the ear with sweet sound, but to distress it with cacophony. The fact that the trumpet did, little by little, put on and acquire the complexion and perform the *rôle* of a musical instrument speaks volumes for the power of sweet sound, which gradually extends its influence over the most refractory elements and compels them to bow to the power of harmony. When we think of the clashing cymbals, the strident rattle, the pealing bell, the rasping triangle, and remember how these various things have little by little modified and attuned themselves, till at last they are able to form part and parcel of a musical concert or orchestra, we shall not be surprised at the career of the trumpet, which, from being the most offensive and deafening sound-producer in the world, has become one of the most brilliant and artistic *coryphées* in the modern orchestra, and indeed so essential in the *rôle* it plays that the art of music could not possibly now dispense with it. Its history has been like that of the wild mustang, which has been gradually tamed into the useful horse, or like that of the wolf, which has been domesticated into the mild and gentle dog. This makes the story of the trumpet such a romantic one; for when the instrument commenced its career there seemed little likelihood of anything musical resulting.

A "Devil" trumpet made of leather, from Brazil



An ivory horn with leather mounts, from the Nile—Congo Watershed

Its primary invention was due, there seems no doubt, to a mere practical object. It was to act as a positive weapon in warfare—the same sort of weapon of offence as the spear or the club. But the trumpet was to be directed against the senses. By its terrible

sound it was to scare the foe—oftentimes quite as effectually as an actual corporal weapon could do.

We find among modern savages the use of the trumpet or horn is in nearly every case limited to warfare. When Orellana went his expedition down the Marañon, the savages, who from time to time attacked him, almost invariably preluded their onset by a tremendous din of horns and trumpets. The Muras, who were the scourge of the colonists in South America, would always perform a wild overture on horns before commencing their attack. The people of the Orinoco used horns for a similar purpose. The Samoans blow conch shells as a prelude to the war. The savages of Guiana commence their attacks with a screech of horns and trumpets. That they have reason in this idea and in this strange destination of the instrument is beyond a doubt. Gideon is not the first man in the world's history who has routed a host by a sudden blast of the trumpets. All panic is derivable from

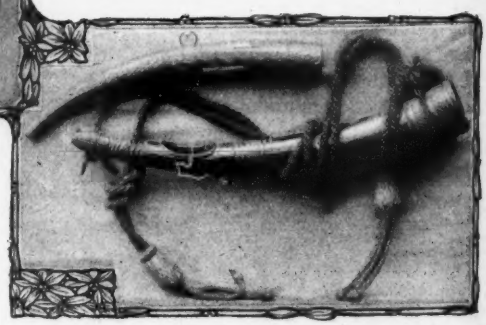
A conch-shell trumpet with chased metal covering, from Tibet

trumpet-like sound, if we may trust the derivation of the word, which refers the first panic to the time when the great god Pan put to flight an army of Indians by a sudden shout, just as he set the Titans running on another occasion by a similar means. And Astolfo's horn in Ariosto—

> è di sì orribil suono,
> Ch'ovunque s'oda fa fuggir la gente.
> Non puo trovarsi al mondo un cor si buono,
> Che posse non fuggir come lo sente.

This passage lets out the secret. For it is this "orribil suono," this "hellishe sounde"—to borrow an elegant phrase from "Purchas His Pilgrimes"—which, if delivered in sufficient volume and with sufficient suddenness, will infallibly produce the effect that Ariosto speaks of. The railway whistle makes us start; if we thought it were inimically delivered we should run.

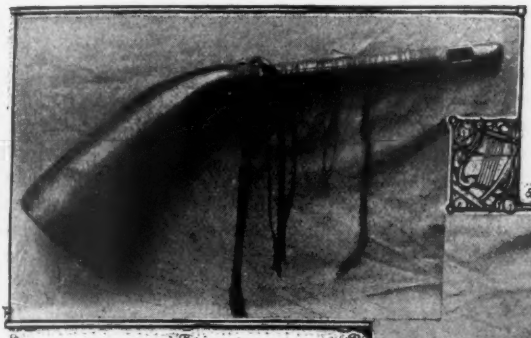
Roland's horn is a still more famous example of the stentorian powers of the trumpet—famous through all the Middle Ages, and the theme of legends and of songs innumerable. Roland was the nephew of Charlemagne, and the possessor of a famous trumpet or horn, which he had received from Merlin, who in his turn had obtained it as a reward for certain services from Storjunkar, who was the lovely son of Odin, the Jupiter of the Scandinavian gods. Odin had given this magic horn to Storjunkar, in order that when sailing on the ocean, or in distress of any kind, he might call on his father in the sky, who through the tremendous power of the horn, though distant so far on his skyey throne, might yet hear him. Accordingly, when Storjunkar in his Viking's bark labouring in the middle of the ocean, overtaken by a violent storm, needed the aid of his father Odin to deliver him, he blew the horn. And it was as if another



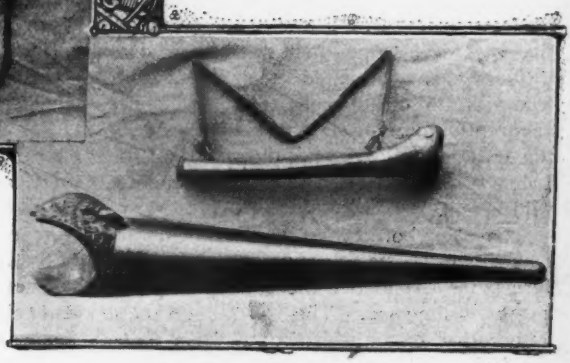
A war horn and a hunting horn, from West Africa

stormy ocean had suddenly opened out in the middle of the tempestuous sea—such noise came pouring from the horn, overwhelmed the roar of the breakers, and ascended to Odin's throne.

This horn or trumpet, traced with cabalistic characters, and suspended by a golden chain, was worn by the great champion of Christendom, Roland, slung on his back. He was the nephew of Charlemagne, as we have mentioned; and when that monarch marched from Spain to France after making peace with the Saracens, Roland commanded the rearguard of the army. Owing to a piece of famous treachery the rearguard, when separated many miles, fifty or sixty miles, the legend goes, from the main army, was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force of Saracens, and like to be annihilated to a man. Roland in this distress determined to blow his horn, in the desperate attempt to make Charlemagne and his army hear it fifty miles away!



A trumpet from Brazil



The top instrument is a Tibetan trumpet made from a human thigh-bone, and the one beneath is a wooden trumpet from New Zealand

We may see from this and similar legends that the great point at issue in the trumpet or horn was that the sound—we should rather say the noise—should be increased to superlative heights. The louder the sound, the better, the more famous the trumpet. How different from other instruments, where often the sweeter the strain, the more desirable! But not so with the trumpet and horn.

Turning to the evidence of uncivilised races again, we find them all doing their best to increase the sound of their trumpets to unparalleled heights, and apparently having no other object in the manufacture of them than the production of "hellishe sound." The *ture*, or trumpet of the Muras, has a most horrible and piercing tone. "The sound of the shell trumpet," writes Ellis, of the conch of Samoa, "is more horrific than that of the drum." In fact he goes on to say that it is the most "horrific sound he has ever heard." "The sound of the *botutos* (trumpets) of the Orinoco tribes," says Mr. Engel, "is really terrific."

Once proved efficacious for scaring the foe, what so natural that man should employ his trumpet as a weapon against his arch enemies the spirits? And this is why the South African rain-makers blow a trumpet when they conjure the weather—it is to frighten away the evil spirits that cause the drought; and the tribes of the Amazon in like manner have their spirit music—large trumpets in sets of eight, which they play for the express purpose of frightening away spirits.

That it was on the frightening power of the trumpet and no other that man relied for its ability to influence the spirits, may, I think, be clearly seen from the ceremony which is practised by the lamas of Thibet, and which may be taken as a representative of similar ones among other peoples. At stated periods, M. Huc tells us, 4000 lamas

assemble on the roofs of the various monasteries, and blow trumpets and conch shells all night long. An old lama gave him the following explanation of the rite. It had been established, he said, to drive away demons by which the country had formerly been infested. They had caused all kinds of maladies among the cattle, corrupted the cows' milk, disturbed the lamas in their cells, and even carried their audacity so far as to force themselves into the choir at the hour of prayer. During the night these evil spirits used to assemble at the bottom of the ravine and frighten everybody in the neighbourhood out of their wits by the noises they made. Till at last a learned lama hit upon the idea of fighting them with their own weapons, and imitated their cries with trumpets and conch shells most successfully apparently, for Huc describes the uproar of the trumpets united with the voices of the Lamas as like the howling of a multitude of wild beasts.

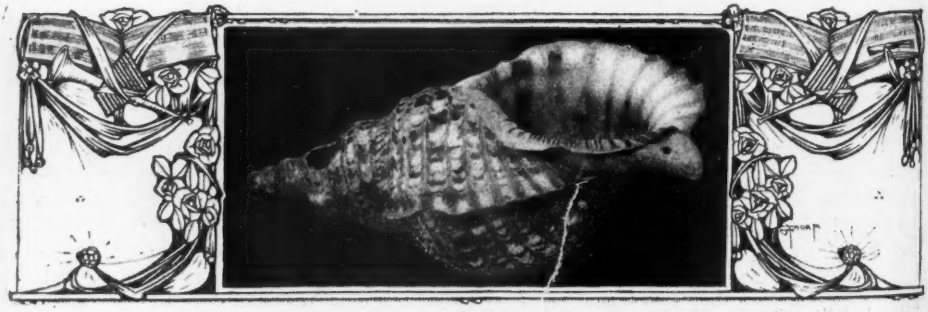
The magic horn of the South African rain-maker gets its magic on precisely the same terms, for the louder the sound the more potent is the spell. The old rain-maker at Loboré had only a whistle; but when Baker gave him a German horn fitted with brass, he grinned till the tears ran down his cheek, and said, "I am a great sheik now. There is no rain-maker so great as I." To the same category must be referred those ceremonies which take place in many nations at the time of the new moon or at an eclipse—in either case for the same reason; and whether the spirits are to be frightened from the young crescent, or from the sick and blackened disc they have bewitched, trumpets will be equally efficacious. Of these the ceremonies of the Peruvians, of the ancient Mexicans, and of the Romans as described by Tacitus, may be taken as good illustrations.

It is this connection with the spirit world —so established and originated as we have seen—that has brought the trumpet into such close connection with religion from the earliest times. Trumpets have always been the chosen instruments of the priests—partly because they can speak out the ecstasy of devotion so strongly, and with their blast can reach God's throne, like Roland's horn which could soar to the throne of Odin; and partly because trumpets have from most primitive times been instruments of power in the spirit world.

For this reason trumpets have been the instruments of the priests, not only among the Hebrews, but among all nations.

We learn in detail the employment of the trumpet by the priests in the temple services of the Israelites. In Solomon's Temple, magnificent with cedar and glittering with jewels and gold, the trumpets were the great instruments employed, being the special instruments of the priests.

The trumpet is the instrument on which education has had the most effect. But it can at any moment throw off its education, and become the wild sound-producer as of yore, the savage ungoverned creator of terror, which we found it when attempting to trace its origin among the primitive races of mankind.



A conch-shell trumpet, from the Fiji Islands

CONCLUDING PORTION

This new poem by Lord Byron, of which the earlier stanzas were published last month, with exhaustive notes upon its discovery, was found in a bundle of the poet's letters and is of undoubted authenticity. The *fac-similes* given below will show some of the stanzas in their finished state as finally copied out, and others, evidently in their rough form, corrected and altered.

VIII

Some thought no properer spot could be assigned
Than easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof,[8]
For 'twas a haunt familiar to their kind
Where they could creep and feed and strut and puff,
All had discoursed there, and some few had dined—
But then my lord's consent was not enough :
There was the Princess too of Madagascar—[9]
And no one had the courage e'en to ask her.

IX

The number qualified was found prodigious,
And all with very palpable pretensions,
Both civil, military, and religious,

(8) "Easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof." Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland, who restored Holland House, and there gathered round him a brilliant circle of statesmen, wits, men of letters, and other people of distinction, giving the house a European celebrity. *Cf.* "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers :"

"Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse !
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub Street dine, while duns are kept aloof."

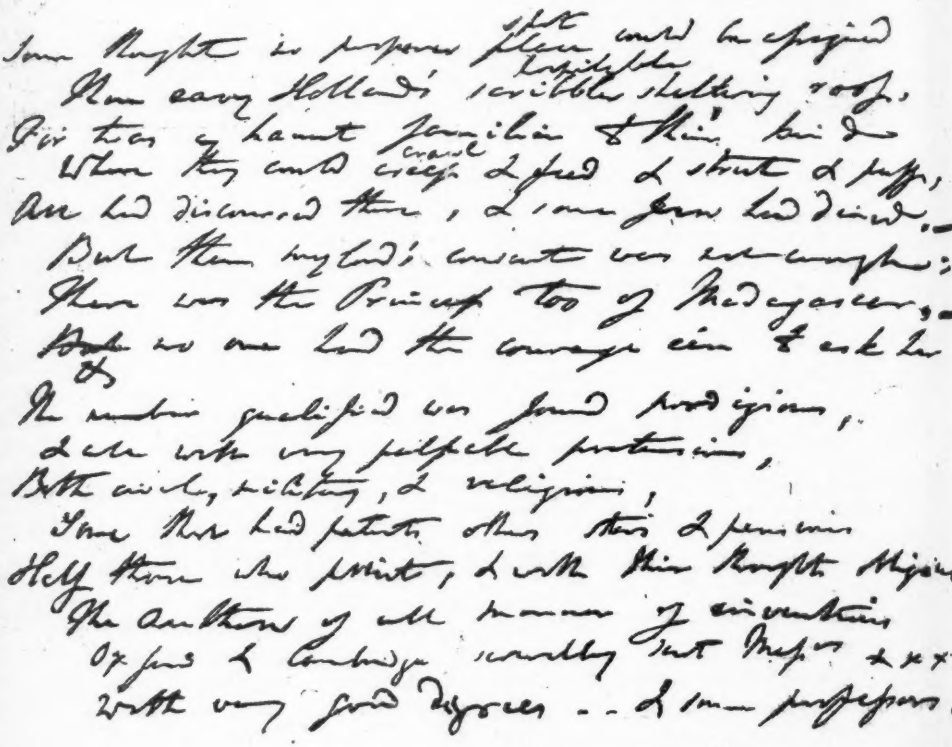
(9) "The Princess of Madagascar."—Elizabeth Vassall, Lady Holland, called the Princess of Madagascar because figuring under that title in Lady Caroline Lamb's novel "Glenarvon" published in 1816, of which Byron was represented as the eponymous hero. Lady Holland had great powers of fascination, but could make herself extremely offensive to those to whom she took a dislike, and was particularly severe in her treatment of poets. Byron, supposing that she had prompted the article on his "Hours of Idleness" in the *Edinburgh Review*, satirised her in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but afterwards made amends by dedicating "The Bride of Abydos" to her husband.

Some there had patents, others stars and pensions,
Half those who print, and with their thoughts oblige us,
The Authors of all manner of inventions
Oxford and Cambridge severally sent Messrs.. . .
With very good degrees . . . and some professors.

No, not his gracious Majesty's pavilion[10]
Though that is said to have cost him near a million.

* * * * *

Having achieved this much, however, Byron's ideas must have again failed him, for there is another break in the continuity of the fair copy. That he endeavoured to follow up his temporary success is evident

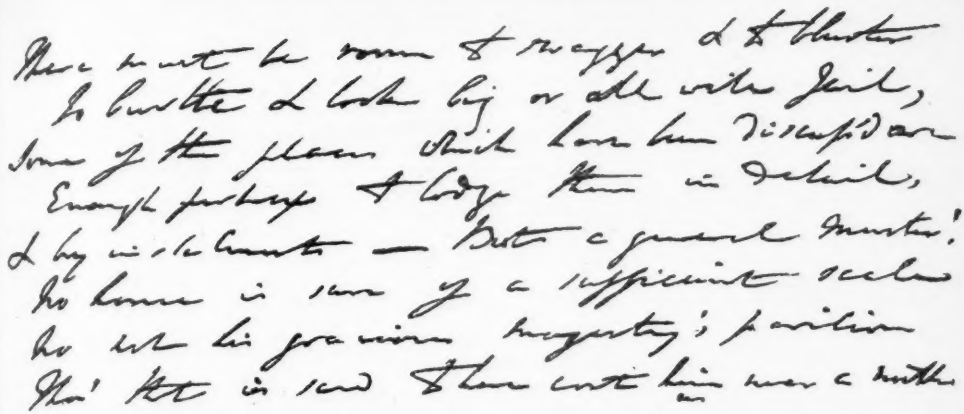


x

There must be room to swagger and to bluster
To bustle and look big or all will fail,
Some of the places which have been discussed are
Enough perhaps to lodge them in detail,
And by instalmments—But a general muster!
No house is sure of a sufficient scale,

from the rough draft, but all that his effort resulted in were two, what Lord Halsbury would probably call, "sorts of stanzas" mainly composed of suggestions of various

(10) "His Majesty's pavilion."—The Pavilion at Brighton, founded in 1784, and greatly enlarged between that year and 1823, on the model of the Kremlin at Moscow. In 1849 it was sold to the town of Brighton for £53,000.



places where the ceremony should be held.* At last he gets the idea of holding it in the now vacated booths of Smithfield fair, and goes ahead again:

* "Hobhouse and Co. spoke loud for Palace Yard
For Humbugs of reform. . . . It oft had held them and again it could
Till one objected that 'twas somewhat hard
They should take this exclusive tone
As though all others . . . . no regard
Though they were many and at least as good when each
Had styled himself the people in his speech
Patriots and sovereigns by the self-same figure
Speak in the plural to appear the bigger."
"Religious humbugs throw in a word for Clapham Common
Dark the King's architect bid them not regard
Since he could knock down all between Holborn and
The Strand . . . and rebuild it in putty
Some thought the Penitentiary would do
So few people in it
If Van (?) would guarantee them from a pelting
Which the reformed inmates (penitents) sometimes dealt in
Haydon and Hoffman show'd their Exhibitions
And puff'd their works as better far than Titian's.

XI

We all I think must own a happy hit owes
Much to the aptness of the opportunity.
The Fair[11] had ceased, and Brooke's[12] and Polito's[13]

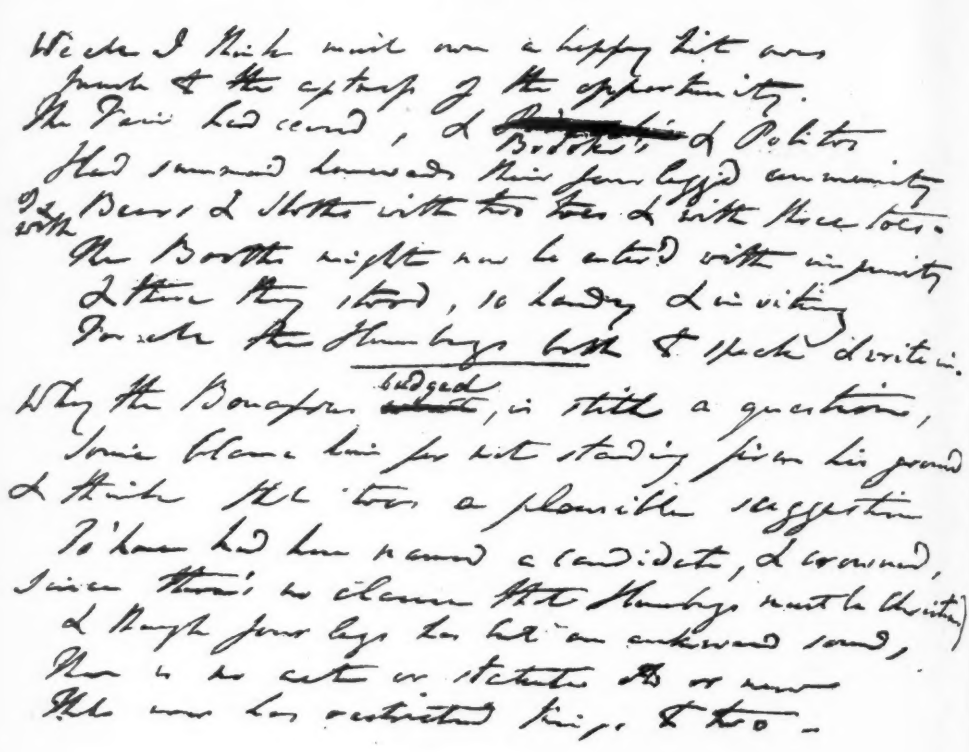
The inspiration eventually dies out in the following rough notes, hurriedly jotted down to be returned to and fashioned into shape at some more propitious time:

"Twas on the day when Bartholomew Fair had ceased—'Tis not generally reckoned lucky to come a day after the fair—But in this case it was for all the Booths were to be allowed to stand and to be occupied by the novel candidates."

(11) "The Fair."—Bartholomew Fair, held in Smithfield. The charter was granted by Henry I. in 1133. The shows fair were discontinued in 1850 and the was proclaimed for the last time in 1855.

(12) "Brooks's."—Originally a gaming club in Pall Mall, kept by Almack and afterwards by Brooks. It gradually became the leading Whig Club, and in 1778 it was removed to St. James' Street, where it still is.

(13) "Polito's."—A menagerie established at Exeter Change in the Strand, on about the same site as that occupied by the Lyceum Theatre. The proprietors of the collection were successively, Pidcock,



Had summoned homewards their four
legged community
With Bears and Sloths with two toes and
with three toes.
The Booths might now be entered
with impunity,
And there they stood so handy and in-
viting
For all the Humbugs both to speak and
write in.

It is interesting to trace the train of Byron's thought here. His first idea was to write "Pidcock's or Polito's," but it then occurred to him that the satire would be more complete if he coupled "Brooks's" with the menagerie, treating the occupants of both as so many varieties of wild beast. When making the fair copy he, either by a slip of the pen or in a temporary fit of compunction, again wrote "Pidcock's," but, finally deciding that second thoughts were best, restored the name of the club.

Polito, and Cross. On the demolition of Exeter Change the animals were removed to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. One of the chief features of the collection was "Chunee" the elephant, whose fate, when he went mad and had to be shot by a platoon of soldiers, excited as much public sympathy as the sale of "Jumbo" in more recent times.

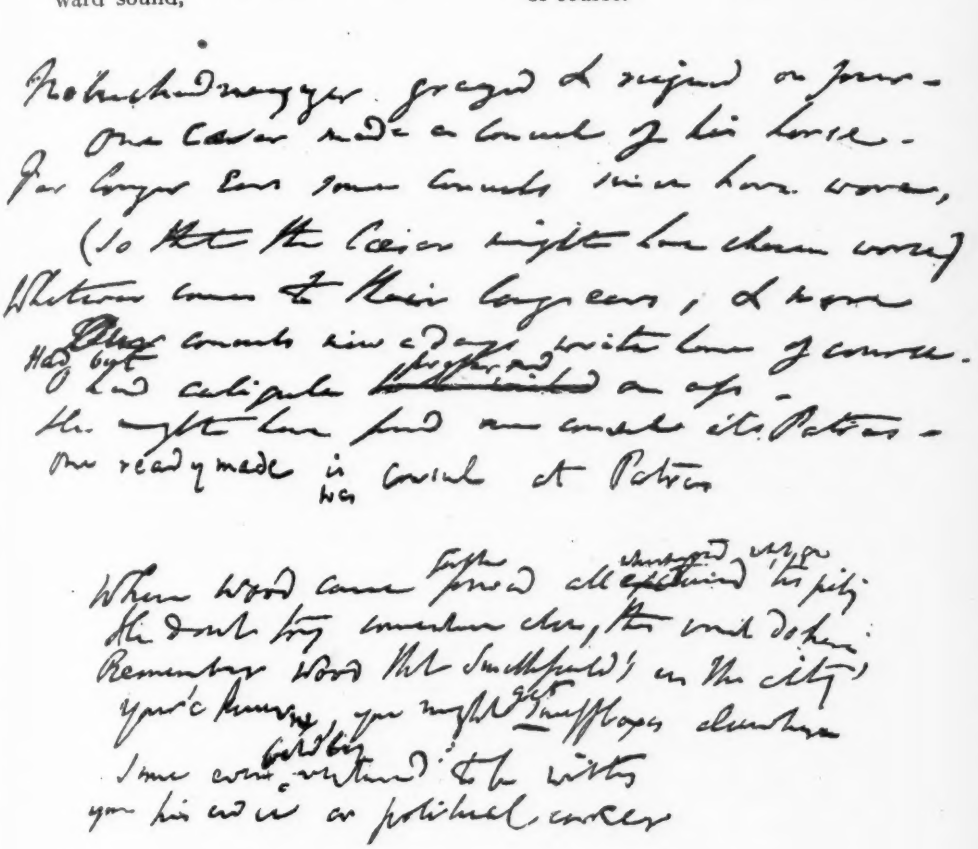
XII

Why the Bonassus[14] budged, is still a
question,
Some blame him for not standing firm
his ground,

(14) "The Bonassus."—An imaginary wild beast, encountered by the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg), *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, xlviii. April 1850.

And think that 'twas a plausible suggestion
To have him named a candidate, and crowned,
Since there's no clause that Humbugs must be Christian,
And though four legs has but an awkward sound,

Far longer ears some Consuls since have wore,
(So that the Cæsar might have chosen worse)
Whatever comes to their long ears, and more
Our Consuls nowadays write home of course.



There is no act or statute old or new
That ever has restricted Kings to two.

XIII

Nebuchadnezzar grazed and reigned on four—
One Cæsar made a Consul of his horse—[15]

O had Caligula preferred an ass,
He might have found one Consul at Patras.[16]

* * * * *

(15) "One Cæsar."—The Emperor Caligula (A.D. 37–41) made his favourite horse Incitatus Consul in ridicule of the Senate and Roman People.

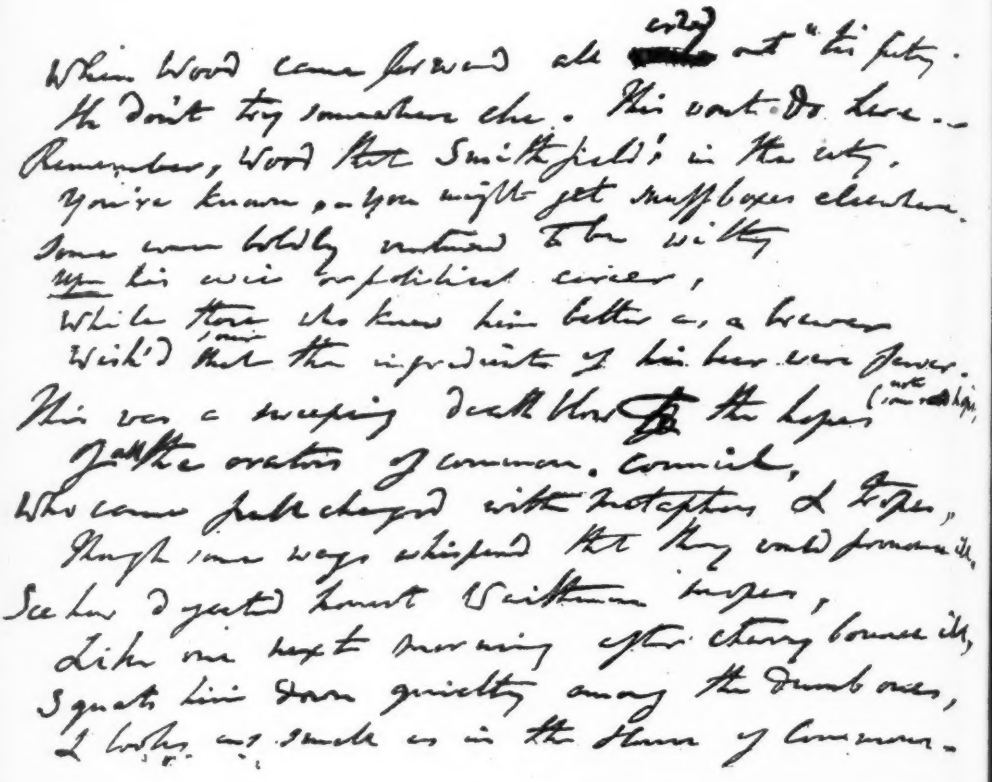
(16) "One Consul at Patras."—The British Consul at Patras with whom Byron came most into contact, according to his letters, was Mr. Strani. It does not

Byron was evidently now wearying of his task, the rough draft being temporarily abandoned, and a number of attempts which seem from their sense to be little more than memoranda for rhymes are entered directly into the copy-book.

But, leaving the intermediate stanzas to take care of themselves for the time being, he resumes his theme at a later point with slightly better fortune.

XIV

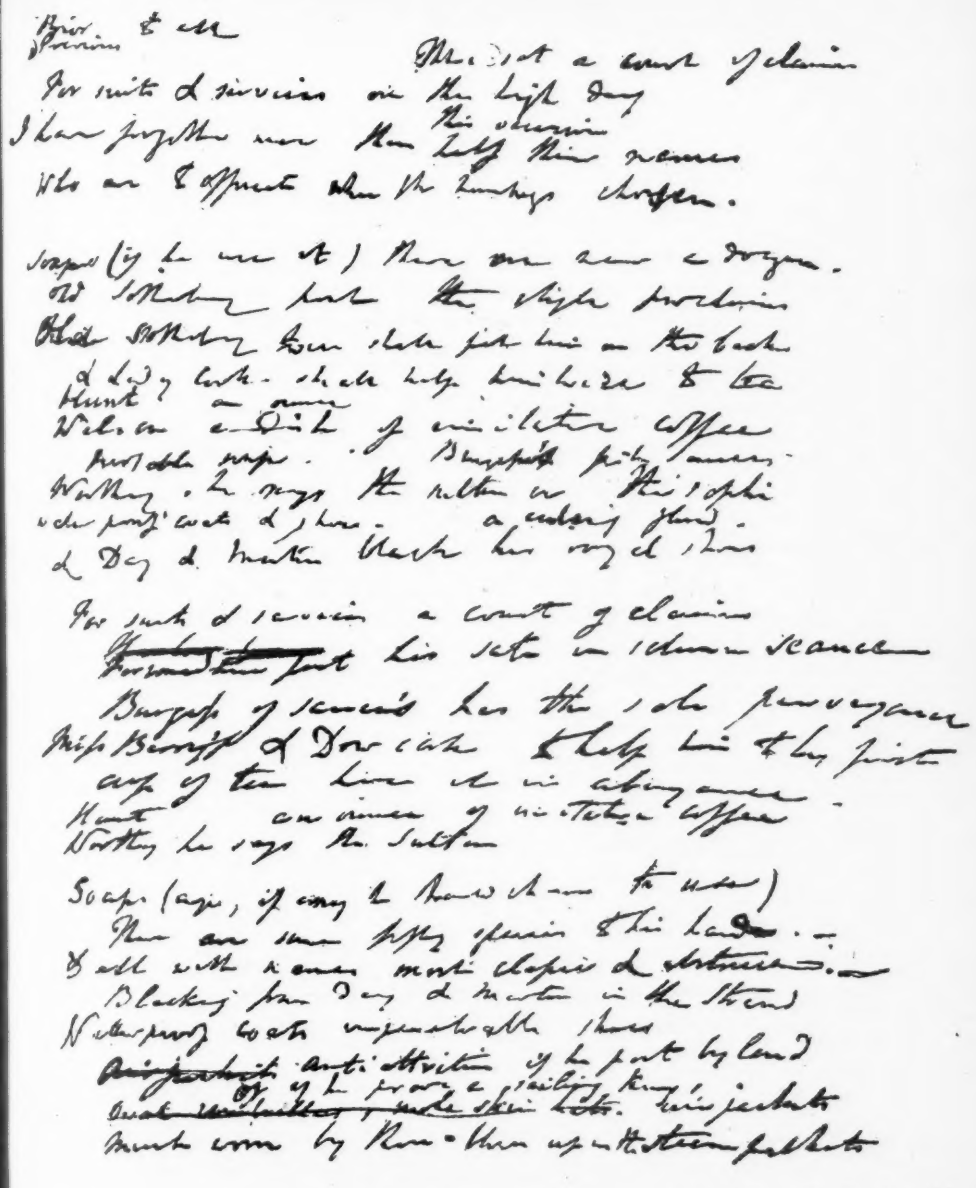
When Wood[17] came forward all cried out, 'tis pity



When Wood came forward all cried out "tis pity.
He don't try somewhere else. This won't do here.
Remember, Wood, that Smithfield's in the city,
You're known—You might get snuffboxes elsewhere.
Some were boldly noticed to be witty
When his wife's political career,
While those who knew him better as a brewer
Wish'd that the ingredients of his beer were fewer.
This was a weeping dear Hobhouse to the Lords
For the oration of common councilmen,
Who came [illegible] charged with metaphors & stripes,
Though in new ways adapted for they could furnish ill,
Scales & gratedd biscuit & written tapes,
Like me kept moaning after cheesy bounds ill,
I quote him down quickly among the dumb ones,
I wish my speech was in the House of Commons.

seem very clear, however, why Byron should have thus desired to pillory him, as no complaint of his conduct, official or otherwise, appears in the letters, except that when Byron was laid up ill at Patras in October 1810, Mr. Strani seems to have temporarily annoyed him by forcing a doctor upon him. Hardly sufficient cause for a life-long grudge!

(17) "Wood."—Sir Matthew Wood, hop merchant of Southwark, became a Member of the Common Council 1802, Alderman 1807, Sheriff 1809, Lord Mayor 1815–1816, in which last capacity he suppressed by his great tact and firmness a dangerous riot in Spa Fields and as a reward was re-elected to the Mayoralty 1816–1817. During his second term of

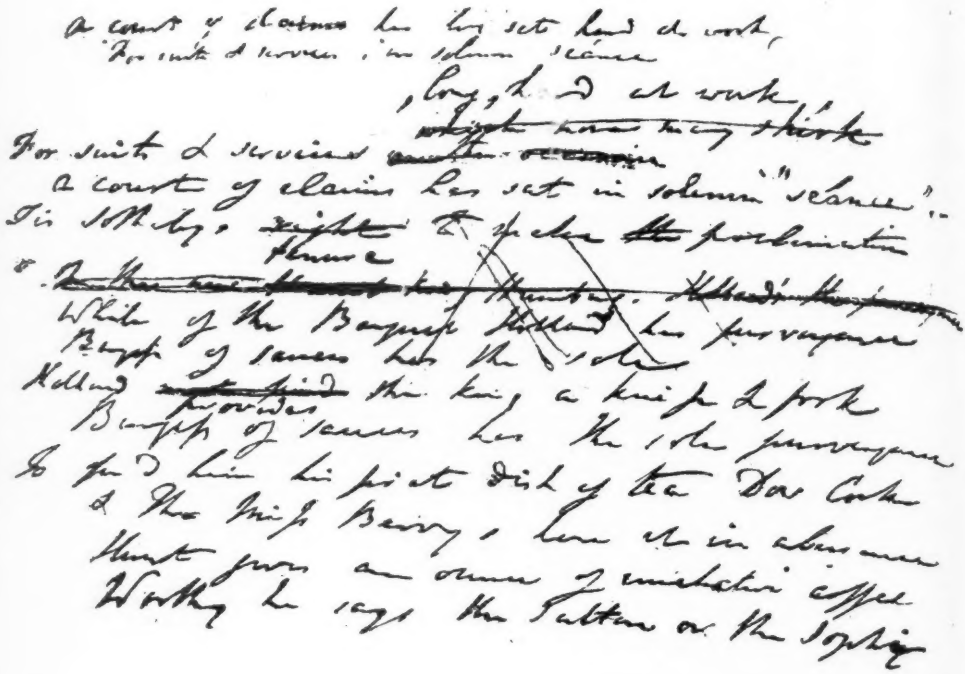


office he successfully interposed to prevent the execution of three Irishmen mistakenly condemned to death, for which act of humanity he was presented by public subscription with a handsome service of plate and received the thanks of the Corporation of Dublin. It is to this incident that Byron no doubt alludes in this stanza, and it is possible also that he has confused Spa Fields with Smithfield, but of that there can be no certainty. Wood was returned to Parliament for the

Some even boldly ventured to be witty,
Upon his civic or political career,
While those who knew him better as a brewer
Wished that the ingredients of his beer were fewer.

xv

This was a sweeping deathblow to the hopes (Note. Some read hops)
Of all the orators of Common Council,



Who came full charged with metaphors and tropes
Though some wags whispered that they would pronounce ill.
See how dejected honest Waithman mopes,[18]

City while Lord Mayor and retained his seat during ten successive Parliaments. He was one of the chief supporters and counsellors of Queen Caroline during her troubles, thereby earning for himself great popularity with the masses. He became trustee to the Duke of Kent, and it was mainly owing to his influence that Queen Victoria came to be born in England: a service which her Majesty rewarded by conferring a baronetcy upon him at the time of her first visit to the City after her accession. Sir Matthew Wood was the grandfather of General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

(18) "Waithman."—Robert Waithman, political reformer, was born at Wrexham in 1764. He came to London and speedily made a fortune. Under the influence of the French Revolution he threw himself into politics as a warm advocate of reform. He was elected to the Common Council in 1796, and in 1818 returned to Parliament, ousting the former member Sir William Curtis, a strong Tory. At the following general election, however,

Like one next morning after cheery bounce ill,
Squats him down quietly among the dumb ones
And looks as small as in the House of Commons.
* * * * *

The MS., both rough draft and fair copy, here lapses into a state very nearly approaching chaos, the remaining two stanzas given as perfect, standing out as solitary columns which have resisted the wrath of the destroyer might stand out amidst a mass of ruins.

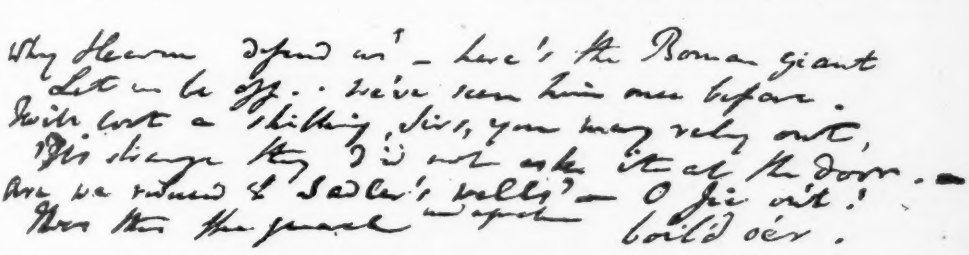
XVI

For suits and services, long, hard at work
A Court of Claims has sat in solemn "séance"—
Holland provides the King a knife and fork,

XVII

Soaps (aye, if any he should chance to use)
There are some fifty species to his hands—
And all with names most classic and abstruse—
Blacking from Day and Martin's in the Strand—
Waterproof coats, impenetrable shoes,
Anti-attrition if he post by land,
Or, if he prove a sailing King, air jackets
Much worn by those blown up in the steam packets.

Here the copy-book version ends. There is one further effort at continuing the poem on the inner page of sheet two of the draft and a wilderness of fascinating fragments and rough notes, but out of them nothing like finished poetry can be evolved



Burgess of sauces has the sole purveyance.[19]
To find him his first dish of tea Dow Cork[20]
And the Miss Berrys[21] have it in abeyance.
Hunt gives an ounce of imitative (?) coffee
Worthy, he says, the Sultan or the Sophy.

Altogether the "find" is a decidedly interesting one. One could hardly hope to discover a more instructive example of Byron's methods of work.

Curtis regained his seat. Waithman was elected Alderman in 1818, Sheriff in 1820, and Lord Mayor in 1823. He was a man of no education, but possessed of remarkable and persuasive powers of oratory.

(19) "Burgess."—Evidently the sauce manufacturer whose tasty inventions are still with us.

(20) "Dow Cork."—Apparently intended as a familiar designation for the Dowager Lady Cork, widow of the 7th Earl of Cork and Orrery. Lady Cork was formerly Miss Monckton, Johnson's friend (*vide* "Boswell's Life" *passim*), and in after life was noted as a chief among the Bluestockings. Byron calls her in one of his letters as "that female Pidcock" in allusion to her passion for seeking out "lions" of the day. Tea was of course a standing beverage at "Blue" parties.

(21) "Miss Berrys."—Mary and Agnes Berry, the friends of Horace Walpole, who left Strawberry Hill to them jointly. Mary Berry was herself an authoress and another leader of the "Bluestockings."

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

CHAPTER XV

MISS RIVERS

APPARENTLY she had regarded it as quite satisfactory; for during the few weeks which followed before Pamela's coming, Mistress Adelaide received an invitation to dinner (which she looked upon as compulsory) several times. It was always the same; there was the long dinner, Peters in attendance, and Miss Rivers invariably replied ungraciously to any well-meant attempt at conversation. But after the first time, secure in the thought that had the old lady not wished her to talk, she would not have invited her again, Adelaide grew into the habit of talking even though Miss Rivers preserved the most rigid silence. She spoke of the work done chiefly at first; and then, almost unconsciously, drifted into tales of the old days at Blatchlands or of Pamela.

Miss Rivers listened or did not listen; it was not easy to say which. Sometimes Mistress Adelaide inclined to the view that she slept, peaceably, soothed by the sound of her voice; and was by no means offended or disconcerted. She was there solely to please Miss Rivers. If the old lady slept while she talked, no doubt it was very good for her to do so, poor old soul! thought Adelaide, sympathetically. And if, instead, she listened, why it must do any one good to hear of Pamela and all the old doings at Blatchlands.

The remaining days passed very slowly, but at last they were gone, and Pamela came. It was perhaps a little disappointing that Miss Rivers should ask them both to dine on her first night; but it showed a satisfactory interest in the girl, Adelaide decided promptly, smothering her own wishes resolutely, and was therefore welcome.

Pamela arrived. It was a bitterly cold day, she had had a long journey and was very tired; but at the first sight of Mistress Adelaide's face, glowing, healthy, and cheerful as of old, Pamela gave a little gasp of pleasure, and hurled herself into Adelaide's outstretched arms regardless of all spectators.

"How good it is to be with you again, Adelaide!" she cried delightedly. "How good to see you look like that! It makes one feel that one has a home again. Dearest, have you missed me one half so much as I have missed you I wonder?"

"Shake hands with Martha and don't ask foolish questions! We are to dine at the Great House to-night."

"To-night! Oh, Adelaide!"

"Yes, I know; but she wishes it, poor old soul; and we have plenty of time to spend together, thanks to her! I've talked about you to her by the hour together; now perhaps she thinks she would like to see you in person."

"Perhaps?" Pamela looked bewildered. "But didn't she say so? Why did she ask us to-night? Does she like you to talk of me?"

"That I can't say; she doesn't talk much, and you have to guess at what she likes or doesn't like, pretty much. There are a few things I know, and those I had better tell you straight off, for fear I forget later. Don't shake hands; I just nod to her; she seems to like it better."

"How strange!"

"You have lived all your life with an eccentricity; don't begin to pretend that only conventional manners suit you!"

"Why doesn't she like to shake hands?"

"Rheumatism partly. It flies all over her, I believe; anyhow, she is muffled up in one place one day and in another the next. It isn't our business, and she doesn't care to talk about it, that I've found out. She never grumbles; which is praiseworthy in the extreme. Don't go too near her at all, and don't mind if she doesn't answer if you

Mistress Adelaide strode along, lantern in hand, and Pamela trotted beside her, holding her arm tightly, and feeling once more how good it was to be together again

speak to her; just talk on. I do; and she seems to like it. At least, she has never said she doesn't."

"What a ghastly prospect!" cried Pamela, laughingly, but she looked a little alarmed. "You poor, dear Adelaide, how do you manage to look so well and cheerful? I should have been in a lunatic asylum long ago! I don't like people who don't answer me, or won't shake hands, or who indulge in all sorts of vagaries! It makes things so uncomfortable."

"Remember what she has done for us, and you'll soon forget the uncomfortables. In the morning I shall show you everything; what I've got done and what there is to be done; and then I think you'll not find it hard to be grateful to Miss Rivers. I thank God for her friendship every day of my life. She has made it endurable again."

They dressed quickly and then walked over the park together to the Great House. Mistress Adelaide strode along, lantern in hand, and Pamela trotted beside her, holding her arm tightly and feeling once more how good it was to be together again.

The bright lights in the house made her blink uncomfortably as she took her cloak off in the hall; then she followed Mistress Adelaide into the drawing-room, and was introduced to Miss Rivers. Her first feeling was one of distinct repulsion. What an extraordinary looking person; how uncouth; how ugly; how sour-looking! Then in a flash came a thought of positive horror at her own ingratitude. Miss Rivers was ugly, no doubt; but to her it was that Adelaide owed her renewed health and vigour; and she, Pamela, was hateful!

It was that thought that made her entirely forget Adelaide's warnings in the determination to show her gratitude. She put aside her own feelings, resolutely, and going over to the invalid chair bent down swiftly, raised one of the mittened hands, and kissed it warmly. She only woke to the fact that she had erred, when Miss Rivers dragged her hand away, and appealed to Adelaide:

"What is she doing? Take her away! Take her away at once! I don't like young people; I don't understand them!"

"She is only trying to show that she is grateful for all your goodness to us," replied Adelaide, easily; but she grasped Pamela's arm firmly, and drew her quickly aside, with a little hasty rebuke:

"Naughty girl! I told you not to touch her; what made you forget!"

"I am sorry."

Pamela turned her sweet face towards Miss Rivers and spoke contritely. "It was very stupid of me, and I will not do it again; you will forgive me just this once."

"Dinner is ready."

Miss Rivers made no other answer; only turned and pointed to the door. "Call Emma; dinner is ready."

She did not speak again until they were at table; then she demanded curtly of Pamela:

"Will you have Peters or Emma?"

Pamela, utterly at a loss to fathom her meaning, stammered helplessly, until Adelaide came to her aid:

"To wait upon you. I have Emma; and Peters waits upon Miss Rivers.

"I see. I will have Emma, please."

"Prejudice; senseless prejudice!" muttered Miss Rivers under her breath; but she gave the necessary order, and the meal proceeded; at first in silence. Miss Rivers did not speak, and Adelaide ate her dinner and at intervals smiled across at Pamela in great satisfaction at seeing her there. It was only when she saw that the girl was very ill at ease that she made an effort at conversation. She turned to Miss Rivers, and volunteered a remark upon the weather, to which Miss Rivers responded for once, if quaintly:

"Don't talk to me," she said gruffly. "I'm only an old nuisance. Talk to Pamela. I've got my dinner to attend to."

"Exactly."

Pamela had blushed a fiery red, but Adelaide smiled pleasantly, and, taking the old lady at her word, began to talk of Bidebridge, and by degrees of some of their old workers at Blatchlands.

At first Pamela replied with decided restraint, but after awhile she almost forgot the silent, unhandsome figure at the head of the table, and laughed and talked with evident enjoyment.

In the drawing-room afterwards Pamela

sang (at Adelaide's invitation), and soon afterwards they walked back through the park together.

"But I hope she won't ask us very often, dear Adelaide," said Pamela ruefully. "Because it is really a little trying. I suppose the truth is that she is—hardly responsible for her actions?"

"My belief is that she is as sane as you or I; that manner is put on to hide something."

"Oh, Adelaide, what?"

"How should I know? I don't even try to find out. I am persuaded that it is so; but the reason may be a very simple one. She may be in pain; she may have suffered greatly and find it hard to speak gently, or to consider others, except in the big things of life. One can hear but little of her. As far as I can make out Miss Fraser's death must have been a terrible blow to her, though she has never mentioned it to me. It has left her strangely alone, at any rate; she has no relations, no friends, and seems to wish for none, poor old soul! If she was a trifle less infirm, I should have tried to drag her round with me—tried to interest her in something; but I am afraid it is too late for that."

"She can't walk at all?"

"No; she never gets out of her chair except to go to bed, or so I believe. As I tell you, she volunteers no information. Most invalids are only too eager to pour out a lengthy account of their symptoms, and their sufferings. Miss Rivers suffers, if she does suffer, in silence."

"I wish she wasn't quite so ugly," remarked Pamela rather shamefacedly.

"Ugly? Is she ugly?"

"Do you mean to say that it is possible that you have not noticed it? Why she is hideous! Almost grotesque! Ugly is a very mild word with which to describe her."

"I have not noticed it; she has been very good to us."

"Which renders you absolutely blind to her utter lack of all comeliness! I am not so good as you, Adelaide; but I am going to try to love Miss Rivers—if she will let me."

"She won't! You must love her without her allowing it. Remember what she has done; forget what she says; that is a very good line to follow. You will soon find yourself quite easy and comfortable in her presence."

"I think it will take some time," drily. "But you may rely upon me. I shall be very careful, and I shall do my best to please her. Adelaide, have you written to Audrey Laurier? Is she coming here?"

"Yes. She wanted to come for Christmas, but I struck at that. I thought we would have our Christmas alone, just you and I and Miss Rivers, and the dear old friends from Blatchlands. Selfish, wasn't it? Audrey is coming directly after the New Year. By the way, I haven't mentioned it to Miss Rivers yet. I meant to do so tonight. For some reason or other Miss Fraser was on very bad terms with Audrey, or rather with her parents. It is quite possible that her friend may wish to follow her example. In that case Audrey must understand from the first that her wishes must be observed. There must be no forcing herself into notice."

"I believe she is coming almost entirely because she wants to see Miss Rivers. She seems so astonished at the whole thing. She says she has never even heard of Miss Rivers."

"What does it matter whether she has heard of her or not?"

"I don't know. She is very curious about her."

"She will have to keep her curiosity within bounds if she comes here."

But Audrey did not come so soon as she had wished to do. Christmas passed; a very happy one to Adelaide and Pamela, once more reunited. But to Audrey it brought great anxiety; for her father was taken ill, and in a very short time was pronounced to be suffering from typhoid fever. She wrote often either to Adelaide or to Pamela, and begged them to regard her visit as merely postponed.

"And don't forget all about me in the meantime, please," she added to Adelaide. "You know I have joined the hosts of your adorers. Remember a humble slave, even though she is forced to remain, for the present, a distant one."

Pamela dropped down on her knees beside the chair and laid one hand daringly on the coarsely mittened fingers, which usually clutched at the lace shawl round the invalid's shoulders

The weeks passed into months and still George Laurier failed to rally from the terrible fever which seemed to have drained all the strength out of him. He recovered only to relapse again; and one day's more favourable outlook was invariably followed by added anxiety on the next. For Audrey the time was one of unmixed sadness. Rupert was far away; she had no one of her own to help her; her father was a very difficult patient to manage, being filled with a fatal disbelief in any of his doctors. Trained nurses he detested and distrusted; and Audrey was but flesh and blood and needed rest.

It had been a long and trying illness, but throughout there had been no question of immediate danger; it had never even occurred to Audrey that it could have anything but a favourable ending. Therefore when, quite suddenly, the warning came, when within twenty-four hours after that warning her father sank rapidly and died, the blow seemed to stun and daze the weary girl. For three months she had nursed him to the best of her ability, had tried very hard to be patient in spite of his intense irritability and unreasonable demands, and now he was gone and she was quite alone.

Relations she had in plenty, but none of them very near to her in blood; beside her father had been difficult to get on with, especially among his own people. Now, though they flocked round her, she felt strangely alone in the absence of the only one for whom she longed quite vainly. Her father was dead, and Rupert was away in India, quite out of her reach. Her first gleam of comfort came with his cable to say that he would start for home as soon as possible; and then, the funeral over, she listened to the many advisers who told her that she must have a change immediately; that she was terribly run down, and must now think of herself a little.

"Very well; but I won't go abroad," she replied obstinately; "and I don't want to go to any of my own people. If she will have me I will go to Mistress Adelaide. You don't know whom I mean? I stayed with her some time ago when she owned Blatchlands in Blankshire."

So Audrey went. She had lost much of her keen curiosity about Glencay and Miss Rivers; it was Mistress Adelaide that she wanted now; some one on whom she could thoroughly rely, in whom she could entirely trust.

But after a day or two spent at Glencay the curiosity revived, and she began to ask questions:

"You are going in to dinner at the Great House? To-night? Does Miss Rivers ask after me? Doesn't she want to see me? Did you tell her that I was related to poor Miss Fraser?"

"Yes; she knows all about it."

"About poor father's quarrel with Cousin Agnes? I suppose she doesn't intend to carry on the old feud? Why should she? Surely she will see me?"

"I think she thought you would hardly care for visiting just now," said Pamela very gently. "She knows that you are sad and not at all well."

"I shouldn't care for ordinary visiting naturally," said Audrey obstinately, "but just to go and see a poor old woman who cared enough for one of one's own people to do, for her sake, all that Miss Rivers is doing for Glencay, is quite a different thing! I should certainly like to see her."

Miss Rivers was evidently ill-pleased at Audrey's request when it was repeated to her by Pamela that evening. By degrees, during the months which had passed since she came to Glencay, Pamela had drifted into the position of chief talker at those dinners, which at first she had dreaded so openly. Mistress Adelaide had gladly given up her always rather spasmodic attempts at general conversation, when she found that Pamela talked if she was silent; and the girl had, from the first, resolved to be deaf to snubs or harsh speeches. In time Miss Rivers seemed to grow used to her gentle ministrations, her sweet voice, and forgot to administer the snubs. So now it came quite naturally that it should be Pamela who, after dinner, bent over the invalid chair and said, gently, that their friend, Audrey Laurier, wished very much to see Miss Rivers.

The old lady bent low, scowled, and muttered something vague about having never

reckoned on being expected to give dinner-parties, in her most ungracious manner.

"It is not expected of you!" Adelaide looked up from her book and spoke clearly and cheerfully. "Certainly not. Let Audrey come in and see you for a few minutes some afternoon; that is all she can expect."

"I don't receive callers."

"Then simply send her a message to say that you are unable to see her."

"No, don't!" Pamela dropped down on her knees beside the chair and laid one hand daringly on the coarsely mittened fingers which usually clutched at the lace shawl round the invalid's shoulders. "Audrey wants to come; it will hurt her feelings dreadfully if you refuse. Don't refuse! You didn't want to see me when I first came; I know that perfectly well. But you don't mind me now? And I am sure it is better, and must be much more cheerful for you, to see people rather than to sit always alone. Please let Audrey come!"

As usual Miss Rivers returned no answer. Pamela waited for a moment and then got up and went over to the piano quite serenely. She was not at all surprised when, at the end of her first song, Miss Rivers' harsh voice was heard, abrupt and ungracious as ever.

"Let her come to dine with both of you on Thursday night, but keep her away from me. I don't like strangers. Stay where you are! I don't want any thanks!"

Pamela had risen quickly, but reseated herself obediently, and went on singing. Neither she nor Adelaide ever took the slightest notice of Miss Rivers' ungraciousness.

It was different with Audrey. All her old curiosity had reawakened, and she was decidedly pleased on being told that she was included in Miss Rivers' next invitation. But when she found it absolutely impossible to obtain an answer to any question, when Miss Rivers ignored her presence and behaved exactly as if she were not there, Audrey grew angry; and it was only Mistress Adelaide's firmness which prevented the girl from indulging in impulsive and imprudent speech.

"She is so abominably rude!" cried Audrey afterwards. "How Pamela stands it I don't know! Why should one stand it? Why shouldn't she answer ordinary questions like any one else?"

"You wished to go; you have been."

"And I am not at all likely to wish to go again!"

"That is just as well; because in all probability she will not wish to ask you again," remarked Adelaide, imperturbably. "My dear Audrey, you were told that Miss Rivers disliked meeting strangers before you went; what did you expect?"

"I expected a little ordinary civility."

"Then you mustn't visit Miss Rivers."

Audrey stayed on at Glencay; and as she remained she was invited again to dine with Miss Rivers, invited ungraciously and perforce. The first time she refused; said that she had had enough of being an unwelcome guest. But it was dull to be left behind, and Miss Rivers had grown to expect Adelaide and Pamela to dine with her two or three times a week, therefore Audrey pocketed her pride and went again.

"But I shouldn't if there was anything else to do!" she cried, crossly. "I consider that it is encouraging her to be rude, and Heaven knows she doesn't need any encouragement. She is the most odious old person I ever came across; and I am convinced that there is something very odd about her. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she has committed some great crime; she looks like it. Or else she is more than half mad; and I suppose that is even more likely. She seems to have a positive craze for imitating poor old Agnes Fraser! The likeness is perfectly ridiculous. At first I had a wild idea that Miss Fraser had not really died at all; that Rupert had only pretended she had, and had then induced her to do all this—oh, I forgot, Pamela! I am sure I am very sorry; but you needn't go away. I am only going to talk about Miss Rivers."

"I don't care to stay and hear you talk if that is the sort of thing you are going to say."

"The likeness is so strange. I saw Miss Fraser often, many years ago; and I have heard of her constantly ever since from some one. Therefore it surprised me when I found that Miss Rivers had apparently every

small peculiarity and eccentricity which characterised poor Agnes Fraser. She was just as rude; as ungracious; as uncouth; as peculiar. She never left her chair; she wore a bushy grey wig; she muffled herself up in shawls and mittens and bandages. Doesn't it seem odd? Do you think they liked one another so much because they were so much alike? But I never even heard of Miss Rivers until you wrote about her. That was the oddest thing of all. So, as I tell you, I rather grew to fancy that she *was* Agnes Fraser still alive; but she isn't. She is awfully like her, but she is a much bigger woman; Miss Fraser was a little wizened creature, and Miss Rivers is a big, burly person under her shawls. Now don't tell me again how good she has been to you! What on earth has that to do with her likeness to Miss Fraser, or her unfortunate appearance? Why you don't really like her yourself no matter what you may pretend!"

"Yes I do. I have grown to have a great affection for her. I am so very sorry for her."

"You are a very wonderful person." Audrey's tone was dry. "Such a mixture of hardheartedness and the reverse! Either you are absolutely relentless and unfeeling, or else you are filled to the brim with unnecessary gratitude; there seems to be no middle course open or possible to you. Pamela, doesn't it ever frighten you to think of living on your whole life here? Honestly, doesn't it?"

"No." Pamela turned a little pale, but she answered calmly. "Certainly not. I am very happy here; I feel that I am useful, that there is work which I can do, and do well; and I have Adelaide."

"But without Adelaide! She is much older than you are——"

"Don't!" Pamela winced and bit her lip. "Why should you try to hurt me? You know what Adelaide is to me; why try to make me realise how blank my life would be without her?"

"Because some day you will have to live without her. Wouldn't it be only wise to think of that now before it is too late to alter your life?"

But Pamela had turned and left her; and Audrey, feeling cross and more than half ashamed of herself, went out into the grounds to look for Adelaide.

CHAPTER XVI

DISCOVERY

One grew used even to Miss Rivers. As the weeks went by Audrey acknowledged that grudgingly. It seemed to her, though, that the old lady singled her out, always, as a suitable recipient for a quite marked show of ungraciousness. For Audrey were reserved the harshest remarks, the most determined silence, the most crushing neglect. And Audrey had learnt nothing. She had asked a good many questions when an opportunity occurred; but it was the rarest thing for Miss Rivers to answer. And, therefore, the girl was still entirely ignorant as to all the circumstances of the old friendship about which she was so curious. Miss Rivers not only resented questions, she invariably refused to answer them.

"But Rupert was due to arrive in a fortnight's time," thought Audrey, frowning, as she remembered Miss Rivers' demeanour on the last occasion on which she had dined at the Great House, "and he must remember all about her. And if he sold the place to her (as I suspect he did) for a mere nothing, merely to benefit Pamela, she won't dare to treat him as she does me."

She had been five weeks at Glencay, and was not altogether sorry that the time of her departure was drawing near. She meant to go back home and there meet Rupert for the last time at Brook House, which was to be sold with most of its contents. Audrey was by no means well off, and it would not have been possible for her to keep on her old home, even if she had wished it. She did not. She was in a restless, unsettled state of mind and could hardly say even to herself what it was she wished or did not wish to do. It depended so much on Rupert. That was the hardest part of it all; not to know whether he would return as much wrapped up as ever in ungrateful Pamela; as indifferent to herself and her concerns as when he went away. If he did, she must make up her mind, once and for all, to live out her

life utterly independent of him; and in that case she knew that she would wish, most of all, to be near Mistress Adelaide. The best comfort that could be hers would be work; and Mistress Adelaide was the one person she knew who could make work both interesting and all engrossing.

Even then there would be Pamela! And Pamela and she did not get on particularly well together. It was not Pamela's fault either. Audrey said that aloud in answer to her thoughts. Pamela was always gentle, always courteous, always just what she should be. It was she, Audrey, who found it quite impossible to allow things to go smoothly; who always persisted in making speeches which either annoyed or pained Pamela; and she could not help it. The truth was no doubt that she was jealous; jealous of the affection Pamela won everywhere, jealous above all of the love she had won from Rupert.

But if Rupert had forgotten; if he had really given up his pursuit of Pamela! Surely he might well have done so in the long weeks which had passed, during which he had had ample time to reason with himself; to repeat, again and again, all the well-worn arguments against his hopeless passion. Then life might be a different thing; and in that case she would wish to keep him well away from Glencay. In that case the less either of them saw of Pamela the better!

In a fortnight she would know; her fate would be decided. Already Rupert was coming swiftly home, and coming to her, because of her great need of him. Pamela had nothing to do with it this time at any rate. It was because her father had died, because she was so alone in the world, that Rupert had taken pity on her and was coming.

"We dine at the Great House to-night."

Mistress Adelaide put her head in at the door and made the remark in her usual crisp, brusque manner.

"Again!"

"Yes. Where is Pamela?"

"Buried in accounts."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"You look like it! You are growing lazy again, Audrey."

"I know."

"Fight against it!"

"I can't; not yet. In a little while I will be different."

"So you have said before—more than once."

"I know. But I am waiting for one thing; and that makes me tiresome and cross and very miserable."

"Poor child!"

"If the best comes I shall be happy again, I shall be secure. I shall have my life full again. If not—if I come to you and say that it is quite empty, will you be patient with me, will you help me again, Mistress Adelaide?"

"I will, if your appeal is a genuine one; if you honestly give yourself into my hands," answered Adelaide, rather sternly; "otherwise—no! I have not much patience with whims and fancies, Audrey. The best cure for sorrow and loneliness is work. I know no other. Come out with me now! You give yourself far too much time for idle dreaming. Whatever you dread or expect will be neither better nor worse, when it does come, because you give up thinking of it for the present. Come out and help me."

Audrey went with lagging steps. She loved Mistress Adelaide, she wanted to please her; but that meant giving an undivided attention, and that, to Audrey, was an impossibility at the moment. Her thoughts were constantly with Rupert. Until she knew what he was going to do, what his feelings were, she could neither work nor rest.

Dinner at the Great House passed slowly that night; Miss Rivers invariably waded through a drearily long ménu, and though Pamela talked brightly their hostess's silence was always depressing. Audrey for the most part sat silent too. She had made one or two small remarks which had been contemptuously ignored by Miss Rivers, and she felt that more could not be expected of her.

If the evening had begun monotonously it was destined to end very differently. In the drawing-room they settled down as usual. Miss Rivers near the fire, Mistress Adelaide near the big lamp. She was conscientiously trying to keep her thoughts from dwelling on

a long and interesting treatise which had come by the post that afternoon, and which she wished to reason out for herself. Once Pamela began to sing she would be quite free to do so; at present it was her duty to second Pamela's efforts to interest Miss Rivers.

Audrey moved languidly across the room and sank into a low chair; her chief wish, also, was that Pamela would be quick and go to the piano; the sooner she began to sing, the sooner she would stop, and then they would go home. Audrey hated the Great House. Pamela bent over the invalid chair first to ask its occupant if she was quite comfortable; drew up the thick, ungainly shawl which covered the poor suffering feet; turned up a lamp which threw its light on to Miss Rivers' magazine without glaring into her eyes; looked round to see if there was anything more to be done, and then walked across to the piano, smiling at Adelaide as she passed her.

The next moment all was confusion. At one end of the open grand piano stood a small shaded lamp which Pamela generally used, and which she had paused to ask Audrey to hand to her as the girl was sitting in the way.

Audrey stood up and pushed the lamp over carelessly, too carelessly. Either she did it too energetically, or something lay in its way, she never knew which; but the next moment, to her horror, she saw the lamp fall, and knew that it had fallen against Pamela's dress, that the oil from it was running down, and that in all probability Pamela would be horribly burnt through her fault.

She shrieked aloud, and at the sound Adelaide sprang to her feet. Pamela did not shriek. She caught the lamp with a steady hand, before, it almost seemed, she could have time to realise what had happened, and only when she saw her dress flame up turned and said softly but appealingly:

"Adelaide!"

Adelaide did not hesitate one moment. She caught up the heavy shawl on Miss Rivers' chair and sprang across the room; in one moment Pamela was on the ground and the shawl was being held down, the fire crushed out. Pamela's dress was a heavy velveteen, and it was the ends of her long lace fichu which had flared up. Under Adelaide's resolute hands the flames made no headway, and in a few moments Pamela stood up, shaken, singed, but unhurt.

But the danger had been very real; in some places even the thick material of her gown was burnt through and through, and her lace hung in charred fragments.

Her first action was to hold out her hands to Adelaide, who drew the girl to her, muttering a hasty prayer of thanksgiving. Then, together, they went over to Miss Rivers.

Miss Adelaide said, in a hoarse, shaken voice, that she feared the shawl was irretrievably ruined, that she would ring for another; and Pamela, thoughtful, even though her nerves had been horribly shaken, turned and caught up a light antimacassar, and with that covered the poor, unsightly, bandaged feet, which were prominent for the first time.

It seemed that Miss Rivers was for once quite overcome. She gasped aloud, and then caught Pamela's hands in hers, muttering something they could not hear; but the girl knew in spite of that that Miss Rivers was almost as thankful at her providential escape as was either Adelaide or herself; and bending down kissed the hands which were holding hers in such a tight, hard grasp, while she begged earnestly that Miss Rivers would not excite herself. "I am perfectly safe; not in the least hurt. I am afraid I have done some damage" (it was characteristic of her that she did not even include Audrey as an author of the disaster), "but I am perfectly safe. Adelaide would never allow me to be hurt!"

She looked up, as she knelt on the ground, and smiled confidently into Adelaide's face; then sprang up, drawing her hands away from Miss Rivers almost roughly.

"Adelaide! What is it? Oh, you are hurt; you are burnt! What a selfish little wretch I am! Show me! I will know!"

"It is nothing to make a fuss about; please remember Miss Rivers. She must not be excited or overdone. We will go home now, you and I."

"Show me your hands!"

"No; it is nothing."

But for once Pamela was persistent, and after dragging forth those obstinately withheld hands bent over them with little moans of distress. Adelaide had done her work unfalteringly, but her hands were terribly blistered and burnt, and even she was not able to deny that the pain was great.

"Come home at once," cried Pamela, for the moment mistress of the situation. "Audrey will ring for Emma to come to Miss Rivers, and you and I—why what is the matter, Audrey? Surely you can't be burnt, too!"

Audrey was still standing where she had been when the lamp was overthrown, standing erect and rigid, her face startlingly white except for two patches of hard, excited red, which showed vividly in her cheeks; and she was staring fixedly at Miss Rivers. Something so unusual, so strange, was in her manner, that Pamela broke off in her hasty speech involuntarily; though before Audrey had answered her, she went herself to the bell and began to draw Adelaide away.

"You must come! We will send for a doctor at once—I mean, of course, that I will dress your hands. Come, dearest!"

Adelaide turned submissively, but Miss Rivers grasped her dress and stopped her steps.

"Thank you," she said, in a hoarse undertone, "thank you!"

"For what?" Adelaide forgot her pain and smiled radiantly. "Because I have been able to save something which to me is precious beyond all else? I need no thanks!"

Miss Rivers drew her hand away and sank back in her chair. Pamela turned once more to Audrey to bid her to follow them; and stared with amazement when she gathered that Audrey did not mean to come.

"No. I am not coming."

"Not coming!"

"No. I wish to speak to Miss Rivers."

"But you mustn't; you can't! Don't be tiresome now, please Audrey. I want to see to Adelaide at once; she is in great pain. Please come! You know Miss Rivers does not care to be disturbed, and I am afraid, as it is, all this excitement will have been too much for her."

"Come at once." Adelaide joined in briskly and authoritively, "and don't let us have any more fuss about it. We shall have Miss Rivers quite ill. Come at once, Audrey!"

"No." Audrey stood her ground stubbornly. "I will not come until I have said what I want to say. Do you hear?" She went over to Miss Rivers and spoke (almost threateningly it seemed to Adelaide and Pamela). "There is something I want to say to you; something I mean to say to you. Let me stay and say it now."

Miss Adelaide and Pamela stared at her as if they thought she had suddenly taken leave of her senses; but Miss Rivers, bending still lower in her chair, said harshly:

"Stay, then!" and motioned with one of her mittened hands to the others to leave them together.

The Heart of Princess Sugarplum

By Mary Farrah

PRINCESS SUGARPLUM was the most beautiful princess in the world, but instead of a heart she had only a stone.

The wicked fairy who always goes to the christening of royal children in Fairyland had stolen her heart when no one was looking and had slipped a little stone into its place. Every one said there could be no doubt about it for you could hear it rattle when she moved, and lovely as she certainly was she had never been known to feel love or pity, or to give one thought to any one's happiness but her own.

Her father, the King of Hearts, sent out proclamations promising her in marriage to any prince who could find the missing heart, but of course refusing to allow the Princess to bestow her hand on a Prince who had not first won her heart.

A great international competition was instituted, and all the princes of suitable age vied with each other in their eagerness to win the prize. But not one of them succeeded in finding the lost heart although search-parties were sent all over the world, and many brave princes perished every year in the wilds of Central Laughrica or the icy regions round the North and South Telegraph Poles. The King at last gave way to despair and forbade any more names to be entered for the competition, and spent most of his time shut up in his counting-house where he counted over his money and quarrelled with the Chancellor of the Exchequer because his multiplication sums would not come right, and he could never learn vulgar fractions at all on account of his dislike for low company.

Now the handsomest prince in the world was Prince Sweetheart, and he had sought in vain for the lost heart in every latitude and longitude on the map. So at last he came with his faithful squire, Peter Piper, to visit the King's capital city of Chocolatoria and institute inquiries on the spot. But when they reached the city they found a notice fastened to the gate which said:

> NO ADMITTANCE TO PRINCES
>
> *Trespassers Will Be Executed.*
>
> *By Order,*
>
> KING OF HEARTS.

Prince Sweetheart stood a moment in

If you would allow me to play my pipe, suggested Peter

deep thought. "Peter," he said at last, "we must be disguised. At the risk of my life I must see Princess Sugarplum and try to solve the mystery. How would it be to go as the last minstrel?"

"But what should you do for a harp?" asked Peter anxiously. "Your Highness cannot be a minstrel without a harp."

"Oh! dear, I did not think of that," said the Prince.

"If you would allow me to play my pipe," suggested Peter, drawing a quaint carved pipe from his pocket, "you might say harps had gone out of fashion and this was the latest thing from Paris." He blew a few soft notes from the little carved stem, and Sweetheart listened entranced. "It's a magic pipe, you know," said Peter, "and no one can play it but myself. It's an heirloom in the family handed down from my great-great-great-grandfather, the Pied Piper. If your Highness would not mind being the Orphan Boy and carrying the pipe I will do my best to obtain entrance to the palace."

"I shall be delighted, Peter," exclaimed the Prince, "and if you manage things well you shall have two pecks of pickled pepper for your supper instead of one, although your taste in pepper is to my mind, rather strong."

"A thousand thanks, your Highness," said Peter gratefully; "it suits my digestion splendidly, in fact I find it quite stimulating."

They went boldly up to the gate and as the Minstrel and the Orphan Boy were at once admitted. On inquiring the way to the palace the Ten of Hearts, who was chief of the guard, directed them down Frigh Street and Rount Wree Avenue and through Kadberry Square to the beautiful palace of Chocolatoria, built of best chocolate cream and covered all over with shining silver paper. Pink and white bonbons and fruit caramels adorned the handsome structure and the *nougat* weather-vane on the top was surmounted by a solid silver-coated chocolate cock.

"Your Highness," said Peter Piper, as they stood in admiring contemplation, "how would it be if we called first on the Educated Raven? He lives round the corner in Koko Terrace and as he is a great magician he might be able to give you some good advice."

"Certainly," answered the Prince, "we must lose no opportunity. Let us go at once."

They found the Educated Raven at home giving lessons to a number of pupils in the Black Art or Witchcraft Made Easy. But Prince Sweetheart could only obtain one answer to all his eager questions, and this was not a very encouraging one. The Raven ruffled up his shining black plumage, and fixing a steady gaze on the Prince he croaked in mysterious, solemn tones, "Nevermore!" At last Sweetheart gave up the attempt to obtain a different reply, and bowing to the Raven turned disappointedly away.

Just as he reached the entrance he was stopped by a merry-looking little jackdaw who whispered confidentially, "It's only his way, you know! He has to keep up the old traditions or nobody would believe in him. I'm his secretary the Jackdaw of Rheims. Perhaps you've heard of my name!"

"Ah, well," he bustled on, "I'm in a hurry, and must not stay any longer. The Raven has sent me to say that he strongly advises you to pay a call on the doctor who lives next door. His name is on the door-plate, and he's a Specialist in Hearts; but good-bye, I must be going," and the little bird hopped gaily away in answer to an impatient croak from the Raven.

The neat brass plate next door bore the inscription:

DOCTOR KUPIDO

Consultations Free At All Hours.

Prince Sweetheart rang the bell, and leaving Peter Piper to wait for him outside, was admitted into the Doctor's consulting-room.

"You need not tell me what is the matter," said Doctor Kupido, advancing

to meet him, "for I know all about it." He wore a long crimson robe which partially concealed a curious hump between his shoulders. His smile was very sweet and kind and the Prince felt drawn towards him at once.

They found the Educated Raven at home giving lessons to a number of pupils

"It is not at all a rare case," said the Doctor, "and if they had consulted me I could have explained it to them years ago. It is a case of simple Cardiac Petrifaction complicated by careless treatment. The heart was never really stolen at all but petrified by the Queen of Spades, who is a very up-to-date witch, by means of a hypodermic injection. One of my patent arrows shot straight into her heart will cure the Princess immediately."

"But how could I manage to shoot it?" asked Prince Sweetheart.

"Oh! that I leave to you," answered the Doctor. "I was a famous archer

once myself, when I was a boy," and he sighed regretfully, "but, you see, I cannot go about very well in modern dress. A tight coat hurts my wings. However I will gladly lend you my bow and one of my magic arrows if you can answer one or two questions correctly. First, what is the A B C of Love?"

"I think I know that," answered Prince Sweetheart. "A is I love my love Absolutely, B is I love my love Boldly, and C is I love my love Constantly."

"Very good," said Doctor Kupido. "Can you decline the verb "To love," Indicative Mood, Present Tense?"

"I love, thou lovest, he loves, we love, you love, they love," said the Prince.

You need not tell me what is the matter, said Dr. Kupido, advancing

"Now decline the Past Tense," said the Doctor.

"There is no Past Tense," answered the Prince promptly.

"Quite right," said the Doctor smiling, "you have passed with honours," and he handed him a small but graceful bow and a crimson arrow, both of which were inscribed with the words "Amor vincit Omnia."

"The ancient motto of our house," explained Doctor Kupido. "Draw the string firmly and aim straight at the lady's heart."

Warmly thanking him Prince Sweetheart withdrew hiding the little bow and arrow underneath his cloak, and rejoining Peter Piper they set off together towards the Chocolate Palace. They rang the bell at the entrance gate made out of a single huge chocolate walnut, and asked for admittance. There was great excitement in the palace when it was known that a new minstrel wished to play before the Royal family positively for one night only in return for supper, bed—spring-mattress preferred—and breakfast for himself and his Orphan Boy.

"Umph!" said the King, rather crossly. "We may as well admit him, but it's a great expense. I suppose he's the last of his race?"

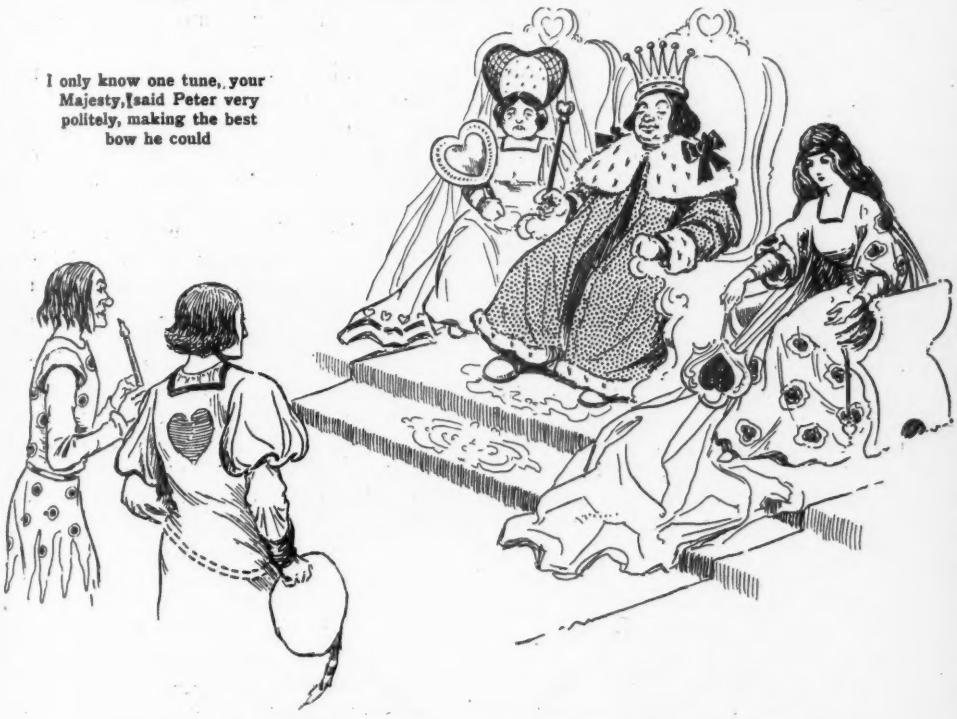
"Certainly, sire, they all are," replied the Knave who had long since repented of his youthful indiscretion in the matter of the tarts and had grown so jovial and stout that the King had made him Lord Chief Porter. "He says the man that came before with the Orphan Boy was an imposter and had stolen his harp from the Wandering Jew, and the Boy had run away from school."

"Well," said the King resignedly, "let them come in, and

go and tell the Queen and Court to attend immediately. These musical people are always so persistent, and besides one must keep up one's reputation for encouraging the arts," and he heaved a great sigh and leaned back in his solid chocolate arm-chair.

When a short time afterwards Peter Piper, followed by Prince Sweetheart, entered the Throne Room of the palace, they found the Court assembled in state. On silver-covered chocolate thrones the King and Queen of Hearts were seated, and on a smaller throne made out of a delicious pink and white bonbon sat the beautiful Princess Sugarplum. Her lovely blue eyes met Prince Sweetheart's faithful brown ones in a long fascinated gaze even before the Minstrel had begun to play his wonderful pipe.

"I only know one tune, your Majesty," said Peter very politely, making the best bow he could; "but it has been handed down in my family for generations and no one knows how to play it but myself. It is called 'Over the hills and far away.'" Raising the little pipe to his lips in a moment such entrancing music filled the room that the Court and Royal family forgot everything else in their rapture and delight. On and on played the wonderful Minstrel until even Sweetheart could hardly keep his mind fixed on the task before him. But the beauty of the Princess had bewitched him even more than the magic music of the pipe, and quietly drawing Doctor Kupido's bow from under his cloak, he set the arrow on the string, and taking steady aim let it fly straight at Sugarplum's heart.



I only know one tune, your Majesty, said Peter very politely, making the best bow he could

The Princess uttered one loud scream and fell back unconscious, while the music suddenly ceased.

The King and Queen and Court rushed about and tore their hair in anguish until at last some one pointed to the Prince who

was calmly standing with the bow in his hand.

"Seize him!" the King shouted, and the guards at once rushed forward.

"Back! all of you!" cried the Prince in ringing tones. "Your Majesty, it is time for me to explain. Allow me to offer you my card," and he knelt before the throne and presented a neat white card on one side of which was engraved the name of Prince Sweetheart, while on the other bore in the centre a single crimson heart.

"Ah!" said the King. "No one can take him. It is the Ace of Hearts."

By this time Princess Sugarplum had recovered, but strange to say the magic arrow had disappeared as soon as it had pierced her heart and was never seen again. A great change in her was immediately evident. Not only was she much more beautiful than she had ever been before, but her expression was now kind and gentle instead of hard and cold.

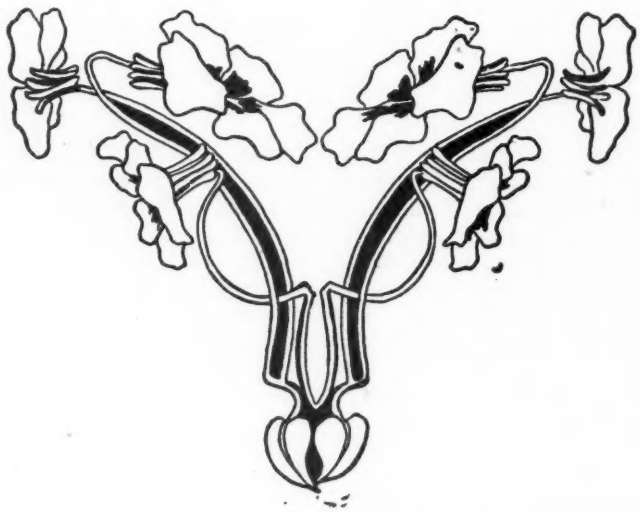
The Prince bowed low before her and said, "Fair Princess, I believe that I have been the happy means of restoring to you your long-lost heart. I deserve no reward for that, but if you can love me as I love you I will ask you to give your heart into my care for the future, and I will guard it from all harm with my life."

"My heart tells me what answer to make," replied the lovely, blushing Princess; "you have won it already, Prince, and yours must now be mine, or I shall be left without one after all!"

Taking her hand in his, Sweetheart led her to the King and Queen, and explained the whole story. Great was their delight when they understood that the missing heart was found at last, and the Court almost went mad with joy.

The wedding was celebrated as soon as the feast could be prepared, and a special dish of his favourite condiment was provided for Peter Piper. Doctor Kupido, after much persuasion, consented to be one of the distinguished guests. The King made him Chief Physician to the Royal family of Chocolatoria, and he became more famous than ever for his wonderful skill in treating complaints of the heart.

The heart of Princess Sugarplum grew every day more soft and tender, and she and Prince Sweetheart fell every day more deeply and truly in love with each other, and according to the Ancient Chronicles of Chocolatoria, they lived happy ever after.



The Battle of Poitiers

19th Sept. 1356

By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

THE battle of Poitiers was, without controversy, the greatest reverse ever received by the French arms, surpassing even that of Sedan, for it led to the Treaty of Bretigny, which delivered over to the English Crown a vastly larger portion of the territory of France than was exacted by the Germans. It was a battle that, by the disparity of opposed numbers, by its picturesque features, and by the magnitude of the result, struck the imagination of both French and English, and the writers on both sides have striven unduly to accentuate its remarkable features.

Although the English who took part in the battle formed but a third of the army under the Black Prince, just as at Waterloo but one-third was comprised of British soldiers, yet this victory, like that of Waterloo, has ever been claimed as one in which the energy and toughness of the English were conspicuous, and as one, accordingly, of which Englishmen might justly be proud. Yet, when we come to look into the matter closely, we find that the cause for national jubilation was small indeed. The acquisition of Aquitaine, with its annexed provinces, involved England in continuous wars for many years, and led to final humiliation. Moreover, the success at Poitiers was due not to the superiority of Englishmen over Frenchmen, but to that of foot soldiers over cavalry badly handled.

After two visits to the battlefield, and close investigation of the natural features, I venture to give my ideas as to what was the disposition of the forces under the Black Prince. In 1841, Dr. Allonneau published an essay on the battle in the "Transactions of the Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest," and gave a plan of the battle as he conceived it. He was followed in 1883 by Colonel Babinet, President of the Society, who also gave a plan of the battle. He accepted the views of Dr. Allonneau. Quite recently Mr. George, in his "Battles of English History," follows Colonel Babinet closely.

To a large extent, if not wholly, the position of the English is matter of conjecture; and I may be wrong, but I think that there are reasons why we should not hastily accept the maps of the battle as drawn by the two French authorities and followed by Mr. George.

It must be premised that although we have contemporary accounts of the battle, we have none from an eye-witness. Consequently, the descriptions the chroniclers give of the field are exaggerated and erroneous. Slight undulations are converted into deep valleys and lofty hills. Moreover, they contradict each other on matters of first importance—as whether the "battle" under the Earl of Warwick constituted the van or the rearguard.

A few words must be devoted to the proceedings of the Black Prince previous to the battle.

At the expiration of the truce between France and England in 1356, two English hosts ravaged France, one in Artois and Picardy commanded by Edward III. in person, with the Duke of Lancaster as his lieutenant, and the other, that of the Black Prince, in Aquitaine.

The prince and his father had apparently agreed to unite on the banks of the Loire, and to march on Paris; and the prince accordingly left Bordeaux at the head of 15,000 men, on the 6th of July 1356, to fulfil his part of the agreement. One-third only of his force was composed of Englishmen; the rest was made up of Gasçons and mercenaries drawn together from all quarters.

On September 7 the Black Prince was at Grammont, rather over a mile south of Tours, and he spent five days there, and amused himself with burning the suburbs of the town. Tours was occupied by the Dauphin, and the Black Prince could make no impres-

sion on it. Here it was that he received tidings that greatly disconcerted him. His father had been obliged to return to England to oppose the Scotch, who had risen and made an incursion, and the Duke of Lancaster was at Pont-de-Cé on the Loire, unable to cross it, so well were all the passages guarded. More than this, King John had assembled 45,000 men at Chartres, and was marching to the Loire. He was at Blois on the 10th and 11th. On this latter day the Black Prince broke up his camp at Grammont. He had left Bordeaux with 15,000, but these had been reduced to about 12,000. With such disparity of numbers, his only course was to beat a hasty retreat.

King John crossed the Loire at Blois, and was at Amboise on the 12th September.

On Tuesday, the 12th, the English retreated to La Haye-sur-Creuse, and the same day John reached Loches, on his flank. On the 14th the prince left for Châtellerault. and John pressed forwards in pursuit, and entered La Haye on the evening of the same day as that on which it had been evacuated by the English.

On the morrow the king executed a rapid march and occupied Chauvigny and its bridge over the Vienne on the night of the 15th.

The prince was at Châtellerault all the 15th, in indecision as to his course, his one object being to escape from the overwhelming host that was in pursuit, and retreat to Bordeaux. There seems to have been no organised system of vedettes in either army, and neither knew where the other was. The peasants had fled from their farms and hamlets, and had taken refuge behind walls.

After some indecision the Prince started early on the 16th along the road to Poitiers, and crossed the Clain. He could not enter Poitiers, which was held for the king, nor expose himself to sallies from the garrison. He accordingly gave it a wide berth.

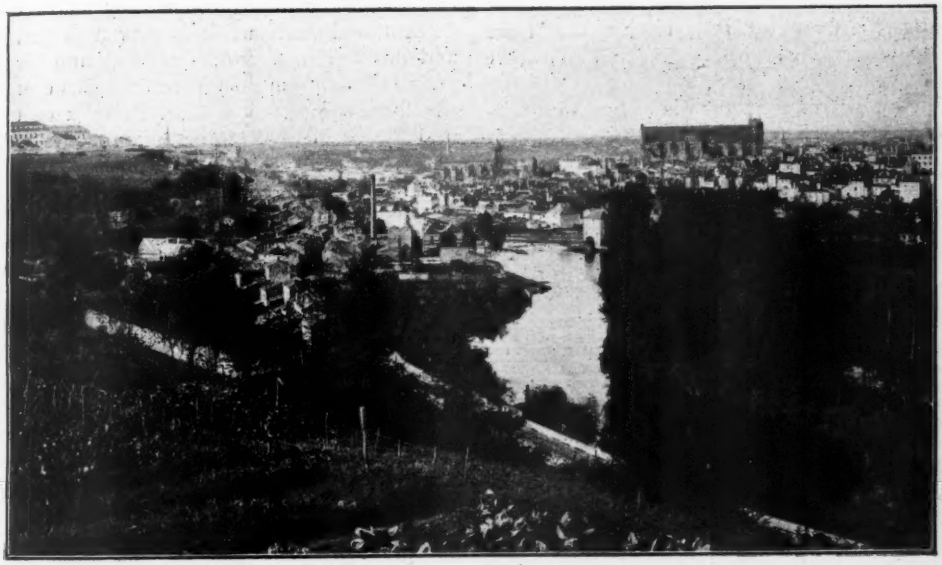
Meanwhile the king, with the object of intercepting him, had executed a bold and well-conceived forward march, and, without knowing it, had actually got between the prince and his destination. He halted for the night at La Chabotrie, a farm of the hamlet, of Breuil l'Abbesse. He had made good use of the day during which Edward had halted at Châtellerault. The latter encamped at the edge of the forest of Montière, probably at Montamise or Bignoux; each was wholly unaware of the proximity of the other. The Counts of Sancerre and Joigny had been left behind at Chauvigny, and when, on Saturday the 17th, they were journeying along leisurely to rejoin the king, they stumbled on the English, and then and thus only did the Black Prince learn that the enemy was between him and the Clain above Poitiers, and was there in full force. He immediately called a council to decide what was to be done. They must either cut their way through the French or circumvent them. It was resolved to attempt the latter, a course favoured by the character of the country, covered with coppice springing out of the shallow soil above sandstone. A belt of such forest extended from Mortier to S. Julien l'Ars, and this effectually concealed the movements of the English as they slipped away from their awkward position, passed round the left flank of the enemy, and occupied the heights on the right bank of the Miosson.

The battlefield is called by Froissart that of Beauvoir-Maupertuis. Beauvoir still exists and retains its name. It was through Beauvoir that the English marched to take up their positions. The hamlet of Maupertuis has disappeared, a small château occupies its site.

The country is not fertile; the sandstone rock rises almost to the surface, in places actually protrudes. Over it lies a thin soil, in places a tenacious yellow clay. The peasants have dug pits in the clay, in which water settles. There are no rills. The rain that falls is at once absorbed by the sand, but where the clay is sufficiently thick, there a little surface-water is collected. One such is at La Cardinerie, that occupies the site of Maupertuis, and was the tank that supplied the village with water.

It was at this spot that the last and most desperate struggle took place, in which was such great slaughter, and where King John was taken. This long bore the name of the Maré des Anglais; it is now partly filled up by the earth thrown out in constructing the

railway, but judging by other and similar pools, it can never have been more than some 25 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, and held the water used by the women for washing, and was not fed by any spring. It is in an utterly insignificant depression, and can in no way be made to correspond with Baker of Swynbrooke's "*mariscus* fed by a certain torrent," nor can the feeble rise of hill not above 20 ft. be taken as his "mountain surrounded by hedges and ditches," nor the slight fall in the surface to be a "broad and deep valley."



(*Neurdein, photo, Paris*)
Poitiers

All these expressions, however, apply exactly to the ravine of the Miosson, a river that glides through oozy marshes full of springs, at the bottom of a deep cleft in the sandstone plateau, which is tilted up on the right bank, to the south of the plain of Beauvoir, so that the highest points are the lips of the valley, at the bottom of which, some 120 ft. below, meanders the stream. The sides are steep, densely clothed in oak coppice, through which the sandstone crops out in layers of harder stone overlying softer beds. The river is very tortuous; one of its feeders is a copious spring that bursts out in the lap of a horseshoe depression, and encircles a watery meadow and the fortified abbey of Nouaillé, that was approached by drawbridges, and defended not only by towers and walls, but also by a lofty fortified church of the twelfth century, that served as keep to what was practically a large castle. A gentle slope from the plateau leads to the river at this point, where was once perhaps a ford, probably as now, a bridge.

Further down the Miosson is another ford, the Gué de l'Homme.

The prince in his rapid march round the flank of the French army followed the road from Beauvoir to Nouaillé, when he struck a paved Roman road that led from Poitiers to Limoges by Lussac-les-Châteaux. The crossway from Beauvoir to Nouaillé occupies the crest of the rise above the plain that forms the north-east lip of the ravine of the Miosson.

As soon as the English came out on the

ridge, the prince detached a vedette to ride along the Roman road and discover the position of the French. King John, who had slept at La Chabotrie, was profoundly ignorant of his good fortune in having got between the English and the road to Angoulême, at which they were aiming, as also that they had escaped the predicament into which he had unconsciously planted them. He had now resolved on entering Poitiers, and was marching thither along the paved road when the Captal de Buch, Sir Bartholomew Burgherst, and others sent out by the prince to observe, fell on his rear and did some damage.

By this means only did King John discover the whereabouts of the English, and he at once faced about and prepared for battle. That he retraced his steps along the Roman road cannot be doubted.

He immediately sent forward three French knights to observe the position of the English. On their return they reported, "They are in a very strong position, but we do not imagine they can make more than one battalion; nevertheless they have posted themselves with great judgment, have fortified all the road along the hedge-side, and lined the hedges with archers; for, as there is only one road of attack, we shall have to pass between them, and it is so narrow that scarcely can four men ride along it abreast. At the end of this lane, amidst vines and thorns, where it is impossible to ride or march in any regular order, there the men-at-arms are posted on foot, and they have drawn up their archers before them, in the manner of a harrow."

It seems to me that this exactly describes the place, and the manner in which it would be defended.

The railway station of Mignaloux-Nouaillé is planted almost on the Roman road, and the paved way can be followed S.S.W. almost parallel with the line to Montmorillon. In many places the paving remains to the width of 16 ft. There are hedges and ditches on both sides, the extreme width between being 30 ft. This road was certainly in use in the 14th century; along a considerable portion of its course it forms a parish boundary. About half a mile from the station it rises up a step of the hill some 20 ft., then ensues a slight dip, and then a second rise, the highest point of which is attained at Le Peuplier by Beauvoir.

From the plain the elevation is inconsiderable. Nevertheless it exists, and for military purposes would be important.

The cross-road from Beauvoir to Nouaillé is now almost wholly disused, a range of five pollard oaks that originally stood on a hedge mark the line of this road. By means of this road Nouaillé is reached by an easy descent, and at Nouaillé is now a bridge, and this the road crosses leading into the main highway from Poitiers to Angoulême, at which the prince was aiming. The descent into the basin of Nouaillé is impracticable for horses except where the road sweeps down by an easy fall. Now it seemed to me, on the spot, that the obvious course for the Black Prince to take was at once to secure a retreat by the ford or bridge of Nouaillé. An entrenched position was ready made, the line of hedge and ditch on the hill-top, drawn right across the paved way along which the French were advancing. The French writers of this century who have treated of the battle hold that the English abandoned this position of first importance to throw themselves into a loop made by the Miosson where it turns from a westerly to a northerly direction, in order to cross it at the Gué de l'Homme. By so doing they would describe two sides of a triangle in preference to taking the hypothenuse. They would discard a good road for none at all, till they struck the track to the Gué de l'Homme, and they would leave the good road with easy descent at Nouaillé open to the enemy to send on a body of cavalry to cut them off from the Angoulême road.

The track to the Gué de l'Homme is a mere horse-track over rough country. Why aim at that when a better ford, probably a bridge, was close at hand, easily reached and at not half the distance?

The abbey of Nouaillé was probably in the hands of monks attached to the French cause, and they would shut their gates, and raise the drawbridge; but the French king had thrown no troops into it, and the Black Prince had no occasion to concern himself

greatly about it. It was no menace to his rear. But it is also quite possible that he may have been on good terms with the monks, or by his sudden and unexpected arrival have secured the abbey before they were prepared to resist; in which event he had a strongly fortified position of supreme importance at his back, in case of defeat, or to cover his retreat in the event of his electing to withdraw from before the French army.

But the position—supposing the Black Prince drew up his battalions across the Roman road—offered further advantages. In the event of defeat, he could retreat across the Miosson to a second and very strong line of defence along the heights beyond the river, on its left bank, which it would be impossible for knights on horseback to storm. And supposing he had secured the abbey-fortress, he could throw into it a body of archers who would harass the enemy as they advanced to attack this second line. Moreover, if he was driven thence, he had still behind him a third line, the gap between the forests of S. Pierre and des Renardières, which would protect his flanks and give him a narrow front, against which the superior numbers of the enemy would not tell.

If, as the French exponents of the battle suppose, the prince made for the Gué de l'Homme, he threw away these advantages to enter what was almost a *cul de sac* with difficult exit.

Unhappily, none of the authorities mention Nouaillé, yet the church and its fortifications date from before the battle.

Authorities also differ, or seem to differ, as to whether the prince deliberately accepted battle, or whether he was caught in process of flight.

I will describe the battle and the events preceding it, as I conceive them to have taken place, according to the authorities most to be trusted.

On Saturday, the 17th, King John, who had slept at La Chabotrie, began his march into Poitiers, when, being attacked in rear by the Captal de Buch, he faced about and advanced along the Roman road to the plain of Beauvoir. The prince had perhaps not desired to provoke an attack, and would have been glad to have slipped away unperceived over the Miosson to the Angoulême road. But this was not now possible.

Next day, Sunday, the 18th, he made no attempt to leave his position. The king now ranged his forces in three "battles," the first under the Dauphin, the Duke of Normandy, afterwards Charles V., the second under his brother, the Duke of Orleans, and

Edward the Black Prince
(*From an old engraving*)

he himself commanded the third. The disposition of the English was also in three "battles," severally commanded by the Earl of Warwick, the prince himself, assisted by Sir John Chandos, and the Earl of Salisbury.

During the Sunday there was no fighting. It was spent in *pourparlers*, the Cardinal of Périgord passing to and fro between the armies endeavouring to patch up a peace. The prince was ready to consent to surrender his prisoners, and all places taken from the

French, even Calais, and to pay 200,000 nobles. But King John, calculating on his superiority in numbers, refused these terms. Sunday night passed, and early on Monday morning, according to one authority, the prince began to retreat, and sent the van along with the waggons containing food and munitions of war across the Miosson, under the Earl of Warwick and the Captal de Buch. He himself prepared to cross, when the rear guard was attacked and engaged in a desperate struggle; whereupon the prince returned to the top of the hill. The descriptive words of the Chronicler Baker are appropriate and intelligible. He says that between the English and the enemy was a considerable valley, deep, and a morass fed by a stream, and that the battalion of the prince, along with the waggons, had crossed the narrow ford. But when he goes on to say that, having traversed the valley, he gained a height that was well fortified with hedges and ditches, I think he misunderstood his informant; and that what the prince really did was to return up the hill to take up the place he had left, and support his rearguard. If this be conceded, then all the rest is plain enough. Baker goes on to say: "The field in which were planted our first and second battalions was separated from the plain, occupied by the French army, by a long hedge with a deep dyke under it, the extremity of which trended down to the aforesaid marsh. The Earl of Warwick held the slope leading to the marsh. He commanded the van. In the upper part of the hedge, a good way from the steep descent, was a broad gap made by carts in the autumn, a stone's throw distant from which was our third battalion, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury." The retreat of the English first and second battalions sufficiently explains the opinion that prevailed in the French army that the English were in full flight.

However, they were speedily mistaken. The position taken up by the prince was precisely that occupied by him all Sunday, and which he had fortified. His left was secure; it rested on the wood of Nouaillé. His right, more exposed, was defended by the waggons, laden with spoil, which he had perhaps intended to abandon when he began to retire. The Earl of Warwick had recrossed the Miosson and resecured his position on the high ground, but had detached the Captal de Buch with 600 horsemen, of whom half were archers, to make a circuit and occupy the slight rise at Le Peuplier on the left wing of the enemy.

Let us now look closer at the opposed forces.

The strength of the English lay in their archers. These were picked men, each armed with a bow of his own height, two dozen arrows in a quiver, a sword or axe, and a stake, eleven feet long, pointed at both ends. The archers could shoot a dozen arrows in a minute, and attain a distance of 200 yards. When the bowman took up his position he planted the stake before him, and thus formed a palisade behind which he could screen himself. The other foot-soldiers were the ribauds, who rushed forward between the planted piles to kill or ransom those who fell, or lagged in retreat, after an ineffectual assault. The knights dismounted from their horses, shortened their lances to five feet, and remounted only for a pursuit.

The English not only drew up across the road, but also lined the hedges on both sides with their archers.

The French army consisted mainly of cavalry, heavily armed knights, who were puffed up with pride, despised the foot-soldier, and were only effective on horseback in a charge on an open field. In place of bowmen, the French had cross-bowmen. Their weapon was heavy and clumsy. An arbalestrier could discharge only two bolts in a minute. The cross-bow weighed over 22 lb., quiver and bolts 5 or 6 lb. more, and the archer was burdened with much defensive armour. When he had discharged his piece he had to put it down, hold it with his feet, whilst with one hand he wound it up again. Every knight who went to battle was attended by his squires, who were of no fighting value, as their duty was to attend to their master, and pick him up and set him on his feet, or attend to his horse. Since Crécy the French knights had given up, for the most part, fighting on horseback; they marched laboriously in their heavy armour on foot,

with their spurs unscrewed, and their crests removed.

The position taken up by the English was strong, and those sent out by King John to observe it reported it as such. They had thrown up earthworks, and planted their palisades on them; and between the stakes could be seen glistening the keen eyes of the archers.

In the English army on this occasion the knights remained on horseback, to follow up any success gained by the bowmen and ribauds.

The Earl of Warwick had already crossed the Miosson according to one account when the battle was begun by the marshals advancing along the road to the attack. The way led between high and dense hedges, and across it was drawn the palisade. The king had sent forward three hundred picked knights on horseback to charge the palisade and break the English line. But the roadway was narrow, and at the outside only four could ride abreast. No sooner were they on the causeway approaching the rise, than the archers discharged their arrows, not only from behind the palisade, but also from behind the hedges on both sides. The horses, maddened by pain, fell into disorder, and in a moment the array of three hundred became a rout; the knights who fell were trampled under foot, or were left by their frightened squires to fall a prey to the English bill-men, who leaped out from between the piles, and killed or put to ransom all who had fallen. As the disorderly rout of the marshals fell back on the battalion of the Duke of Normandy, it spread alarm and confusion through it.

In the meanwhile, the Captal de Buch, who had been with the Earl of Warwick, made a circuit which he could well do unperceived, owing to the rapid fall of the ground towards the Miosson, and came out with three hundred mounted archers at Le Peuplier on the left flank of the "battle" of the Duke of Normandy. This decided the day. The whole line broke into confusion, and fled in the direction of Chauvigny. It was followed by the second line, under the Duke of Orleans, which fled almost without striking a blow.

The English now advanced, and the great tussle took place at Maupertuis, now La Cardinerie, between the Black Prince's army and the reserve under King John. It is at this spot that relics of the battle have been unearthed by the plough.

The only point of dispute is relative to the position first occupied by the English, there is none at all concerning the site of the final struggle. I may perhaps claim the entry in the register at the Hôtel de Ville, Poitiers, as inclining to favour my opinion, for under 1356 is the entry, "On the 19th September, King John, surnamed the Good, lost the battle against the English between the Abbey of Nouaillé and the village of Beauvoir, two leagues from Poitiers, in a field full of vines, called Maupertuis."

La Cardinerie is not exactly between the abbey and Beauvoir, but, if my conjecture be right, the position of the English and the commencement of the battle precisely answer to this description. A poplar, with three great tufts of mistletoe in it like magpies' nests, stands pretty nearly where the prince watched the battle, with Sir John Chandos at his side. The position of the Earl of Warwick is sufficiently described by Baker of Swynbrook. His left wing rested on the marsh that surrounded the abbey.

The battle began at six o'clock in the morning, and was over by three o'clock in the afternoon, but the English pursued the rout to the very gates of Poitiers. Together with the king were taken his son Philip, seventeen counts, a great number of barons, knights, and squires. More than 6000 French were killed, and there were over 1900 prisoners of note taken. On the English side fell 2400 men, among whom were 1500 archers.

The army of the prince was too much reduced to attempt any further exploit, and it returned over the wonderful plateau of Thorus, strewn with prehistoric tombs, dolmens, cairns, and menhirs, to Gencay on the 20th September, the day after the battle. On the 30th he reached the Dordogne, and halted on the 2nd October at Libourne, whilst fitting lodgings were prepared in Bordeaux for the reception of his illustrious prisoner, King John.

Things and other Things

The Writings of Matthew Arnold

THE essays which have been sent in by readers upon "The Writings of Matthew Arnold," are of very great merit and show keen discernment. The first prize of £2 has been awarded to A. E. Wright, the second of £1 to "Deirdre," and the third of 10s. to "Onoro." The successful papers are published below:

No 1. BY A. E. WRIGHT

THE higher inspiration which is necessary to a great poet, Matthew Arnold certainly did not possess in any marked degree. His poetry lacks "inevitableness:" his best moments are fugitive and rare, and seldom on the topmost mount. His temperament was peculiar, and its defects show themselves in his poetry; for he was neither eminently practical (as the great poets are), nor vitally emotional, nor possessed of commanding strength; but he was rather a glorified student, imaginative, apprehensive, capable of original thought and suggestive analyses, and deeply moved by emotions which were mainly intellectual. But he has himself pointed out that the underlying force of creative genius is energy, not intellect; and this compulsive, torrent-like energy he did not possess. He had that clear intensity of thought which illumines, and he is therefore a poet of real excellence, though not among the greatest; because he had neither the certain music and sure touch, nor the creative energy, nor the whole view of life, which, apart or conjoined, make the best poetry unforgettable. "Sohrab and Rustum" is magnificent. The story is told with dramatic force and unerring pathos, and although the subject itself is sad, its treatment is quite untinged by the imported sadness which is a prominent feature of Arnold's poetry. Perhaps his most creative effort is to be found in the "Forsaken Merman," because it required considerable genius to manage a theme so unpromising in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Around a fanciful myth he has interwoven a strong web of human interest, has made the impossible seem entirely natural, and has shown the deathlessness of love with an exquisite pathos which must always excite sympathy and admiration. His poetry always rings true; his teaching is upon an elevated plane; and his sentiments are noble and pure, imparting a mental stimulus which is tonic and bracing. Moreover he faithfully reflects the spirit of his age. No man knew better than himself that the poet, to be adequate, must embrace life as a whole; for this idea is stated in his own lines:

> He must life's movements tell!
> The thread which binds it all in one,
> And not its separate parts alone;

but possibly he would have been the first to confess that this achievement lay beyond his power. The separate parts he has treated with correctness, distinction and felicity. Absolute joy, serenity, the quenchless faith of the supreme artist, are not qualities of his temperament: these can come only to the calm spirit which accepts the extremes of life as they are, and penetrates below those appearances that disturb the mind, to the central truths which subsist eternally.

There is an insistent note of sadness in his poetry, as when writing of the Sea of Faith, he says:

> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

This is extremely poetic, but there is ... it a tone of hopelessness; and this note of sadness recurs again and again—in fact, Matthew Arnold was oppressed with a sense of the ineffectualness of life: a feeling which is fatal to the highest excellence in art. But his poetry will live

because it is also includes so much that is effectual, elevating, and eternally true.

"Culture and Anarchy" expressed his views on culture in its relation to social and political life in England. He was less concerned with the motives which, in general, determine life and conduct, than with the results to which they had led. His countrymen were steeped in blunt and immovable Philistinism; the remedy was to show them the things of good report, to lead them on to culture; by which he meant the knowledge, love, and use, both in thought and action, of the best flower and fruit of man's achievement. For the most part his message appears to have fallen upon deaf ears. Matthew Arnold was an idealist, and although his poetry and his criticism reflected life, his detached spirit looked upon it from the outside. The social conditions which obtained were perfectly explicable on historical grounds, the causes which produced them were deeper seated than he imagined; and most people were little likely to be affected by transcendental ideas about culture, with its insistence upon beauty, or sweetness; and intelligence, or light. Men must have leisure for these things, but in the conditions of life, then and now, leisure is precisely what most of us cannot obtain. Is the world greatly to blame for its indifference, or its qualified approval of the things which mean so much to artistic temperaments? We hardly think so. Idealism is a noble and necessary quality of the mind. It is the salt which preserves from decay; but it must be rooted in practical life, and must grow out of the actual necessities of men.

Although he does not make it coincident with religion, Arnold defines culture in terms which make them almost identical. It is an intellectual, spiritualising renovation, issuing in sweetness and light, producing right reason and right action; and men may attain it by letting their ideas play upon life. Perfection is its object, but it has no impulsion behind it, no moral and divine sanction such as religion supplies. A splendid ideal for the individual, it fails when applied to the life of a nation. In practice we must consider what are the best possible thought and the best possible action in the actual conditions of life at a given time. Culture as defined by Arnold will not help us here. Cromwell had perhaps the clearest ideas and adopted the best courses of action which were possible in the involved circumstances with which he had to cope. He rudely cut those Gordian knots which were "too intrinse to unloose," and, in the main, his actions have been approved by historians. But he would hardly have been regarded by Arnold as an exponent of culture. The truth is that right action and right reason bear no exact relation to culture, and it is un likely that the ideas put forward in "Culture and Anarchy" can have any lasting influence.

(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)

Matthew Arnold

In "Literature and Dogma" Matthew

Arnold enforces the certainty, grandeur, and central truth of Christianity; but in so doing he altogether cuts away the ground from revelation. Such intellectual excursions have no real claim to endure. Men must have something more attractive than bare and denuded truths, which have been refined away until they are reduced to a half-divine ethical system. They must have religious truths that are wholly divine. His attitude is intellectual, but religion is more emotional than intellectual; for its power consists in the fact that it transcends reason, and links the imperfection of our finite being with the perfection which is eternal. He regards Christianity as "the method and secret of Jesus." It is this and more. Take away the divine sanction, and Christianity becomes a mere intellectual body of moral teaching, robbed of its power to move men, to the extent that a human ideal is less than a divinely-revealed truth. For this reason Arnold's teaching, powerful as it is, can have no permanence.

As a literary critic Matthew Arnold is beyond all praise. The intellectualism which led to unsatisfactory results in other directions, was applied with admirable effect and with artistic restraint to literature. He was a born critic. His wide catholicity of taste enabled him to appreciate what was best in poets and writers of varied gifts and widely opposed tendencies. He had neither hesitancy nor reserve, but wrote with felicitous dignity, and gave full expression to a mind of singular breadth and sympathy. The higher quality of suggestive thought is always present, implying more than is expressed, and making us think for ourselves. Gifted with insight and penetrative originality, in literary criticism he was a profound thinker, who was able to set his judgments in a clear light; and his estimates of Wordsworth and Byron, Keats and Shelley, together with the great body of his critical opinions, may be accepted as being just and true. In an eminent degree he possessed the faculty which co-ordinated values and gave a sufficient reason for admiration or dispraise. His criticisms go down to the central facts, to the essentials which determine the relative excellence of literary productions. They have the character of sincerity and truth. There can be little doubt that Matthew Arnold's fame will ultimately rest upon his best poetry and upon his admirable "Essays in Criticism."

No. 2. By "DEIRDRE"

THE physiognomist needs no better argument in favour of his theories than Watts' portrait of Matthew Arnold. The forehead of a visionary, the mouth of a sensuous beauty-lover, the nose of a Puritan, the eyes of a pessimist—when features so antagonistic come to the making of one face, that face can hardly fail to be the index of a troubled soul. The story of Arnold's inner life, and of those thoughts and emotions, which found expression in his art, is a story of conflict. He loved the splendours of antiquity, yet possessed little of that joy which is the soul of the Greek epic: he was dissatisfied with his own times and longed for a token of "sweetness and light," yet he hated the tumult of progress and the glare which a new light makes in the old darkness.

"Ah! two desires toss about the poet's feverish blood: one drives him to the world without and one to solitude."

Unfortunately for a poet of his temperament, Arnold wrote at a time when all England, nay, all Europe, was in a state of unrest and upheaval. Wars and rumours of wars disturbed the whole Continent; bitter controversy was being waged over questions of science, art, and religion; hardest of all for Arnold, Oxford was involved in the painful discussion between High Church, Low Church and theologian. Arnold was too much of a quietist in his ideals to sympathise with the blatant pioneers of modern progress, and, like his favourite Obermann, he fled away from the strife to mourn over the grave, where, as it seemed to him, his country had buried all beauty and humanity.

"The outward noise doubles my inward trouble," he cried sadly, and clung to Stoicism as his only refuge. But, at best, this is a gray and self-centred creed. Even the earliest poems of Arnold are lacking in joyfulness and human feeling, the most splendid attributes of youth, the most essential characteristics of great art.

"In Utrumque Paratus," "The Voice," and "Stagirus" are reflective and interestingly critical of life, but they have little gaiety or charm, and not a hint of youthful passion. This last characteristic was not fostered in Arnold's somewhat stern upbringing; and, so far as we can judge from his poetry, he never experienced that ardour of sexual love which is such a powerful influence with most poets. Even the verses addressed to "Marguerite" have an air of unreality, and are generally more concerned with the state of his soul than with the state of his heart. Indeed, he is at his best when frankly elegiac. In "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy" the sadness of his muse is in keeping with the subjects chosen, and the poems are, moreover, beautifully descriptive of the Oxford scenery, which he knew and loved so well.

In the volume of 1852 "Empedocles" is of striking interest, because significant of its author's desire to escape from the wearisome problems of his own day. The hero of the piece is set in a far-away environment and given a Greek philosophy. But his thoughts are modern at root. The woes of Empedocles are the woes of Arnold, and are somewhat tedious, although no poem could be worthless which had the figure of Callicles. In the creation of that embodiment of lyric joy, Arnold was halfway to a higher plane of thought, removed from Stoicism on the one hand, and complaint on the other. Perhaps Callicles is but half-created, but a voice and not a living man. But he sings of the legends of Greece, and his songs are full of youthful sentiment and airy charm.

Unfortunately, Arnold loved the problem of his own soul too dearly to leave it for long. In "The Problem of Life," and "Courage," we learn further concerning his philosophy. That philosophy is not based on truth. "He saw life steadily," but, most emphatically, he did not "see it whole." In "Self-Dependence," he refers to solitude as the root of moral strength, and declares that only by embracing it can one find one's self and lose misery. But all experience teaches us that man was not made to live alone. Only he who loses his self in the service of others can find true happiness. In "A Summer Night," the verses addressed to Obermann, and the lines on "La Grande Chartreuse," there is a healthier outlook. Nevertheless, all the work of this period is full of unrest. Arnold could not see any light in the darkness of his age, he could not see how order was to be evolved out of chaos, nor remember that the days which bring forth new ideas are never entirely bad. The time came when he realised his mistake, or, rather, realised that the influences at work were too strong for his opposition. He ceased to rail against them, and tried to forget them in the great myths of antiquity. In "Merope," "Balder Dead," and "Tristram and Iseult," he has failed in the effort to grasp his subjects adequately. But "The Strayed Reveller" is a great achievement, and comes nearest of all his work to that classic ideal which he loved. The visions of the gods, as the youth relates them to Circe, are vivid and lovely; and through all

> . . . the wild, thronging train,
> The bright procession of eddying forms,

there is preserved the true Greek lucidity. Almost as fine is the well-known "Sohrab and Rustum." There are too many Homeric similes in it, considering that the subject is Persian, and the local colour is too obtrusive. But the style is nobly simple, and the reader is stirred to enthusiasm by the spectacle of men who endure the worst blows of Destiny with lofty courage, yet with human tears.

Better if Arnold had kept to this vein of glamour, or to the tender mysticism

of "The Forsaken Merman," instead of returning to gloom in "Rugby Chapel." But he was too sad and introspective for the antique subjects to take undisputed possession of him, and the present exercised an irresistible tyranny over his work.

As a prose-writer he is inspired by the same ideals, and censures the same faults in his contemporaries, but he speaks with far greater authority than in his poetry. Without standing in the front rank of critics, he displays many of the gifts which tend to make criticism an important branch of literature. He certainly did a great deal towards raising the status of English criticism. In his own words, he aimed at "creating a current of true and fresh ideas," and it cannot be denied that he possessed definite and independent views, which he was courageous in declaring to his public. His style is generally lucid and interesting, and sometimes rises to heights of epigrammatic greatness. Has any writer fixed and condensed the essential elements of a character more happily than when he tells us that "Byron bore through Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart?"

When Arnold fails as a critic it is owing to insufficient knowledge. In his essay on "The Function of Criticism," he insists on the usefulness of books to an author, and, it must be admitted, that his own work would have been more effective had his reading been more thorough. He wrote on Celtic literature, though he knew little of the subject: he essayed Biblical criticism, and thereby displayed his lack of scholarship in that direction: he turned his attention to French literature, where his inadequate knowledge of the subject led him into indiscriminate admiration of writers like Joubert, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, who, charming personalities, were not great writers. But when he is entirely in possession of his subject, as, for example, in his essays on Marcus Aurelius and on Education, his work is most inspiring, and calculated to arouse that enthusiasm for the best in literature, of which he himself was possessed.

No. 3. By "ONORO"

It is now two years since Matthew Arnold was admitted into the classical series of English men of letters. Poet, critic, theologian, educational reformer—he was each of these in no mean degree; but the flight of time seems likely to leave us in touch only with his poetical work. Future education will owe much to him; but the further it follows his teaching the less will his books be read. His theological and political excursions are already out of date, if scarcely less to the point, in many respects, than when they were published. As literature, too, they are marred by redundancy and discursiveness. He has dowered the language with several phrases and epithets, and he has emphasised the literary value of the Bible. Otherwise his criticism must share the fate of all criticism, save the very finest; for each future generation will find it more difficult to breast the flood of books about books.

Remains his poetry—a poetry of despondency or consolation, according to the temperament—or the mood—of the reader.

If Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius are his chosen guides through life—the stars by which he "stems across the sea of life by night"—these three volumes may afford much of that joy and strength which the writer himself drew from the best poetry. But if the reader be one of that not insignificant number who need support from "the divine impossibilities of religion," the melancholy and insistent scepticism of most of Arnold's verse must repel him.

As man of the world, his favourite maxim was, "Semper aliquid certi proponendum est"; as poet, hesitant negation is his usual position. Too often he seems "passive at the nadir of dismay."

> We but dream we have our wish'd-for powers,
> Ends we seek we never shall attain.
> Ah! *some* power exists there which is ours!
> *Some* end is there we indeed may gain!
> (*Self-Deception.*)

The same feeling inspires the lovely "Question" inscribed "To Fausta":

Our vaunted life is one long funeral . . .
Mazed with doubt and sick with fears . . .
. . . . We count the hours! These dreams of ours
False and hollow
Do we go hence and find they are not dead?

Yet, wistful as many such passages reveal him, faith, optimism rouse his scorn:

Fools! that so often here
Happiness mock'd our prayer,
I think might make us fear
A like event elsewhere,
Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate desire.

The ancient Greek adage, "Nothing too much," the Socratic precept, "Know thyself"—these, indeed, lie at the root of his best work.

Once read thine own breast right
And thou hast done with fears,

he says in "Empedocles," though the poem proceeds to plunge deeper and deeper into the blackest and most comprehensive despair. But he cannot away with any creeds. In "Obermann Once More" he insists that man must resign "his all too human creeds." They are dead; and he must be no longer "fed on boundless hopes."

And yet men have such need of joy!
But joy whose grounds are true.

Here, of course, the sceptic fails to replace what he has taken from us. Whence is to arise the new "common wave of thought and joy" which shall lift mankind again?

The sonnet "The Better Part," which with "East London" has been called one of the finest sermons in the English language, can only repeat Stoical exhortations, and refer to Christ as the grand ideal. The strong motive power, which is precisely the great gift of Christianity, is lacking in all such philosophy. And so in "East London" he is driven to admire the power of the human soul to dupe herself into Hope and Persistence—"the second best"—by thoughts of the "Living Bread."

Yet faith, if not the "first-born of Hell," as Swinburne has it, is at best only a *pis-aller* for the weak and blind; and he would seem to deny immortality to these:

Only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Elsewhere Death is said to "wipe out men." So, with "faith purged," and aspiring only to "the high, white star of Truth," he surveys Nature, the World, the "stir of existence." He finds history to be a "fretful foam of vehement actions," modern life to be a "strange disease" and "sick hurry," the world to have "really neither joy, nor peace, nor light, Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain"; while Nature "seems to bear rather than rejoice," and can never be "fast friends with man." He divides mankind into madmen and slaves, deriving rather inconsequent comfort from the stars who

let him see . . .
How it were good to abide there and breathe free,
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still—

apparently only if, like the heroes of old, he is translated to the stellar heavens.

Those who, taught by Matthew Arnold himself, seek in poetry

Lovely flowers for cheering souls

must regret that his best work mainly consists in introspective lamentation and clamorous doubt. Poems such as "Dover Beach," "The Buried Life," "A Question," "A Summer Night," "Empedocles"—all these are too beautiful to ignore, and too enervating to assimilate. Happily, two of his elegiac pieces, "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," are rich not only in their graceful melancholy and exquisite form, but also in the rural atmosphere and imagery which is the purest and healthiest delight offered by his muse. Whether he writes of "the sweet spring-days" or of "high midsummer pomps," of cheerful fells or springing pastures, in many a passage he gives all lovers of the country pleasure and refreshment beyond measure.

Turning to his dramatic and narrative poems, it is difficult not to feel that "Merope" has been rather harshly treated by the critics. To venture on a daring analogy, this gallant attempt at the impracticable is as agreeable in its simplicity and calm after Voltaire's perverted and theatrical version as is the "Hippolytus" after "Phèdre."

But his most successful effort in sustained verse is "Sohrab and Rustum." Here he has found an action to his mind, far removed from "an age wanting in moral grandeur," and has treated it with a grandeur and restraint which enslave the imagination.

The wide range of his themes is remarkable. His fancy, steeped in Greek and Roman classics, was also powerfully affected by Scandinavian myth and Persian story. Sonnet and narrative, elegy and lyric—all reveal a wealth of allusion to the life and literature of all ages and climes.

The romantic intensity of "Tristram and Iseult" leaves the reader no leisure to weigh the too capricious form, with its excrescent close. The "lovers cold," the lonely widowhood of Iseult of Brittany, all the tragedy of the "poison'd wine" enchant us, so that criticism appears an ineptitude of Philistinism.

Essay Competition

THIS month we invite readers to send us essays upon "The present-day tendencies of English Literature."

Essays must not exceed 1400 words, and must be received by August 20, being addressed: Essay Competition, GOOD WORDS, 15, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

The name and address of the writer should be written upon each essay.

Prizes will be awarded for the three essays adjudged to be the best as follows: First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final. The winning Essays will be published in the October number.

Cactus

I'VE wander'd over Western plains. There naught
Of moving life will choose itself a home
Save creatures of grotesque or hateful breed—
Rattlesnakes and hairy tarantulas,
And red rock-lizards with their kindred huge,
The gila-monsters whose envenom'd breath
Shrivels the crawling centipede they say,
And curls in death the silent scorpion
Ere he can sting, yet passes o'er unharm'd
The hornèd toads that slumber 'mid the sands
There glimmering hot beneath the rainless skies.
And yet upon those plains so absolute
No spear of grass for any season comes,
And e'en the arid sage-brush ventures not,
Those plants uncouth I've seen that clearly show
Nor stem nor leaf, but structur'd all in one
Perennial grow in rooted shapes perverse
As ever Dante dreamed or Doré drew.
Some tall as palms rear cloven pinnacles
Proudly thro' the torrid atmosphere;
And some like mimic reptiles spread and sprawl
Their prickly arms along the parchèd ground.
Some squat and round and deckt with hoary hair
Dwell hermit-like among the hollow'd rocks
Or lean above the canyon's beetling verge,
Where down—sheer down a thousand feet below—
The twilight green is fleckt with pallid foam
Flung from the rapid Rio as it rolls
'Tween sombre walls immemorably old.
And succulent they seem, yet arm'd around
With myriad thorns, like bayonets at the charge,
Lest any luckless beast upon those wilds
From them should seek precarious sustenance.
But all do keep within themselves a cool
Sweet reservoir of waters, gather'd up

In those brief seasons when relenting skies
Resolve at last the rattling thunder-clouds
In sudden unrestrain'd relief to rain.
And for them all there comes a time of bloom,
When their mis-shapen bodies wake and thrill,
And feel within themselves a revelling
Of splendid passion, culminate at last
In wealth of gorgeous blossoms. Nonchalant
They dance and flirt with every passing breeze,
And riot 'mid the spiny bayonets
Like odalisques luxuriant to fill
With orient odour and high carnival
Those waste and unaccustom'd solitudes.
Some like a scarlet glory to the sun,
While all day long their golden stamens swell
With velvet pollen, drifting o'er their mate
Until her last desire be satisfied.
Some virgin-like await the veilèd hours
Of the long-chosen eve when pure, and pale
With perfect rapture, they at length unfold
Their loveliness beneath the Southern stars,
And all exhaust in one voluptuous night
The yearned-for bliss perchance of patient years.
E'en so those quenchless, isolated sparks
Of that recurrent fire that men call life
In such odd guise do there express themselves
With virtues individual and rare:
Deep-wrought methinks such character must be
And show thro' every shape they'll yet evolve
In striving up the stony tracks of Time.
Let that be as it will! But I have known
Some fellows of my own so gifted with
A like persistent faith they would extract
From circumstance to wither other hearts
A very elixir of love and hope.
And thus I call to mind an old-time friend:
A granite Presbyterian he was,
Of thorny doctrine and distorted creed,
Whose soul, as in a desert pitiless,
Dwelt far removed from pleasant ways of men,
Despair'd for deeds that he had never done,
And fear'd all things beneath the brassy skies
Foredoom'd unto inevitable hell.
Yet there were times—we ne'er could tell for why—
When o'er his dour, old face would fall a glint
Of sunny humour and of transient peace,
As if his straiten'd soul in very stress
Of its own native sweetness had put forth
Some fair, quaint flower to bloom incongruous
Upon the barren branches of his faith.
E'en such a time it seem'd to me when once
In San Francisco, years ago, I stroll'd
With him along the water-front and saw
A drunken sailor on a sudden halt
Before a wounded cur that yelping lay
Upon the road. No passer-by took heed,
But, mumbling words of maudlin sympathy,
The sailor stoop'd unsteadily and caught
The mongrel creature in his arms. At once
It ceased its cries, and in brute gratitude
'Gan lick the fellow's foolish, bearded face,
While he, flinging a witless curse or two
Upon the jeering urchins of the street,
Stagger'd from our sight with his new charge:
A homeless, worthless pair—whether they sought
The refuge of some dingy lodging-house,
Or forecastle of some tramp merchantman,
Or tarry little schooner on the bay.
But my staunch friend looked after, as in doubt;
Bewilder'd to approve that nondescript,
Haphazard deed whose vagrant influence
Yet warm'd his agèd heart like rare, good wine.
Then smiling murmur'd slowly to himself,
"Ah, Tam—I'm maybe thinkin' after all
Yon vagabond Samaritan and a'
Wee, feckless dogs, and daft-like sailormen,
Maun no stop aye in hell—nor no for long."
And tho' he said no more I felt the glow
Of white compassion that encompass'd him—
A radiance straight from some eternal shrine
Beyond the bounds of aught his creed confess'd.

I had another friend of different sort:
Gentle-born, and led in luxury
Thro' childhood's days, life open'd fair until
Death robb'd him of the friends he needed most,
And faithless guardians left him penniless.
Yet early for himself an envied place
Above the shrewd, competing throng he gain'd
On one great city's mart, where swept the tide
And traffic of her richest merchandise.
And if he dream'd of riches then his dreams
Were founded well. But other things he dream'd—
For in his blood was more than lust of gold,
And he had soul too great to hold himself
Penurious on the road to mean success.
The days went by. And so it was that in
That rosy-vision'd time—the June of youth—
When all things beckon'd him, he thought he found
One woman's face more fair than all his dreams—
One woman's heart beyond the price of gold.
Alas! when to another's arms she went,
Loveless 'mid all lovely circumstance,
The star that lit the zenith of his life
Went darkly out, and from the waste of years
His promis'd happiness for ever pass'd,
Like as a momentary, bright mirage
Pictur'd on an endless wilderness.
And tho' he sought undaunted in all lands
To ravel out his tangled destiny,
Everywhere the way to him was barr'd,
And everywhere he found a harder lot:
It seem'd as Fate a single vengeance wreak'd
On him for follies of a score of lives.
Yet when he came amongst us in the West,
Altho' his shaggy hair was streak'd with gray,
He spoke like some fresh-hearted plucky boy
Ready for new adventure anywhere.
A surly, thwarted, hopeless set we were,
Stranded in that barren mining camp,
But soon for him we found a welcome place,
Won over by the wholesome, cheery way
He settled down to that scant life of ours.
He work'd with me a wasted season through
Upon the poorest claim of one poor creek,
With temper cool and even all the while.
And when I had no heart to sing, he'd sing
And twang on his old banjo by the fire
To drive away the loneliness of night:
He had the knack somehow to make me feel
That any luck was good enough for us,
That with it all a man could be a man,
And come up smiling from the hardest blow
That Fate knew how to give. Poor old Jack!
We loved him for his careless, sunny ways,
And there was no better fellow in the West.
And when the fever took him off at last
We roll'd a boulder where we buried him,
And on it scrawl'd the phrase that he'd outworn:
"Never mind—it's all in a lifetime, boys!
Perhaps 'twill turn out better—by-and-bye."
But when the rest had gone I linger'd still,
Gazing dully at the Western sky
Wherein the heavy sun had sunken low,
Wrapp'd in unresponsive reverie,
Hopeless o'er the meaning of our life,
And dumb before its bitterness. 'Twas then
My heart was startled with a sudden joy
That fell unusher'd from some height unseen,
Some source unknown. Nor voice nor vision was
In that illumin'd silence. Subtler far
A sweet assurance came—it seem'd as if
A mystic fragrance floated down to me
From one white soul just opening into bloom
Afar within the glades of Paradise.
And I arose, yet ere I went away
Upon that grave, for lack of better thing,
I planted cactus for a covering.

T. R. E. McInnes.

THE PET

From the Painting by FRITH

THE PET
From the Painting by Fantin

THE greatest of Shakespeare's comedies is also, from a certain point of view, the greatest of his plays. No one would maintain that it occupied this position in the matter of psychological study if by psychological study we mean the study of individual characters in a play. No one would maintain that Puck was a character in the sense that Falstaff is a character, or that the critic stood awed before the psychology of Peaseblossom. But there is a sense in which the play is perhaps a greater triumph of psychology than "Hamlet" itself. It may well be questioned whether in any other literary work in the world is so vividly rendered a social and spiritual atmosphere. There is an atmosphere in "Hamlet," for instance, a somewhat murky and even melodramatic one, but it is subordinate to the great character, and morally inferior to him; the darkness is only a background for the isolated star of intellect. But "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a psychological study, not of a solitary man, but of a spirit that unites mankind. The six men may sit talking in an inn; they may not know each other's names or see each other's faces before or after, but night or wine or great stories, or some rich and branching discussion may make them all at one, if not absolutely with each other, at least with that invisible seventh man who is the harmony of all of them. That seventh man is the hero of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

A study of the play from a literary or philosophical point of view must therefore be founded upon some serious realisation of what this atmosphere is. In a lecture upon "As You Like It," Mr. Bernard Shaw made a suggestion which is an admirable example of his amazing ingenuity and of his one most interesting limitation. In maintaining that the light sentiment and optimism of the comedy were regarded by Shakespeare merely as the characteristics of a more or less cynical pot-boiler, he actually suggested that the title "As You Like It" was a taunting address to the public in disparagement of their taste and the dramatist's own work. If Mr. Bernard Shaw had conceived of Shakespeare as insisting that Ben Jonson should wear Jaeger underclothing or join the Blue Ribbon Army, or distribute little pamphlets for the non-payment of rates, he could scarcely have conceived anything more violently opposed to the whole spirit of Elizabethan comedy than the spiteful and priggish modernism of such a taunt. Shake-

speare might make the fastidious and cultivated Hamlet, moving in his own melancholy and purely mental world, warn players against an over-indulgence towards the rabble. But the very soul and meaning of the great comedies is that of an uproarious communion between the public and the play, a communion so chaotic that whole scenes of silliness and violence lead us almost to think that some of the "rowdies" from the pit have climbed over the footlights. The title "As You Like It," is, of course, an expression of utter carelessness, but it is not the bitter carelessness which Mr. Bernard Shaw fantastically reads into it; it is the god-like and inexhaustible carelessness of a happy man. And the simple proof of this is that there are scores of these genially taunting titles scattered through the whole of Elizabethan comedy. Is "As You Like It" a title demanding a dark and ironic explanation in a school of comedy which called its plays "What you Will," "A Mad World, my Masters," "If it be not good, the Devil is in it," "The Devil is an ass," "An humorous day's mirth," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream?" Every one of these titles is flung at the head of the public as a drunken lord might fling a purse at his footman. Would Mr. Shaw maintain that "If it be not good the Devil is in it" was the opposite of "As You Like It," and was a solemn invocation of the supernatural powers to testify to the care and perfection of the literary workmanship? The one explanation is as Elizabethan as the other.

Now in the reason for this modern and pedantic error lies the whole secret and difficulty of such plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The sentiment of such a play, so far as it can be summed up at all, can be summed up in one sentence. It is the mysticism of happiness. That is to say, it is the conception that as man lives upon a borderland he may find himself in the spiritual or supernatural atmosphere, not only through being profoundly sad or meditative, but by being extravagantly happy. The soul might be rapt out of the body in an agony of sorrow, or a trance of ecstacy; but it might also be rapt out of the body in a paroxysm of laughter. Sorrow we know can go beyond itself; so, according to Shakespeare, can pleasure go beyond itself and become something dangerous and unknown. And the reason that the logical and destructive modern school, of which Mr. Bernard Shaw is an example, does not grasp this purely exuberant nature of the comedies is simply that their logical and destructive attitude have rendered impossible the very experience of this preternatural exuberance. We cannot realise "As You Like It" if we are always considering it as we understand it. We cannot have "A Midsummer Night's Dream" if our one object in life is to keep ourselves awake with the black coffee of criticism. The whole question which is balanced, and balanced nobly and fairly, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is whether the life of waking, or the life of the vision, is the real life, the *sine quâ non* of man. But it is difficult to see what superiority for the purpose of judging is possessed by people whose pride it is not to live the life of vision at all. At least it is questionable whether the Elizabethan did not know more about both worlds than the modern intellectual; it is not altogether improbable that Shakespeare would not only have had a clearer vision of the fairies, but would have shot very much straighter at a deer and netted much more money for his performances than a member of the Stage Society.

In pure poetry and the intoxication of words, Shakespeare never rose higher than he rises in this play. But in spite of this fact, the supreme literary merit of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a merit of design. The amazing symmetry, the amazing artistic and moral beauty of that design, can be stated very briefly. The story opens in the sane and common world with the pleasant seriousness of very young lovers and very young friends. Then, as the figures advance into the tangled wood of young troubles and stolen happiness, a change and bewilderment begins to fall on them. They lose their way and their wits for they are in the heart of fairyland. Their words, their hungers, their very figures grow more and more dim and fantastic, like dreams within dreams, in the super-

natural mist of Puck. Then the dream-fumes begin to clear, and characters and spectators begin to awaken together to the noise of horns and dogs and the clean and bracing morning. Theseus, the incarnation of a happy and generous rationalism, expounds in hackneyed and superb lines the sane view of such psychic experiences, pointing out with a reverent and sympathetic scepticism that all these fairies and spells are themselves but the emanations, the unconscious masterpieces, of man himself. The whole company falls back into a splendid human laughter. There is a rush for banqueting and private theatricals, and over all these things ripples one of those frivolous and inspired conversations in which every good saying seems to die in giving birth to another. If ever the son of man in his wanderings was at home and drinking by the fireside, he is at home in the house of Theseus. All the dreams have been forgotten, as a melancholy dream remembered throughout the morning might be forgotten in the human certainty of any other triumphant evening party; and so the play seems naturally ended. It began on the earth and it ends on the earth. Thus to round off the whole Midsummer night's dream in an eclipse of daylight is an effect of genius. But of this comedy, as I have said, the mark is that genius goes beyond itself; and one touch is added which makes the play colossal. Theseus and his train retire with a crashing finale, full of humour and wisdom, and things set right, and silence falls on the house. Then there comes a faint sound of little feet, and for a moment, as it were, the elves look into the house, asking which is the reality. "Suppose we are the realities and they the shadows." If that ending were acted properly any modern man would feel shaken to his marrow if he had to walk home from the theatre through a country lane.

It is a trite matter, of course, though in a general criticism a more or less indispensable one to comment upon another point of artistic perfection, the extraordinarily human and accurate manner in which the play catches the atmosphere of a dream. The chase and tangle and frustration of the incidents and personalities are well-known to every one who has dreamt of perpetually falling over precipices or perpetually missing trains. While following out clearly and legally the necessary narrative of the drama, the author contrives to include every one of the main peculiarities of the exasperating dream. Here is the pursuit of the man we cannot catch, the flight from the man we cannot see; here is the perpetual returning to the same place, here is the crazy alteration in the very objects of our desire, the substitution of one face for another face, the putting of the wrong souls in the wrong bodies, the fantastic disloyalties of the night, all this is as obvious as it is important. It is perhaps somewhat more worth remarking that there is about this confusion of comedy yet another essential characteristic of dreams. A dream can commonly be described as possessing an utter discordance of incident combined with a curious unity of mood; everything changes but the dreamer. It may begin with anything and end with anything, but if the dreamer is sad at the end he will be sad as if by prescience at the beginning; if he is cheerful at the beginning he will be cheerful if the stars fall. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has in a most singular degree effected this difficult, this almost desperate subtlety. The events in the wandering wood are in themselves, and regarded as in broad daylight, not merely melancholy but bitterly cruel and ignominious. But yet by the spreading of an atmosphere as magic as the fog of Puck, Shakespeare contrives to make the whole matter mysteriously hilarious while it is palpably tragic, and mysteriously charitable, while it is in itself cynical. He contrives somehow to rob tragedy and treachery of their full sharpness, just as a toothache or a deadly danger from a tiger, or a precipice, is robbed of its sharpness in a pleasant dream. The creation of a brooding sentiment like this, a sentiment not merely independent of but actually opposed to the events, is a much greater triumph of art than the creation of the character of Othello.

It is difficult to approach critically so great a figure as that of Bottom the Weaver. He is greater and more mysterious than Hamlet, because the interest of such men as Bottom consists of a rich sub-consciousness, and that

of Hamlet in the comparatively superficial matter of a rich consciousness. And it is especially difficult in the present age which has become hag-ridden with the mere intellect. We are the victims of a curious confusion whereby being great is supposed to have something to do with being clever, as if there were the smallest reason to suppose that Achilles was clever, as if there were not on the contrary a great deal of internal evidence to indicate that he was next door to a fool. Greatness is a certain indescribable but perfectly familiar and palpable quality of size in the personality, of steadfastness, of strong flavour, of easy and natural self-expression. Such a man is as firm as a tree and as unique as a rhinoceros, and he might quite easily be as stupid as either of them. Fully as much as the great poet towers above the small poet the great fool towers above the small fool. We have all of us known rustics like Bottom the Weaver, men whose faces would be blank with idiocy if we tried for ten days to explain the meaning of the National Debt, but who are yet great men, akin to Sigurd and Hercules, heroes of the morning of the earth, because their words were their own words, their memories their own memories, and their vanity as large and simple as a great hill. We have all of us known friends in our own circle, men whom the intellectuals might justly describe as brainless, but whose presence in a room was like a fire roaring in the grate changing everything, lights and shadows and the air, whose entrances and exits were in some strange fashion events, whose point of view once expressed haunts and persuades the mind and almost intimidates it, whose manifest absurdity clings to the fancy like the beauty of first-love, and whose follies are re-counted like the legends of a paladin. These are great men, there are millions of them in the world, though very few perhaps in the House of Commons. It is not in the cold halls of cleverness where celebrities seem to be important that we should look for the great. An intellectual salon is merely a training-ground for one faculty, and is akin to a fencing class or a rifle corps. It is in our own homes and environments, from Croydon to St. John's Wood, in old nurses, and gentlemen with hobbies, and talkative spinsters and vast incomparable butlers, that we may feel the presence of that blood of the gods. And this creature so hard to describe, so easy to remember, the august and memorable fool, has never been so sumptuously painted as in the Bottom of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Bottom has the supreme mark of this real greatness in that like the true saint or the true hero he only differs from humanity in being as it were more human than humanity. It is not true, as the idle materialists of to-day suggest, that compared to the majority of men the hero appears cold and de-humanised; it is the majority who appear cold and de-humanised in the presence of greatness. Bottom, like Don Quixote and Uncle Toby and Mr. Richard Swiveller and the rest of the Titans, has a huge and unfathomable weakness, his silliness is on a great scale, and when he blows his own trumpet it is like the trumpet of the Resurrection. The other rustics in the play accept his leadership not merely naturally but exuberantly; they have to the full that primary and savage unselfishness, that uproarious abnegation which makes simple men take pleasure in falling short of a hero, that unquestionable element of basic human nature which has never been expressed, outside this play, so perfectly as in the incomparable chapter at the beginning of "Evan Harrington" in which the praises of "The Great Mel" are sung with a lyric energy by the tradesmen whom he has cheated. Twopenny sceptics write of the egoism of primal human nature; it is reserved for great men like Shakespeare and Meredith to detect and make vivid this rude and subconscious unselfishness which is older than self. They alone with their insatiable tolerance can perceive all the spiritual devotion in the soul of a snob. And it is this natural play between the rich simplicity of Bottom and the simple simplicity of his comrades which constitutes the unapproachable excellence of the farcical scenes in this play. Bottom's sensibility to literature is perfectly fiery and genuine, a great deal more genuine than that of a great many cultivated critics of literature—"the raging Rockes, and

shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus' carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates," is exceedingly good poetical diction with a real throb and swell in it, and if it is slightly and almost imperceptibly deficient in the matter of sense, it is certainly every bit as sensible as a good many other rhetorical speeches in Shakespeare put into the mouths of kings and lovers and even the spirits of the dead. If Bottom liked cant for its own sake the fact only constitutes another point of sympathy between him and his literary creator. But the style of the thing, though deliberately bombastic and ludicrous, is quite literary, the alliteration falls like wave upon wave, and the whole verse, like a billow mounts higher and higher before it crashes. There is nothing mean about this folly; nor is there in the whole realm of literature a figure so free from vulgarity. The man vitally base and foolish sings "The Honeysuckle and the Bee"; he does not rant about "raging Rocks" and "the carre of Phibbus." Dickens, who more perhaps than any modern man had the mental hospitality and the thoughtless wisdom of Shakespeare, perceived and expressed admirably the same truth. He perceived, that is to say, that quite indefensible idiots have very often a real sense of, and enthusiasm for letters. Mr. Micawber loved eloquence and poetry with his whole immortal soul; words and visionary pictures kept him alive in the absence of food and money, as they might have kept a saint fasting in a desert. Dick Swiveller did not make his inimitable quotations from Moore and Byron merely as flippant digressions. He made them because he loved a great school of poetry. The sincere love of books has nothing to do with cleverness or stupidity any more than any other sincere love. It is a quality of character, a freshness, a power of pleasure, a power of faith. A silly person may delight in reading masterpieces just as a silly person may delight in picking flowers. A fool may be in love with a poet as he may be in love with a woman. And the triumph of Bottom is that he loves rhetoric and his own taste in the arts, and this is all that can be achieved by Theseus, or for the matter of that by Cosmo di Medici. It is worth remarking as an extremely fine touch in the picture of Bottom that his literary taste is almost everywhere concerned with sound rather than sense. He begins the rehearsal with a boisterous readiness, "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweete." "Odours, odours," says Quince, in remonstrance, and the word is accepted in accordance with the cold and heavy rules which require an element of meaning in a poetical passage. But "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweete," Bottom's version, is an immeasurably finer and more resonant line. The "i" which he inserts is an inspiration of metricism.

There is another aspect of this great play which ought to be kept familiarly in the mind. Extravagant as is the masquerade of the story, it is a very perfect æsthetic harmony down to such *coup-de-maitre* as the name of Bottom, or the flower called Love in Idleness. In the whole matter it may be said that there is one accidental discord; that is in the name of Theseus, and the whole city of Athens in which the events take place. Shakespeare's description of Athens in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is the best description of England that he or any one else ever wrote. Theseus is quite obviously only an English squire, fond of hunting, kindly to his tenants, hospitable with a certain flamboyant vanity. The mechanics are English mechanics, talking to each other with the queer formality of the poor. Above all, the fairies are English; to compare them with the beautiful patrician spirits of Irish legend for instance, is suddenly to discover that we have, after all, a folk-lore and a mythology, or had it at least in Shakespeare's day. Robin Goodfellow, upsetting the old women's ale, or pulling the stool from under them, has nothing of the poignant Celtic beauty; his is the horse-play of the invisible world. Perhaps it is some debased inheritance of English life which makes American ghosts so fond of quite undignified practical jokes. But this union of mystery with farce is a note of the mediæval English. The play is the last glimpse of Merrie England, that distant but shining and quite indubitable country. It would be difficult indeed to define wherein lay the peculiar truth of

the phrase "merrie England," though some conception of it is quite necessary to the comprehension of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In some cases at least, it may be said to lie in this, that the English of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, unlike the England of to-day, could conceive of the idea of a merry supernaturalism. Amid all the great work of Puritanism, the damning indictment of it consists in one fact, that there was only one of the fables of Christendom that it retained and renewed, and that was the belief in witchcraft. It cast away the generous and wholesome superstition, it approved only of the morbid and the dangerous. In their treatment of the great national fairy-tale of good and evil, the Puritans killed St. George but carefully preserved the Dragon. And this seventeenth-century tradition of dealing with the psychic life still lies like a great shadow over England and America, so that if we glance at a novel about occultism we may be perfectly certain that it deals with sad or evil destiny. Whatever else we expect we certainly should never expect to find in it spirits such as those in "Aylwin" as inspirers of a tale of tomfoolery like the "Wrong Box" or "The Londoners." That impossibility is the disappearance of "Merrie England" and Robin Goodfellow. It was a land to us incredible, the land of a jolly occultism where the peasant cracked jokes with his patron saint, and only cursed the fairies good-humouredly, as he might curse a lazy servant. Shakespeare is English in everything, above all in his weaknesses. Just as London, one of the greatest cities in the world, shows more slums and hides more beauties than any other, so Shakespeare alone among the four giants of poetry is a careless writer, and lets us come upon his splendours by accident, as we come upon an old City church in the twist of a city street. He is English in nothing so much as in that noble cosmopolitan unconsciousness which makes him look eastward with the eyes of a child towards Athens or Verona. He loved to talk of the glory of foreign lands, but he talked of them with the tongue and unquenchable spirit of England. It is too much the custom of a later patriotism to reverse this method and talk of England from morning till night, but to talk of her in a manner totally un-English. Casualness, incongruities, and a certain fine absence of mind are in the temper of England; the unconscious man with the ass's head is no bad type of the people. Materialistic philosophers and mechanical politicians have certainly succeeded in some cases in giving him a greater unity. The only question is, to which animal has he been thus successfully conformed?

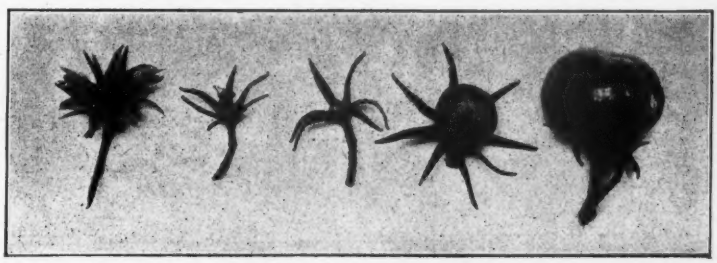
"Transformations"; or, the Heart of the Flower

By G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc.

THE heart of the flower is the home of mystery. The petals in their pretty bravery court admiration; the yellow stamens nod their heads and challenge notice, but the little green heart down in the centre bides its time. And its day comes when some bee, perhaps, pays it a visit, or perhaps the breeze, like Zephir of old, kisses it, for then it receives the magic touch which unlocks its mysteries and gives it the key to its whole future. But this touch, like the waving of some fairy's wand in a story, though it is all the world to the heart of the flower, yet acts like poison and carries death in its train to the gaily painted petals and the nodding stamens, for no sooner is it given than they fade and wither and die. Only the green heart begins its series of transformations towards that perfect form which, from the beginning, was destined for it; like the grub in its changes into chrysalis and butterfly the heart of the flower passes from insignificance and meanness to maturity and beauty.

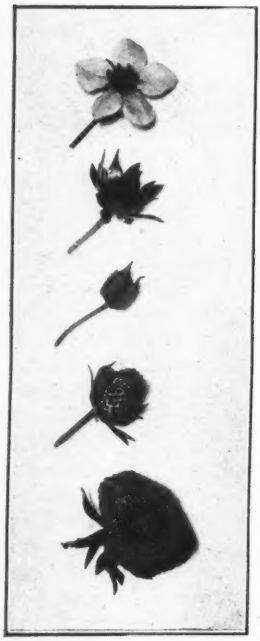
And this transformation takes place in many ways. Every flower has evolved a way of its own and has made its own ideal of what the final result should be, so that if we have never seen the result before we cannot tell exactly what is going to happen or what precise plan of action the flower has in contemplation. Some of the schemes are simplicity itself, some are more involved, while others show almost human ingenuity and foresight. For a plant, like a mother, will take infinite pains and make a supreme effort to give a good start to its young ones—and it is its posterity that lies in the heart of the flower. So to further their welfare some plants have bethought them of getting help from the animals and birds for their little ones; others pin their faith on the wind as an ally; while others again prefer to depend solely on themselves and merely throw their offspring as far away from them as they can so that at least the competition of life may be lessened as much as possible. Let us glance, then, at some of these transformations from flower to fruit in their various forms, for, though we know the flower and we know the mature fruit, we mostly slur over the stages in between and so lose much of the meaning which underlies the scheming of the plant.

And first look at the Tomato. What could be simpler? When the fertilising touch has been given to the flower and the dirty yellow petals and stamens have died the little green case at the very centre of things just swells and grows juicy, succulent, and red; and the little seeds which all the while lay



The straightforward evolution of a tomato, showing how the heart of the flower simply swells and grows juicy and red

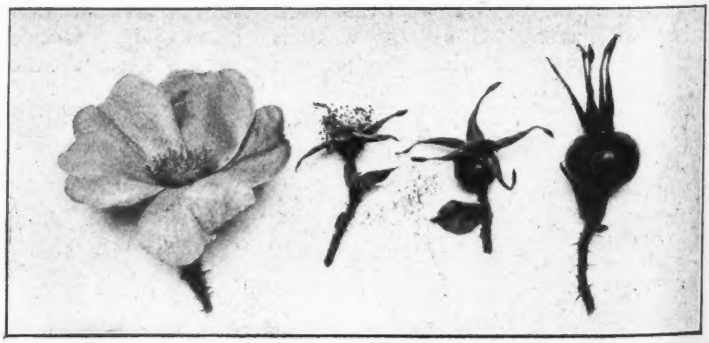
hidden within it, also grow, though not so fast, until we arrive by straightforward stages at the luscious and attractive tomato, which, because it is tasty and pleasant, is carried about and its seeds dispersed to all quarters.



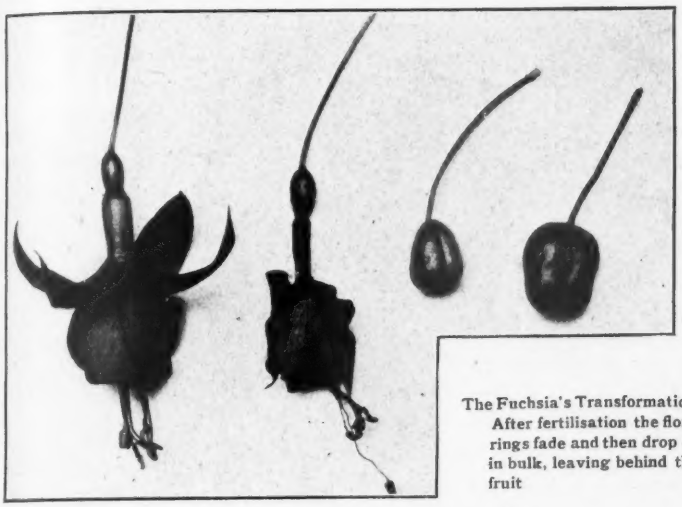
The false fruit of the strawberry where the end of the stalk comes to the rescue and becomes succulent. The true fruits are the little yellow specks lying on the scarlet bed

On the other hand, turn to the Strawberry, which is also succulent, sweet, and red, and yet how differently it has gone to work. The heart of the flower there, was never a single green case, but instead was made up of quite a number of little green specks, and the magic touch of the pollen seems to have no direct message for them. Perhaps we must class them as indolent, or incapable, as they do nothing; but any way, the end of the stalk comes to the rescue and is more responsive, for it begins to grow sweet and juicy and large itself, and as it swells it carries out the small green parts that grew on it, until at length they come to lie—hard beady objects—scattered over a scarlet bed. So the strawberry, delicious as it is, is branded by those in the secret as a "False Fruit" for this makeshift in its arrangements. One curious incident in the series of changes is that the outer ring of green leaves, the sepals, close over the tiny growing fruit protectingly when the petals fall, just as they did over the flower bud, and are pushed aside only when it grows too big for their care. This is shown in the third stage in the photograph.

The hip of the Rose is likewise a False Fruit, but with a curious difference, for here the end of the stalk grows up round the heart of the flower and *encloses* the hard little green parts, so that instead of lying on the top of a swollen bed as in the strawberry, they are concealed within a chamber, just as in the bad old days wicked nuns are said to have been built up within an encircling wall for their sins. Notice how the sepals are carried up on the top of the wall, and how too they spread out star-wise as it grows, but when they have reached the very centre of the top and the chamber is closed they hoist themselves erect and proclaim the consummation of the process. It is a very striking transformation altogether and well worth watching.



In the rose the transformation also results in a false fruit. The end of the stalk grows up and encloses in a chamber the heart of the flower. It is half-way up in the second stage; has nearly enclosed all in the third; in the fourth the chamber is closed completely



The Fuchsia's Transformation. After fertilisation the floral rings fade and then drop off in bulk, leaving behind the fruit

The Fuchsia has adopted quite a different method, though still relying upon animal assistance. Above its gay drooping petals, and completely outside of them, is the green seed case that hitherto we have seen well guarded inside, and a long green column hangs from it and runs out through the centre of the flower. In the photograph the first stage shows the flower before it has received the fertilising touch on the end of the column; the second stage is its appearance shortly afterwards, when the petals are faded and the stamens shrivelled, but the seed case is swelling. In the third stage the whole of the floral rings have dropped off and only the case remains, still larger and more succulent. Then, finally, we have the black cherry-like fruit—the finished product.

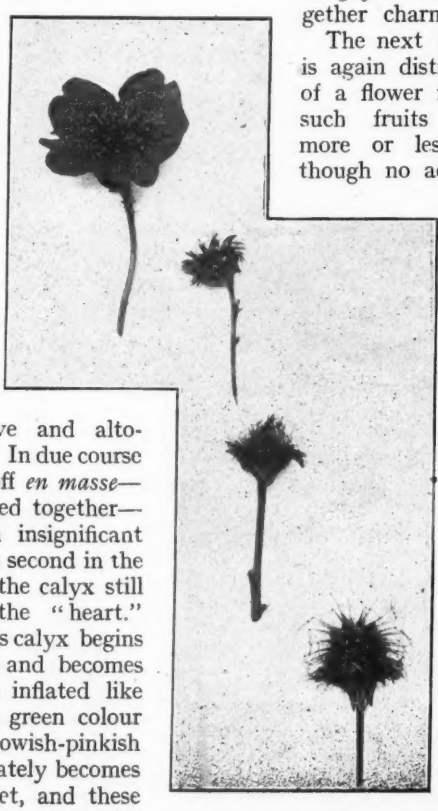
Among other succulent fruits the Passion Flower arrests our attention, because out of a curious flower it has evolved a somewhat eccentric series of transformations. The picture shows first a striking flower, which, with a lack of reticence unusual among plants, thrusts far out of its centre its seed case on the end of a long column. Presently the petals fade and close up, just managing to get their tips round the column end, and in the next stage it has the appearance of a faded-looking bud. But the swollen end goes on growing within the wrapping petals, and presently as they get more and more withered it pushes their tips aside and hangs out as a large juicy fruit. The two last stages in the series who

The eccentricities of the Passion Flower. Notice the projecting processes from the heart of the flower. In the second stage the flower closes all up again, the petal tips just covering the seed-case. Later they are pushed aside, and a juicy fruit develops

The Winter Cherry develops the green calyx of its flower into a brilliant scarlet wrap for its fruit. In the last stage the wrap is drawn aside to show the berry within

how far in front of where the petal ring arose the fruit is formed. It is an almost unique condition of affairs.

The Winter Cherry, so much used for decorative purposes, whose picture is given next, has evolved an absolutely different scheme out of its inner intuitiveness. First, there is the little white flower with a minute green heart, somewhat unattractive and altogether ordinary. In due course the petals fall off *en masse*—they are all joined together—and we get an insignificant green object, the second in the series, in which the calyx still remains round the "heart." But suddenly this calyx begins to grow rapidly and becomes more and more inflated like a balloon. The green colour takes on a yellowish-pinkish hue, which ultimately becomes a brilliant scarlet, and these little balloons hang in rows along the stems like Chinese lanterns on a pole. But when we peep within, there, instead of a candle, is enclosed a small berry, for the heart of the flower has not been idle while the calyx was inflating. Thus in this case, though the plant has no very attractive fruit in itself, yet it has wrapt what it has in a scarlet cloak, so that it is as gay as Red Riding Hood and altogether charming.

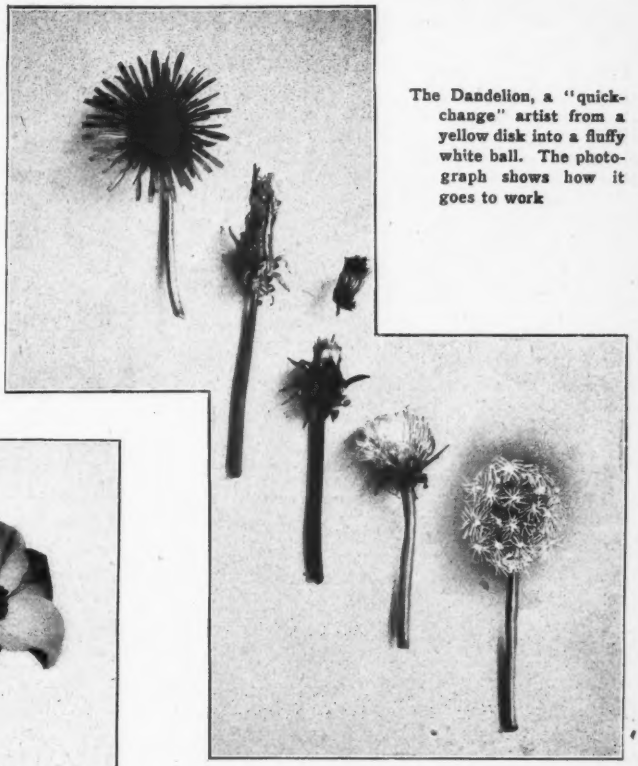


A Geum, which develops by easy stages into a group of hooked fruits

The next transformation that is shown is again distinctive, for it is the change of a flower into a "hooked" fruit. In such fruits assistance is still sought, more or less, from the animal world, though no actual appeal is made as in the succulent fruits, but aid is, as it were, stolen, for these fruits attach themselves to the coats, heads, feet, &c., of animals, and are carried off without any conscious desire on the part of the carrier and certainly without any benefit to itself. Indeed, oftentimes, as in the case of burrs, they are a positive nuisance to the individual to whom they cling. The Geum here portrayed gives a fair idea of how these hooks gradually come into existence after the fading of the flower.

So far, then, all these plants have gone to work with the aim in view of ensuring co-operation with birds and animals, either by bribing them with tooth-

some morsels or making them unwilling carriers; but the next few we shall look at have a different ideal and rely on the wind for a friend. Such a one is the Dandelion, which is very fascinating in its various phases of transition from flower to fruit. First a yellow disk of strap-like golden rays. Then the rays close up together for a time. Presently a tawny ball falls off (the faded petals), and



The Dandelion, a "quick-change" artist from a yellow disk into a fluffy white ball. The photograph shows how it goes to work

The Begonia takes two flowers to make a start—male and female. The male—on the right—soon disappears. The female turns into a three-cornered object, one projection grows fastest and develops into a wing, which wafts away the fruit

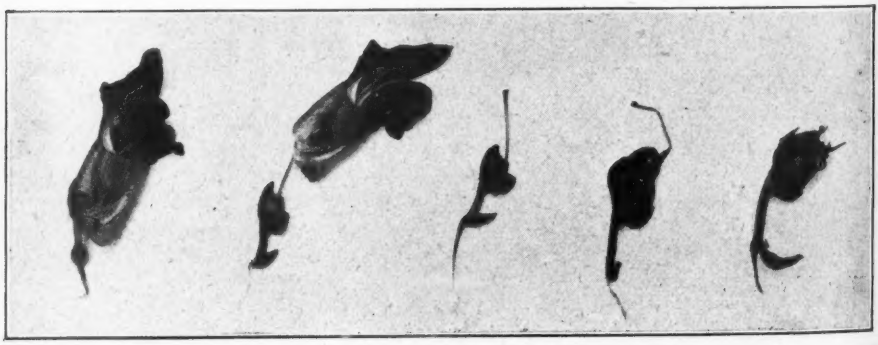
below a white fluffy mass is showing. Soon it blows out a little, and the feathery down shows still more plainly, and then suddenly the final change of all—a transformation to a white fragile ball, made up of dozens of the most delicate parachutes all open together, and a breath of the wind loosens them and they fly away gaily, each carrying with it the little seed for whose transport it has been designed. Strictly speaking we are not within our rights in calling the dandelion a flower, it should be termed a "colony of flowers," for each of the strap-like rays is really a blossom and each of the parachutes is a fruit—the heart of its own particular flower.

The Begonia again presents a very characteristic scheme of changes from blossom to fruit. To begin with, the flower is in two parts, a male and a

The Pansy's heart is modestly hidden. Even in fading the petals wrap round it. Finally it becomes a hard little box, which opens into three, disclosing rows of black, beady seeds

female--the stamens in one petal ring, the fruit-to-be in another, and hence two flowers are necessary to make one fruit. These grow side by side on a branch, and thus in the photograph we have a female flower on the right and a male on the left, and while the male falls off bodily directly the stamens have discharged their dust, the female persists, though the petals fall as usual, and therefore in the second stage we have only the centre part, the heart, of the female still remaining on the stem At first it develops three triangular projections, but one of these rapidly outstrips the rest, as shown in the third stage, until finally it becomes a dry scaly wing, which catches the breeze and bears the seed away from its parents' vicinity, just as the dandelion provides parachutes for the same purpose. The heart of the Pansy flower is as modestly in the background as that of the Passion Flower was pushed forward, though wonderful lines and streaks are signposts which point to where it may be found. Its transformations, too, are towards dryness, not towards succulency, for it seems to get harder and dryer as the velvet petals fade and slip away, until eventually there is only the little yellowish-green box that is shown in the third of the pansy photographs. And then one day the box opens in three parts, and each part lies back and is full of small black bead-like seeds, as the picture shows, and by degrees the seeds all fall out, or are shaken out perhaps by the wind, and they scatter about in the near neighbourhood--long journeys are not for them.

The Snapdragon acts in a somewhat



The Snapdragon slips off its petals like a lady slips off a skirt, and proceeds to transform itself into an object like a teapot with half a spout

The heart of the Poppy is like an urn. At first a lid closely covers it down. Then the lid lifts at the edges, and a row of holes is revealed. Out of these the minute seeds are shaken

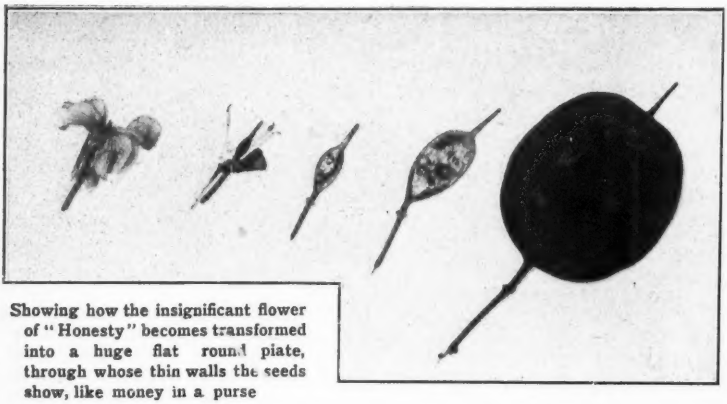
similar way. As soon as the touch of fertilisation is given the flower slips off its gay curious-shaped petal garb, as a lady slips off a skirt, and then the round seed case, so suddenly revealed, grows somewhat larger and dryer and takes on a lopsided form. So down the long stem these little cases look like so many miniature brown teapots whose spouts have been clipped, and as they become completely dry, out of the opening at their tops the wind jerks the seeds as the stalks sway in the breeze, and one is reminded more than ever o a broken teapot jerkily pouring out tea.

The Poppy, though most unlike in appearance, is nevertheless rather similar in action. Its heart—the seed case—is from the beginning shaped like an urn, and when the petals fall off one by one, and the stamens—though they linger longer—disappear too, the urn stands out bravely. It has apparently a lid, as the picture shows, which lid is fixed firmly down upon it until the last stage of all. And then, when everything inside is ready, it is lifted up all round and stands out like a frill, and beneath its edges are disclosed a row of little holes. Again the wind blows the long yielding stems to and fro, and again the hundreds of wee seeds within are jerked out by the swaying, just as they were out of the Snapdragon teapots.

But the Balsam knows even a better way than this, for nothing short of a series of explosions has satisfied its notions of a proper seed dispersal. Indeed, it is a plant with strong characteristics of flower and fruit from beginning to end. First the buds hang down like little bags, then they open into curious handsome orchid-like flowers, very attractive to bees which all day long are passing in and out carrying

The evolution of an "Explosive Fruit." The balsam has an orchid-like flower. When the petals fall only a minute spike is left. This grows into a veritable bomb, which explodes at the slightest touch, scattering its contents

the fertilising dust from bloom to bloom. Presently each flower, or what stands for it, falls away wholesale and only a most minute spike on the end of the stalk tells where it was. This spike, however, quickly grows into a long and narrow case, thick and knobbly towards the end, and reddish-brown in colour. And



Showing how the insignificant flower of "Honesty" becomes transformed into a huge flat round plate, through whose thin walls the seeds show, like money in a purse

now, if by chance any one (unconscious of its impetuous ways) touches it with his finger ever so lightly, he is quite startled by its suddenly exploding and hurling its seeds in all directions. So great is the impetus given to them that they may be thrown several yards away, and hence we call it an "Explosive Fruit." The country name for this plant is "Touch-me-not," though really a touch of some sort—from the wind, a leaf, or a branch—is what the plant aims at to set the explosion off. It is the match which fires the train. The photograph gives a good idea of the whole sequence of events including the final explosion and scattering of the seeds. It also shows how tiny is the heart that the petals concealed. The well-known cottage plant we call Honesty, or sometimes Money, has also a somewhat freakish development though without a sensational ending. An insignificant flower is rendered still more insignificant when the petals fall, but the tiny green heart starts into growth in a peculiar flattened way as though it had been rolled out flat, until finally it becomes as large as a penny. Through its thin walls the seeds within show like money in a purse. Later on the tissues whiten and become semi-transparent, the purse splits and opens, and the "money" falls out, and then long sprays of these silvery disks are widely valued for decorations.

And so the long procession of flowers with fruit in their train passes us by in endless sequence; each group with individuality of its own, each transformation accompanied by its own particular marks and phases. Not in one more than in another can we say that interest lies, for all are interesting, with the charm that comes of perfect adaptability of means to ends. For in the hearts of its flowers is hidden the plant's most cherished hopes and schemes that it may live again in its descendants and take its place in the ranks of posterity.

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

CHAPTER XVIII—(*continued*)

MY position in the passage began to assume a perilous character, and I made investigations in my neighbourhood. Near me was the door of a cabin, which I opened without difficulty and entered. Now, by putting out my head, I could still see the mutineers, while I had a refuge in the event of their turning back. They were still bent forward, peering into the room. I thought that, with good luck, I might venture farther while they were so engrossed with their occupation. So, leaving my hiding-place, I stole forward boldly to the next cabin and entered it as I had entered the former. I was now quite close to them, and suddenly I saw who was Holgate's companion. It was Pye.

With equal celerity did my brain take in the situation and interpret it. Indeed, I should have guessed at it long before, I think, had not the events of the night thrown me into a state of confusion. It was the treasure they looked at, and this was where Pye had concealed it. As this truth came home to me Holgate lifted his head, and I drew back, setting the cabin door ajar. Presently after the bull's-eye flashed through the crack of the door, and stayed there. For a moment I thought all was up, and that my retreat had been discovered, but I was soon reassured. The noise of the water had fallen, and above it, or rather through it, I could hear Holgate's voice fatly decisive.

"She'll hold, I tell you, for twenty-four hours at any rate, even without pumps. Hang it, man, do you suppose I can take the risk now? They're sick enough as it is—all blood and no money. We must let it lie for a bit and take our opportunity."

Pye's voice followed, but I could not hear what he said, but Holgate's was in answer and coldly impatient.

"You've the stomach of a nursery governess. Good heavens, to run in harness with you! What the deuce do I know? We're cast away, that's certain. But I will be hanged if I lose what I've played for, Mr. Pye; so put that in your pipe."

The light went out and the voice faded. Presently I opened the door and looked out upon profound darkness.

I knew my way about the yacht by that time, and was not discomposed by the situation. The mutineer and his treacherous confederate were gone, and I must make the best of my time to follow them. Nothing could be effected without a light, and I had no means of procuring one in those nether regions. I retraced my way more or less by instinct until I came out at the foot of the stairway, and knew it was easy to regain the upper regions. Instead of going to the boudoir I sought the group in the music-room, and was challenged by Barraclough.

"Who's that?"

"Phillimore," I answered. "We must have more light. Have we no more lanterns?"

"Yes, sir," said Ellison's cheerful voice. "There's some in the steward's room."

"Good for you," said I. "If some one will give me matches I think I'll go on a hunt."

The other sailor produced a box of vestas from his pocket, and as he was unwounded I took him with me on my return journey. In the steward's room we found several lanterns, as well as some bottles of beer and some cold fowl. We made a selection from this and got safely back to our friends. Here we lit two or three of the lanterns, and I opened some of the beer and left them to a repast. You will be thinking that I had not kept my word, and had neglected what should have been my prime duty. I had not forgotten, however. Was it likely? And

I made haste at once to the quarters of the ladies, taking with me something which should make me welcome—which was a lighted lantern. Princess Alix was quite recovered, but showed great anxiety for news of her brother. I was able to quiet her fears by describing the supper at which I had left him, and her eyes brightened.

"He is so good and brave!" she said simply. "He is so noble! He has always thought of others."

That the Prince was fond of his sister was manifest, and it was patent, too, that he was attached to the woman for whom he had thrown all away, and was thus imperilled. Yet I should not have attributed to him inordinate unselfishness. I made no reply, however, beyond urging her to follow her brother's example and fortify herself with food. She waved it aside.

"No, no, I am not hungry! I am only anxious," she said. "Tell me, are we safe?"

"For the present," I said. "I gather that most of the mutineers are at the pumps."

"Then we are sinking?" she cried.

"It does not follow," I answered. "Holgate has his own hand to play, and he will play it. We are safe just now. God answered your prayers, Princess."

She looked me earnestly in the face and sighed.

"Yes," she said softly.

Meanwhile I discovered that Mademoiselle had picked up her spirits. She complained of the noise, of the darkness, and of the lack of sleep, but she found some compensations, now that it was clear that we were not going to the bottom.

"It was magnificent, Monsieur, that storm!" she exclaimed, "I could see the demons raging in it. Oh, ciel! It was like the terrors of the Erl Konig, yes. But what have you there, doctor? Oh, it is beer, English beer. I am tired of champagne. Give me some beer. I love the bocks. It calls to mind the boulevards. Oh, the boulevards, that I shall not see, never, never in my life!"

I consoled her, comforting her with the assurance that we were nearer the boulevards now than we had been a few hours ago, which in a way was true enough. She inquired after the Prince pleasantly, also after Barraclough, and asked with cheerful curiosity when we were going to land.

I said I hoped it would be soon, but she was content with her new toy, which was English bottled ale, and I left her eating daintily and sipping the foam from her toilette glass with satisfaction. I returned to the music-room and joined the company; and, after a little, silence fell upon us, and I found myself drift into the slumber of the weary.

I awoke with the grey dawn streaming in by the shattered skylights; and, sitting up, looked about me. My companions were all wrapped in slumber, Lane tossing restlessly with the pain of his wound. I walked to the door and looked out. The sea had gone down, and now lapped and washed along the sides of the *Sea Queen*. The sky was clear, and far in the east were the banners of the morning. The gentle air of the dawn was grateful to my flesh and stimulated my lungs. I opened my chest to draw it in, and then, recrossing the lobby, I peered out through the windows on the port side. The dim loom of land saluted my eyes, and nearer still a precipice of rocks, by which the seafowl were screaming. We had gone ashore on some sort of island.

This discovery relieved one of the anxieties that had weighed upon me. At least we had a refuge not only from the violence and treachery of the ocean, but also from the murderous ruffians who had possession of the yacht. It was, therefore, with a lighter heart that I descended into the cabins and made my way along the passage to the point where I had seen Holgate and Pye stop. I identified the door which they had opened, and after a little manœuvring I succeeded in getting it open. It was the cook's pantry in which I now found myself, and I proceeded to examine carefully every drawer and every cupboard by the meagre light of the dawn. I had not been at work ten minutes before I came upon the contents of the safes, safely stowed in a locker. Well, if the documents and gold could be shifted once they could be shifted again; and forthwith I set about

the job. It pleased me (I know not why) to choose no other place than Pye's cabin in which to rehide them. I think the irony of the choice decided me upon it, and also it was scarcely likely that Holgate and his accomplice would think of looking for the treasure in the latter's room.

It took me quite an hour to make the transfer, during which time I was not interrupted by any alarm. Whatever Holgate and his men were doing, they evidently did not deem that there was any centre of interest in the saloon cabins at that moment. My task accomplished, I returned to the music-room, in which the wounded men still slept restlessly. I occupied my time in preparing a meal, and I took a strong glass of whisky and water, for my strength was beginning to ebb. I had endured much, and fought hard and had slept but little. As I stood looking down on my companions, I was aware of a grey shadow that the slender sunlight cast as a ghost upon the wall. I turned and saw the Princess.

She was clad as for a journey, and warmly against the cold, and her face was pale and anxious.

"You are astir, Dr. Phillimore," she said.

"Yes," said I. "I could not sleep."

"Nor I," she returned with a sigh. "I sometimes feel that I shall never sleep again. The sound of the storm and the noises of the fight—the oaths—the cries—they are for ever beating in my brain."

"They will pass," I replied encouragingly. "I do believe we are destined to safety. Look forth there, and you will see the morning mists on the island."

"Yes," she assented. "I saw that we had struck on an island, and that is why I am here. Our chance is given us, Dr. Phillimore. We must go."

I looked doubtfully at the sleeping men.

"Yes, yes, I know, but my brother will be more reasonable now," she pursued; "he will see things in another light. He has done all for honour that honour calls for."

"He has done too much," said I somewhat bitterly, for I realised how greatly he had imperilled his sister.

She made no answer to that, but approached and looked down at the Prince, who lay with his head pillowed on the cushioned seat.

"He is well enough?" she asked.

"He is well enough to leave the yacht if he will consent," I answered.

Perhaps it was the sound of our voices, though we had both pitched them low. At any rate, Prince Frederic stirred and sat up slowly.

"Good morning, Alix," he said affectionately, and his eyes alighted on me, as if wondering.

The Princess went forward and embraced him. "Dr. Phillimore has kindly got breakfast for you," she said. "You must eat, Frederic, for we are going to leave the yacht this morning."

She spoke decisively, as if she had taken control of affairs out of his hands, and he smiled back.

"Are those your orders, Alix? You were always wilful from a child."

"No, no," she cried, smiling too, "I always obeyed your orders, Frederic. It was you who were hero to me, not Karl or Wilhelm—only you."

He patted her hand and glanced at the food I had obtained. "We owe to Dr. Phillimore a debt of gratitude," he said in his friendliest manner. The talking had disturbed Barraclough also, who now awoke and saluted us. He made no difficulty of beginning at once on his breakfast, cracking a joke at my expense. It was a strangely pacific gathering after the terrible night; but I suppose we were all too worn to take things in duly.

There is a limit to the power of facts to make impressions on one's senses, and I think we had reached it. For the most part we were just animals with an appetite. But there was my news, and I hastened to break it. It was not startling, but it had an interest for us all. The Prince deliberated.

"It is fate," he said slowly. "It is the luck of the Hochburgers."

Barraclough's comment was from a different aspect. "That's a trick to us. We've a shot in the locker yet."

"What is it you mean?" asked the Prince.

"Why, that we can drive a bargain with

them," replied Barraclough. "We've got the whip-hand."

"There shall no bargain be made with murderers," said the Prince in his deep voice.

"Frederic," said Princess Alix in a quick, impulsive way, "let us escape while there is time. The way is clear now. We can get to the island and be quit for ever of those dreadful men and horrible scenes."

The Prince let his glance fall on her. "There is something to be done here," he said at last. "The luck of the Hockburgers holds."

He was ill for certain; perhaps he was more than ill; but at that moment I had no patience with him. I turned on my heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRAGEDY

It was quite obvious that we could not offer any resistance to another attack if one should be made. All told, and excluding the women, there were but seven of us, and three of these were disabled by their wounds. We did not, of course, know how the mutineers had fared, but it was certain that their assault had cost them dear. The heavy seas had washed overboard dead and dying, and it was impossible for us to say how many enemies were left to us. It might be that with their diminished numbers they would not risk another attack, particularly as they had found us develop so fierce a resistance. But, on the other hand, the rank and file of the mutineers believed us to be in possession of the treasure (as we actually were once more), and it was likely that they would make yet another attempt to gain it. But they on their side could not tell how we had suffered, and they would be sure to use caution. For these reasons I did not think that we need fear an immediate assault, but we thought it advisable to concentrate our forces against an emergency. We therefore abandoned the music-room and secured ourselves as well as possible in the wreck of the state-rooms, using furniture and trunks and boxes as barricades.

For my part, my heart echoed the Princess's wish. I was in favour of abandoning the yacht and trusting to the chances of the island. As the sun rose higher we got glimpses of this through the windows, and the verdure looked inviting after so many weary weeks of desolate water. The tops of the hills seemed barren, but I had no doubt that there was more fertility in the valleys, which were not swept by the bluff winds of the wild sea. But the Prince was obstinate, and, relying upon his luck, was dragging down with him the lives of the two women he loved, to say nothing of the rest of our company. We had therefore to make the best of the situation, and to sit down and await issues with what composure we might.

The Prince himself had recovered wonderfully, though I did not like the look of the dent on his head, which had been dealt apparently by the back of an axe. His power of recuperation astonished me, and I was amazed, on leaving the cabin in which Lane was housed, to find him entering the doorway that led from the lobby. I remonstrated with him, for it was evident that he had been wandering, and I wanted him to rest, so as to have all his strength for use later should it be necessary. He smiled queerly.

"Yet you would have had me take a turn on the island, doctor," he said. "I saw it in your eye. I will not have you encourage the Princess so. It is my wish to stay. I will see my luck to the end."

This was the frame of his mind, and you will conceive how impossible to move one so fanatically fixed on his course; indeed, the futility of argument was evident from the first, and I made no attempt. Barraclough, too, retired defeated, though it was by no means his last word on the point, as you shall hear.

I was seated in the corridor some three hours later, near what should have been four bells, when I heard my name called softly. I looked about me without seeing any one. The wounded men were resting, and Legrand was at the farther end of the corridor, acting as sentinel over our makeshift of a fortress. I sat wondering, and then my name was called again—called in a whisper that, nevertheless, penetrated to my ears and seemed

to carry on the quiet air. I rose and went towards Legrand.

"Did you call?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No," said he.

"I heard my name distinctly," I said.

"Oh, don't get fancying things, Phillimore," he said with impatient earnestness. "My dear fellow, there's only you and Barraclough and me now."

"Well, I'd better swallow some of my own medicine," I retorted grimly, and left him.

I walked back again and turned. As I did so, the call came to me so clearly and so softly that I knew it was no fancy on my part, and now I involuntarily lifted my eyes upwards to the skylights. One of these had been shattered in the gale.

"Doctor!"

I gazed in amazement, and suddenly Holgate's face passed momentarily over the hole in the glass.

"Doctor, can you spare me ten minutes?"

What in the name of wonder was this? I paused, looked down the corridor towards Legrand, and reflected. Then I took it in at a guess, and I resolved to see him.

"Where?" I asked, in a voice so modulated that it did not reach Legrand.

"Here—the promenade," came back the reply.

I whistled softly, but made no answer. Then I walked away.

"Legrand," said I, "I'm going for a turn. I've got an idea."

"Don't let your idea get you," said he bluffly.

I assured him that I was particular about my personal safety, and with his assistance the door was opened behind the barricade. For the first time for two days I found myself on the deck and in the open air. Hastily glancing about me to make sure that no mutineers were in the neighbourhood, I walked to the foot of the ladder that gave access to the promenade-deck above and quickly clambered to the top. At first I could see no sign of Holgate, and then a head emerged from behind the raised skylights and he beckoned to me.

"Sit here, doctor," said he. "You'll be safe here. No harm shall come to you."

He indicated a seat under cover of one of the extra boats which was swung inside the promenade-deck for use in the event of emergencies, and he himself set me the example of sitting.

"I suppose you've come armed," he said. I tapped my breast-pocket significantly.

"So!" said he, smiling. "Well, you're plucky, but you're not a fool; and I won't forget that little affair downstairs. I'll admit you might have dusted me right up, if you'd chosen. But you didn't. You had a clear head and refrained."

"On the contrary," said I; "I've been thinking ever since what a dolt I was not to shoot."

"You don't shoot the man at the wheel, lad," said he with a grin.

"Oh, you weren't that; you were only the enemy. Why, we struck half an hour later."

"Yes," he assented. "But we're not down under yet. And you can take your solemn Alfred that that's where we should be now if you hadn't let me pass. No, doctor, you spared the rod and saved the ship."

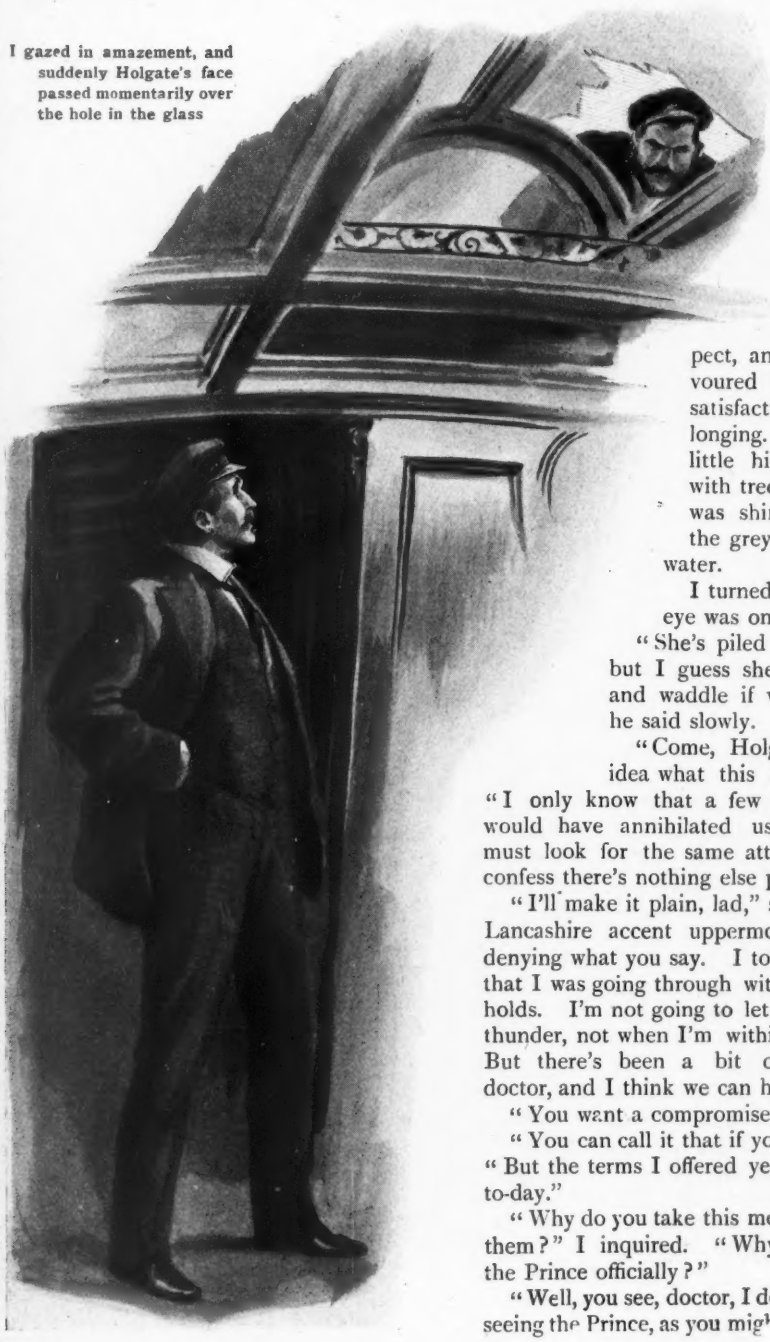
"Well, she's piled up, my good sir," I declared.

"So she is," he admitted. "But she's saved all the same. And I'll let you into a little secret, doctor. What d'ye suppose my men are busy about, eh? Why, pumping—pumping for all they're worth. I keep 'em well employed, by thunder." He laughed. "If it's not fight, it's pump, and if it weren't pump, by blazes it would be fight. So you owe me one, doctor, you and those fine friends of yours, who wouldn't pick you out of a gutter."

"Supposing we get to the point," I suggested curtly.

"That's all right. There's a point about here, sure enough. Well, we're piled up on blessed Hurricane Island, doctor, as you see. We struck her at a proper angle. See? Here lies the *Sea Queen*, with a bulge in her and her nose for the water. She'd like to crawl off, and could."

He waved his hand as he spoke, and for the first time my gaze took in the scene. We lay crooked up upon a ridge of rock and sand; beyond, to the right, the cliffs rose in a



I gazed in amazement, and suddenly Holgate's face passed momentarily over the hole in the glass

cloud of gulls, and nearer and leftwards the long rollers broke upon a little beach which sloped up to the verdure of a tiny valley. It was a solitary but not unhandsome prospect, and my eyes devoured it with inward satisfaction, even with longing. Far away a little hill was crowned with trees, and the sun was shining warmly on the grey sand and blue water.

I turned, and Holgate's eye was on me.

"She's piled up for certain, but I guess she could get up and waddle if we urged her," he said slowly.

"Come, Holgate, I have no idea what this means," said I. "I only know that a few hours ago you would have annihilated us, and that we must look for the same attempt again. I confess there's nothing else plain to me."

"I'll make it plain, lad," said he with his Lancashire accent uppermost. "I'm not denying what you say. I told you long ago that I was going through with this, and that holds. I'm not going to let go now, no, by thunder, not when I'm within an ace of it. But there's been a bit of manœuvring, doctor, and I think we can help each other."

"You want a compromise?" I said.

"You can call it that if you will," he said. "But the terms I offered yesterday I repeat to-day."

"Why do you take this method of offering them?" I inquired. "Why not approach the Prince officially?"

"Well, you see, doctor, I don't hanker after seeing the Prince, as you might say; and then,

between you and me, you're more reasonable, and know when the butter's on the bread."

"And there's another reason," said I.

He slapped his thigh and laughed. "Ah! Ah! doctor, there's no getting behind you. You're a fair daisy," he said good-humouredly. "Yes, there's another reason, which is by way of manœuvring, as I have said. My men are at the pumps or they would be at you. You see you've got the treasure."

"Oh, only a few hours since," I said lightly. His fang showed.

"That's so. But so far as my men know you've had it all along. Now I wonder where you hid it? Perchance in a steward's pantry, doctor?"

"Very likely," I assented.

His sombre eyes, which never smiled, scrutinised me.

"I'd put my shirt on it that 'twas you, doctor," he said presently. "What a man you are! It couldn't be that worm, Pye, naturally; so it must be you. I'm nuts on you."

I rose. "I'm afraid, Holgate, you can't offer any terms which would be acceptable," I said dryly.

"Well, it's a fair exchange," he said. "I guess I can keep my men aloof for a bit, and we can get her off. There's not much the matter with the yacht. I'll land your party on the coast in return for the boodle."

"The Prince would not do it," I answered. "Nor would I advise him to do so—for one reason, if for no other."

I spoke deliberately and looked him in the face fully.

"What may that be?" he asked, meeting my gaze.

"You would not keep your word," I said.

He shook his head. "You're wrong, doctor, you're wholly wrong. You haven't got my measure yet, hanged if you have. I thought you had a clearer eye. What interest have I in your destruction? None in the world."

"Credit me with some common sense, Holgate," I replied sharply. "Dead men tell no tales."

"Nor dead women," he said meaningly, and I shuddered. "But, good Lord, I kill no man save in fight. Surrender, and I'll keep the wolves off you. They only want the money."

"Which they would not get," I put in.

He smiled, not resenting this insinuation. "That's between me and my Maker," he said with bold blasphemy. "Anyway, I'm not afraid of putting your party at liberty. I know a corner or two. I can look after myself. I've got my earths to run to."

"It's no use," I said firmly.

"Well, there's an alternative," he said, showing his teeth, "and that's war; and when it comes to war lives don't count, of either sex; no, by blazes, they don't, Dr. Phillimore."

He stood up and faced me, his mouth open, his teeth apart, and that malicious grin wrinkling all but his smouldering feral eyes. I turned my back on him without a word and descended to the deck. I had not a notion what was to be done, but I knew better than to trust to the ravening mercies of that arch-mutineer.

Holgate was aware that the treasure was gone, and he wished to jockey us into a surrender. That was the gist of my interview, which I hastened to communicate to my companions. Legrand and Barraclough listened with varying faces. Expressions flitted over the former's as shadows over a sea, but the baronet was still as rock, yes, and as hard, it seemed to me.

"You people have all got a bee in your bonnet in respect of a compromise," he said with a sneer. "You follow the Prince, and God knows he's no judge. He's a fanatic. Hang it, Phillimore, haven't you tumbled to that yet?"

He was a fanatic, it was true, but I did not like Barraclough's tone. "Then you would trust the lives of this company, including the ladies, to Holgate?" I asked sharply.

"With proper reservations and safeguards," he said.

I threw out my hands. "You talk of safeguards and you're dealing with a cut-throat. What safeguards could you have?"

"Well, we might stipulate for a surrender

of all the firearms," said Barraclough, knitting his brow.

"It wouldn't wash," said Legrand decidedly. "Do you think they'd give up all they had? No, it would only be a pretence—a sham. I agree with the doctor that Holgate's safety is only spelled out by our deaths. There you have it in a nutshell. The man can't afford to let us go free."

Barraclough assumed a mule-like look. "Very well," said he. "Then we're wiped out as soon as he cares to move," and he turned away angrily.

An hour later I was passing the ladies' cabins when a door flew open and Mademoiselle jumped out on me in a state of agitation.

"What is this, doctor?" she cried. "This 'Olgate offers to put us on shore safe, and you refuse—refuse to give him up the money. You must not. You must bargain with him. Our lives depend on it. And you will arrange that he leaves us sufficient to get to civilisation again."

"Mademoiselle," said I quietly, "I am not in authority here. It is the Prince."

"The Prince, he is ill," she went on in her voluble French. "He is not master of himself, as you well know. He is not to be trusted to make a decision. Sir John shall do it. He is captain."

"It should be done with all my heart and now, Mademoiselle," I said, "if we could put any reliance on the man's word. But how can we after his acts, after this bloody mutiny?"

She clasped her hands together in terror. "Then we shall be doomed to death, Monsieur. Ah, try, consent. Let us see what he will offer. Sir John shall do it for me, whose life is at stake."

I was sorry for her fears, and her agitation embarrassed me. Heaven knew I understood the situation even more clearly than she, and to me it was formidable, pregnant with peril. But what could I do? I did what I could to reassure her, which was little enough, and I left her weeping. The singing-bird had become suddenly conscious of her danger, and was beating wildly against the bars of her cage. Poor singing-bird!

Princess Alix had taken upon herself the office of nurse to her brother, and although he refused to acknowledge the necessity of a nurse, he seemed glad to have her in his room. When I entered early in the afternoon after tending my other patients, they were talking low together in German, a tongue with which, as I think I have said, I was not very familiar. But I caught some words, and I guessed that it was of home they spoke, and the linden-trees in the avenue before the castle of Hochburg. The Princess's face wore a sad smile, which strove to be tender and playful at once, but failed pitifully. And she dropped the pretence when she faced me.

"Dr. Phillimore, my brother is not so well. He—he has been wandering," she said anxiously under her breath. I had been afraid of the dent in the head. I approached him and felt his pulse.

"It will not be long, doctor, before we have these scoundrels hanged," he said confidently, nodding to me in his grave way. "We have nearly finished our work."

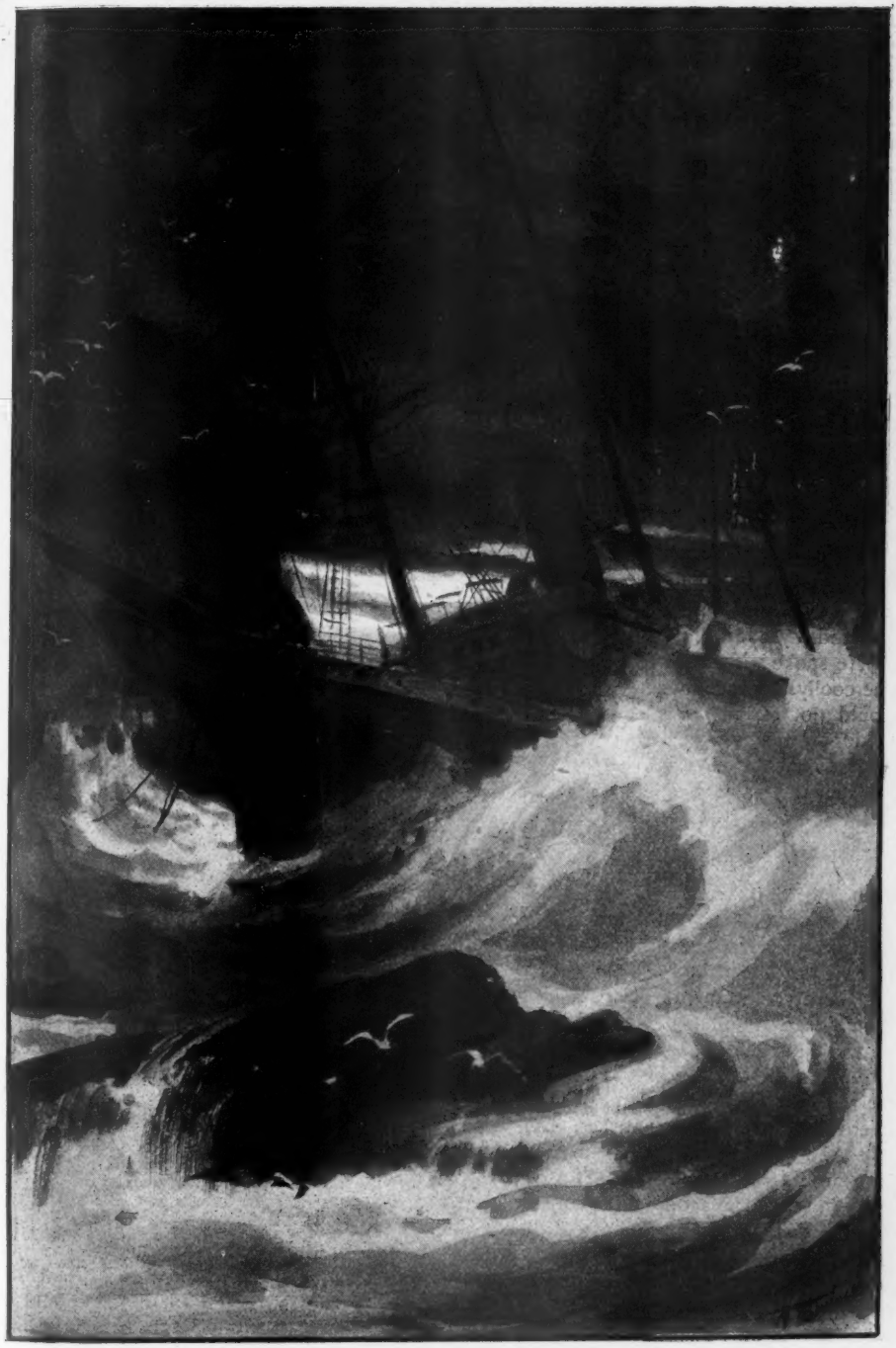
"Yes," said I, "very nearly."

I did not like his looks. He raised himself in his chair. "'Den Lieben langen Tag,' Alix. Why don't you sing that now? You used to sing it when you were but a child," he said, relapsing into German. "Sing, Alix." He stared about as if suddenly remembering something. "If Yvonne were here she would sing. Her voice is beautiful—ach, so wonderful!"

There was a moment's silence, and the Princess looked at me, inquiringly, as it appeared to me. I nodded to her, and she parted her lips. Sweet and soft and plaintive were the strains of that old-world song. Ah, how strangely did that slender voice of beauty touch the heart, while Mademoiselle had sung in vain with all her art and accomplishment!

> Den Lieben langen Tag
> Hab ich nur Schmerz und Plag
> Und darf am Abend doch nit weine
> Wen ich am Fendersteh,
> Und in die Nacht nei seh,
> So ganz alleine, so muss ich weine.

Her voice had scarce died away gently when a sound from without drew my ears, and I turned towards the door. The Prince



We lay crooked up upon a ridge of rock or sand

had closed his eyes and lay back in his chair as if he slept, and his face was that of a happy child. Motioning to the Princess to let him stay so, undisturbed, I moved to the door and opened it noiselessly. I heard Legrand's voice raised high as if in angry altercation, and I stepped into the corridor and closed the door behind me. I hurried down to the barricade and found Barraclough and Legrand struggling furiously.

"Shame!" I called, "shame! What is it?" and I pulled Legrand back. "He has only one arm, man," I said reproachfully.

"I don't care if he has none. He's betrayed us," cried Legrand, savagely angry.

I stared. "What does it mean?"

"Why, that his friends are outside and that he wants to admit them," said Legrand with an oath.

Barraclough met my gaze unblinkingly. "It's more or less true," he said bluntly, "and I'm going to let them in. I'm sick of this business, and I've taken the matter in hand myself. I'm captain here."

He spoke with morose authority and eyed me coolly. I shrugged my shoulders. We could not afford to quarrel, but the man's obduracy angered me. Alas! I did not guess how soon he was to pay the penalty!

"Then you have come to terms, as you call it, on your own account, with Holgate?" I asked.

"Yes," he said defiantly.

"And what terms, may I ask?"

He hesitated. "They can have the treasure in return for our safety. You know my views."

"And you know mine," said I. "Then I may take it you have revealed the secret of the treasure?"

"What the devil's it got to do with you?" he replied sullenly. "Stand out of the way there! I'm going to open the door!"

"And why, pray, if they already have the treasure?"

"You fool! it's only Holgate, and he's here to get us to sign a document."

"Meaning," said I, "that we are not to split on him, and to keep silent as to all these bloody transactions."

"It's our only chance," he said savagely. "Out of the way!"

I hesitated. If Holgate were alone there was not much to be feared, and, the treasure being now in his hands, what could move him to visit us? Surely he could have no sinister motive just then? Could he, after all, be willing to trust to his luck and release us, his predestined victims, as the unhappy Prince had trusted to his? The omen was ill. The barricades had been removed evidently before Legrand had arrived on the scene to interfere, and even as I hesitated Barraclough turned the key and the door fell open. Holgate waddled heavily into the corridor and took us all three in with his rolling eyes. His face seemed to me broader, more substantial, and darker than ever, and his mouth and chin marked the resolute animal even more determinedly. The open door was behind him.

"As Sir John will have told you," he began slowly, moving his gaze from one to another, "I have come on a little business with him which we've got to settle before we part."

Legrand stood in angry bewilderment, and, as for me, I knew not how to take this. Had he come in good faith?

"I would be hanged if I would have struck a bargain with you, Holgate, or dreamed of trusting you," said Legrand, fuming. "But as it's done, and you have the spoils, what's your game now?"

Holgate sent a quick look at him, and passed his hand over his forehead. Then he eyed me.

"What do you suppose I'm here for?" he asked, his eyes looking out as tigers waiting in their lair. "All unarmed and trusting, as I am, it is only reasonable to suppose that I come to fulfil my promise to Sir John here. He knows what that was, and he's done enough to have got his money's worth."

"We will sign if you produce the document," said Barraclough curtly. "You'll sign, Phillimore, and you?" he said, looking at Legrand.

It had the air of a command, but what else could we do? We were at Holgate's mercy, and the act of signature could do us no harm. On the other hand, it might save us.

"Yes," I said reluctantly, "I'll sign, as it's come to that."

"I'll follow," growled Legrand. "But it I'd known——"

"Hang it! let's get it over!" said Barraclough. "You shall have our word of honour as gentlemen."

"It's a pretty big thing you're asking," said Legrand moodily. "I don't know. Let's think it out."

"And the Prince?" said Holgate; "he must sign. You can manage him?"

Barraclough frowned. After all, it seemed more complex now with the cold light of reason on the compact.

"Look here, man," said he, and I never was nearer liking him, "if you'll put us ashore within forty-eight hours after floating—and you can—on the Chili coast, you'll have a fortnight's start, and can chance the rest. Hang it! Holgate, take your risks."

Holgate showed his teeth in a grin. "I have lived forty years," said he slowly, "and, by thunder, I've never taken an unnecessary risk in my life—no! by heaven I haven't!" and he whistled shrilly through his teeth.

Instantaneously (for they must have been in waiting) half a dozen of the mutineers dashed through the doorway, and, before any of us could finger a weapon, we were in their grip. It was the simplest booby-trap that ever was laid, and yet it was prepared with consummate skill. He had come alone and unarmed; he had held us in converse; and when we had lost our sense of suspicion and precaution he had brought his men upon us. Down went the lid of the trap! I could have kicked myself.

Legrand struggled, as did Barraclough; but what did resistance avail? The infamous Pierce, who had me on one side, twisted my arm in warning lest I should kick futilely against the pricks.

"Steady!" said I. "It is not a question of war just now, but of parley," and I raised my voice so as to be heard above the noise. "What does this mean, Holgate? More treachery of a special black die?"

He seated himself on the barricade. "You may call it revenge," said he, considering me. "I exonerate Sir John, and I think Legrand there, but hanged if I'm sure about you."

"You're a black traitor," cried Barraclough, impotently fierce.

"Whoa there, Sir John, whoa there!" said the mutineer equably. "I've already said I exonerate you; but, hang it, man, you're a flat. They've diddled you. I'm no traitor. I'd have stuck to my bargain and trusted you, but, by the Lord, what am I to do when I find I'm dealing with a pack of hucksters?"

"What's your game?" repeated Legrand, blowing hard. Holgate indicated Barraclough. "If he had carried out his part I was prepared to carry out mine; as he hasn't——" He left his end in space.

"You haven't the treasure?" I cried in surprise, but Holgate's gaze had gone beyond us and was directed at something down the corridor. I moved my head with difficulty, and as I did so I saw Holgate take a revolver from one of his men. He sat fingering it; and that was all I observed, for my eyes, slewing round, had caught sight of the Prince and Princess. The Prince moved heavily towards us, with an uncertain gait, and Alix's face was full of terror and wonder. In that instant I remembered something, and I saw in my mind's eye the figure of the Prince labouring through the doorway that gave access to the stairs to the lower deck. It was he who had removed the treasure, and Holgate had been cheated a second time.

Even as this revelation came to me I wondered at the self-restraint of the man. He was as cool as if he sat at dinner among friends, merely resting a finger on the trigger of his weapon, the muzzle of which he held to the ground.

"What is this, sir?" demanded the Prince, coming to a pause and staring at the scene. Holgate answered nothing. I doubt if the Prince had seen him from where he stood, for he addressed Barraclough, and now he repeated his question with dignity. At that moment a door opened somewhere with a click, and Mademoiselle entered the corridor. Barraclough made no sign, but with his teeth on his under lip stared before him helplessly.

"But you have the treasure," suddenly

cried a tremulous voice in broken English, and Mademoiselle was in our midst. "Go back, Messieurs: you have broke your word. You have the treasure."

The Prince stared at her. "What treasure?" he asked with a puzzled expression.

"Sir John has made peace with them," she cried excitedly. "He has delivered up the treasure, and they will let us go free. It is all settled. Let him go, 'Olgate. You shall let him go."

"Why," said the Prince with a singular expression on his face, "it means I am surrounded with traitors. There is treachery everywhere. Yvonne, you have betrayed me."

"Ah, *non, non,*" she cried plaintively, clasping her hands together. "We shall be saved. Sir John sees to that."

"So you made terms," said the Prince to Barraclough in his deep voice of fury.

"I acted for the best," said Barraclough; and now that he met the storm he faced it with dignity. Perhaps I alone knew the measure of his temptation. He had fallen a victim to the arts of a beautiful woman. There was nought else could have melted that obdurate British heart or turned that obstinate British mind. This obtuseness had been his ruin, and he must have recognised t then; for he had admitted the enemy and our stronghold was in their hands. But the ast blow had yet to fall.

"Fool!" said the Prince with a bitter laugh. "The treasure is not there. You have played without cards."

"I will be hanged if I didn't think it was his royal highness," said Holgate in his even voice, and as he spoke he rose into sight.

It was grotesque as it sounded, certainly not a bit like the prelude of high tragedy; yet that was on the way, and fell at once. Holgate's voice arrested the Prince, and he started, as if now for the first time aware of the presence of the mutineers. Till that moment he had merely been bent on rating a servant. With the swiftness of lightning he drew and levelled a revolver; I saw Holgate's fat bull neck and body lean to one side and drop awkwardly, and then an exclamation sprang up on my left, where Gray and another were holding Barraclough captive. The bullet had gone over Holgate's head as he dodged it and had found its home in Sir John's heart. His body dropped between the captors. The Princess gave a cry of horror. Holgate cast a glance behind him.

"You're too mighty dangerous," he said easily, and put up his own weapon. But before it could reach the level, the Prince with a slight start clapped the revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger. "Alix!" he cried weakly, and then something low in German, and as he fell the life must have left him.

His sister bent over him, her face white like the cerements of the dead, and Mademoiselle ran forward.

"Frederic!" she cried. "*Mon Frédéric!*" and broke into violent sobs.

"Good heavens!" said Legrand, trembling.

CHAPTER XX

THE ESCAPE

THE shock of the tragedy which had taken place in so brief a space and so unexpectedly threw me into confusion. I know I was gazing at the Princess, who was bent over her brother, and I heard the weeping of Mademoiselle Trebizond punctuating the deep silence which had fallen after those two reports. There was some movement among the mutineers which I did not understand, and presently I found that Legrand and I were being marched to one of the cabins.

"Doctor, do you know anything of this?" sounded a voice in my ear, and I was aware that Holgate was speaking. "The treasure, man, the treasure!" he added, seeing, I suppose, some bewilderment in my face.

"No," said I shortly; "the only man who did is dead."

"Very well," said he sharply, "I'll deal with you when I have time," and he hurried off.

Our captors shoved Legrand and myself into what had been the Prince's smoking-room, and gave us to understand that we were to be shot down if we made any attempt to escape. The rest of these pirates, I con-

ceived, must be in full cry after the spoils, for I heard the sound of the doors being opened and the noise of voices exchanging calls and sour oaths. Presently the door was thrust wide, and the Princess and Mademoiselle were ushered in unceremoniously by the foul-faced Pierce. They were resolved to box us up in our prison until they had settled on a fate for us.

The Princess was pale, but quiet, in contrast with her companion, who was still in a storm of sobs. She declared that she was doomed, that she was betrayed, and in a breath vowed that her Frederic would have saved her had he been alive. She appealed to us in turn for aid, and called God to witness that we were cowards and would desert her and hand her over to death. In a word, she behaved with that hysterical exhibition of nerves which I had noted in her at the outset of our hapless voyage. Princess Alix, on the other hand, was still and silent. She made no attempt to calm her companion, and it was as if she heard not those weak and selfish wailings. Once her blank gaze fell upon me as it wandered, and I was alarmed; so tragic were the eyes. I got up, and put my hand impulsively on her arm.

"Princess!" I said in a low voice.

Her lip quivered. She hid her face. I went back to my seat. Who was I that I should intervene upon that infinite private sorrow? No, the past was not for me; the future faced me, pressed upon me, staring bleakly and cruelly upon our condition. Was all over? Had we to remain there, merely at Holgate's pleasure, helpless victims to his will, sheep ready for the slaughter that he destined for us? I swore in my heart in that hour that it should not be—not without a struggle. I took God to witness in my inmost soul that I would die before harm should touch the Princess. No, all was not lost yet, not so long as we were free to move and breathe and think intelligently.

But, if anything were to be done, it must be attempted ere Holgate remembered us again. He had placed the guard upon us, and he would not turn his thoughts our way again until he had either found what he was looking for or despaired of finding it. How long would the search go on? As I revolved the situation in my head, ideas began to assume form in my quickening brain. In the cabin, under watch and ward, were the two ladies, Legrand, and myself. Lane and Ellison were elsewhere, if they had not been killed by the mutineers, as I almost feared. Also, there was Juliette, Mademoiselle's maid. What had become of her? It was not death I feared for her. But the mutineers, it was quite certain, would think of nothing but running to earth the treasure for the present. The Prince had successfully concealed it, but, of course, the space on a yacht is limited, and it seemed as if in time the discovery must be made. How long would it be? But then came in a flash a disturbing thought. They would abandon their hunt when the light failed until the following morning, and the interlude would direct their attention to their unfortunate prisoners. If they found the treasure by that time it might be too late for us, but if they went on till dark—I thought I saw light at last in these reflections. We must wait, and act as soon as darkness fell.

One thing that gave me hope was that our guards showed no special vigilance. I suppose this was partly because we were considered to be safely disposed of, and partly because they were interested in the progress of the search. Now and then one of them opened the door and glanced in, shutting it again abruptly, to resume conversation with his companion. We had been deprived of our weapons, and the outward windows towards the deck were so small as to forbid the possibility of escape that way, even had the intermittent visitations of our sentries been wanting. Another thing encouraged me, which was, that we were free to talk unheeded. What could the communion of helpless, unarmed prisoners matter? I glanced at Legrand, who sat back, his eyes staring at the ceiling, his arms folded, a deep frown bitten in his forehead.

"Legrand," I whispered. His eyes dropped to my level. "They will be busy till dark. What about dusk?"

He stirred, and shifted towards me. "Odd. I've been thinking the same," he

answered in a low tone. "We may have one more chance if we make it."

"We must make it," said I.

"I'll tell you what it is, Phillimore," said he. "There's something we can't do without, in our circumstances, and I think I know where to find it." He rose, and opened a cupboard in the wall, from which he brought out a bottle of brandy, some glasses and some tinned foods. "There's always been some kept here," he added. "And, as I live, a knife, if only a jack-knife. Well, she'll do, man—first to open the tins, and then——" He left his meaning in the air.

When the tins were opened I endeavoured to persuade the Princess to eat. She refused at first from lips of marble, but I used my authority as a doctor.

"Come," I said with asperity, "you're under orders here, Princess. You must do as you're told."

Her lips quivered. "I will try," she said in a strangled voice.

Mademoiselle had sat up some time ago and dried her tears. I think she had worn herself out with that passion of weeping, and her nimble wits began to flow again.

"You are right, doctor," she said. "It is well to eat, otherwise we become weak. I will eat and then see what may be done."

"Bravo, Mademoiselle," said I. "That is spoken like a sensible woman."

"Yes," she went on, "I will try my eloquence upon them—those beasts. They will not harm me, if I speak to them. It was Sir John before, and he was only a man, and clumsy. I will sing to them, if necessary. I will charm them. Have I not done it before?"

I wondered if the poor lady had any guess in her mind, had any realisation at all, of what human passions, let loose as upon that ship, amounted to. She spoke as a child, as a vain and hopeful child, boasting of her influence. But it was the mood I wanted rather than the hysterical state of tears. We ate, and drank a little brandy and water without interruption from without, and turned once more to the thought of escape. The search was still going on, as sounds that came to our ears indicated, and slowly the room darkened with the enveloping night. I could just see the Princess across the cabin, in the seat she had never left, her beautiful face dissolving mistily into the growing darkness. Legrand whispered to me:

Legrand sprang, and the two disappeared in a heap upon the floor

"They're still hard at work. We shall have our chance soon."

Our plan was simple, if we could once get quit of our guards. One of the smaller boats lay on the starboard side, and hanging outwards from the davits could, from the slant of the *Sea Queen* as she lay on the rocks, be easily dropped and floated. If we could lower her into the water and get the ladies into her it would be possible, under cover of the darkness and the preoccupation of the mutineers, to reach the island. Once there, we must, of course, trust to our luck for food and shelter.

Legrand got to his feet and moved noiselessly towards the door. The yacht was comparatively still, and we could hear the lapping of the quiet sea beyond the broken windows. I followed him.

"We have one jack-knife," I whispered in his ear. He nodded.

"And there are two men," he whispered back.

"Is the door locked?" He fumbled softly.

"I don't think so. They did not turn the key last time. But it's a question of who's outside. If the body of the mutineers are there still we're done. If the two are alone——"

"They are alone," I whispered. "I can hear no noise. They're hunting elsewhere."

"The darkness about suits us now. Explain to the ladies," he said under his breath. "Let them be ready directly we are."

I went back to the couch and poured out my story through the darkness. I spoke to two shadows, and as I did so a hand moved in the air and touched mine. I took it, and it was cold like the snows in January. I pressed it softly.

"Be of good heart. I will come back. And do not cry out."

Even as I stole back in that critical moment my heart bounded, for I knew to whom the hand belonged. Body of Love, should not I know it in the grave? I reached Legrand.

"Ready," I said.

"You take the nearest," said he. "A jack-knife carries farther."

"I shall want it," I said. "I have only my fingers."

"You shall have it," he said grimly. "One at a time. Finger or throat, mind you, and no noise. Have you got your muscles back? You're a strong man, Phillimore, but, by heaven, all rests on your fingers. And you have been wounded."

"I could tear down the pillars of Gaza at this moment," I replied. "My blood's afire."

"God be with us!" he muttered, and slowly turned the handle.

The door opened inwards, and in the darkness loomed a single figure. Legrand sprang, and the two disappeared in a heap upon the floor. I had leapt to one side and was feeling in the air for my enemy, but my hands took nothing, nor could my eyes make out any other figure in the gloom. Presently something rose from the floor, and I heard Legrand's voice.

"He's alone. There was only the one."

"Yes," I whispered back. "And the mutineers are gone from here."

Faint noises issued from below, acquainting us in what direction the search had flowed.

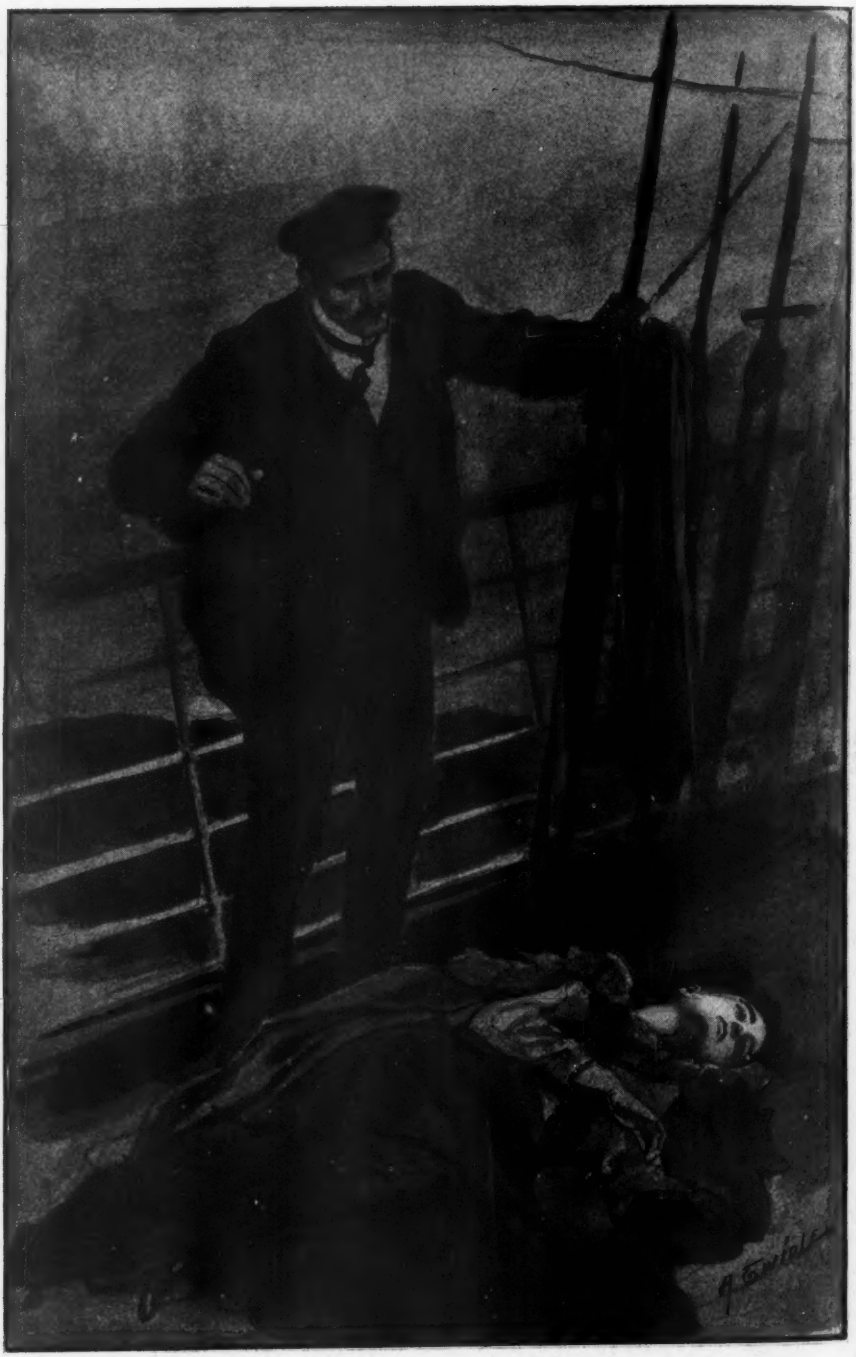
"All the better," said Legrand. "The way's clear for us. Where are the women?"

I found my way into the cabin again and called them in a low voice. "Give me your hand," said I to the first that reached me. I recognised the tall figure. Mademoiselle was *petite*. I conducted both through the doorway, and the Princess stumbled and gave vent to a little moan. It was the dead man. I pulled her to me.

"Legrand," said I, "you must take Mademoiselle; she will not find her way alone, and I must have an arm free."

"I want two," he growled.

At that moment a beam of light flashed from the cabins across the way. Legrand gave vent to a hiss of warning and moved off. I could see his shadow for a moment, and then it was swallowed in the blackness. He was waiting and watching outside the cabin. The light streamed out in a fan towards us, and revealed, in the opening of a door, a man's form, and even as it did Legrand struck. The man went down



It was Mademoiselle Trebizond who had gone off in a swoon

in silence, and Legrand bent over and picked up the lantern which had clashed to the floor. He stooped and examined the face of his victim. Then he crossed to us, and on my arm a hand was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"Courage," I whispered, and I groped for Mademoiselle on the other side.

"It was the other man," said Legrand calmly. "I don't know what he did there, but we've got a bull's-eye, which is so much to the good. Come, let's get on."

We passed down the corridor and through the bare doorway to the deck. Here the breath of the night blew softly on our faces. Legrand moved along the bulwarks till he reached the davits from which the boat depended. Standing into the opaque blackness he cut at the ropes above. Presently I heard a splash. I did not offer to assist, for he had the knife and the knowledge; the two women were my charge. It must have been twenty minutes that we waited there silently, deep in the security of the darkness.

"She's down," said Legrand in my ear. "It's not a long drop, but it's a job for women. Do you think you can manage it?"

"I'm going to try," I said, and I whispered to the Princess, "Will you trust yourself to me? I must lower you into the boat."

"Yes—yes," she answered in a low voice.

"Legrand," said I, "you go first. I'll lower them, and then I'll follow."

He made no answer, but slipped over the railing, and presently his voice sounded softly from below: "Now."

I took the Princess's hand from my arm. "You must go," said I; "Legrand is awaiting you. If I put you over, can you hang by the rope and lower yourself? He will catch you."

"Yes," she said in the same voice.

I lifted her gently to the top of the bulwarks and put the rope in her hands, and I felt her go down slowly. I had faith in her, yet I waited anxiously until I heard the voice below: "Safe."

I turned to where I had left Mademoiselle, but my hands moving in the darkness encountered nothing. She was gone.

What had become of her? I moved a little way, and almost fell on my face over some obstacle, which was soft and moved. I stooped, and felt there on the deck with a sudden misgiving. It was Mademoiselle Trebizond, who had gone off in a swoon! What was to be done? I racked my brains, and could not see any means by which she could be lowered in that unconscious state to the boat. I called out to Legrand softly, informing him of the situation, and I heard an oath float on the air. Suddenly a thought came to me and I leaned over. "Wait," I said, "I have an idea. I will be back shortly."

I had the bull's-eye, and now I turned it on and lighted myself back into the corridor. In a flash I had had a thought as to what the second guard had wanted in the cabin, and I retraced my way to it along the deserted corridor, and found the door open and the man's body blocking it. I stepped over this and threw the light about. I had guessed it was the boudoir. I pushed into the farther room, which had been Mademoiselle's, and a cry greeted me. I had conjectured rightly. The second man had been set as guard on other prisoners. Juliette ran to me quickly.

"Mademoiselle?" said she.

"Is safe," I answered, "but wants your help. Come." I cast the light on Lane. "Can you walk, Lane?"

"Yes," he said; "I'm fit for anything."

"Ellison?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, follow me. If you'd known it, your prison was open for you. Be as silent as you can. There's no time to lose."

As I issued from the doorway I stopped and took the revolver, and cartridge-belt from the dead man, and Ellison followed my example in respect of the other sentry. We reached the deck without a word, and I shut off the lantern. I called to Legrand and he answered.

"Hush!" he said. "There's been some one along here just now. Be careful."

I told him what had happened, and, as there was no time for more words, stooped

A lantern flashed from the side of the yacht, and a trail of light spread faint over the quiet water

to find Mademoiselle's unconscious form. It was not there!

Perplexed, I communicated my discovery to my companions, and we searched in the dark for some minutes. But it then became apparent that she had vanished utterly. I heard Legrand's voice in warning below.

"There's a light coming aft. Quick. We can't wait."

I was fairly distracted, and knew not what to do. It was plain that if we lingered there we should be detected, and it seemed equally plain that there was no chance of discovering Mademoiselle. Some one who had passed that way had lighted upon her unconscious body.

"Quick, man," said Legrand. "All will be lost."

I ordered Juliette down the rope, and as she protested, talking of her mistress, I told her all would be well if she would only descend. Thus reassured—for she had understood but imperfectly what had happened through her ignorance of English—she jumped on the rail alertly and disappeared. Lane followed, and Ellison, despite his wound, was lithe as a cat. Then I mounted.

Heaven was a vault of darkness, and the sea poured multitudinous small noises in my ears as it rippled against the side of the *Sea Queen*. There was visible but the loom of the funnel and the stack of the staterooms turning night into deeper night. Noises now arose from the saloon and streamed up to me. I put my hands on the rope, and then a voice wheezed almost in my ear.

"I'll lay it's the doctor."

It was Holgate, as civil and indifferent as if he were greeting a friend on the quarter-deck. I started and gripped my revolver tightly.

"It couldn't be any one else," pursued Holgate; and now his bulk was a blacker shadow than the empty blackness around. "Got a little party down there, I dare say? Well, now, I never thought of that, doctor. For one thing, I hadn't an idea that you would have left a lady all alone in a faint. It wasn't like your gallantry, doctor. So I didn't tumble to it. But it's no odds. You're welcome. I make you a present of your party. Good-night, doctor."

I slipped down the rope and reached the boat ere this astounding speech was ended. He was a fiend. Why did he torture us thus?

"Let her go, man," said I fiercely to Legrand. "He's the fiend in the flesh."

The rope was overboard and the oars dipped. A lantern flashed from the side of the yacht and a trail of light spread faint over the quiet water.

"Shall I give him a barrel, sir?" asked Ellison respectfully.

"No," said I shortly; "we shall have enough to do with our barrels presently. Besides, you wouldn't hit him."

The boat sped out beyond the channel of light.

"Good-night, doctor," called out Holgate. "We've got a little business on, but when that's over I hope to drop in to tea. You're not going far."

No one answered, and the wash of the water foamed about the nose of the boat as she turned seaward.

Reason and Rationalism from the Side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

NINTH PAPER

AMONG the publications of the Rationalist Press Association few are likely to become more popular, and few are likely to be more effective for the anti-Christian purposes of the Association, than the translation of a vehement denunciation of current Christianity, by Count Camille de Renesse, entitled, "*Jesus Christ: His Apostles and Disciples in the Twentieth Century.*" A brief "translator's foreword" gives some striking information about this work. We learn that since its publication in Belgium, four years ago, 100,000 copies have been sold in the original French, and as many in a Flemish translation; that translations into Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese have also been made, and have been eagerly bought; that the Spanish translation reached twenty-one editions in a single year. The author writes with point, eloquence, and fervour, and his theme is one which never fails to be interesting to the populations of Christendom. In a short preface, specially written for the English edition, he thus explains his object in writing:

"The world of religion is divided into a number of sectarian countries. It was for the supporters of the most numerous and most ancient sect—for the peoples of Catholic countries—that I wrote this little book. But, although I did not have specially in view the modifications of the Christian faith which were produced by the Reformation, nevertheless as the Protestant religion, in all its variations, is based upon the same fundamental sources as the Roman Catholic religion—that is to say, upon the Bible and the Gospels—it does not seem to me devoid of utility to draw the attention of the heirs of Luther and Melancthon to the unfaithfulness—the *infidelity*—of the whole of our modern Christianity, and to emphasise the decisive divorce of its essential principles from the grand humanitarian ideas of Christ.

"From him the believers attached to all the Churches derive their name; but—strange inconsistency—though they bedeck themselves with his garments, left there at the foot of the cross; though they carry about them the sign of his suffering and kneel before his altars, they possess none of his liberalising spirit. For this reason those who truly continue Christ's work in our midst are not our Protestant or Catholic believers, but Freethinkers like Renan, Huxley, and Haeckel, whose ideal dream was that of a rational and radical reformation based on Science and Human Solidarity."

The author opens with a vigorous but extremely bitter description of the familiar but always fresh and painful discord between the Gospel and the Church, and having demonstrated, as he thinks, an abject and utter contradiction between the Founder and His followers, he builds on it the contention that the Founder could not have been divine, for, had He been so, He must have secured for Himself a large success. We have said something already* on the difficulty suggested by the moral weakness of Christendom, and we do not propose to return to that point here; rather we would consider a question, related but not identical, which emerges on every page of Count Camille de Renesse's book. How far must Christ be held responsible for the procedure of His Church? What is the relation between the Religion and the external system which historically has represented it? Is the development of the original Gospel to be rightly traced in the official action of the Christian Church? The issue may be stated variously, but it includes this

* *Vide* the Fifth Paper of this series.

eminently practical question: "What is the nature and extent of ecclesiastical authority?" It is, of course, the case that, from the first, there has been within the Church a disposition on the part of the Hierarchy to claim the right to speak with Divine Authority. St. Paul, indeed, drew a distinction between his personal judgment and the decision of Christ; but the "*apostles and elders*" * of Jerusalem did not scruple to send forth their letter to the Gentiles with the tremendous formula, "*it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us.*" †

It would not be excessive to say that, as the Church receded farther from the Apostolic age, and from the apparent inspirations which marked off that age from every succeeding period, so the claim to speak with Divine Authority was more largely insisted upon. In the Roman Catholic Church the process has continued without intermission, and within living memory has reached the grotesque climax of a formal definition of official infallibility vested in the supreme Pontiff. Precisely, therefore, within the Roman Catholic sphere the consequences of a strict identification of Christianity with the Church are most plainly seen. All blunders in politics, all failures in morals, all errors in science, all scandals in administration which belong to the current ecclesiastical system are carried over to the credit of the Religion which it is assumed to express with plenary right and divinely guaranteed accuracy. Christian history thus becomes one long indictment of Christianity. Hence the notorious fact that it is only within the Roman Catholic sphere, where the absolute identification of Christianity and the Church is part of the official creed, that dislike of Christianity takes a violent and bitter character. Mr. John Morley, in his admirable analysis of Voltaire's attitude towards religion, justly emphasises the point that the Church rather than the Gospel provoked his hostility. "In examining the Voltairean attack upon religion we have to remember that it was in the first instance prompted, and throughout its course stimulated and embittered, by antipathy to the external organisation of the religion. It was not merely disbelief in a creed, but exasperation against a church." * This point ought certainly to be remembered in every discussion of the famous Apostle of modern unbelief. "Voltaire's works," observes Mr. Saintsbury in his excellent article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "and especially his private letters, constantly contain the word 'l'infâme' and the expression in full or abbreviated 'écrasez l'infame.' This has been misunderstood in many ways —the mistake going so far in some cases to suppose that Voltaire meant Christ by this opprobrious expression. No careful and competent student of his works, whatever that student's sympathies, has ever failed to correct this gross misapprehension. 'L'infâme' is not God; it is not Christ: it is not Christianity: it is not even Catholicism. Its briefest equivalent may be given as 'persecuting and privileged orthodoxy' in general, and more particularly it is the particular system which Voltaire saw around him, of which he had felt the effects in his own exiles and the confiscations of his books, and of which he saw the still worse effects in the hideous sufferings of Calas and La Barre, and in the less hideous but still severe miseries of persons perfectly guiltless, even according to their tormentors, such as the families of Calas and Sirven." Count Camille de Renesse, like Voltaire, is far more influenced by exasperation against the Roman Church than by disbelief in the Christian Creed; and the last is very obviously connected with the view forced on him by the official representatives of Christianity, that only by accepting the Roman Church can he believe the Christian Creed. Certainly the situation is a difficult one. Who can be blamed for assuming that to be the true version of Christianity which Christians themselves propose and insist upon? I must say frankly that I do not see how, on Roman Catholic assumptions, the case for Christianity is to be defended. If the influence of Christ is properly traceable in the official action of the Church, I for one should be forced to "throw up my brief" for the Religion of the Incarnation. It is because I hold those assumptions to be

* *Vide* 1 Cor. vii. 10 and *cf.* v. 12 and v. 40.

† *Vide* Acts xv. 28.

* *Vide* "Voltaire," p. 216.

radically unsound, because I believe myself free to trace sufficiently the effect of the Incarnation, not in the narrow sphere of official Church procedure, but in the general life of Christendom, that I find it my duty not only to profess myself a Christian, but also to draw sword for the defence of the Faith.

Exasperation whether against a Church or against an individual is not favourable to just judgments or to the calm and careful inquiries on which alone just judgments in complicated questions must be based. We may sympathise with men, placed as both Voltaire and Count Camille de Renesse have been placed, under the dull and blighting influence of an ecclesiastical system which seems at every point an arrogant contradiction of the New Testament. We may (I think that in justice we must) recognise a genuine moral earnestness in their vehement protests against an institution which, in many directions, is plainly not working for righteousness; but when they would carry us on the wave of their invective against the Church to a definite repudiation of Christianity, then we must insist on a more sober method, a more extended outlook, a juster and more sympathetic judgment. The verdict of nineteen centuries is not to be so easily gathered and so decisively pronounced. "We get very wearied," says Mr. John Morley of Voltaire's historical arguments—and we cannot say anything else of the Belgian Count's—"of the persistent identification of the Church throughout the dark ages with fraud, and imposture, and sinister self-seeking, when we have once learnt, what is undoubtedly the most important principle in the study of those times, that it was the Churchmen who kept the flickering light of civilisation alive amid the raging storms of uncontrolled passion and violence." *

We come, then, to the question suggested by the book we have read with so much sympathy and such profound disagreement. What is the relation between Christianity and the Church? Is there no middle way between the Roman Catholic position and the negation of all ecclesiastical authority? Are we really shut up to the choice between spiritual bondage and religious individualism? If we seek the answer to these questions, where alone it would seem reasonable to do so, in the New Testament, as explained by the light of reason in the light of experience, we shall not seek in vain. We find that Christ designed the formation of a Christian Society, and that His ethical system was definitely social. This is clear, even when He decisively repudiated conventional notions of order and authority. Thus we are told that when He rebuked the ambition of the sons of Zebedee, He drew a sharp distinction between the current conception of office and that which was to obtain in His kingdom, and He left it nowise doubtful that His kingdom had officers, though chosen on another basis, in the service of other ideals. "*Jesus called them to Him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them; and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you: but whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all.*" * Similarly, when He rebuked the ostentation and love of pre-eminence which marked the Scribes and Pharisees, He was careful to prohibit among His followers the kind of authority which those evil dispositions presupposed, and at the same time He emphasised the social aspect of discipleship. "*Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren.*" † The truth that discipleship to Christ implies membership of the society of Christ's disciples, and, as necessarily following from this, the notion that Christ's society would follow the law of all societies and fulfil its corporate life through institutions and officials, underlie the proud claims of the historic Christian Hierarchy. As against the mere individualism which would repudiate common responsibilities those claims have validity; in themselves they are excessive and indefensible.

In truth we ought to distinguish between the professed and the actual claims of the Christian Ministry, for just claims may be

* *Vide* "Voltaire," p. 323.

* *Vide* St. Mark x. 42-44.

† *Vide* St. Matt. xxiii. 8.

advanced on false grounds, and excessive claims may be built on a sound foundation. This, indeed, would seem conspicuously the case with the Christian Ministry. As the constitutional executive of the society of Christ's disciples it could rightfully claim the obedience of Christians for all constitutional purposes, and these purposes would determine the extent of authority actually exercised, and the specific forms under which such authority was administered At the start of its history, before experience had revealed the necessities which the Christian society would have to face, there was naturally most emphasis laid on the principles which that society embodied and was divinely commissioned to proclaim; but, as time passed, and many unforeseen contingencies emerged, the organisation of the Christian society took a larger place in the general scheme. Thus it is not to be inferred from the admitted fact that the Gospel is plainly unfavourable to ecclesiastical claims in the technical sense, that those claims are properly baseless: they must find their justification not in the region of first principles, to which the Gospels mainly belong, but in the lower latitudes of expediency. Moreover, this explains another circumstance, which is properly fatal to the clear-cut theories of ecclesiastical organisation which are commonly maintained by the adherents of Divine-right systems, but which is none the less apparent on the face of Christian history, viz., that ecclesiastical organisation has been, in its external aspects, determined by contemporary political models. The Church has run a parallel course to the State; and so close has been the correspondence, that there is hardly a feature in the organisation of the Catholic Church which cannot be related to some secular model. Just as the varying and various forms of civil government are all sufficiently justified by the broad and persistent fact that without some form of civil government society cannot cohere and develop; so with the varying and various forms of spiritual government. *Their* justification also lies always in the standing necessity of the Christian society to have *some* form of spiritual government. Divine-right theories have haunted both spheres alike, but in both they have the same disproof and the same excuse. In Church as in State, the efficiency of governments has varied immensely; in both the abuses of governments have been grave and obstinate, working vast wrong and inducing destructive revolutions. In neither can such abuses disprove the case for government as such, or compromise the claims of society, whether civil or spiritual. Thus, then, we are led to distinguish between the Christian religion and the Christian society, which properly expresses it, and again between the Christian society or Church, and the Ministry or official executive through which it properly acts; and we submit that these distinctions are both reasonable and important. As it would be absurd to build an argument for anarchy on the abuses of civil government, so it seems not less absurd to base a repudiation of Christianity on the scandals of the Christian hierarchy. Yet nothing else is really the course pursued by such writers as Count Camille de Renesse.

The unreasonableness of this course is more than ever apparent when it is remembered that the Founder of Christianity was at the pains to warn us against forming the kind of expectations with respect to His Church which are presupposed in these vehement denunciations of ecclesiastical faults. Our Lord even contemplated the complete failure of His followers, and though He assured them that the Church would not wholly fail, yet He used language of such solemn and threatening gravity that no measure of partial defeat can be said to exceed its suggestion. It will suffice to refer to the warnings in the Sermon on the Mount.

"*Ye are the salt of the earth*," He said to His disciples, "*but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.*" Moreover, He insisted, even while foretelling large moral failures in His disciples, that the one test by which His Church was to be recognised was the test of morality. "*A good tree*," He said, "*cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Therefore*

by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by Thy Name, and by Thy Name cast out devils, and by Thy Name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from Me ye that work iniquity." We are required by the express teaching of Christ to bring all claimants to the Christian name to the judgment of this moral test, and we are authorised in advance to repudiate as essentially anti-Christian everything, by whatever sacred designations current among us, which is not serviceable to righteousness. The more reasonable course, therefore, for the student who would learn from Christian history the actual effect of Christ's mission, must surely be, not the accumulation of Christian crimes, which are admittedly contradictions of the Gospel, and which obviously represent not Christianity, but the absence of Christianity, but rather the recognition and tracing out of the distinctly Christian influences, if there be any such in the Gospel.

And here we may, perhaps, call Count Camille de Renesse as a witness against his own theory. When he tells us that "what Christ really desired was a simple and unostentatious religion, based on love of the Supreme Being and on the love of humanity —a religion of peace, goodness, and toleration; of sweetness, charity, and universal brotherhood," we have little disposition to contradict him; but we are entitled to ask him how such an Ideal would have been preserved at all through the dark and troubled ages of pagan corruption and barbaric confusion apart from the action of the Christian Church. Is it just to accuse of absolute and insolent apostasy a Christendom which, after the lapse of 1900 years, yet cherishes that Ideal, and has secured its application to many tracts of human life? Granting frankly the crimes of ecclesiastical authority, is it necessary to ignore its great services? There are many reasons for thinking that Christianity in the future will be far less closely bound up with the hierarchy than in the past: beyond all question the functions of the hierarchy grow fewer as civilisation absorbs the morality of the Gospel, and the State undertakes the moral discipline, intellectual guidance, social ordering, which in earlier phases of economic development were undertaken by the Church. Institutions which have become superfluous and outworn readily acquire worse characteristics and merit less kindly descriptions; and the Christian hierarchy cannot be wholly excluded from the range of this general proposition.

But when all this has been allowed for, and when we have added (as I should be disposed to add) that we have now again reached one of those difficult recurring transition-times, in which Christianity does undergo great modifications of aspect and system, we have not advanced one inch in the direction towards which the Belgian count would lead us. The Christian element in the mingled mass of civilisation was never more plainly than now the best and saving element in it, and that element precisely is traceable to Jesus Christ, regarded not as the amiable victim of persistent and extreme misconstruction, but, as our earliest documents demonstrate that He has from the very first been regarded by His disciples, as the Incarnate Truth and Wisdom of God, the only Lord and Saviour of men. We cannot have a more authoritative witness to the original Christian belief about Christ than the Apostle Paul, nor can that Apostle's testimony be more satisfactorily gathered than from the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, which ranks among critical scholars as an "undisputed" document. "*We preach*," writes St. Paul, "*Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling-block, and unto Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.*" That was the religion preached by the disciples at the first—not, I concede to Count Camille de Renesse, the debased and debasing superstitions with which Christianity, as he sees it in Belgium, is associated —but also far from the frigid homage to "the eternal force which eternally transforms matter,"* which is his own definition of God.

* *Vide* p. 61.

A Man's Atonement

By Richard Polsue

THE cholera was terrible that year in Aden. The oldest residents did not remember such a year before, and there has—thank heaven!—been no such experience since. Whence it came no one could tell, whether from the pilgrims, from the arid Arabian desert inland, or whether from the dhows and sambuks, with their crews of half-caste Arabs and Somalis that ply hither and thither in the blazing Red Sea. One thing was certain, that it did not come from the great galleries of the rock cisterns, whence, from before the dawn of history, Aden, or Eden, as the Arabs say, has drawn her supply of water from the hills.

Wherever it came from the pestilence was there, and men with white faces and with brown were dying daily and hourly. Aden is a sanatorium of the nearer East; and it is bad when the hospital is smitten. From the camp and the barracks, and the great fort that looks out over twenty leagues of shimmering sea, under the shadow of the circular black rock from whose summit the Empire flag flies over this lonely outpost, came every day little processions to the throb of a muffled drum; and in the native quarters the death-wail rose dismally, and thin dark faces, blank with terror or stolid with Eastern fatalism, stared on the dead as they were carried out from their midst, down the hot, narrow streets of dirty-white houses to the burial-ground. The garrison was reduced, and those who remained were marched and countermarched over the barren peninsula to keep up their hearts. And still men died, and the hot bright sunlight glared daily down on the bare unshaded rocks, which stand so lonely, rigid, and stern, to guide our highway to the East.

Among the rest, the hardworked P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer) died, and his assistant also, and in their turn were borne out feet foremost, covered by the flag which they had served so well, behind the muttering drums. In all the rocky peninsula there was no qualified medical man left to minister to thirty-five thousand souls who were developing cholera funk in its worst form.

On the day the P.M.O. died, a big dhow, with the wind at her heels, and tossing clouds of spray about her bows, sailed into the little league-wide bay, and dropped anchor under the guns of the fort. Into one of the boats of swarthy, sketchily clad natives which put out to her, there descended a man in European dress, yet so browned by the sun, and so lank and grave of face, that he might have passed for an Arab.

As he walked up from the beach towards the Residency, this man met the P.M.O.'s funeral, and, raising a wide rough hat of sun-baked straw, stood aside under the shelter of a narrow colonnade to watch it pass. Close beside him a couple of Somali camel-men had halted, also with their animals. One of them said something to the other as the drums thrummed sadly by.

The man in the shadow started. "What's that you say?" he asked, with sudden eagerness.

The Somali who had spoken stared in amazement at being addressed in his own tongue by a European.

"Akal (master), I said it was the soldiers' doctor," he answered, when his surprise allowed him to speak. "Allah is great!"

The man from the dhow said no more, but walked on faster when the procession had passed. By-and-by he accosted an English private.

"Is it true that the doctor is dead?"

"He was took early this morning in 'orspital. It doubled 'im up all in a minute, and he was dead inside five hours."

"Is it very bad in the town?"

"Bad! Good heavens!" The soldier stared at him fiercely.

"Where might you have come from?"

"Obbia."

"You'd best have stopped there," said the

private. "You won't live long 'ere, guvnor. It's killing of us at the double, and we've no doctor now—God 'elp us! But it's served, and we've got to eat it."

The brown-tanned man went on his way to the Residency, and, encountering the Resident himself at the doors, saluted.

"I met the doctor's funeral just now, sir. I have passed my medical examinations. I should like to offer you my services."

"Come inside," said the Resident. They went in, and the Resident, whose face was worn and anxious, looked curiously and a little suspiciously at the darkened skin, the curly hair already grey, and the careless dress of the other.

"I have not seen you before," he remarked.

"I have arrived from Obbia to-day."

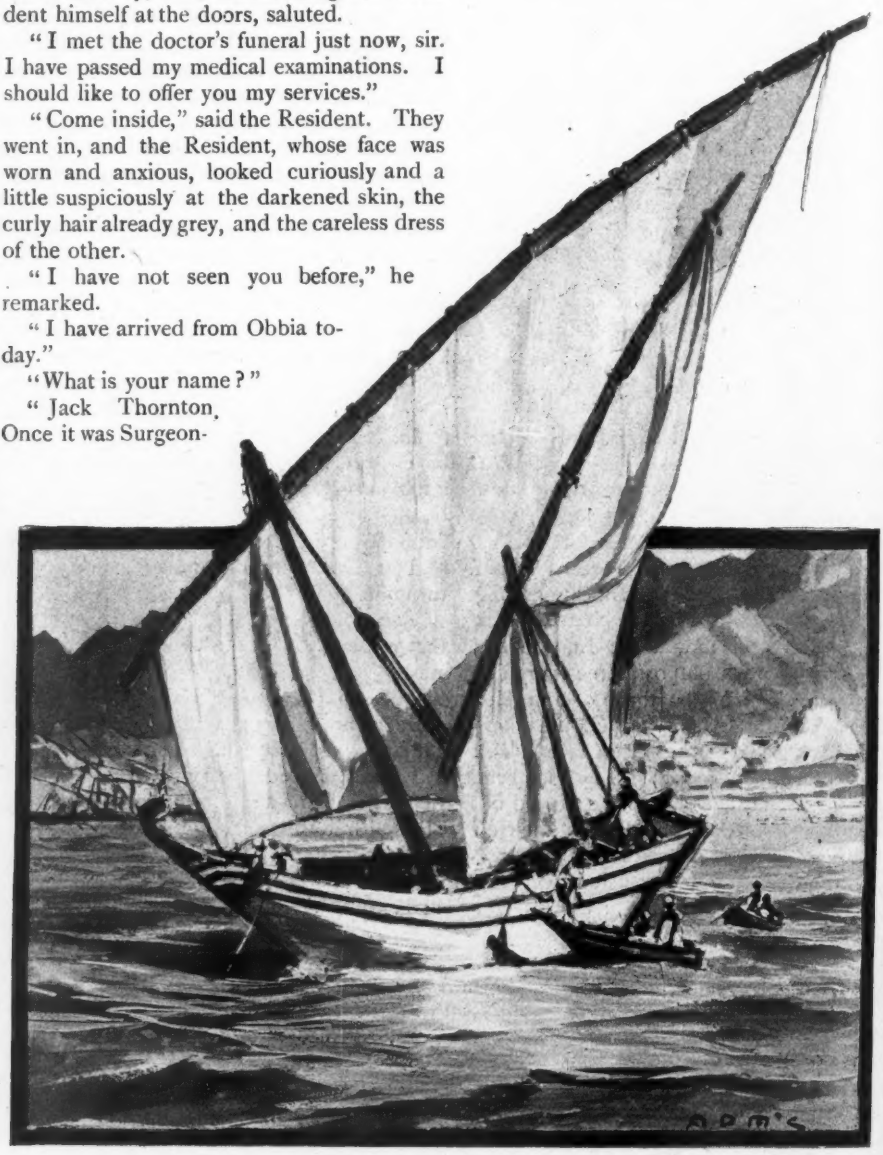
"What is your name?"

"Jack Thornton. Once it was Surgeon-Major Thornton. That was ten years ago."

"Do I understand——"

"I was dismissed the service."

"Why?"



A big dhow, with the wind at her heels, and tossing clouds of spray about her bows, sailed into the little league-wide bay

"For very good reasons, sir. But I was counted a good doctor."

"And since then——"

"I have been in Somaliland for most of the time as interpreter to the Benadir Trading Company. I happened to be born with a head for languages."

"Why have you come to me?"

The ex-surgeon-major hesitated curiously and awkwardly; then looked the Resident in the face with tired grey eyes.

"You will, I daresay, put me down for a fool. I was dismissed—as I have told you. When I came to my senses I wished to go home—home to England; you understand, I had been already ten years in India. But it came to me that I could not go home—you follow me—till I had retrieved my character—till I had done something to serve the country I had disgraced. I waited, and waited, and there was nothing I could do. Then they said the cholera was raging here worse than for forty years. It came to me that this was my opportunity, for I am not young, and I wish to rest in an English churchyard. So I came, to see if I can pay my passage. I have had a lot to do with cholera, and have lived through it twice myself. Will you take me?"

"Have you your papers, Mr. Thornton?"

The applicant produced several folded papers from a worn pocket-book, and handed them to the Resident.

"An M.D. of London?" said the Resident, after examining them. There was some surprise in his tone.

Thornton nodded.

"I have cabled to Bombay and Cairo," said the Resident. "The authorities will be sending a man in the course of a week or two, though there may be a little delay. Then there is Sir James Mackinnon coming out from London to study the conditions on the spot. A brave man, Dr. Thornton!"

"And the first bacteriologist in England."

"You have kept yourself *au courant* with the doings of your profession."

"I walked the hospitals with Mackinnon. And I have had the journals sent out to me."

"Well, if you are prepared to undertake the duties, I shall be glad of your assistance till the authorities send a new man. We none of us know whose turn it will be to-morrow. With regard to pay——"

"I fear you have misunderstood me, sir. I can take no pay. I have made some money. It is not much, but it will last the time that is left for me."

"As you please," said the Resident, a little wearily. "But you will need some sort of outfit."

"I have left a small chest on the dhow that brought me from Obbia. What else is required I shall find in the town, sir."

Accordingly it came to pass that Dr. Thornton was installed in the place of the dead man he had met on his arrival, and set to work to fight the pestilence.

Day after day he fought it, striving hand to hand, as it were, with Death. It seemed as though nothing could outweary the doctor. Early and late he laboured, going the rounds of the garrison—they would not allow him in the fort, the telegraph quarters, and the town, till even the panic-stricken, nerved or shamed by his example, took heart of grace again; though still the little daily procession wound into the burial-ground, and still the wild lament went up from the native hovels in the town. Everywhere he went the grave-faced doctor left a joke and a brave word for the faint-hearted, and where he got the jokes from was a puzzle defying solution. The Colonel, who under the Resident was second in command of the garrison, remonstrated with him for overworking himself, and, failing to convince him, confided to the Resident his fears that Thornton would kill himself off before the new man could arrive.

The Resident, meeting him one day galloping in the heat of noon to treat a fresh victim, pulled him up.

"Doctor, we shall be burying you before long," he said. "Where will the garrison be then? They tell me you hardly eat or sleep. Man, it can't be done!"

"It's got to be done, sir!" said the doctor, reining in his lathered horse. His grey eyes flashed. "You don't understand. I'm all right. You are looking worried and worn, sir. I'll send you something to tone you up to-night. We must keep the outworks in good trim, or the enemy may jump on us unawares."

He was gone at a hand-gallop ere the pale and weary Resident could reply.

Day followed day, and the doctor hardly knew one day from another as he went about his tireless work. Gradually, very gradually, the morning. In the afternoon he visited the European isolation hospital, where half a dozen patients, motionless and apathetic, or tormented by horrible cramps, lay slowly recovering from the dreadful stage of col-

An M D. of London? said the Resident, after examining them. There was some surprise in his tone

the pestilence gave way, or declined in rigour. No one had come yet from Bombay, but there had been no deaths of white men for three days, when, after three weeks, the boat which went out to receive the mails from the passing liners brought back Sir James Mackinnon.

The famous London physician landed in lapse. Before sunset Thornton took him at his own request to see some of the stricken natives. At midnight a hurried summons brought Thornton from his quarters, and in a few minutes the plucky physician was in the throes of the awful disease in the same building he had inspected a few short hours before.

All the rest of that night Thornton spent at his side. It was well on in the morning when he left him at last to make his round of inspection and to snatch a hasty meal. "Send for me directly if he seems to grow worse," he said to the orderly in charge of the ward, for there were no army nurses in those days at Aden. "Don't hesitate. Dr. Mackinnon is one of the most valuable men we have in England, my lad, and you and I must see to it that we pull him through."

In the afternoon he was back again. Dr. Mackinnon's was a rapid case, and already the critical stage was upon him. He lay bloodless and livid, his skin cold and clammy to the touch, his eyes bloodshot and deep sunk in the sockets, his breathing well-nigh imperceptible. Thornton listened anxiously through his stethoscope; the heart of the man who but a day gone was in the prime of his strength beat now so faintly that even with the aid of the instrument he could barely detect its pulsations. The brave physician lay far in the shadow of death. The very juices of his life seemed dried at their source.

In such a case the minutes are big with fateful possibility. Thornton sat by the bedside, watching with tense and almost painful eagerness his unconscious patient, and from time to time glancing at his watch. Would the longed-for reaction ever set in, and his life, so priceless to his country, be saved to continue its career of usefulness and to bring forth yet more beneficent fruits of humanitarian research? Or would the lingering spark die out altogether, and one of the greatest benefactors of his race lie here, where he had come to help, a useless sacrifice on the altar of humanity?

An hour passed, and there was no change; two hours, and still the coma lasted, and still Thornton kept desperate vigil, while the orderly glanced at him from time to time with a quiet curiosity.

But the long tension was relieved at last. Faintly, very faintly, the signs of life returned into the corpse-like face, the livid hues faded, and the death-like set of the features relaxed. Thornton wiped the sweat from his own face and rose, giving the orderly directions as he passed out. The crisis was over, and care and the physician's constitution would do the rest.

Crossing the parade-ground he met the Colonel.

"Hullo, Thornton, seen your new colleague yet?"

"What colleague, Colonel?'

"Finlayson—Surgeon-Major. Just landed from the *Indus*. I say, how's Sir James Mackinnon?"

"He has pulled through the worst. I think he will live."

"Good business! By Jove! it would never do to let a man like that lose his life chasing germs in this God-forsaken hole. The country owes you something, doctor. I suppose we shall be losing you now Finlayson has come?"

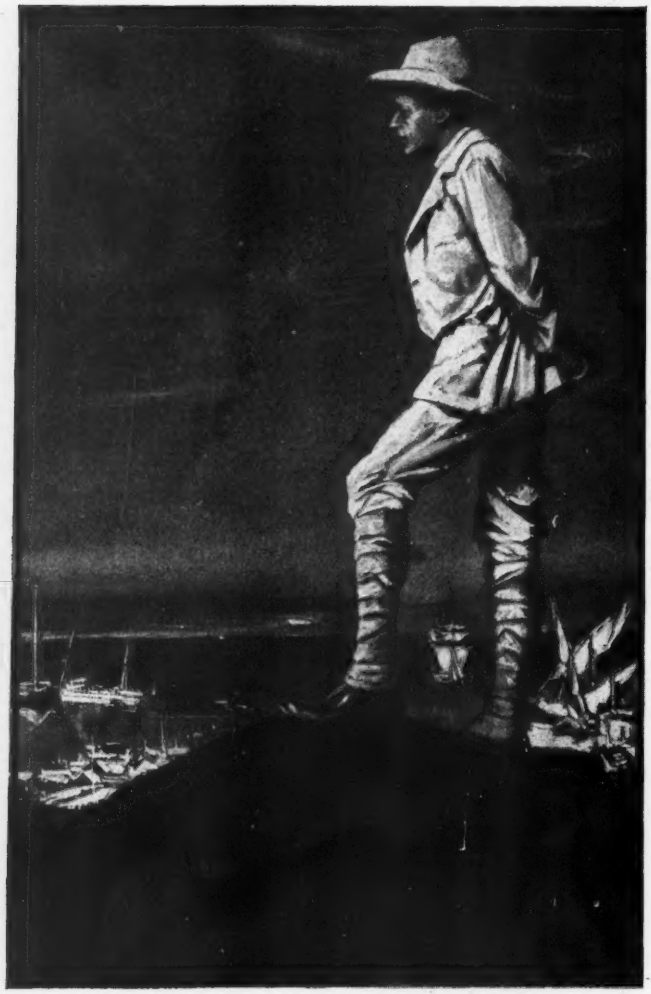
"Yes, I suppose so. I'm glad I have paid my passage."

"You have your programme ready! We shall be sorry to lose you, Dr. Thornton. Upon my word I don't like to think of the mess we should have been in if you had not taken us in hand. The men were getting into a thorough blue funk."

Thornton thanked the Colonel and walked on till he found himself on the barren, sun baked black hills above the town. From an eminence he looked over the town and the sea, at the small shipping in the Back-bay, and at the diminishing bulk of a big steamer, which he judged to be the *Indus*. His face, as he gazed after her longingly, had a far-away look. She was homeward bound from India. It was nearly twenty years since he had seen England.

Returning from his walk he found everything going well in the ward, where he introduced himself to his successor. A few hours had made all the difference to Sir James Mackinnon; and though he was still at death's door from utter prostration, his face was now turned away from it. Thornton went to his quarters and flung himself down to sleep.

There would be no homeward vessel calling for a fortnight. The European quarter was practically free now, but there were still frequent deaths from cholera among the composite native population, among whom the plague continued to rage. Thornton



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took leave of the Resident and the officers of the garrison, and established himself among the frightened Arabs and Somalis, finding lodgment among them so as not to carry the infection back to his fellows.

Day by day he continued to fight the abating pestilence that was devouring the unclean, ignorant natives. Their sullen suspicions succumbed before the ministrations of one who could abuse them roundly in their own tongue while risking his life to cure them. Scowling dark faces relaxed as he passed; his ears were saluted with "Mort, mort!" (welcome) as he paced the narrow alleys on his saving mission; and now and again he would be blessed with a grateful "Kul liban, aban," by victims he had dragged from the clutch of the pestilence.

On the day before the steamer was due Thornton passed through the European quarter to make some necessary purchases. He stood bargaining in a store, and while he was yet speaking a horrid spasm seized him. Gasping at the pain, he grasped for support at the door, and turned white with sudden apprehension. A second spasm took him as he turned to leave the place, and in half an hour he was in the cholera ward. Finlayson, the new garrison doctor, shook his head when he saw him.

"Poor devil, I don't think he has the stamina to pull through. He looks worn out. And it strikes me that this is not his first bout."

The orderly, who had conceived an affection for the quiet, grey-haired man to whom the garrison owed so much, tended him like a brother to the very end. His agony was short and sharp. "Is the ship come?" he groaned once in delirium. "I've paid my passage."

The orderly reported the phrase to the Colonel, when he came to ask after the patient, and had to be told that he was

gone. The Colonel repeated it again to the Resident, who came on the same errand. "And the ship had just dropped her anchor in the Bay," he commented. "We owe him something for pulling us through a tight pinch."

"It was a man's work," said the Resident, "and manfully done. He told me he was a soldier in his time, but they kicked him out of the army. He didn't tell me why. God knows. He wanted to lie in an English churchyard."

"Poor beggar!" said the Colonel.

"Cover him with the flag," said the Resident, "and lay him among the regiment."

So it came to pass that Dr. Thornton too was borne out on a gun carriage when the time came—and came quickly in that warm climate—for his last journey.

"God rest his soul!" said the Colonel. "By Jove, look at the niggers! They're coming to the funeral."

"Well they may! He gave them his life," said the Resident.

"Pity to waste it so," the Colonel commented.

"I don't know," said the Resident slowly. "We have sown a few lives like his up and down the Empire. They bring us a better harvest than Maxim bullets, in the long run."

Timidly, and at a respectful distance, a motley crowd of skinny half-caste Arabs and wild high-cheeked Somalis hung on the flanks of the procession.

"Wa-wa! brother," said a ragged camel-driver to his mate. "The cursed drum shakes my heart. Why do the unbelievers beat the war drum over their dead?"

"It is to drive away the spirits, fool, of those the warrior has slain."

"But this was no warrior."

"I know not. But he was a true man, and laughed in the eyes of death. He saved my son, brother."

"See—they are at the burying-place! Allah give him paradise!"

A volley rang out over the grave.

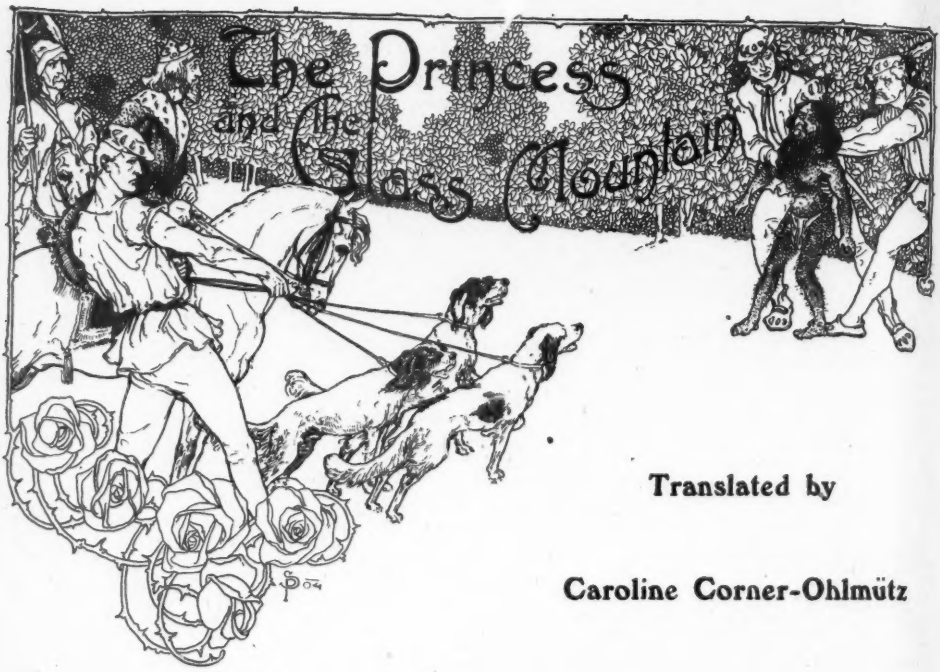
"Ekh! That is for the evil spirits! Wa-wa, brothers, he is gone! Allah akbar!"

And from the huddled crowd of natives there went up a long-drawn, doleful cry.

To a Damask Rose

SOFT petalled, clad in regal state,
In velvet such as monarch never graced;
In colour rich as if the vital blood
Had poured its fulness but to make thee fair;
With breath as soft and sweet as Love herself!
As silence sometimes is more eloquent
Than is the fullest language; so dost thou
In beauty rare declare unto the world
That God, who bade thee blossom and be sweet,
Sends joy and love and beauty to the world,
Tha men may see, and feel, and understand
That He is Light; and they shall know that Light.

E. MORGAN.



Translated by

Caroline Corner-Ohlmütz

THERE was once a King whose delight was hunting. Early and late he was out with his hounds, and was always very lucky. But it happened one day he failed to bag any sport or run to earth any big game, although he had been out since early morning. As night drew on and he was about to return he suddenly saw a dwarf, like a wild man, leaping in front of him in the forest. Immediately putting the spurs to his horse, he rode after him and commanded his huntsmen to seize and secure him. What a peculiar little oddity he was! Ugly as a hobgoblin and covered all over with bristles. Not a word did he speak. The King tried coaxing, commanding, but not a word could he get in reply. This exasperated his Majesty so that he ordered his attendants to secure and convey him to the palace.

No more of the funny little dwarf for the present.

Now in those days it was the custom for gentlemen to sit over their wine until far on into the night. Much merry conversation went on, and the more they talked the more they drank. Whilst this was going on, and just as the King raised his drinking-horn to propose a fresh toast, a voice spoke out of it and said:

"Well, and did you enjoy the hunt today? Who can say we had no good sport when we bagged what has never been bagged before?" This delighted the King, for he knew it referred to the dwarf. So he asked what was best to do with him.

"Have him secured in the courtyard that all may see what a sportsman you are," said the voice in reply. "Only take care he does not escape, for he is wily and cunning."

The King, raising his horn, made answer: "I will do as you advise, and it won't be my fault if he escapes. Any one who assists him to escape shall be put to death without mercy, aye, even though it were my own son." With this the King emptied the horn, thus sealing the vow. The courtiers and retainers looked at one another, for never had they heard their King speak like this before, and they wondered if it were only the effect

of the wine in his head. Next morning, soon as he awoke, the recollection of his vow came like a flash into his mind. The first thing he did was to send for timber to build a little log house in the courtyard. Very strongly was it constructed, and the doors were secured by huge locks and bars; only one small window was there through which to hand in the food. When completed the dwarf was put in and the keys were handed to the King, who was present himself. Night and day was the dwarf shut up there, and from far and near people came to peep in at him. But not a complaint, not a word did he say.

Time rolled on. There was a great disturbance in the land, and the King had to set out. On the eve of departure he said to his Queen: "Now I leave you in charge, both my subjects and my possessions are in your care; and mind the dwarf that he makes not his escape."

The Queen promised most faithfully, and took the keys of the dwarf's abode. Then the sails were hoisted, and the King sailed away to far distant shores. Where'er he went he brought success with him. Meanwhile the Queen sat embroidering with her ladies in waiting. One child they had, a Prince, who in early youth yet gave promise for the future. Now whilst wandering about one day the little Prince came upon the little log-house, and seating himself near began to play with a golden ball. Once, however, when he threw it, it went in at the little window. Immediately it was thrown out again by the dwarf. The little Prince threw it in again, enjoying the fun, and so the game was kept up for some time. But after awhile the merriment turned to sadness, for the ball was not returned, and all the little Prince's entreaties being of no avail, he began to cry.

"Ho-ho!" said the dwarf; "your father did badly when he made a prisoner of me. Unless you help me to escape you shall have your golden ball no more. But do as I tell you; go to your mother and ask her to comb your golden locks. Whilst she is doing so take the key from her girdle and then come here and unlock the door. The key you can return to-morrow in the same way, and nobody will be the wiser." Now this was a temptation the little Prince could not resist. He at once went off and did as he was told.

No sooner was the door unlocked than the dwarf stepped out.

"Here is your ball," said he, "and with it my thanks for letting me out. If at any time you are in a dilemma, I will help you."

With this the funny little creature hopped away. It soon spread over the palace that the dwarf had escaped, and a great commotion ensued. The Queen sent people on the road in search of him, but nowhere was he to be found. More and more troubled did she become in her mind, for the time was approaching for her husband's return. One day she saw his ship out on the ocean, and all assembled on the shore to welcome him. As soon as he stepped ashore he asked:

"What of the dwarf? Is he safe?" and the Queen had to make a full confession. The

The Queen had to make a full confession

King was full of wrath. He summoned a court of inquiry; but no one knew anything. At last the little Prince had to come forward.

"Yes," said he, "I am the cause of it all; it was I who set him free."

At this the Queen's cheek turned pale, and everybody looked aghast, for one and all loved the little Prince. At length the King broke the silence. "It shall never be said of me that I break my word, though it be my own flesh and blood must suffer. You, my son, must die as you deserve." With this he gave the command to his retainers to take the little Prince out into the wood and kill him, charging them to bring back his heart in proof of having carried out his command. Such sorrow and grief was there now in the palace as had never been known. But the King's word was irrevocable, there was nothing else for it but to obey.

But as they walked with the little Prince in the wood in the greatest sadness, they saw a swineherd, and the men said to one another, "Let us buy a pig of this man and kill it and take back its heart to our master the King." This plan seemed excellent, and they adopted it. Then they made some excuse to the little Prince and left him, and returned to the palace, carrying with them the pig's heart and the news of the little Prince's death.

In the meantime the Prince had wandered on, eating berries and nuts until he came to a mountain on whose top grew a fir-tree. Now, as he was alone and knew not the way, he thought he would climb up and look out for the road. No sooner thought than done. From the top of the tree he, gazing far and wide, espied a regal palace glistening in the sunshine. His heart beat with joy, and down he came turning his steps in that direction. As on he went he overtook a ploughman, with whom he changed clothes. Thus suitably dressed he drew up at the courtyard of the palace and asked for service. At once he was taken on as cow-herd, to take care of the King's cattle. Time passed, and he grew such a smart fellow there was not his equal all around. The tale now turns on the King who owned this beautiful palace.

If you will not choose for yourself, I will do it for you, said the King, though it may not be according to your taste

Now this King had an only daughter who was loveliness itself, and the one who should win her would be lucky indeed. Wooers innumerable had she, as you may suppose, and notwithstanding she always said "No" their number ever increased. The King was at his wits' end to know what

to do, and went to his daughter's chamber to entreat her to make her choice; but no, she would not. At last, growing angry, her father said:

"If you will not choose for yourself, I will do it for you, though it may not be according to your taste."

This rather scared her, and she answered more dutifully:

"I see it must be so, father, but him only will I accept who can accomplish the feat of riding up the glass mountain in a complete suit of armour." This seemed very fair, the King was thinking, and very shortly he issued a proclamation to that effect, and a day was fixed for the competition.

When that day arrived, the fair Princess, attended by her ladies-in-waiting, was escorted with regal pomp and ceremony to the top of the glass mountain, a golden crown on her head, a golden apple in her hand. So incomparably lovely was she there was not one who would not risk his life for her. At the foot of the mountain the suitors were assembled, their armour glinting in the sunshine; in the background was an immense concourse of people gathered together from far and near.

Again he shot like a flash of lightning up the glass mountain to the verge of the summit this time, then gallantly greeting the Princess turned and disappeared like the wind

When all were ready the signal was given, and the competitors put spurs to their horses and rode forward with all their strength and energy. But not very far did any of them get up the glass mountain before they were pitched head over heels, many breaking both legs and arms. A terrific noise resounded for miles around; neighing of horses, cries and cheers of the onlookers, rattling of armour, and clanking of hoofs on the glass. The little Prince, with his herd in the forest, hearing all this, asked what it might be, and on being told, a happy thought entered his mind to take part in the competition—how could he manage it?

At this moment he heard a breaking of

branches, and looking up found the funny little dwarf in front of him.

"Why are you looking so thoughtful?" asked he.

"Ah!" replied the Prince-cowherd. "As you know, I am astray from my home, nor have I even a horse or a suit of armour whereby I might enter the competition for the fair Princess's hand."

"Oh," said the dwarf, "if that be all, I may be able to help you, seeing you were once of use to me. Come with me." So saying he led the way down to his cave dwelling, where there was a fine suit of armour of the hardest metal and glistening steel-blue, and beside it a horse already equipped and pawing the ground and chewing his bit so that the foam fell on to the ground.

"There," said the dwarf; "put on the armour and ride away and try your luck. I will in the meanwhile look after the cows."

The Prince did as the dwarf told him, and sprang into the saddle as light as a bird. Taking the bridle he set spurs, and at full gallop set off for the glass mountain. The competition was just finished when he came up: no one had won the prize. Such a gallant knight was the new comer, in his bright shining armour, with buckler on arm and sword by his side, that all eyes were turned on him. No sooner did he appear, however, than the horse sped like an arrow up the glass mountain. On reaching halfway he suddenly turned, and descended at such a pace that sparks flew from the animal's shoes. Then, like a flash, he disappeared in the forest. Imagine, if you can, the astonishment!

"Who is he?" was the question asked all round. All agreed a handsomer rider and a more perfect palfrey never was seen!

The fair Princess evidently thought so too, for at night she dreamed about him.

Time rolled on. The competition was held again. This time his friend the dwarf provided our Prince with a still handsomer suit of armour of sterling silver, with horse's shoes to match. Such an appearance he presented in the bright sunshine! Again he shot like a flash of lightning up the glass mountain, to the verge of the summit this time, then gallantly greeting the Princess, turned and disappeared like the wind, leaving the fair lady blushing like a rose.

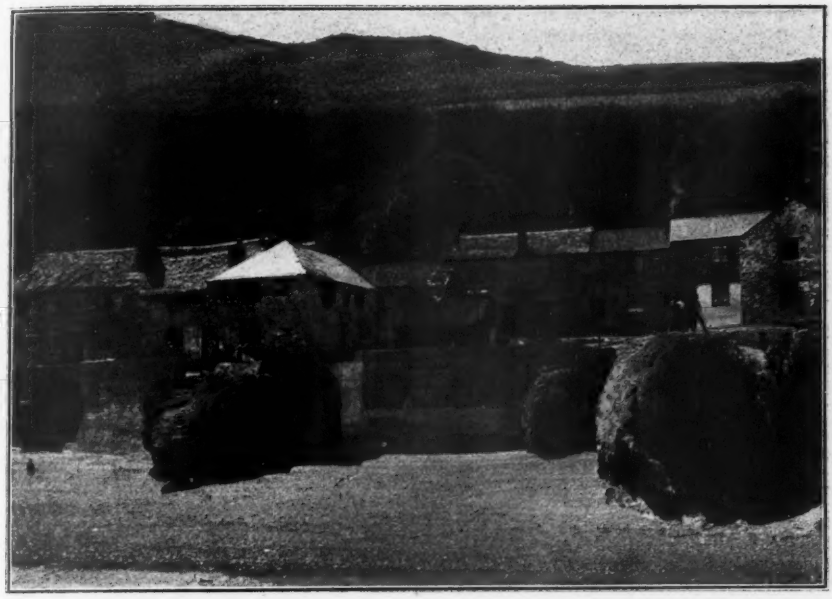
No one gained the prize: the competition must be held again. On the third occasion the dwarf provided a suit of magnificent golden armour, so that the handsome young Prince now presented a splendid appearance as he dashed up the mountain, ay, to the very top this time; then dismounting and kneeling before the fair Princess, he received the golden apple from her hand. Thereupon, springing again into the saddle, he rode away at such a pace that sparks flew out in a stream of gold from the animal's shoes: and then he disappeared in the thick forest like a shooting star in the dark blue heavens.

Everybody expected he would present himself at the palace, but he did not. And the Princess grew paler and thinner. The King announced a Court, at which every one, high and low, rich and poor, was expected to appear. This delighted his people, who flocked in numbers, so that an immense concourse assembled. The Princess, with her attendants, went amongst the crowd, seeking, always seeking, her valiant knight; but she thought the search must prove fruitless. At the back of all she observed one who wore a ploughman's smock, his face being well-nigh covered by a hood. Her heart gave a bound, and quickly she approached him. "Here is the knight—here!" she exclaimed, at the same time pulling away the hood. A smile went round, for they recognised the cowherd, and the King himself cried:

"Heaven preserve me from such a son-in-law!" But if he were a cowherd it had not much effect on him.

"Oh, don't worry yourself about that," he, smiling, said, "you'll find I am as good a Prince as you are a King." Thereupon he threw off his smock, and now behold as fine a young Prince as any one could picture, with the Princess's golden apple in his hand. All recognised in him now the gallant unknown who had carried off the prize on the glass mountain.

The King graciously gave his consent, and invited all to the nuptial feast; afterwards sharing his kingdom with his valiant son-in-law. So ends the story.



Hallsands as viewed from the sea, showing the battered condition of the houses

A Disappearing Village

Hallsands, which is being Swept Away by the Sea

By H. G. Archer

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

ON the beautiful South Devon coast, between the mouth of the Dart on the north and Start Point on the south—for there the coast faces east—is a delightful bay, whose semi-circular sweep extends for some twelve miles. Four or five miles from Dartmouth there commences a vast bank or beach of minute pebbles, extremely heavy to walk on, which extends almost uninterruptedly to the Start. The accumulation is due, we are told, to the exposure of the shore to a long range of breakers, and to the circumstance of the shingle being unable to travel so as to escape out of the bay. The "Sands," as the great pebble bank is termed, are divided by name—there being no real division—into Slapton Sands, Torcross or Beesands, and Hallsands. For many years each of the sands was the site of a primitive fishing hamlet, but of late both Torcross and Slapton have blossomed forth into small holiday resorts, and taken unto themselves hotels and lodging-houses. The sea-bathing is excellent; many lovely excursions are to be made in the typically Devonian country behind; and Slapton, at least, offers the additional attraction of good fishing in its curious little lake. Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge, the latter being the nearest railway station to the Sands, a coach runs twice a day, passing through Torcross and Slapton *en route*, whence it keeps several miles north of Hallsands. Therefore being far separated from the stream of tourist traffic, and situated six and a half miles

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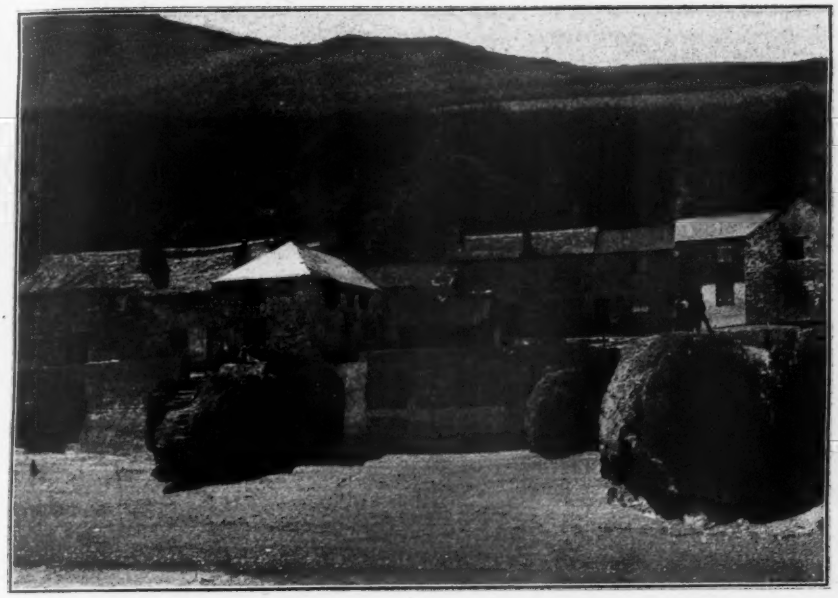

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Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

ON the beautiful South Devon coast, between the mouth of the Dart on the north and Start Point on the south—for there the coast faces east—is a delightful bay, whose semi-circular sweep extends for some twelve miles. Four or five miles from Dartmouth there commences a vast bank or beach of minute pebbles, extremely heavy to walk on, which extends almost uninterruptedly to the Start. The accumulation is due, we are told, to the exposure of the shore to a long range of breakers, and to the circumstance of the shingle being unable to travel so as to escape out of the bay. The "Sands," as the great pebble bank is termed, are divided by name—there being no real division—into Slapton Sands, Torcross or Beesands, and Hallsands. For many years each of the sands was the site of a primitive fishing hamlet, but of late both Torcross and Slapton have blossomed forth into small holiday resorts, and taken unto themselves hotels and lodging-houses. The sea-bathing is excellent; many lovely excursions are to be made in the typically Devonian country behind; and Slapton, at least, offers the additional attraction of good fishing in its curious little lake. Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge, the latter being the nearest railway station to the Sands, a coach runs twice a day, passing through Torcross and Slapton *en route*, whence it keeps several miles north of Hallsands. Therefore being far separated from the stream of tourist traffic, and situated six and a half miles

distant from Kingsbridge, with which it is connected only by rough lanes, Hallsands had remained just as it was—a cluster of white cottages, with thatched roofs mostly. The reason why we speak of the place in the past tense is because within the last few months Hallsands has partially disappeared, and threatens soon to vanish completely—swept away by the encroachments of the sea. How this catastrophe occurred, the consequences of which would have been terrible to the poor fisher folks had not public charity come to their rescue, may be told as follows: Hallsands lies one mile north of Start Point, locally pronounced Stee-ert, by the way, since the name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "steort," a tail. From Start Point, the cliffs (about 150 feet in height) which bound the Sands are composed of argillaceous slate of light greenish hue. The village nestles under these cliffs, which farther north become low, and soon cease altogether. Facing due east, and standing within a few yards of the sea, the position of the village is very exposed, and when the easterly gales blow it is drenched with the flying spume of the breakers. Nevertheless, the inhabitants held their own against the sea, by means of the construction of a sea wall between the projecting tongues of rock, which, however, was only an auxiliary defence to that with which Nature had already provided them in the form of many yards of pebble beach that the sea rolled up with every gale. This natural bastion proved their first and inviolable line of defence. Alas! three years ago, this bank of shingle excited the desire of a firm of Government contractors entrusted with the new works at Keyham Harbour. They persuaded the Admiralty to give them permission to dredge as much of it as they wanted, and so for three years every spell of fine weather brought dredgers to the spot, with the result that Hallsands' natural barrier imperceptibly vanished. Although before long the dredging operations caused the beach to sink several feet, the true extent of the mischief done did not become apparent till really bad weather set in. Then, from sweeping the beach bare to encroaching upon the quays was but a short step, and soon the waves were tearing at the foundations of the houses themselves. At this juncture the Admiralty and Sir John Jackson, the head of the firm of contractors in question, subscribed £1500 towards a new sea-wall to protect the village. The wall was built, and the invading element paused for a moment, as though merely to mark the weak spots of the armour. Then, with redoubled fury, it swept onwards, and wherever its onslaught fell the sea-wall was literally blown away like so much dust. Every storm inflicted further damage, till at length the sea was in the position to do just what it pleased with Hallsands. In its most recent inroad its

A derelict cottage where the village street has been completely washed away

There was once a road and a row of cottages here. The road has disappeared, but its site can be traced by the few houses remaining. The cottages which stood on the intervening space have been washed completely away with the road; the double cottage in the foreground is the one referred to in the article

has torn down the frontages of those houses which occupy exposed sites, leaving their interiors as bare as is that of a doll's house when the latter is opened cupboardwise; washed away the foundations of others and even cut through the one street of the village in several places. In fact, the old Hallsands is doomed to disappear, and a public subscription has been started, and well responded to, for the purpose of building a new village on the top of the cliff behind.

As might be expected, Hallsands has become, since the catastrophe befell it, an object of general interest. The Torquay excursion steamers run trips thither, but as now there are no quays a landing can be effected only when the sea is very smooth. The steamer runs her bows into the rapidly shelving beach, and a gangway being dropped forward the passengers alight on shore. Exactly opposite the landing-point, one sees one of the most notable examples of the havoc inflicted, namely, a good-sized house literally turned inside out, while the road in front of it has quite disappeared for several yards, leaving a yawning chasm, which has been bridged with planks and handrails. With the cheery optimism that appropriately distinguishes a race of men most of whom belong to the Royal Naval Reserve, the rude structure has been chris

Hallsands—the village street and sea-wall

tened "St. George's Bridge." Proceeding south, one comes to the village inn—or, rather, to what remains of it, for half of it has disappeared, the place being rendered uninhabitable. The proprietor of the inn has, we believe, issued a writ against the firm of contractors, claiming substantial damages for having thus been compelled to close his doors. At the opposite end of the village, the ground underneath the two doors of a solidly-built stone double cottage has been completely washed away, and the edifice stands balanced on a solitary rock in the centre. Were the house still occupied, the inmates would have to leave their front doors by means of a ladder, descending for twenty feet to the beach. Beyond this again there is no trace of the village street for nearly three hundred yards, and the spurs of rock, formerly occupied by cottages, have been washed bare. From end to end, in short, Hallsands demonstrates how terribly it has been battered by the ravages of the waves, which have beat against it unrestrainedly since its shingle barrier was stolen.

However, the lesson of Hallsands will not be disregarded in the future. Already other villages on the Devon coast are taking strenuous steps to put a stop to dredging operations which are thought likely to weaken Nature's defences against sea encroachments. But it often happens that the inhabitants themselves are alone to blame; for, feeling safe, they remove shingle for sale without the least consideration for the possible effects on their neighbours. A still more reprehensible practice, common at some parts of the littoral, is the blasting away of the cliffs, the only protection from sea-invasion of the areas lying behind them. The Board of Trade cannot be too vigilant in putting a check on such manifestations of recklessness or individual selfishness. Nature's strongest fortification against sea-power must never be tampered with.

Apart from the interest which is aroused by reason of its misfortunes, Hallsands is well worth a visit—the little place is so delightfully primitive, and, as one writer has described it, looks as though it had come

Panoramic view of Hallsands from the cliff, above and behind which it is proposed to purchase a site for a new village

out of the pages of a child's picture-book. Then, according to Mr. J. L. W. Page, the author of the "Coasts of Devon," the fish auctioneer is an old sailor, who plucks a handful of gravelly sand and lets it run through his fingers. The person who is bidding when the last grain filters out becomes the purchaser. The pilchard fishery in the waters of the bay is abundant, but almost better business is done with "crabbing." One sees the hardy boatmen hauling up basket after basket teeming with enormous crustaceans.

All that remains of the village inn

A breed of dogs, a cross between the retriever and the Newfoundland, are kept by the fishermen of Hallsands and Beesands. They are described as being as useful as sheep dogs to the farmer. "When the surf is so rough that boats cannot approach the shore near enough for a rope to be thrown, the dogs plunge into the water and bring back a rope. They have saved many lives, and keep careful watch over the 'ways,' or pieces of wood, by means of which the boats are hauled up, on the beach." In the old smuggling days, also, the dogs helped in the work of cheating the revenue officer. They would plunge into the sea to bring back kegs of brandy set adrift from the smugglers' boats at night, and bury them in the sand, by scratching a hole, when salvaged.

Objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Hallsands are Start Point and lighthouse and Slapton Lea. There is a curious difference between the different sides of the promontory eastwards, beyond which the ground-swell of the Atlantic rarely extends. On the south-west it is crumbled by the ever-turbulent breakers, while on the north it is a smooth precipice. Slapton Lea is a curious little fresh-water lake, formed by the waters of three small streams descending from as many valleys, and dammed in by a narrow belt of shingle. It covers 207 acres, and is full of fine pike, perch, and roach, but contains no trout. For the mere sport of fishing—that is, of catching fish easily and in abundance—there is not such another place as the Lea in the west. Perhaps it is the sea air which make the fishes so voracious of appetite! In the winter the lake abounds with wild fowl, and is occasionally visited by the osprey. Formerly popular battues of the wild fowl were held in January, but the practice has been suppressed. The reeds, with which the upper portion of the Lea is covered, are much esteemed for thatching, and the owner is said to make £280 a year by the sale of them.

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

CHAPTER XVII

RUPERT'S VIEWS

AS the door closed behind them Audrey spoke. Standing over that bent figure, staring down at it with angry flashing eyes, she spoke her one sharp accusing word:

"Rupert!"

She got no answer, and putting her hands up to her face she covered her eyes for one second, while it seemed to her that it must be all a dream; that she was either mad or the victim of a delusion. She lived once again through the moments which had followed Pamela's accident. The lamp had fallen; she had shrieked. Pamela had turned to Adelaide for aid; and then—out of the invalid-chair had sprung a tall burly figure, and Audrey's steps had been stayed in very amazement. The invalid had bent down and caught up a heavy skin rug which lay on the floor, moving several things to do so, and doing it with the utmost ease. And then their eyes had met. Miss Rivers rarely looked at any one directly; her head was always bent low, and the shadow cast by her bushy grey fringe, and the inevitable muffling shawl, was a heavy one. But now, as she stood at her full height she had caught Audrey's eyes, and had evidently been recalled to herself by the girl's wide astonished gaze. Her eyes had turned quickly to the figure of Pamela stretched on the floor, to the prompt, loving hands that had already quenched the dangerous flame, and then Miss Rivers seemed to sink, visibly, as she half moved, half fell into her chair, and bending down became once more the decrepit customary invalid who had lived among them all unquestioned, unsuspected!

Never again! The truth had come to Audrey in one flash, and she was now only amazed and furious that she had been successfully deceived so long.

Tearing her hands away she caught at the lace shawl resolutely and spoke again.

"It is no use. I saw you spring up; I knew you then; I know you now. It is no use pretending any more; you may as well speak the truth; I intend to have it."

"Then have it!"

Rupert threw aside the shawl, together with the heavy wig, and faced her defiantly; through the thick disfiguring lines of paint his well-known eyes and features shone out clearly. "Only remember this! If through you I am found out, if through you they are driven to leave here, and go back to that infernal place, I will never forgive you! I will have nothing more to do with you, I swear it!"

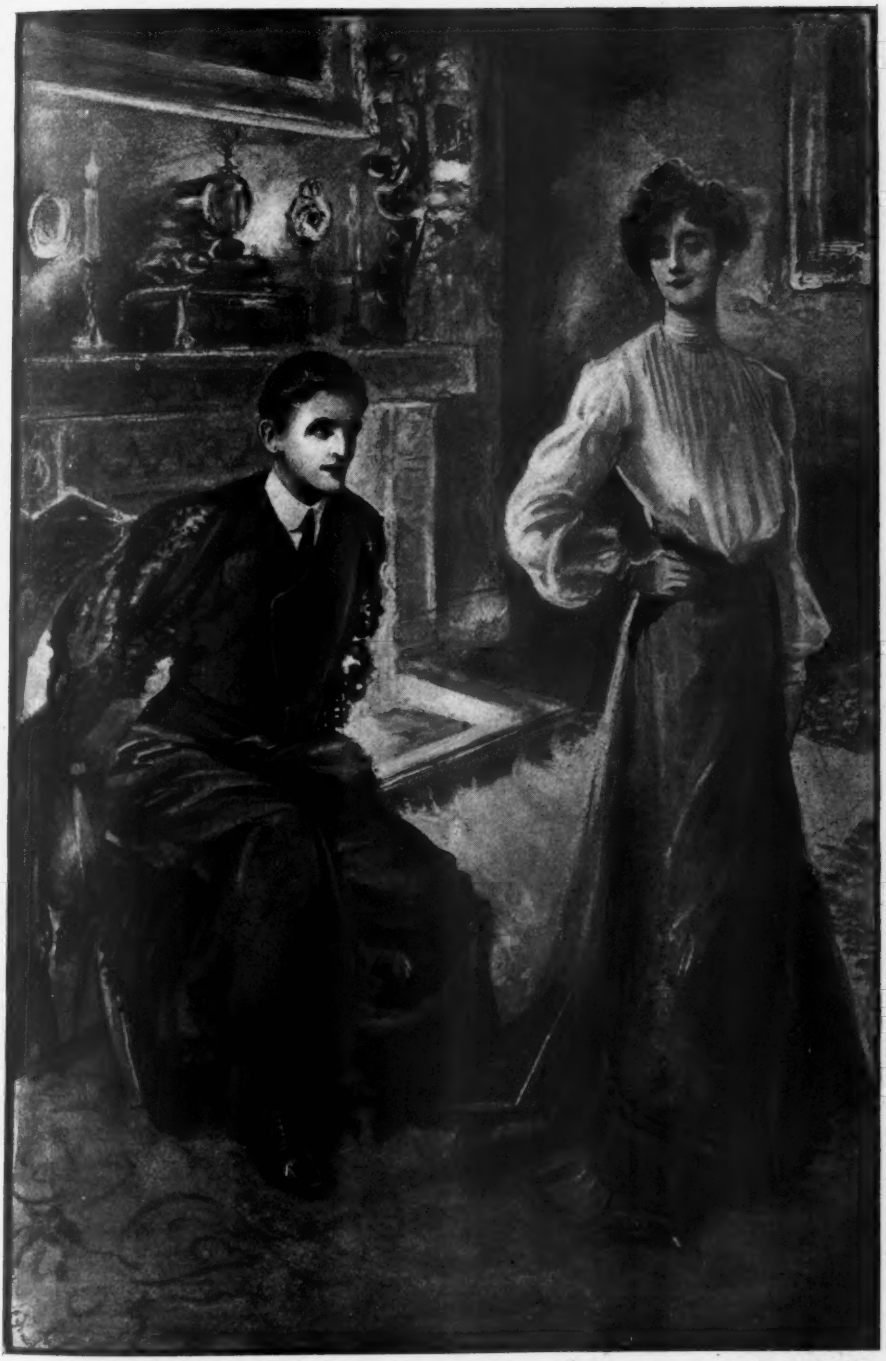
"Rupert!"

"It hasn't been easy to carry this thing through but I have done it, and done it successfully. They are both happy; they have no suspicion. It is left for you to come and spy and find it out; to come and spoil all I have done."

"How could you do it?"

She asked the question stupidly. Her brain seemed to reel. Rupert was on his way back from India; for weeks past she had thought of him as coming back to her, having cast aside his mad infatuation for Pamela. And Rupert was here, fast bound by the old love, utterly indifferent to her and to all the misery she had gone through. Could it be possible?

"I had to do something," he answered her sullenly. Then he got up from his chair, and began to move about, straightening his stiffened limbs. The chair was cunningly hollowed so as to make his height less noticeable, but to the strong young man the long hours of motionless sitting had often become a veritable torture. "I had to do something," he repeated. "I couldn't stand it. I went down to Bidebridge and found out



I will have nothing more to do with you I swear it

all about them, and I knew she was miserable. I had to do something. But I knew that unless I could do it for Mistress Adelaide it was no use; Pamela wouldn't have been happy unless she could be made happy first. Then I thought of bringing them up here, and the idea struck me that Mistress Adelaide was the very person to tackle this place, to be put in charge. But she wouldn't have taken it from me. So then I thought of getting some woman to arrange it for me, as if she were doing it for herself, but that wasn't easy either; I couldn't think of any one suitable. And then it occurred to me that perhaps there needn't be any one. I have acted the part of an old woman in theatricals more than once, and I knew Cousin Agnes very well. I went up to a specialist in make-up and described to him exactly what I needed, and he made it for me. I had the chair carefully built, and then I tried it. Peters is with me (I have kept him out of the way since you came) and he helped me of course. We tried it on the people here first. I gave it out that I had sold the place to Miss Rivers, and then I came here as Miss Rivers. I said Agnes Fraser had been my best friend, and I left them to wonder and talk as much as they liked. I took possession, and then I wrote to Mistress Adelaide. The rest you know. No one suspected; I did and said what Agnes Fraser would have done or said to the best of my ability, and every one took me for exactly what I said I was. You thought I was in India. I was most afraid of you. You are so jolly sharp, and if you hadn't believed me to be well out of the way, you would have been sure to suspect that I had something to do with it."

"And you heard of father's death, you knew of his long illness, you left me all alone although you must have known how much I wanted you, how dreadfully miserable I was!" cried Audrey bitterly. "You care so much for her, so very little for me!"

"I was sorry but I didn't see what else I could do," he answered awkwardly. "You thought I was in India; how could I suddenly present myself? I thought of doing it; once or twice I have given out that I was ill and going away for a day or so, leaving Peters in charge here, but I daren't do it."

"You thought so little of me!"

"I thought of her. I love her."

"As much as ever?"

"More."

"And you think this will further your cause?"

"I don't think about it; I know that she is content and that is enough. I am near her, I hear her speak, I see her smile, she touches my hand and thanks me sweetly, that is enough."

"And when she finds out the truth? When Mistress Adelaide learns that you have betrayed her into breaking her vow?"

"She shall not learn it."

"How can you prevent it? You can't live all your life as Miss Rivers! Even your infatuation cannot lead you to believe that possible!"

"I can stay for the present. When it is necessary I can go. Adelaide will be left in charge; she has accepted the charge for life."

"And you?"

"Miss Rivers could die," he said slowly. "I have not thought it out, as I tell you, but no doubt I shall find a way."

"In which you can give it up and yet see Pamela? There is none."

"You have always done your best to keep us apart!" he said rather cruelly. "I found that out and—went my own way. It has answered better."

"So far; but in the end?"

"I will leave the end to take care of itself," he answered, laughing recklessly. "For the present she thinks gratefully of me, she is learning to care even for the hideous object that is called Miss Rivers. Some day, perhaps, she will be able to care for Rupert Laurier instead."

"She will never give up Mistress Adelaide for you!"

"Then I must gain Mistress Adelaide's friendship. I am gaining it."

"As Miss Rivers, as a woman."

"No matter how, so that I gain it."

"Can you believe that Mistress Adelaide will still be grateful when she learns how she has been tricked into this thing?"

"I believe she will forgive, she is the best sort on earth. I don't believe she could

harbour malice if she tried. She saved Pamela's life to-night. You threw the lamp down," he turned as if accusingly on Audrey, "and she saved her. I couldn't have got to her in time. I couldn't get out of the confounded chair quickly enough; she would have been horribly burnt, there, before my eyes if it hadn't been for Adelaide. I shall never forget that. I don't care even if she does go on hating me, I shall do my best to serve her, and if I can't get Pamela to consent to marry me, then I shall die unmarried. I shall love her always."

"You mean to go on with this impossible deception?"

"I mean to go on for the present living the life which I have lived quite successfully for nearly six months."

"And I? What is to be my part in this, Rupert?"

"Your part is to be silent. You have no right to betray a secret which is not your own, which does not even concern you."

"You sent me word that you were coming back to help me; I expected you at Brook House in ten days time. You really meant to come?"

"Yes. I meant to get away for a day or two and to do anything you really wanted me for."

"You will come still?"

"If you need me."

But he spoke with open unwillingness. Audrey could see that he was beginning to regard her in the light of an enemy, one who would willingly thwart his plans.

"I think it will not be necessary. I must learn to look elsewhere for help; your time and attention are fully occupied."

"I shall always be ready to help you if you need me," he said coldly.

"Always supposing that Pamela's affairs are not at the moment pressing? I think I had better realise at once, Rupert, that my affairs are quite unimportant in your eyes. It will be better."

"As you choose."

"I will go now, they will be wondering why I stay. Good-night."

"You promise to be silent."

"I can give no promises until I have had time to think. I will see you again before I leave Glencay. Good-night."

CHAPTER XVIII

AUDREY'S QUESTION

SHE went home, following the servant who guided her way through the dark park mechanically. She felt chill and miserable. All her hopes were at an end, she was once more quite alone.

Arrived at the little house she skilfully contrived to escape from meeting either Adelaide or Pamela, and went straight to her

Through the long hours she thought and thought

own room, there to pass the night almost sleeplessly. Through the long hours she thought and thought; of Rupert bitterly at first, afterwards more gently, sadly always. Was it his fault that he did not and could not love her, but loved Pamela instead? Was it Pamela's fault, or the fault of any one but the fate which let such things happen? If Rupert had never met Pamela, Audrey knew instinctively that in the end, though they might have waited some years, Rupert and she would have come together. Pamela's was the first influence which had really withstood her own.

But Rupert had met Pamela, and his love for her made him almost cruel to the girl he had promised always to befriend; to her who had been as a sister to him in their childhood; his friend, his confidant, his chum, during all the years which had followed. Rupert had given her up. What would it be best to do?

Through the night hours she puzzled and planned; somehow or other she must regain Rupert's friendship and his confidence, because without them her life was unbearable; somehow or other she must aid him because he had openly doubted her wish to aid. But how? And what would be left to her after such aid had been given, if to give it were even possible?

She went down to breakfast and listened to the quick exclamations on her changed appearance listlessly, giving the usual excuse.

"I had a bad night; it has given me a wretched headache. I shall be all right when I have had some tea."

"Go for a good walk," advised Mistress Adelaide kindly. "That will brush the cobwebs from your brain. I would say come with me, but I have received orders that I am to stay in and nurse my hands."

She smiled across at Pamela.

"I—I don't know that I shall have time," replied Audrey slowly. "I shall have to leave you to-day; I must catch the afternoon train."

"To-day!"

"Yes. I know it is sudden, but—all my plans are of necessity changed. I have had news which changes them."

"Bad news." Adelaide spoke sympathetically. "One can see that in your face. Can I not help you?"

"I am so sorry!"

Pamela came behind her; Audrey had been late as usual, the other two had already finished breakfast. Pamela picked up her letters swiftly and went over to the girl with whom she always had an uneasy consciousness of not getting on well, and said very sweetly:

"I am so sorry! I will go now; you will like to be left alone with Adelaide? Tell her all about it, and let her comfort you; if you are in any trouble there is no one like Adelaide!"

"Thank you," was Audrey's almost inaudible answer.

"I am going up to the Great House to hear if Miss Rivers is all right after last night," added Pamela to Adelaide. "I am so afraid the excitement may have made her ill."

"Wait a moment, then, please!" interrupted Audrey quickly. "I have a message. Say that I am going away this afternoon, and that I will come to the Great House before lunch time to—say good-bye."

"But——"

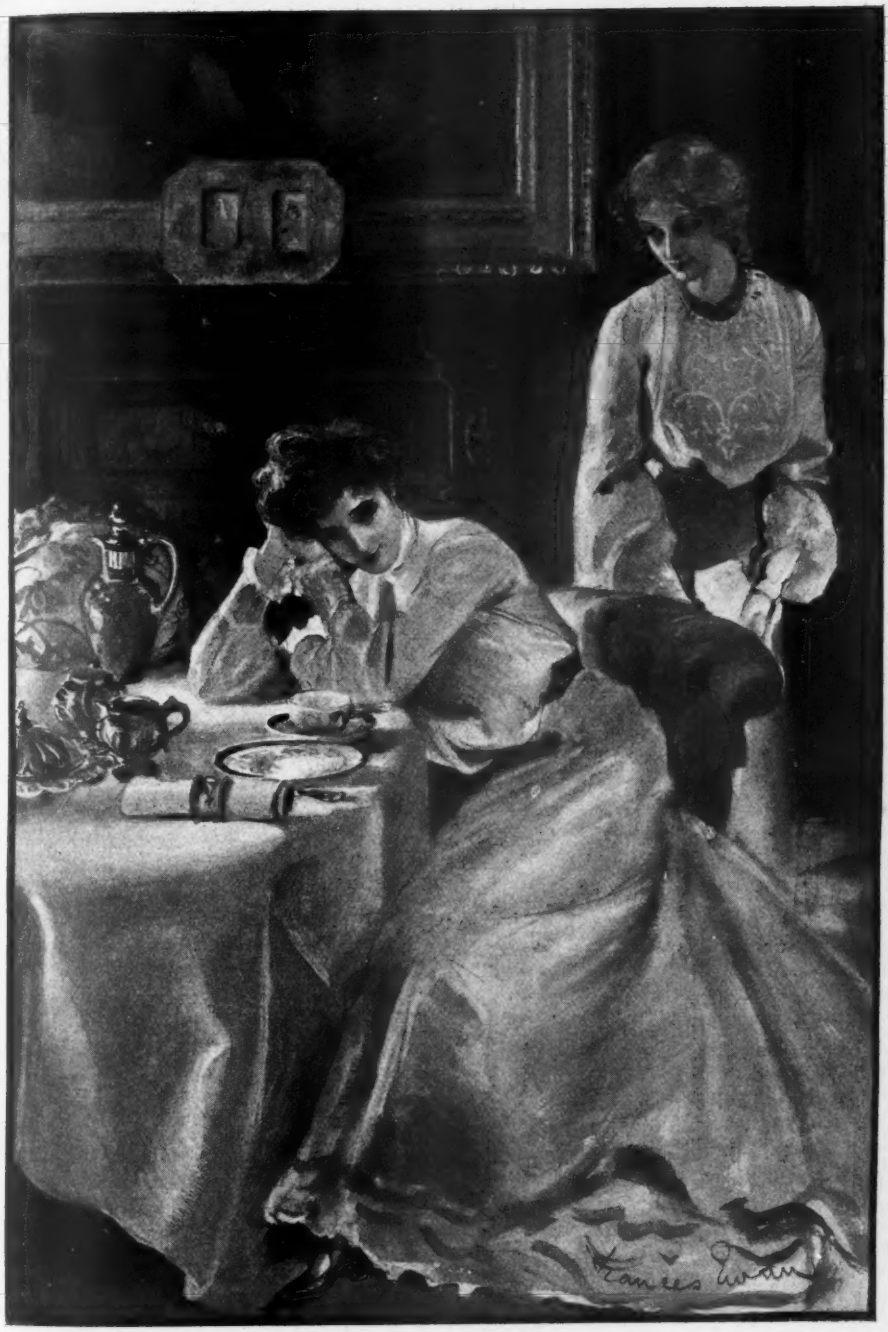
"I am expected. I said last night that I should come again before I left."

"But you did not know then!" cried Pamela bewilderedly. "Audrey, are you sure you are really well enough to go to-day? Had you not better wait till to-morrow at least?"

"I am in my right senses." Audrey laughed harshly. "Miss Rivers will quite understand if you give my message, and will no doubt be delighted at the thought of getting rid of me. She never pretended to give me a welcome, did she? She looks upon me as an intruder! Well, I am going to-day. Say so, please!"

Pamela went out of the room without another word, and Mistress Adelaide turned to Audrey.

"What do you mean by talking like that?" she demanded abruptly. "What nonsense have you got into your head? Do you mean to say that you are going away merely because Miss Rivers, an old afflicted woman,



Pamela came behind her. Audrey had been late as usual

has shown you that she does not care for you?"

"If I said I was——" Audrey smiled bitterly.

"I am afraid I should agree with Pamela and think you had taken a temporary leave of your senses! But I happen to know that you are a very shrewd young person, and generally have good reasons for what you do. Why are you going? Why do you look so ill and wretched? Tell me if you can; if not, believe that I am sorry for you, even though I do not worry you with further questions. I do not force myself into any one's confidence. If you do not speak willingly, do not speak at all. I cannot help you."

"Suppose I say that I long to tell you; that it is all I can do to prevent myself from telling you, because I do not know if I have a right to speak, when speaking may injure —you, as well as estrange some one else."

"Don't talk in riddles!" rather impatiently. "Speak, or be silent! You are quite capable of judging which you ought to do."

"Tell me one thing first." Audrey had been very pale, but now excitement flushed her cheeks with crimson. She got up from her seat and walked over to the window, then came back and faced Mistress Adelaide. "Tell me how much you love Pamela."

"That is quite outside the question."

"No."

"I cannot tell you. First of all I have never measured my love for her; secondly, it does not concern you."

"Measure it now!" Audrey spoke so passionately that Adelaide gazed at her in amazement. "Do it because I beg it of you; do it for any reason; but do it! Tell me what you would give up for Pamela! Your life I know you would not hesitate to offer if she stood in the smallest peril; you would not hesitate to give your life, but if more were asked?"

"What more could be asked?" asked Adelaide heavily. Her instincts were keen, and in a moment she knew that Audrey was putting no idle questions—that in some unknown way her love for Pamela was to be tested.

"Above your life you reckon your word, your faith, your steadfast holding to your vow," went on Audrey thickly. "I know it well! If necessary, only because it might further Pamela's happiness, would you give up these too?"

"Why do you dare to ask me the question? What is it to you?"

"It is everything to me," answered the girl shrilly. "Everything! It means joy or misery, for on your answer may hang my fate. If you keep to your vow, if you bind Pamela down, in the end I may find happiness. If you give it up, your very giving up takes from me all that seems worth having in my life."

"Explain!"

"Yes, I will. I don't know if I ought to, and yet, just because my motive is pure, because I, in my turn, am ready and willing to give up everything, it must be that it is right. Listen, my cousin Rupert loves Pamela."

"I have heard this before." Mistress Adelaide drew back and spoke with open displeasure. "I answered you then."

"You did not hear half. Listen to the rest. I love Rupert. I have always loved him. It was my father's wish that we should marry; and though there was no engagement between us, though in no possible way has Rupert stepped from the path of honour, yet, if Pamela had not come between us, my father's wish would have been fulfilled. Rupert would have loved me too."

"If that is all, your happiness will be soon secured," cried Mistress Adelaide drily, "for I shall keep fast to my word. Pamela will not break her word to me. She cares nothing for your cousin. She will never marry. You are answered."

"No. I love Rupert, but he loves only Pamela. Mistress Adelaide, once I heard you say that you judge men by your own experience of them, and that that experience is wholly bad. You said that if you had ever known a man capable of acting disinterestedly, of being the true friend, which, to you, means also being a woman, you might alter your views. Let me tell you then what Rupert has done."

"My dear Audrey, I do not wish to hear. Wait! I do not wish to speak harshly. You have given me your confidence; with me you know it is safe. But after hearing it, I can, of course, see that you are behaving nobly, according to your lights, in wishing to convert me to your cousin's side of the case. It is impossible, however. He may be different from the men I have been unfortunate enough to meet; he may not. I do not know; I do not wish to know; it has nothing to do with me or mine."

"You are mistaken. It has everything to do with you and yours."

"In what way?"

"I will tell you. But first let me just say this. You love Pamela; but have you ever thought that even your love for her is not perfect because, although you love her, you love your work more? You would sacrifice Pamela's happiness——"

"I do not believe that I am sacrificing Pamela's happiness. We see things from a different point of view."

"Let me speak brutally. Now, while you are with her, Pamela is content. You are everything to her. But afterwards? You are much older than she is——"

Her voice broke off hoarsely, and Adelaide filled in the end of her sentence.

"And must inevitably leave her? Possibly, at no very distant date? I have thought of that very often. It was my greatest sorrow when Blatchlands was taken from me; the thought that I could no longer stand between Pamela and poverty, between Pamela and loneliness. Now, once again I am in a position to ensure her a life which will content her, even though I am not here beside her. You do not know Pamela; you judge her by yourself."

"Do you know her? Are you quite sure that she has no longings, such as other women have, for home, for love, for little children?"

"She has no such longings."

"Are you sure?"

Adelaide was silent. She had buried her face in her bandaged hands and remained motionless, while Audrey went on rapidly. "How can you be sure? She has never been tried. She has never had a chance of testing her own nature. She follows you blindly; she believes what you tell her; but after all she is responsible for her own life, and she ought to choose it with her eyes open. You did. You did not shut yourself up until you had known great unhappiness. You chose, deliberately, when you were of an age to choose. Let Pamela have the same chance; set her free to choose."

"What do you mean?"

"Release her from her promises. Send her out into the world without blindfolding her first; let her mix with men as well as with women; let her judge for herself of both. If you love her give her the chance of choosing her own life, even if by doing so you lose her. Put her happiness first."

For a moment or two there was silence in the room, and then Audrey spoke again, falteringly:

"Forgive me! I do not know how I have dared to speak so to you. I know too well how unworthy I am in all but one thing—my love. I am ready to give Rupert the chance of winning Pamela, because I know that with her he would be happier than he could ever be with me; he loves her so very much."

"I do not believe in man's worthiness or in man's love," said Mistress Adelaide bitterly. "I have had good reason to doubt both."

"Satisfy yourself that his love is real and true."

"How can I do that?"

"Listen to what he has done."

"What has he done?"

Her face was lined and harsh as she raised it and faced Audrey.

"What has he done? Tell me! Or rather do not tell me!" She lifted her hand imperiously. "For I have already guessed. It was foolish of me to be so blind before; now, of course, in the light of your words I see. It was he who persuaded, or bribed—no, not that! Let me not be unjust! It was he who forced Miss Rivers to give me this work? Always I have known that something came between me and her. I was grateful; I wished to be more; but some unnameable thing held us apart. Always I felt that in her heart she did not approve;

that even while she bade me follow my own light, that light was to her but a will-o'-the-wisp! I am right?"

"No."

"What is the truth then?"

"The truth is that Rupert—is Miss Rivers."

CHAPTER XIX

ADELAIDE HEARS THE TRUTH

"THAT Rupert is Miss Rivers," repeated Adelaide blankly. "I do not understand you. I suppose you are playing with words. I want the plain truth. What do you mean?"

"What I have said. Mistress Adelaide," she got up and threw her arms round Adelaide's rigid shoulders, "I love you! I would not hurt you if I could help it, only I must tell you the truth, because I know how noble you are. I know that however much it hurts you, you will feel no petty resentment; that you will be generous enough to acknowledge a proof of true love, even though it is given by a man. Rupert could not bear to think that Pamela suffered. He knew that the greatest cause of her suffering was your unhappiness. He knew that only through you could he brighten her path. He was determined to do that, and he took the only way which occurred to him. A wrong way; a man's way; a mad way, it has seemed to me; but one which at least speaks for his love. He gave up his friends, his own place, his freedom; he came and buried himself alive here in the disguise of an old crippled lady."

"Impossible!"

Adelaide had shaken off the girl's clinging arms, but Audrey felt the shock which shook her as she cried out vehemently that "Impossible!"

"True. For nearly six months he has lived this life; lived it so thoroughly, so unselfishly, that you have never even suspected the truth. He has put aside his own wishes; he is furthering Pamela's happiness; and that is enough for him. He says that he sees her sometimes; that he knows she is content; that she is grateful to him; and with that he is content. But he is a young, strong man! Already he has wasted six months of his life; a life that ought to be full of happiness, of gladness, of work, of pleasure. He has passed those months in close rooms, in enervating leisure. You have worked; he has sat at home; you and Pamela have gone about, have rejoiced in your freedom, in your regained power, in your life together; but these things have been yours at a price; Rupert has paid the price, ungrudgingly."

"This thing cannot be true."

"It is true. I do not think any other man would have done it; at least no other man that I know. But Rupert has. I found it out only last night. When the lamp fell he sprang out of his chair. He thought Pamela was in danger so he forgot everything else; and I knew him. I told him so when you were gone. I asked him if he could really think that he was furthering his cause by deceiving you? I asked him what would happen when you found out the truth? He said you should not find out. I told him that he could not lead this life for ever. I asked him what the end of it all was to be? He said that when he found he could go on no longer he would find a way out of it; that Miss Rivers could die; that you had accepted the trust for life. He meant that he would go away and leave you here at Glencay with Pamela; go without ever telling you the truth. This, too, he would do for Pamela. Mistress Adelaide, if a woman had done this, had lived a life utterly distasteful to her and unsuited to her temperament, not for a short time but for months, and had done it merely for the sake of benefiting another woman whom she loved; done it without hope of return, without thought of herself, you would not grudge her your trust, your admiration? You would say that she was worthy to be your friend?"

"Will you go now? Will you give me a little while in which to think over what you have said?"

She sat erect, her voice was level, but Audrey knew that the blow she had dealt was a crushing one. She threw herself down and pleaded for forgiveness with impulsive, appealing words.

"Don't hate me!" she cried. "I had to speak. Don't hate me! Help me instead. I lied when I said I was ready; I am not ready to give him up. I want him to love me, not Pamela. I think I hate Pamela because she stands between him and me, but he loves her. He will be happier with her. Help me to bear it, dear Mistress Adelaide! I am not strong; I am not good like you. Help me!"

"You swear this thing is true? That he has done this, as you say, simply out of love for Pamela? Not hoping to win her over by letting her find it out?"

"No, no. Rupert is not like that."

"Go, then, my dear. Poor child, you suffer and I am sorry for you, but I must think. My way is dark; I see no light ahead. I do not know what to do."

It was the first time in Adelaide Winston's life that she had used those words, "I do not know what to do." To Audrey, though she had known her so short a time, they sounded strange and pathetic. To Pamela they would have come as a thunderbolt. Adelaide never failed; to Adelaide's courage and wisdom one might trust always; that was Pamela's simple creed.

Don't hate me, she cried, I had to speak

Audrey got up from the floor wearily and turned towards the door. Mistress Adelaide might well hate her, she thought, and no doubt Rupert would be furious when he found that she had spoken without his leave.

But Adelaide stopped her.

"Wait! You have asked me if I am sure of Pamela's feelings? And although you have known her but a short time, and I, almost all her life, yet your words have shaken my faith in my own dealings with her. Pamela's life is her own; not mine. She ought to be free to choose it. I thought she had been free; but I may be wrong. Tell me what it is you think I ought to do for her."

Audrey sighed, and then spoke heavily:

"Let her come and stay with me at Brook House; tell her that she is free from all promises; that she may speak to men as to women; that she is to test for herself their worthiness or unworthiness; that she is to try and put aside all prejudice, because it must be, and is, formed only on hearsay. Let her meet Rupert there; give them both a chance of finding out if their true happiness may not be together."

"You ask this?"

"Yes."

"It will be very painful for you and is not necessary. Pamela can go elsewhere."

"I will do anything, I must do something

to show Rupert that I am trying to help him. Let me have my way in this."

"And meanwhile? What are your plans for me, Audrey?" She spoke bitterly. "I have been blind it seems; I have been walking gladly in my blindness; but now my eyes are open. I accept no favours from men; I take no work from them; I, too, shall have to leave Glencay."

"You can't!" Audrey's face was white and wild. "Listen; last night Rupert said that if through me you found out; if through me you left here; if through me you or Pamela suffered, he would have nothing more to do with me; he would never see me again; and he will keep his word. I trusted you, Mistress Adelaide! I told you because I thought I ought to tell you, and I trusted you. You won't betray me! You won't turn Rupert against me! I can't bear it!"

"I see no other way."

"You say that you take no favours from men," cried Audrey passionately, "but it is too late to say that. During these last months a man has done everything in his power to serve you; you did not know it, but does that alter things? Have you any right to make Rupert and Pamela and me all very unhappy because of your vow? Vows are wicked things sometimes and cause great unhappiness; will you let yours be like that? I know you won't! I knew it when I spoke, or I should have been silent. You will think of Pamela first, and of your vow second. If your vow is to hurt her, then—you will break your vow; and you won't be cruel to me, or even to Rupert."

"You have put me into an unbearable position. I can step neither to the right nor to the left; I seem to be bound hand and foot. A vow may seem to you a small thing; to me it is different. I have sworn that I will neither see nor speak to any man willingly. I must keep my vow."

"And break my heart? You have sworn, too, to help all women! Listen to my entreaty then. I am a woman and a very unhappy one; I have trusted you. You cannot betray that trust. And as to your vow—has it ever helped any one? Is there a single person in this world who benefits, or has benefited by it? You have done a great deal of good; you have been as a tower of strength to many; but not because of your vow! It has hindered you, not helped; it has stood in your way; it has damaged your cause. Because of it people have sneered instead of sympathised, turned away instead of joining hands with you. They have known that it was a mistaken vow, made by a prejudiced, unhappy girl. They have known that no one can justly class all men together as bad any more than they may do so of women. One dare not say openly to most people that they are mistaken because they would simply turn from one, but you will not do that! You know that I am speaking the truth as I see it; won't you try to see it also from the point of view of others?"

"Tell me plainly what it is that you wish me to do?"

"Not to let Rupert know that I have spoken! You need not see him; it is quite easy to avoid the Great House. Let Pamela come away with me; give me leave to tell Rupert that you have released her from all her promises, that you mean to leave her free to choose for herself what life she will live for the future. Miss Rivers will not be here long after that," bitterly. "Rupert will lose no time. He will do his best to win Pamela, and will either succeed or fail. If he fails, you know that if you give up this work, if you and Pamela go out into the world, refusing all help at his hands, you add heavily to his unhappiness; if he succeed, your actions might no longer hurt Pamela, she would be secure in Rupert's care."

"Be it so." Mistress Adelaide stood up and spoke sternly. "It seems that I am incapable of seeing or judging clearly. Be it so. I will never willingly injure or hurt any one of my fellow creatures, much less Pamela who stands first with me. I think you are wrong. I think that she has chosen her life and will abide by it; but she shall have free choice. She shall go out into the world. As to the rest, you have appealed to me, and I will not refuse what you ask. I will be silent. I will stay here for the present at least; if I left I should undoubtedly do harm, the work would be at a standstill, or put into other hands might fail. I was asked to carry it out and I accepted the

offer. Perhaps I have no right to throw it aside now; I do not know. For the present, at any rate, I will stay; it shall be as you ask. Make your plans, I will not go against them."

"And you will forgive me? I have hurt you horribly, but I have hurt myself as well; it has not been done for my own sake. Forgive me, Mistress Adelaide! I love you."

"If you do no harm, if you further Pamela's happiness in any way whatsoever, I will not only forgive you, I will thank you too. I will acknowledge that I have been in the wrong if you can show me that it is so. What more, Audrey?"

"Nothing more. Yes, this; if I am right, if Pamela does learn to love Rupert, as I believe she will, then, if you will have it so, I will devote my life to you."

"I will not; there shall be no more binding down; I will make no more mistakes; I will walk alone in the future if Pamela leaves me. I thank you, Audrey; but it cannot be."

A Song of Autumn

WHEN the autumn leaves are falling,
And the curlew, sadly calling,
Wakes the solitude and silence
To a clarion-blast of cheer,
Then, within that temple vast
Men so vaguely name "the Past,"
Dwells my heart with spectral faces,
Pale with fear;
For it is the saddened ending
Of the fruit and blossom blending!
Ah! my heart! it is the ending
Of the year!

Like a temple high, and holy,
Grew the tree to leafage, slowly:
In the silence, and the night-time,
Buds were wakened to the light!
And we woke to see the beam
Scattered over crag and stream,
And there was no hint of sorrow
Close to sight:
But the dewdrop slept so lightly,
And the wan mists clung so whitely,
And the dreams that sped were sprightly
In the night.

Now the Autumn leaves are falling;
Now I hear the curlew calling;
And I ask myself the question:
Is it long since joy held sway?
And within that temple vast
Men so vaguely name the Past,
I can only see the Present
With its skies of leaden grey!
For it all departs so quickly,
And the leaves descend so thickly.
While we stand, the glowing blossom
Fades away!

But my soul says: Lift your voices,
Playful winds—the leaf rejoices,
And its dying song enticeth
Not a hint of death or doom:
For it sinks in light serene,
And the place where smiles have been
Is a shrine to which men wander
When their griefs would power assume:
Blossoms fade in courtly splendour,
Leaflets die with music tender,
Sing, O heart! the Autumn conquers
Fear and gloom!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

The Great Plague

By Whitmore Jones

"The great social question which should engage the attention of statesmen is the health of the people."

THIS was the cardinal principle of Lord Beaconsfield's policy when he came into office in 1874, and though it was derided and sneered at as "a policy of sewage," it has borne excellent fruit; for sanitary matters, especially the great importance of keeping water and air unpolluted are far more understood and acted upon than formerly; and wherever the "nuisance gentleman," as the Sanitary Inspector is politely called in some country districts, does his duty the general health of the community has improved in many essential respects; outbreaks of epidemics are becoming rarer, and when they occur, they are grappled with at once and rendered comparatively harmless. But in spite of the great advance of sanitary science, and the more general diffusion of knowledge on this subject that the last twenty years have brought us, we must still not vaunt ourselves over-much, nor pause in our efforts.

Though much has been done, much remains to do. There are still too many fever dens in our towns; too many sinks of impurity in our villages. Thousands die every year in England of preventable disease; and, let Government do its utmost, the ignorance, laziness, and stupidity of individuals will still thwart its efforts. There are people among us, who quote complacently the old proverb, "The more dirt, the less hurt," who are firmly persuaded that washing will give them cold, and an open window the rheumatics.

There are unhealthy trades which might be made innocuous if certain precautions were taken, but too often the workpeople themselves object to these precautions under the idea that if the risks were lessened, the pay would be lessened also.

A mistress of a family will use a well she knows is polluted to save herself the trouble of going a little farther to fetch pure water—the children die of diphtheria or scarlet fever, and the mother in her weeping does not recognise that it was her own act that killed her babies, and that, instead of murmuring that she is resigned to the will of God, she should be bowing her head in contrition, and praying to be forgiven for her "negligences and ignorances."

Nevertheless, with all our shortcomings, the laws of health are becoming more generally known, and when an infectious disease declares itself such measures are taken at once to prevent it from spreading that we may trust that England will never again be subject to such pestilences as we read of with horror in history. In the fourteenth century the "Black Death" swept away half the population; of whole villages only two or three miserable wrecks of humanity survived, and desolation reigned over tracts once populous and thriving.

A century later, the "Sweating Sickness" was nearly as fatal in its effects; but the visitation of which we have the most intimate knowledge, through Defoe's vivid description, is "The Great Plague of London" in 1665; and of this we propose to give a short account (abridged from Defoe), to show the horrors that can be originated by dirt, squalor and low living.

There had been a slight outbreak of the Plague in England in 1603, and again in 1636, so that the disease was known and dreaded, and when in 1664 the tidings came that it had appeared in Holland, the English began to be apprehensive of a recurrence of the scourge.

London was teeming then as it is now; the area was smaller, but the proportion of inhabitants to the acre must have been as great; the houses were mostly of wood, and were very picturesque, but

almost entirely devoid of sanitary appliances, and in the poor parts of the town they were greatly overcrowded. In December 1664, a bale of cloth from Holland was opened in a house in Drury Lane, and shortly after, two men died of the plague in that house.

This caused a momentary panic, but it subsided again, and though through the winter a death here and there occurred, still the cold weather kept the epidemic under.

As the spring drew on however, the bills of mortality, which were published every Thursday, steadily rose. There were not wanting signs and portents to increase the panic; nowadays we look at comets with interest and curiosity, but without fear; but at that time they were held to be forerunners of disaster, and a large one had appeared a few months before.

Then people began to see (or fancied they saw) apparitions in the clouds—an angel with a flaming sword threatening the city—coffins and dead bodies in the sky, and ghostly figures on the earth pointing to the churchyards and to different houses; they heard voices warning them to depart from the town, "for there would be such a plague in London that the living would not be able to bury the dead." One man stalked through the streets crying, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!"

Another, nearly naked, rushed from place to place with a face full of horror, exclaiming, "Oh! the great and dreadful God!"

It may be that many "heard voices that never spake, and saw sights that never appeared," being born of their own excited and inflamed imaginations—yet the visitation was so very dreadful when it descended in all its heaviness that who shall dare to say that these things were all fancy or that the warnings were not real ones sent in mercy to bid men repent, and flee from the wrath that was fast coming upon them?

The panic was also helped on by the fortune-tellers and astrologers, for the more dreadful were their predictions, the more people flocked to buy their charms and amulets, to be worn as preservatives against the disease. One very popular charm was a paper with a triangle formed of these letters on it:

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADAB
ABRACAD
ABRAC
ABR
A

Quack doctors also drove a roaring trade for awhile with their "infallible preventative pills," "sovereign cordials" and the like nostrums; but all these impostors disappeared as the plague increased, for they either fled or succumbed to it themselves.

At the beginning of May there was a regular rush from London of all that could afford to go; the streets were choked with streams of carriages, carts, horsemen, foot passengers, all hurrying into the country with their goods. It was computed that about 10,000 houses were left deserted by their inhabitants. A great many sought shelter in ships, which were moored in the middle of the Thames, the forest of masts reaching nearly down the river; and in these ships were very few cases (and those of persons infected previously), which showed that the infection was not in the air, as some contended, but was conveyed by personal contact.

In the midst of this exodus of panic there were some noble spirits who did not join it, but remained at their posts and did their utmost to preserve order, relieve distress, and see that every available means were taken to stem the current of the pestilence. The Lord Mayor, Sir John Lawrence, with his Sheriffs, Sir George Waterman and Sir Charles Doe, were unceasing in their efforts. The streets were kept clean; all rubbish was carted away at once; no unwholesome fish, meat or vegetables allowed to be sold; and sanitary precautions, which are now habitually taken as a matter of

course, were then hastily resorted to in the eager, but apparently unavailing effort to check the progress of the disorder. The magistrates of the outer parishes also remained at their posts, and worked as bravely and steadily as the city officials.

One regulation caused a great amount of murmuring and discontent; it was the shutting up of infected houses. When the plague appeared in any house, a large red cross and the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us," were painted on the door, and a watchman was appointed to see that no one, save doctors and nurses, went in or out of the house for the space of four weeks; food being supplied to the inmates by these watchmen. No burial was allowed to take place in the day; indeed, by this time, single burials with funeral ceremonies had quite ceased, for neither grave-diggers nor coffin-makers could keep pace with their work. Large pits were dug, and the dead-carts went about the streets at night, the driver ringing a bell and uttering the mournful cry, "Bring out your dead." The bodies were carried out, wrapped in sheets and rugs, and placed in the cart. When it was quite full, it was driven to the churchyard, and the ghastly load was shot into the pit as a load of stones is shot by the road-side; earth was hastily shovelled over the heap, and in this way tens of thousands were laid in their last rest. The poor stricken wretches who had escaped from the town too late, and breathed their last in country lanes and fields, had more solitary but not more hallowed graves. When a corpse was found lying under a hedge, the frightened country people would dig a hole some way off, and then with long poles (taking care to keep on the windward side) would push the body in, and throw in earth from a distance till it was covered.

It was not alone the fear of death that was so appalling, but the dreadful torture of the disease.

It declared itself by a swelling in some part of the body, usually under the arm, or in the neck or groin, and the pain was agonising. If the places could be got to break outwardly there was a chance of recovery, if they discharged inwardly the case was hopeless.

One precaution that was taken in London was to kill the domestic animals; 40,000 dogs, and about five times as many cats, were slaughtered, and poison was laid for the rats and mice.

It might have been thought that there would have been difficulty in supplying the stricken town with provisions, and that famine would be added to the other horrors, but, owing to the admirable way in which the civic authorities did their duty, it was not so.

Care was taken that sufficient bread was baked every day, and the country people brought in other provisions freely. When it became dangerous to keep the markets open, the Lord Mayor had the farmers' wives stopped outside the town, and they sat by the way-side with their wares. People did not touch one another if they could help it; the buyer would stand at a distance and bargain for the poultry, vegetables, &c.; he would then take up his purchase himself, putting the money for it into a basin of vinegar.

Of course trade in the town was at a standstill, and the destitution caused by the almost complete cessation of employment would have been dreadful but that the stream of charity flowed unceasingly, and ample funds were placed at the disposal of the Lord Mayor and his able associates, for whom no word of praise is too high for their conduct during this fearful time. Besides these gallant gentlemen, there were two other classes whose conduct shone out brightly; the doctors and the ministers of religion. Some few there were of both professions who yielded to overwhelming terror and fled, but the majority remained firm to their posts.

Physicians fell and died in the act of prescribing for their patients; clergymen whispered consolation to sufferers, knowing that the dreaded tokens were on themselves; but still as brave men fell, others took up the work with the quiet heroism of

Englishmen, and still the desperate battle went on. Churches were kept open for daily prayer, and Churchmen and Nonconformists laid aside their differences, and worked zealously and cordially together. Every pulpit that became vacant found some devoted minister of Christ to step into it, and

"Preach as dying, to dying men."

And still, as the days rolled on, and the summer sun poured its rays down, ever hotter and hotter on the festering city, the bills of mortality rose, and it seemed as if all within it must be doomed.

Let any one who knows London streets now—the pavement thronged with foot-passengers, the roadway with vehicles—the shop windows gay with their wares—an ever-moving stream of humanity, which with all its varied interests, pleasures and occupations, possesses one sentiment in common, a feeling of security—contrast all this with the scene London presented in August 1665.

Grass was growing in the principal thoroughfares; shops were shut, for there were none to buy, and very few to sell; no vehicles of any kind to be seen, save here and there a cart laden with provisions, or a physician's coach. The few people who were abroad walked in the middle of the street to avoid infection from the houses, and, looking all dazed and terror-stricken, hurried to their destination, carefully keeping from contact with one another. Sometimes a poor wretch escaped from a plague house, would run shrieking in agony down the street, to fall dying at length, and men would hurry by with look askance, not attempting the succour which would probably be unavailing, and only result in their own destruction.

Or Solomon Eagle, the Quaker, would stalk by, almost naked, a pan of burning charcoal on his head, giving forth his weird, monotonous cry, "Woe to this wicked city!" No sound of business—no sound of pleasure—in some streets utter stillness, for no one was left to make lamentation; in others, yells and shrieks from the plague houses which made the blood of the hearer grow cold.

And still the tide of the pestilence rose and rose, until it was impossible to keep an accurate account of the deaths, the officials whose duty it was to do so being swept away like the rest. According to the official returns the deaths, during the nine weeks the plague was at its height, were at the rate of 1000 a day, but it was computed that from 1500 to 1700 was nearer the mark, for it was impossible to obtain complete accuracy of return; "the people died in heaps, and were buried in heaps!"

On the Thursday in the third week in September the weekly bill was higher than ever—8297; nevertheless one of the doctors gave it as his opinion that the plague was abating; asked on what he grounded this, seeing that the return was higher than ever, he replied that people were beginning to recover. According to the number ill, the deaths should have been 20,000 instead of 8000, but whereas at first only one in five recovered, he now perceived that only two in five died, therefore he judged that the malignity of the disease had spent itself and the crisis was over—and so it proved. The returns sank by over 1000 a week, til there was no longer any doubt.

Strangers greeted one another in the street with beaming faces, "Have you heard the good news? The weekly bill is a thousand less!" "God be praised!"

In November those who had fled began to return, and though numbers still sickened, recovery became the rule instead of the exception. The disease lingered on for a long time, with occasional outbreaks here and there, but the worst was over, and in the next year the Great Fire which destroyed the picturesque beauty of the town, did, with the beauty, destroy so much that was noxious and unhealthy that the foremost city of the world has never again been—and God grant that it may never be—visited by such a scourge as the Plague of 1665.

The Big White Diver and the Gay Young Porpoise

By the Rev. John Scoular Thomson, M.A.

"POOCH!" puffed the Gay Young Porpoise, rolling up a black nose and shoulder-fin out of the dark green water and down again, scarce a stone-throw from the grim grey Head of Garroch.

"Peek! Peek!" shrilled the Big White Diver, sailing out of the Hawk's Neb where against the sharp red rock a moment since you would have taken him for a streak of snow the May sun had not yet touched.

It was a fresh spring morning with a snell breeze blowing up firth; no kind of wind for an empty stomach to be in, coming up all the way over the bare and hungry sea with nought save the barren craig of Ailsa standing lone and grey between it and the green hills of Ulster.

The Big White Diver has such an easy masterful gait on the wing that you might fancy him monarch of all he surveys. But the real master sits far in the rock there, where you cannot see her, and it is she, with her petulant voice, is driving him out to foray this fine morning.

It is our Diver's way from a height of two hundred feet or so of air, with that piercing eye of his, to single out his fish in the black water below, shut up his wings as you would a fan, put out his neck stiff and straight, and fall a very bolt from the blue on its defenceless head. But even that eye, the eye that cleaves the blackest deeps of the sea like a scimitar, is at fault to-day, for the early ripple is puzzling, and so far the morn has been fishless for him.

So the Diver greeted the sudden puff of the Porpoise with a cry of shrill joy, for 'tis an old maxim of his that where the Porpoise is, there are the fish gathered together.

The Porpoise too was seeking his food from God, and a keen day it was for the business. For the last hour and more he had been chasing a small shoal up and down, in and out of Kilchattan. But so sharp were they that time and again he was nonplussed and outwitted on the very edge of success. As soon as ever by dint of infinite exertion he got his eager nose near the tails of them, they gave one simultaneous kick of contempt, whisked round with brisk unanimity, doubled before he knew where he was, circled in all directions, leaving him gaping foolishly at nothing, snuffing at vacancy, blundering about in the swirling water.

Yet he was a pretty fellow, this Gay Young Porpoise, to look at, and no end of a dandy. You would have been impressed by him; the ornamental is always more impressive than the useful. Very proud was he of his fine black and white coat and sprouting moustaches; and not little was the time and care he gave them. There was no sleeker and smoother skin in the firth nor more elegant whiskers sported by any of the porpoise race. But better for him this day had he been mastering the tricks of his trade than licking his fur and curling his hair these past months like the trim coxcomb he was. Better had he been learning to head off the shy herring-shoal and trap the wily whiting than summersaulting in the water while the others were working their day's work. But a fond mother had spoiled him for any useful business.

Had the Big White Diver only known this fellow was no getter of fish he would not have sailed out of the Hawk's Neb so swift and joyous this morning at the sharp stirring of a restless wife. He would have stayed where he was and smiled at the comedy below.

Indeed had our Porpoise gone about his business as he should, he would not have been splashing about the Hawk's Neb now but away with his school, the Old Grey Father leading the way and finding them all a breakfast. But he lingered too long this morning in his snug sleeping-place of soft sea-grass in Bruchag Bay. The young spark

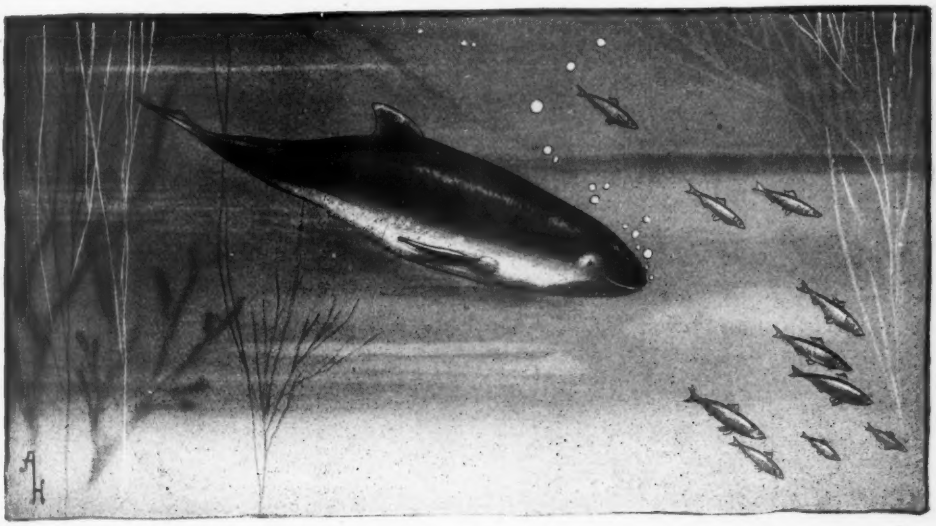
had been out late the night before; and they went without him. He was only in the way at best, and it was easy to forget him. By this time of day they were at the Sannox and all the fish with them. Nought but offscourings were left and even these our friend was scarce nimble enough to take.

The fish—they knew him for a poor blunderer and took their sport of him. They were safe, they told themselves with glee, this morning. The Old Grey Father was miles away; they had seen him go nosing down in front of the school, them slipping after him like a wedge, a little before dawn. Not that he would have troubled with their like at any time; an easy kill was never to his liking. But this maladroit youngster, this popinjay, merely amused them, and all his shifts tickled and did not strain their wits. It was to be a picnic to-day; and the Gay Young Porpoise, like every other young fool, was to pay sad price for his youth and gaiety and neglect of business.

Meantime, while the Porpoise plashed below and the Diver screamed overhead, a duck, oblivious of it all, was contentedly rocking in the Bay of the Glen. He had been out betimes and a cosy nap, head under wing and hunger gone, was his reward. His mate too slept sound in the rushes far up the brook that ripples there through the silver sand so sweetly into the sea.

Ten of the clock on a fresh spring morning and nothing to eat! Up came the Porpoise with an angry puff. He was popping up oftener than strict need be, but his temper was gone and he was so much the more scant of breath. These miserable fish, how he boiled at them, how he blew the foam from his nose and bristled his whiskers in rage! Sprats, and poor even at that, they were diddling him every time. After them he hurled himself ferociously, leaping, splashing, plunging, puffing, swearing, grumping like a pig, swirling like a hippopotamus, tearing the water like the prow of a ship. And still their tails wagged and twirled and whisked at his very nose tantalising as ever. Was poor Porpoise in all the history of the tribe of fish ever so badgered?

But if the Porpoise was impatient, still more so was the Big White Diver, worked



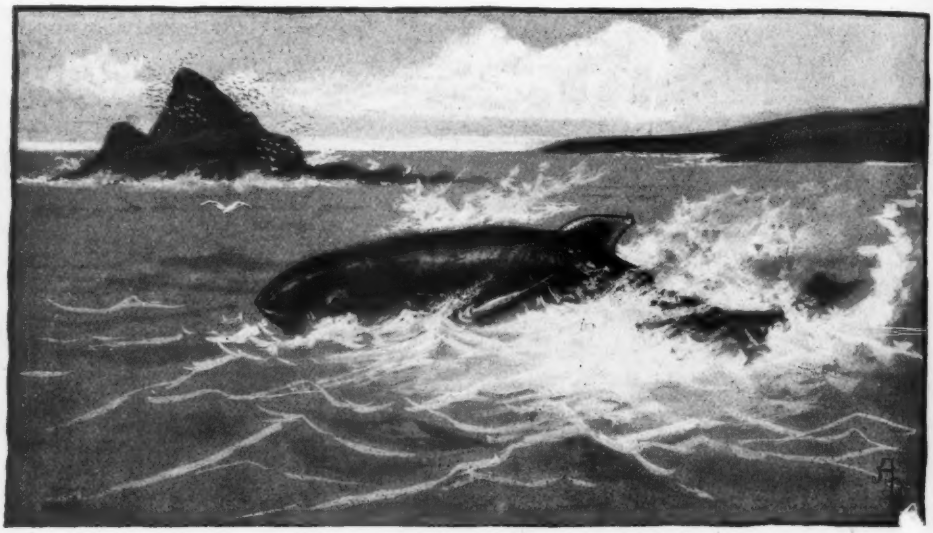
After them he hurled himself ferociously, leaping, splashing, plunging, puffing, swearing, grumping like a pig, swirling like a hippopotamus, tearing the water like the prow of a ship

up and incited thereto by a savage wife, whose babies were fiercely clamorous. Overhead he raged and screamed, going round in great swooning circles, soaring grandly with strong white wings outspread and vicious beak stiff in front, waiting for the fish to show, the one fierce plunge into black water and the crowning stroke.

But the fish are not to come up at his call, and the Gay Young Porpoise has no skill to drive them, though he knows his best way is to get his fish between him and the top of the water, judge his distance and make the finishing lunge. For when the fish go slinking into the crevices of rock, he must give over the chase; his nose is too blunt to search them out. If our Porpoise had had a mate now, he had made better speed of it, for then the prey might have been taken between two fires. But when there is but one to hunt, and none too skilful at that, the fish have all the odds and take their day's fun.

And so it was to-day. The Big White Diver rose and fell, and swung on the breezes, now up in the sky a white spot against the blue, now down on the sea skimming the waves like a stray spindrift caught by the gust, his hard-set eye piercing the black water for sign of quarry. The Porpoise burst up to blow off his rage and splash down again in a fury encouraged by the wild scream of the bird overhead.

Of all places the Porpoise loves best to work in a narrow strait where he can drive the fish pell-mell to the shut end and snatch a greedy mouthful as they double back in confusion to the open. That is his surest way. But next best is a twelve-fathom bank fifty yards or so from shore. There he can nose along the bottom, and send the fish scudding up within certain reach of the final dart.



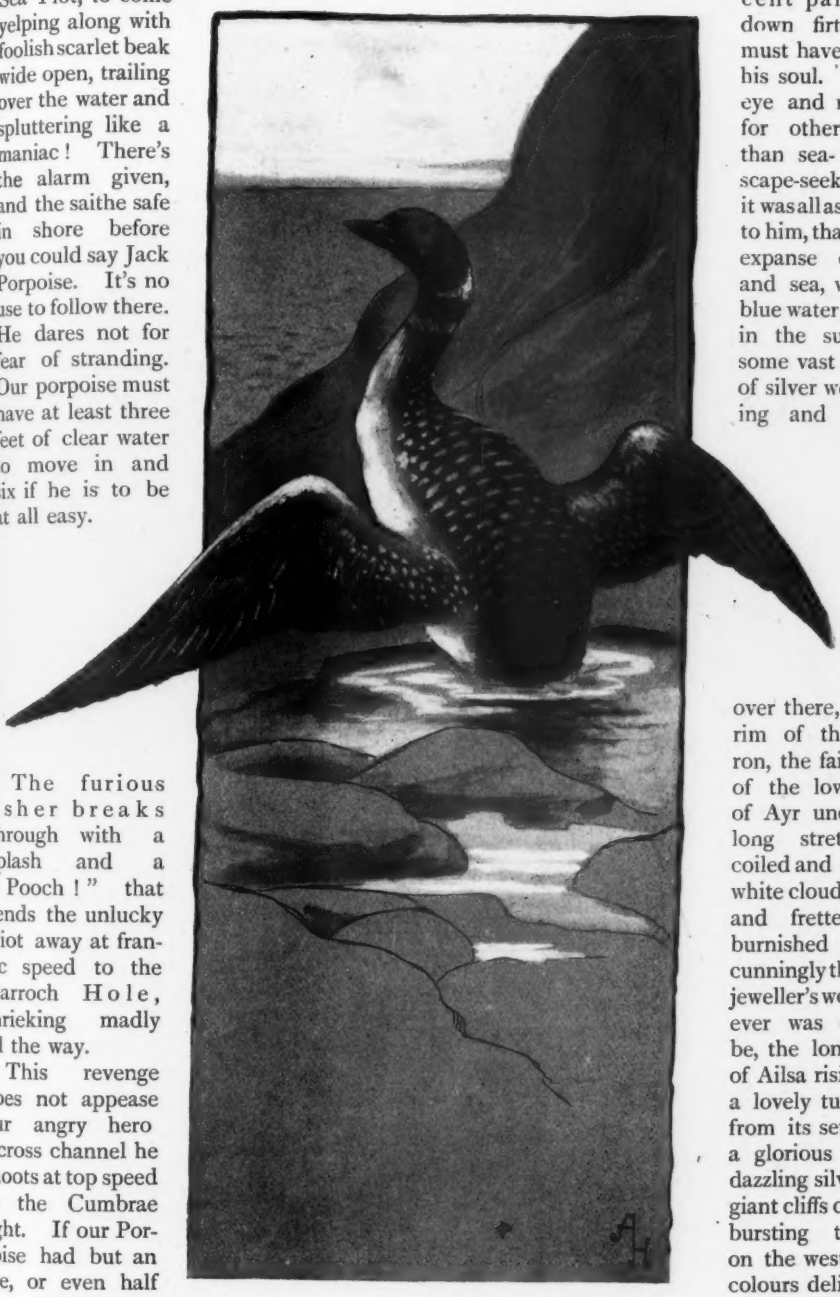
Across channel he shoots at top speed to the Cumbrae light

The Red Bank that ran from the Sheep's Ree to the Hawk's Neb was just the spot for this; and down he went, nosing eagerly in front with the sanguineness of his scanty years.

Ware, my fine fellow! There just above you hangs an incautious saithe, its fins pulling back and forwards, a few feet under surface. Gently, gently under that trail of seaweed and one upward leap does it!

Confound it, what can it mean, that gaping

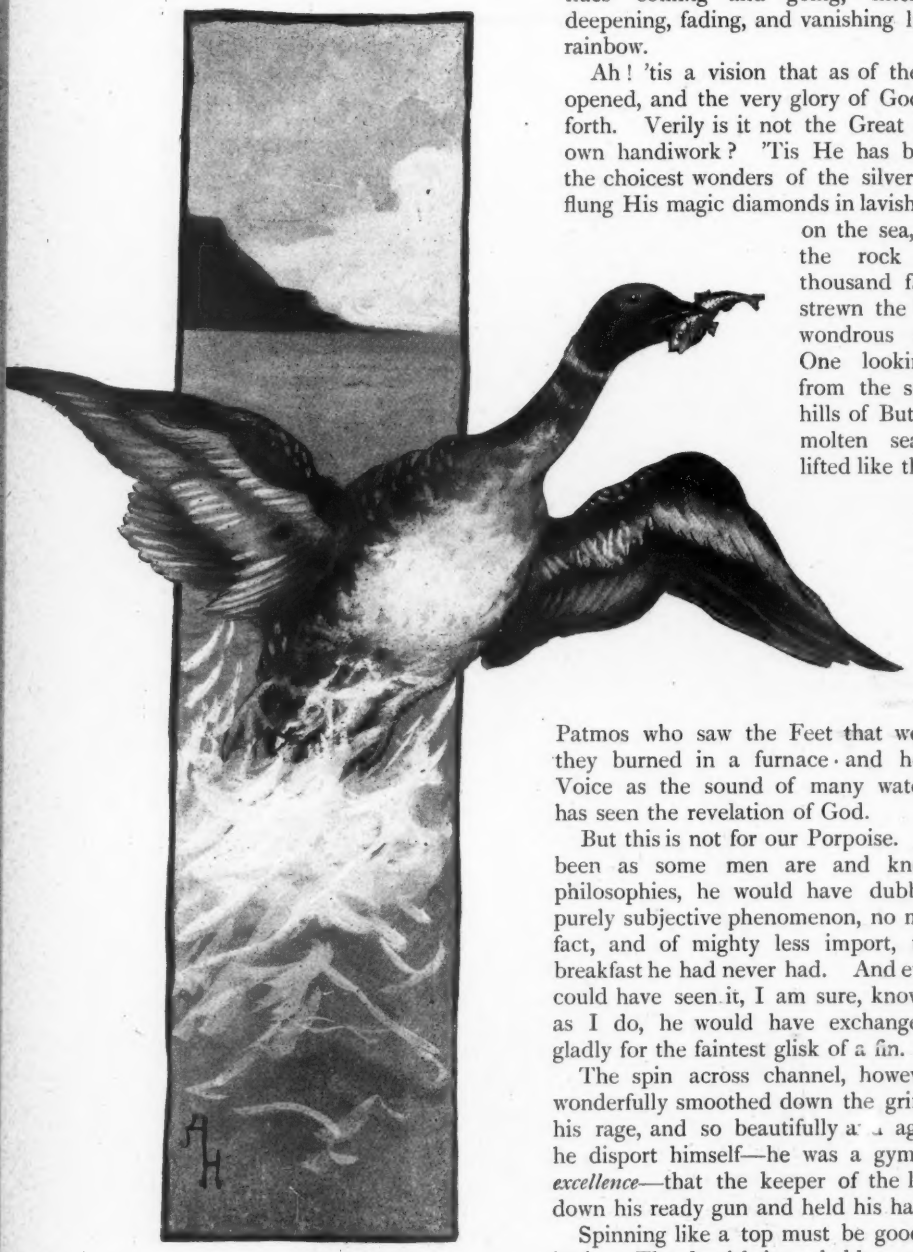
Sea Piot, to come yelping along with foolish scarlet beak wide open, trailing over the water and spluttering like a maniac! There's the alarm given, and the saithe safe in shore before you could say Jack Porpoise. It's no use to follow there. He dares not for fear of stranding. Our porpoise must have at least three feet of clear water to move in and six if he is to be at all easy.



The Big White Diver saw the coming splash, brightened up, perked his head jauntily, and spread his wings

The furious fisher breaks through with a splash and a "Pooch!" that sends the unlucky Piot away at frantic speed to the Garroch Hole, shrieking madly all the way.

This revenge does not appease our angry hero Across channel he shoots at top speed to the Cumbrae light. If our Porpoise had but an eye, or even half a one, for beauty now, that magnificent panorama down firth there must have glutted his soul. But his eye and nose are for other things than sea- or landscape-seeking; and it was all as nothing to him, that mighty expanse of land and sea, with the blue water rippling in the sun as if some vast caldron of silver were boiling and spilling over there, for the rim of the caldron, the faint grey of the low Land of Ayr under the long stretch of coiled and massed white cloud, curled and fretted and burnished more cunningly than any jeweller's work that ever was or will be, the lone craig of Ailsa rising like a lovely turquoise from its setting in a glorious sea of dazzling silver, the giant cliffs of Arran bursting through on the west, their colours delicate as a dream, a marvellous mosaic of



Then a fierce flapping of mighty wings beating the water into foam

hues coming and going, interchanging, deepening, fading, and vanishing like a fairy rainbow.

Ah! 'tis a vision that as of the heavens opened, and the very glory of God showing forth. Verily is it not the Great Jeweller's own handiwork? 'Tis He has beaten out the choicest wonders of the silver heavens, flung His magic diamonds in lavish handfuls on the sea, chiselled the rock into its thousand facets and strewn the land with wondrous emeralds. One looking south from the soft green hills of Bute on that molten sea is uplifted like the Seer in Patmos who saw the Feet that were as if they burned in a furnace and heard the Voice as the sound of many waters. He has seen the revelation of God.

But this is not for our Porpoise. Had he been as some men are and known the philosophies, he would have dubbed it a purely subjective phenomenon, no more of a fact, and of mighty less import, than the breakfast he had never had. And even if he could have seen it, I am sure, knowing him as I do, he would have exchanged it all gladly for the faintest glisk of a fin.

The spin across channel, however, had wonderfully smoothed down the grimness of his rage, and so beautifully and agilely did he disport himself—he was a gymnast *par excellence*—that the keeper of the light laid down his ready gun and held his hand.

Spinning like a top must be good for the brain. The dervish is probably not the fool we take him for. At any rate a fresh thought struck the Gay Young Porpoise as he spun—why not try the Bay of the Glen?

The keeper rose to shoot, but the Porpoise was away like an arrow due west.

In the Bay of the Glen the stupidest member of the porpoise breed could have done something; and our friend was hopeful. The island in the centre, cursed of unwary fishermen, invisible save at half-tide, cut the bed of it in two and was a citadel of refuge for fish. He had but to drive up one channel, send the fish scurrying round, wheel, and come stealing back to gulp them as they shot out the other channel in their fear.

As he clove his way across firth towards his ground, marking his course at swift intervals by sudden streaks of foam, the Big White Diver who had been sitting crooning melancholy on the Glen Rock, not daring to go home to his termagant, thinking the Porpoise gone and no prospect of a bite, saw the coming splash, brightened up, perked his head jauntily, and spread his wings.

At the mouth of the bay the Gay Young Porpoise paused, pirouetted—he could not help displaying a little even now, then up the left channel, as the out-tide was now running strong and would bring the fish south. The Diver hung overhead breathless, his beak very stiff and straight.

The attack developed quickly. One great gulp of air, then a floundering splash and swift plunge straight to the bottom. Out shot the scared fish from their nooks and up the bay in a flash pell-mell to seek a panic-stricken way out.

Now was the crisis of the move. He must send them swinging round to pour out in a long train by the other channel; yet not pursue so far that when he wheeled to intercept the rush, he should be too late to meet them sweeping through the narrows. That was the dilemma, and like another Hamlet he hesitated. A mind surer of itself and a keener spirit would have gone straight at it, hit or miss.

He hung a moment undecided in the south channel after his noisy plunge. Then he started—what if even now they were pouring out the other side and safe in open sea? Back and round at full speed. Not a fin frisked in the north channel. Lobsters and crabs! he had not driven them far enough. That moment's indecision had done it. They would be doubling and out at the old place. Verily the Prince of Denmark is no model for a man of affairs, still less for a hungry Porpoise.

Whish, round he went distracted—and, sure enough, a stream of fish shooting out the south channel before his very nose! He raced with open mouth, snapped and missed, coming up to breathe with a vicious grunt, while the waiting Diver screamed disgust.

As he turned on his side to dive again, the wrathful fisher's eye caught something which made his teeth snap savagely. Ah, a fish slower than the rest, an unlucky camp-follower, a weak straggler in the rear, not away in time—and between him and the shore too! Steady now! The catch is sure.

The poor fish, it is a small haddock not over brisk, sees its fate and waits. There it lies in mid-water, fascinated by dread of the watching monster, its gills opening and closing spasmodically, its fins quivering ever so little, its tail flickering for fear, its slender frame shuddering piteously.

Down sinks the Porpoise for its dart up. The fish makes a frightened leap and stops. The Porpoise is just underneath now, fierce with the rage of an empty stomach, his jaws greedily agape, his eye bursting ravenously from the socket. One swift rush and all will be over. The haddock shivers and waits.

The rush comes. But just as the Porpoise shoots up with open mouth and straining eye, down from the air above drops something white, so swift and sudden you cannot say what it is. You only see a flash. A report like the bang of a gun, and the startled duck pops out his head and takes to wing. A small whirlpool on the face of the water marks the scene of a mysterious, invisible struggle.

Presently emerges a beak with a haddock held crosswise, the tail still quivering a little. Then a fierce flapping of mighty wings beating the water into foam, and the Big White Diver sails over to the Glen Rock.

Down below in the water there sulks a youthful Porpoise, a white feather grimly stuck between his jaws. The Gay Young Porpoise will never, poor youth, be so gay or so young again.

The Music of Shakespeare

By J. F. Rowbotham, M.A.

Author of "The History of Music"

WE believe that books have been written to prove that Shakespeare knew so much law, that he must have served for many years in an attorney's office; that he was so well acquainted with military tactics, that he must have passed a considerable time of his life as a soldier; that he knew forestry so well, he was certainly a deer-stealer; and finally that his use of quotations from the Bible are so abundant, he must have been among the most learned scholars in Scripture of his age.

In the same way we might set ourselves to prove, if we were disposed to do so, that Shakespeare was at once the most profound theoretical and most skilful practical musician of his time; and we doubt not we should have the same measure of success in our attempt, which has crowned the labours of those indefatigable searchers after truth to whom we have just made allusion.

We do not propose to go so far; but believing that a genius of the first rank is capable of complete intelligence and sympathy with any branch of human energy to which he turns his attention, we will endeavour to show what a very remarkable and extraordinary knowledge of music Shakespeare possessed—and possessed, too, with probably a tithe of the trouble, which it would take an inferior mind with an enormous expenditure of labour to acquire.

The most difficult realm of music for the ordinary outsider to grasp and even in the faintest degree to comprehend is the theoretical side of the art. Practical music lies within the command of many, and "music for the million" may be a really valid expression, since possibly the players of to-day, good, bad, and indifferent, may probably reach that figure. But we venture to say that any superior knowledge of the theory at once distinguishes the musically talented from the mere unthinking or parrot-like amateur, and that not one person in a hundred out of the multitudes who play, deserves or attempts to deserve the compliment that they are theoretical musicians.

What is true to-day was equally true in Shakespeare's time, and at the outset we may remark that Shakespeare was a very good musical theorist. The key to all the musical theory of his day was the hexachord of Guido d'Arezzo—an Italian monk—whose profound musical genius had brought order into the hopelessly entangled music of the early Middle Ages. Sitting in the chapel of his monastery one evening on St. John the Baptist's day, Guido had heard the choir boys singing a Latin hymn in which the first syllable of each line struck a new note of the scale in this way:

Ut queant laxis
*Re*sonare fibris
*Mi*ra gestorum
*Fa*muli tuorum,
Solve polluti
*La*bii reatum.

Proceeding on this hint, he had identified the initial syllables with their musical notes, and in this way invented the "gamut," which ran Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la. The great difficulty, however, for the theoretical musician was to reconcile this gamut of Guido's with the A, B, C, D, of ordinary music, and to secure every time the proper position of the semitone. In order to do so, one had to ring the changes on Guido's gamut in an extraordinary way, which needed a great deal of practice to do it correctly. A person who "could divide his gamut" in the sixteenth century, was reputed a very good musician, and Shakespeare was a past master of the art. Listen to Hortensio:

Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
A re to plead Hortensio's passion,
B mi Bianca take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection.
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I.
E la mi, show pity or I die.

Such was the reconciliation of the gamut of Guido with the ordinary old scale of letters, A, B, C, D, &c., which we are familiar with at present—the point of difficulty ever being to so employ the ut re mi, or fa sol la so as to preserve the proper position of the semitone. Shakespeare has admirably succeeded in "dividing," or, as it was sometimes called, "noting" his gamut. And in *Romeo and Juliet* he evinces the same familiarity with the system of Guido d'Arezzo :

"I will carry no crotchets," says Peter (Act II. scene 5), which is as much as to say, "I will not put up with any of your peculiarities—I will not tolerate your old notation." "I will *re* you, I will *fa* you. Do you note me?"—that is, "I will treat you in the true style of Guido. Do you note me?"

"Yes," reply the musicians, "for if you *re* us and *fa* us you note us"—that is to say, "If you treat us in Guido's style you will divide us like the gamut," or familiarly, "you will knock us all to pieces."

In Shakespeare's time music was one of the master sciences of the day, and formed part of the quadrivium, along with geometry, astronomy and arithmetic, which were called the Physical Sciences, and were reckoned as necessary to the culture of an educated gentleman. He speaks of a professor of music as "a man cunning in music and the mathematics"—therefore more highly cultivated than our professional musician at the present day, who, beyond his art, need not know anything. In the same way the metaphysical conception of music is perfectly well known to Shakespeare, who discourses as freely and beautifully about the Pythagorean harmony of the spheres as he does about the scientific character of the art, or its practical problems, such as the conjugation or notation of the gamut.

According to the Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, the planets and stars, as they wheeled round the sky, made celestial harmony in the air, each heavenly orb being poised in such a manner and placed at such a distance from the other that it poured forth, as it rolled, a harmonious note in concord with that of its neighbouring sphere. The sum total of these sounds formed the harmony of the spheres, which perpetually filled the air with music, but which we, owing to having been accustomed to it from birth, or else to the clogging influence of this garment of flesh which encloses our spirits, are unable in this present life to hear.

"Look how the floor of heaven," says Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice :*

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.

Nevertheless, says Shakespeare elsewhere, on certain occasions the music of the spheres is audible—possibly in moments of overwhelming emotion. Thus Pericles, Prince of Tyre, hears it when he has found his long-lost daughter, and after the joy and rapture of the discovery is sinking overcome with emotion to sleep. On such occasions the soul masters "the muddy vesture of decay," according to Shakespeare, and we can hear this music. Cleopatra searching for a comparison of the most harmonious thing in music, selects the music of the spheres as the most beautiful of all, beyond which nothing is imaginable or possible.

But Shakespeare is not always so impossibly ideal. The height of music, according to him elsewhere, is when "Apollo plays and twenty caged nightingales sing." The caging of nightingales may have been successful in his days, but certainly at present we should say canaries.

Or when

A mermaid on a dolphin's back
Utters such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grows civil at her song,
And stars shoot from their spheres.

This is imaginary music which never can be and never has been. But if we would know Shakespeare's ideal of musical effect, such as we may hear for ourselves, it is

When a fair queen in a summer's bower
Makes ravishing division to her lute.

The music must be soft, for "loud music is

too harsh for ladies' heads," and it must be easy and without effort, or otherwise "it is like the vexed sea singing." It must be "harmonious," "sweet," and "soothing." All this constitutes the true ideal of music to Shakespeare's mind. The more modern conception of the art was very foreign to him. In this sense and in this form, music was the veritable "food of love":

> If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour.

It was a sort of love philtre or "elixir of love" which could be administered like any other medicine, and turn the most obdurate fair into a willing and obedient lover. Says Cloten, in *Cymbeline*, "I am advised to give her music of mornings. They say it will penetrate. Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue, too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er."

In the same way Cleopatra speaks of music as "the moody food of us that trade in love." And Richard III. taunts his brother Edward with "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasings of a lute."

The lute, which was a common instrument in domestic life in Shakespeare's time, was the theorbo or "great lute," the playing of which constituted an almost indispensable ingredient in a young girl's education in those days. It is a strange fact, that he never mentions either the virginals or the spinet, which were played by the ladies of the upper classes in Shakespeare's time—among others by Queen Elizabeth. This is probably because the instruments were in a manner rarities or exotics, and not in general use in the sphere of society in which Shakespeare himself moved.

But if ignorant of or indifferent to the latest inventions of his day in the realm of musical instruments, he was by no means indifferent or obtuse to the very highest and most charming imaginations of musical effect. Probably no poet, no writer in the world has ever imagined such charming and enchanting natural music as Shakespeare has. The imagination, for instance, of a pack of hounds arranged on musical principles, the notes of whose barks were modulated in harmony to each other, so as to form chords and consonances—is unique in poetry and literature. Says Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded: and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
> Judge when you hear.

Similarly the description of the rhythmic rowing of the oarsmen in Cleopatra's barge, who regulated their strokes to the music of flutes, is unparalleled for beauty of conception:

> The oars were silver
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes.

While what music of Nature has ever been so sweetly expressed as the music of the rivulet in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—in language, we may say, almost as harmonious as the murmur itself of the stream:

> He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport to the wild ocean.

With the whole art of the serenader Shakespeare is perfectly familiar. His serenades are in charming taste. In the whole range of music there are no two more beautiful serenades than that in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "Who is Sylvia?" and the serenade in *Cymbeline*, "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." The former has been set to music by the German composer Schubert, the latter by the melodious English Stevens. There is certainly a genuine English ring in the latter, which is absent in the more studied effusion of the German composer. Shake-

speare's words frolic in melody, they float into music as we read them—

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.

This composition is more strictly, however, an Aubade than a Serenade — the former being the melody of the early dawn, the latter of the evening; the Aubade gay, playful and light, like the morning, the Serenade, romantic, melancholy and emotional, like the night; the Aubade typified by the sprightly carols of the lark, the Serenade associated with the mournful melody of the nightingale. "It was the nightingale and not the lark," says Juliet—that is to say, "it is still the time for the serenade, not for the aubade yet." The romantic Juliet has no taste for the blithe and joyous singing of the lark. "Some say," she declares, "that the lark makes sweet division," that it "divides its gamut correctly according to Guido." "But I," she continues, "do not think so. The lark sings out of tune, straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

The instruments which were employed in serenades in Shakespeare's time were chiefly hautboys, because their tone is penetrating, and can carry in the open air.

The old English name for "hautboy" was "wait," and the modern survival of the mediæval serenade are the Christmas Waits, who play outside our windows—though not for love—in the early hours of the morning at Christmas and New Year time. "Christmas Waits" means "Christmas Hautboys;" and here, as so often in musical matters, the name of the instrument is put for that of the player.

Musical instruments are well differentiated in Shakespeare. Trumpets, hautboys and cornets are designated by him as the proper instruments for royal entrances, tuckets, processions, &c. Drums and trumpets, or drums and fifes, are the martial instruments *par excellence*. "The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," are naturally the minstrelsy of the field. "Sound drums and trumpets," "A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!" and hosts of such instances that might be quoted denote that military music then was constituted pretty much as it is now, by brass instruments and drums.

Trumpet, blow loud,

says Æneas in *Troilus and Cressida*,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents.

And elsewhere Shakespeare calls trumpets, "the clamorous harbingers of blood and death."

The same instruments, in less uproarious forms, often then called "the kettle and the trumpet," were used at the banquets of kings.

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down.
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

What they played at each health pledged and drunk, was, in the language of Shakespeare, "a tucket." This "tucket" is simply an anglicised form of what we know now as a "toccata," by which is understood a piece of music of elaborate difficulty and very showy style.

Shakespeare can multiply instruments, and form admirable orchestras and concerts when he likes. "Trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, tabors and cymbals" are sufficient in his opinion "to make the sun dance,"—they form such a good concert. We might say roundly that this expresses his idea of a grand orchestral ensemble; while for a solo performance, with exquisite appreciation he goes to the opposite extreme in music, and finds all the poetry of the art,

When two lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute.

For good and tasteful singing no less than for graceful playing, Shakespeare has profound appreciation. Desdemona sings so beautifully "that she can sing the savageness out of a bear." Another lady's voice when she sings "makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned." The poet would have made a good musical critic, for he objects in one place (*Love's Labour Lost*) to "singing through the nose" — this is a deplorable

French fashion, which is corrupting the good English style of singing. He criticises the attitudes of singers, who in those days apparently had precisely the same faults as at present, "throwing up their eyes" in an affected manner, "turning up their eyelids," "crossing and uncrossing their arms," "interrupting the song with affected sighs" (these faults concern affected and sentimental singers), and likewise (and this touches another class, the careless and ill-mannered vocalist) "singing with their hands in their pockets," and "beating the time of the song with their foot."

History repeats itself in the faults of singers and likewise in another detail or characteristic, which it is odd to find is as old as the days of Shakespeare, and despite its folly has continued from that time until now in unimpaired popularity among the whole tribe of vocalists. When we ask a person to sing at the present day, we are invariably prepared to hear the excuse that the singer has a bad cold. Were it not for this, how pleased they would be to oblige us! Yet, after a world of pressing, they sit down and sing as if nothing were the matter at all. "Hawking and spitting and saying we are hoarse," declares the page in *As You Like It*, "are the preliminaries to many a song, and are generally the prologues to a bad voice."

An instrument which Shakespeare makes very pertinent use of in one place, bringing it on the stage in *Hamlet* and expounding carefully its use, is the recorder. You play it in this way, says Hamlet: "you govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." The "recorder" was the flageolet. It was soft and tuneful in its sound—"flutes and soft recorders," says Milton—and in shape almost identical with the flageolet in use to-day. This we learn from Lord Bacon, who informs us that the recorder had a smaller bore than the flute, and that its tube bulged out towards the top or mouthpiece. Further, the flageolet, unlike the simple pipe, has a hole or stop at the back which is worked by the thumb, while the fingers move on the holes in front. Shakespeare has therefore shown himself a skilled practical musician when in speaking of the recorder he has said, "you govern these ventages with your finger and *thumb*."

In contrast to the above, the simple instruments which accompanied the dances were nearly always the pipe and tabor. And what the dances themselves were in Shakespeare's time may fill our imagination with very pleasing pictures—in the days of our nation when spirits were fresh and blood was young, "when the clime breathed strong invigorating spring."

The happy English of these days were content to foot it in the joy of motion to the strain of a pipe and tabor. And of dances, says Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, there are three kinds—the jig, the minuet, and the cinque-pace. The jig is a hot and hasty dance, the minuet full of state and ceremony, and the cinque-pace a slow, grave dance, more like a walk than a measure. Beatrice compares them respectively to wooing, wedding, and repenting—wooing is hot and hasty like the jig, wedding like the minuet full of ceremony, and repenting as dolorous and sad as the steps of the cinque-pace.

These represent the dances of the upper classes in Shakespeare's time, and to these the accompaniment was aways the pipe and tabor. In the best society they seemed to wish no other. "My friend Claudio," says Benedick, "is changed indeed. I have known the time when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; but now he had rather hear the tabor and the pipe." That is, he would rather dance than go to the wars.

But if such simple instruments pleased the upper classes in our poet's day, if we pass to the peasantry we shall find a still more primitive taste prevail. And we may be surprised to hear that an instrument, which is now nearly always identified with Scotland, was then common all over England. The bagpipe was a great favourite with the rustics at wakes, weddings, fairs and merry-makings. Its chief home was Lincolnshire, so that Falstaff alludes to "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe." But all over England it was to be found, because it was the instrument of the jongleurs or wandering minstrels,

who used hugely to delight the common people by having their bagpipes made in eccentric shapes, sometimes with the bag in the shape of a large snake or sausage which wound round the body of the minstrel, and turned about grotesquely with every motion of his limbs; sometimes in the actual and primitive shape of the pig which contributed the skin, with head, feet and legs appearing on the sack. This furnished unfailing amusement to the bystanders.

But there was still another instrument, of yet simpler character, which we to-day associate with negro performers, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted—the bones! The "corner man" of the Christy Minstrels, who rattles his grotesque and osseous castanet, is therefore no innovator in the time-honoured realm of musical instruments, nor is his instrument the peculiar property of liberated slaves and untutored blacks. Many a time, no doubt, has Shakespeare listened to its primitive clatter, and witnessed its popularity among a certain class of hearers. So that most appropriately in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when all sorts of musical delights are offered for the delectation of Titania's strange lover, honest Bottom rejects them with contempt, declaring that for his part he would prefer "the tongs and bones."

So familiar and sympathetic was Shakespeare with the entire range of musical art—with the concerts of kings and with the minstrelsy of clowns. His appreciation was as wide and universal in music as in the other spheres of life and thought with which his genius is more generally concerned. The science he knew well; with the art in all its forms he was perfectly acquainted, was peculiarly sensitive to all its effects, and could enjoy and see the merit of the plain and rude no less than of the intricate and refined. Nay, not the art of music alone, but the whole range of the music of nature he has conned and observed, and expressed its chief beauties in his poetry. We have heard already his delightful descriptions of the melodies of the lark and of the nightingale, of gurgling streams, of the harmony of the spheres—and these we might multiply through the whole space of nature.

"The birds chant melody on every bush" he says in one of his happy moods. He laughs at "the chattering pies;" he sighs at "the raven's dismal note;" he listens entranced when "the bumble bee full merrily doth sing;" and a still more primitive minstrel he apostrophises—

> Poor harmless fly!
> That with thy pretty buzzing melody
> Came here to make us merry.

Nothing is forgotten—from the music of a fly to the music of angels—

> Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

to the music of the spheres or music of the universe, "that celestial harmony we go to," "which the fingers of the powers above do tune"—such is the exceeding width of the conception of music in our great bard! And in complete and perfect appreciation of all the gradations of nature and art which lie between these two extremes, therein consists "The Music of Shakespeare."

Things and other Things

The Comparative Influence of Literature and Art in Modern Life

THE papers sent in on this subject are scarcely up to the high level of the previous two or three months, and the judges have had some difficulty in placing them in order of merit. However, after very careful examination it has been decided to award the first prize of £2 to B. K. C. Thirlwall. The second prize of £1 goes to "Connla," and the third of 10s. to "San Remo." The successful papers are published below:

1. BY B. K. C. THIRLWALL

ONE seldom takes up a newspaper or a magazine nowadays without finding in it one advertisement at least of a series of the world's classics, of reproductions of the works of great masters, or of little books on art—all of which may be purchased very cheaply. So universal is the desire of each publisher to supply the public with what stands in the front rank in literature or art that the question naturally arises, how far does the demand respond to the supply? If one goes further into the matter or demands what is the influence of the cheap and constant supply of good books on those who purchase them, one is face to face with a very interesting question and comparison. The world has known many a time when the folk in one of its corners have been dominated by art or literature; but it has known no age when books were cheaper than they are at present, the opportunities for studying art more frequent, and when the art of reading was more widely diffused. We have only to glance at the numbers of municipal art galleries and reference libraries, the frequent loan collections of objects of art; yes! even the polytechnic tours abroad, to emphasise this fact. It is not a waste of time to try to estimate, however inaccurately, the comparative influence of art and literature in modern life; first postulating that by art we mean pictures, by literature, books. It is at once apparent that the present generation is one that reads; and, judging by all ordinary everyday tests, one that reads the classics of literature, as well as all that ephemeral reading matter to be found in such abundance on railway bookstalls. In short, literature is to be obtained everywhere, and all classes spend a certain proportion of their income on reading matter. It is interesting to see how reference and free libraries are being increased in number, and not at all discouraging to notice that the artisan or lower-middle classes, accustomed as they are to the excitement and publicity of life in a large town, read more novels than solid books. One cannot yet estimate the effect of this reading on them. But it is easier to estimate the effect of reading on the upper-middle class, for, after all, it is they who are affected most of all by the spirit of this age—an age of inquiry. We would all fain know what others have thought of the problems which now confront us. Every schoolgirl is taught to read Emerson and study her own mental development. We go down to the poorer parts of a town to read Chaucer or William Morris to the people who dwell there, and to found debating societies in which we may discuss with them the views of Shakespeare, Ruskin, Tolstoy, or Kropotkin. In every rank of life new and wide vistas of thought are opened out by what we read; for with all these opportunities for obtaining books come opportunities for learning how to understand them (*e.g.*, university extension lectures, one among many such schemes).

In fact, literature is brought into our daily life, and there is hardly a place out of reach of a large supply of the best books, and of a chance of having some of them explained.

To be able to appreciate good books certain training is necessary for all of us, even the best educated; still more necessary is such training for the understanding and appreciation of pictures.

Art (a word which comes from the Latin, meaning skill) has in it an idea of resource or power of discrimination; to be able to discriminate as to the skill of a piece of work one must have cunning, one must have *knowledge*. It is easier to read what others have put into words than to estimate the thought expressed in a picture. It is true that before people could read they were taught by pictures, but this was before the world had lost the power of finding out a picture's meaning for itself without the aid of books. Any one who has travelled to foreign picture galleries has been worried by the unobservant of his kind, who stand before such a picture as the *Venus Anadyomene*, read papers or the guide-book's description of it, with their eyes glued to the book from which they are reading, and then, with hardly a glance at the picture itself, fly on to the next marked by Baedeker with an asterisk. No one, of course, denies that a good deal of knowledge is required for the study of art.

Art, like literature, to be understood must be everywhere—if we find books at a railway-station, why not frescoes? We make some attempt at art in our advertisement posters, which tell their straightforward tale in a straightforward manner. Are people influenced more by what they see, or by what they read? There may be, indeed, must be, two views of art: one which regards it as an agreeable part of life to render life's way more pleasant; like a novel at the end of a hard day's work: the other, which regards art as the door to an enchanted land, a stimulating, cheering, comforting and illuminating country, where one may find rest from the many problems of this complex life of ours, peace from the struggles of our complex nature.

To all those who have found their way through that door art is a real influence, a real straightener of the crooked paths. The more we feel the difficulties and the questions of life, the more we appreciate the help that a great picture can give us.

Again, to estimate even partly the influence of art on our modern life we must turn to city art galleries and their contents; and so far, it is but fair to say, that they appeal more to those who regard art as a pleasant thing in life—in fact, those to whom a picture should tell a story. It will take time to teach us how to appreciate pictures; at present we are more influenced by an exaggerated kind of art, intense colours, fierce passions, than by the soberer, allegorical work of such a painter as the late G. F. Watts. We shall appreciate such work when we have learnt to use our eyes once more, and to understand a painter's language better.

We are beginning, and only beginning, as a community, to learn how to grasp, how to apprehend, the thoughts of others. It will take time for us to learn to discriminate or to estimate the resource of others in their work. Till we have done this literature must always have a greater influence upon us than art, which has a special language of its own, which needs special study, but which, to those who have found the key and unlocked the door, makes freemen of its wondrous fairy-land. From excursions into that enchanted country we can never but come back strengthened, rested, and enlightened.

2. By "CONNLA"

The scope of inquiry as to the relative influence of literature and art in modern life is so wide that it must be narrowed to one nation before any justice can be done it within the limits imposed. Peoples vary as much as individuals in temperament and artistic impulse; and where almost every movement and circumstance of the Latin races is tinctured by the influence of art, in England it has been until lately viewed as something effeminate yet subversive in its tendencies, and has inspired a half contemptuous dislike. There have been here and there the few "just persons" who might suffice to save us from the fiery judgment due to Philistinism; but such representative books as Thackeray's indicate the attitude taken by the educated classes so late as mid-Victorian times. Clive Newcome takes to the brush, and the Colonel sighs, while Barnes smiles superior. The beef-eating, beer-drinking Briton thought it all unpleasant trifling; artists, fiddlers and such long-haired gentry were not to his taste, and he had little patience with them, and small

reverence for their incomprehensible ways. It may be said truly enough that the English-speaking races of the early part of the last century were immune to artistic influences. They wore their terrible garments, they lived in their terrible houses, and ate their appalling dinners with perfect self-gratulation and propriety, and if there were any murmurs of doubt those who emitted them were denounced as Bohemians, underminers of the fabric of society, who actually believed that the gospel of beauty and worth had not been committed on tables of stone to the sole custody of the English people.

Then came the revulsion — the ample revenge prepared for these nonconformists. A young man of uncomfortable Italian antecedents, whose shock of hair alone was calculated to excite suspicion in an orderly mind, arose and founded a school of painting alien to every canon of British approval. Neglect and contempt were poured upon the Pre-Raphaelites, and in vain. For a terrible thing happened. They cast their glamour over the young ladies, who, in sprigged muslin, timid, blooming, guiltless of opinion, had followed their parents' lead hitherto, and art became the fashion. These maidens developed mystic tendencies; they cultivated long throats with a pathetic droop aside, and the well-fed roundness of the Leech type disappeared in favour of the ivory cheek with a delicate hollow in its midst, and pensive shadows under the grey eyes. Papa's drawing-room was filled with these disquieting pictures. If he hated them no one listened to him when he said so. His flowered carpets, his rep armchairs, damask curtains, marble and gilt tables were torn away; while fabrics of dreamy hue surrounded him, and he was enthroned on such a wooden seat as might have figured in the house-place of his Saxon ancestors, if he ever (good soul!) had had any ancestors to speak of.

So the tide of art submerged England after the long glacial period, and to-day we have not only a National Gallery, but a Royal Academy (much visited by fashionable persons), and trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, who provide us yearly with beautiful, imperishable samples of national talent. But is this a pose, or is it really the language in which the genius of the race speaks—not only in a master here and there, but in the common life of the people? The answer is not far to seek. Not late in its history and not thus does a nation develop an innate gift. The self-conscious stage of civilisation is reached, where we know (as educated people should) what is the right thing to profess on proper occasions, and we do it with the best grace we can filch from the peoples that are to the manner born.

The Japanese can set a flower or two in a slender vase, and behold a picture! We contrive wires warranted to keep flowers upright as if they were growing; we stand them in a Liberty pot, and behold a very colourable imitation. The châtelaine of some sea-swept castle in Brittany kept her marriage robes in a gravely carved and ciphered chest, and the lady of the Brixton villa has an oak box (warranted antique) in the nine-foot hall to hold her paper lamp-shades and "Oriental" table-centres. On the marble floors of an Indian palace lie the exquisite colours of an old Persian carpet—a delight to the eye. That is not for us, but at least we can imitate it with jute rugs patterned with really charming aniline dyes. The little hot drawing-rooms overflow with ornament—two-franc lamps (never lit) from Bruges, where they once glimmered on some lovely dusky interior; five-shilling reproductions of iridescent glass from the desecrated tombs of Egypt; cheap lacquer and china, which an avenging East pours into the bosom of its conquerors. We must surely be artistic when we take such pains to assimilate other people's ideas and set our own house in order?

Alas, no! It is but a pose when all is said and done. We forget the painfully acquired attitude in moments of stress, and act quite independently of its borrowed graces. With literature we are on very different ground. What art is to the Latins, literature is to the English—a national birthright; and all the tributary streams which have gone to make the race have swelled the current. In Alfred and the Saxon Caedmon the impulse is seen. The Norman brought the chivalric ballad—the speed and fire of the "Roman de Rou";

the Celt, the dreamy mysticism that hovers and poises over the choice of a word as if it were in itself something sacred and precious. And the river in which so many waters run carried the spirit of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton — and, supremely above all — the English Bible, to the ends of the earth.

To say how profoundly modern times are influenced by literature is to search through the whole fabric of the country's life. No Englishman is what he would have been had these things not existed.

Eliminate Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and even the great landscape painters, from the race, and we lament for possessions in themselves beautiful and not to be replaced. But eliminate Shakespeare, or the English Bible, and the national character is changed. Every newspaper article, every speech of all but the utterly uneducated, has its strands woven of the great influences of the noblest literature in the world. Let us point to the latest and most virile of our writers—what does not Kipling owe to the one and the other? As wine spilt in water colours it through every drop, so it is with the power of literature in modern times. It cannot be over-rated, for it is universally pervasive. It gives the orator his dangerous influences; it is the strength of a Press which has not yet comprehended its mighty mission.

3. By "SAN REMO"

Before attempting to estimate the influence of either art or literature in modern life, with a view to institute a comparison between them, it is necessary to look for a moment at modern life itself. That the present is a materialistic age, a day of mediocrity, has been declared so frequently and so emphatically that the statement is becoming almost a platitude. Of its truth we must leave future generations to judge, since for them the distance of years will have brought the scene into proper focus; and time, the one impartial umpire, will have decided who were the great men of this as of every century. To the blindness rather than the ingratitude of his country is surely due the fact that many a man whom we now name illustrious perished in want and obscurity. In the meantime we may console ourselves with the hope, that even if a general level seem to be the most marked feature of our day, it is at least possible that that general level is a higher one than that of any preceding age.

When this is allowed, however, we can hardly deny that modern life, as we see it around us, is not the life most likely to be influenced by the arts to a very great extent. Never has it been so necessary

> . . . to keep the nerves at strain,

never has life, with all its imperative needs, with all its artificial demands, pressed more heavily upon men and women, rich and poor, alike. In the midst of a state of things such as this, we may rather wonder that art and literature continue to have any influence at all, than that that influence is not greater or more wide spreading.

It will probably be conceded by most people that, in addition to the disadvantages of outward circumstances, art is handicapped to a far greater extent than literature by limitations arising from her own nature. Art is not, perhaps cannot be, within the reach of every one in the ordinary sense of the word; she has not the power to permeate every stratum of modern society which literature now derives from public libraries and sixpenny editions. It is true that the number of free picture galleries is increasing, and it is perhaps unfair to attempt to estimate their influence. It is only possible to speak of what one has personally seen, however; and, as one who has assisted more than once at a loan exhibition in a very poor and sordid part of South London, I honestly believe that a free gallery is almost useless unless there is a guide to explain the pictures and to answer questions.

Even then it is not the canvas which the critic hails with delight, the master work of a master hand, that appeals to the people; it is emphatically the picture "with a story." It is *not* the subtler beauties of art; the mute but all-pervading harmony, the inexplicable but most potent influence of colour and form, which attract the ordinary spectator. To his everyday life all this is foreign, vague, unreal. His existence is too sordid, his mind too narrow, his whole outlook too

circumscribed, for him to be able to understand its meaning. His life is too far removed from the beautiful for stray gleams of beauty to have more than a very transient effect.

If art means no more than this to the great masses of men, what is it to the upper and more favoured ranks of society? With them it is to be feared that the love of art has become, not a natural and almost universal instinct, but a cult, a fashionable hobby for the select few.

The private view at the Royal Academy is generally allowed to be a private view of the latest modes, rather than the latest pictures; and it only needs a short visit on any succeeding afternoon to convince one how few are there from any more serious desire than to be able to say afterwards that they have done their duty in that respect. There is probably a good deal of truth in the remark, "Oh, people do not buy pictures nowadays, and if they do they leave the dealers to choose for them"; while the sketch in "Wormwood" of the artist who committed suicide, leaving his masterpiece inscribed with the words, "Bequeathed to France in exchange for a grave," might furnish food for reflection for English as well as French readers.

A further limitation with which the artist has to contend has been well pointed out by Sir Walter Scott. The writer is able to develop his subject; to lead up to, and prepare his readers for, the consummation of his work. By slow degrees, by a gradual unfolding, he excites interest, and reaches the main crisis of his story, the completion of his thought and purpose. With the artist it is far otherwise. He can but seize upon a single incident and embody it at once. His conception must be presented finished and entire, a single thought which can be interpreted aright only so far a it is a true and convincing representation of his own original idea. As one of the ablest modern essayists has pointed out, a thought rises first in the mind of poet, painter or author; is by him embodied in words or colour; and succeeds or fails according to whether the original idea is repeated or not in the mind of the spectator beholding the finished work. A severe test this for the writer, but a far more difficult one for the artist.

Perhaps the most scathing indictment of modern literature is to be found in a little book entitled "The Egregious English,"—the bitter retort of a Scotchman to an equally bitter attack upon his countrymen. We may or may not agree with the views there brought forward, we are not now dealing with the question of quality, as raised in this or other reviews. It *may* be true that it is possible to put one's finger upon a particular scene as explaining the numerous editions of the majority of successful novels: that few books except novels have much chance of a very extensive sale; and that of those novels, the slightly "risqué" have the best chance of all. It may be true that "style" is becoming a thing of the past, and that the public taste, influenced more and more by continental ideas, has begun to demand, and is rapidly growing accustomed to, a class of literature which would formerly have been branded as "Un-English." The fact remains that literature, such as it is, has an influence to-day greater and more far reaching than ever before. It is literally within the reach of all: it is not handicapped by questions of either locality or cost.

Essay Competition

THIS month we invite readers to send us essays upon "George Sand and her writings."

Essays must not exceed 1400 words, and must be received by September 20, being addressed: Essay Competition, GOOD WORDS, 15, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

The name and address of the writer should be written upon each essay.

Prizes will be awarded for the three essays adjudged to be the best as follows: First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final. The winning essays will be published in the November number.

TEMPTATION

From the Painting in the South Kensington Museum by Smith

Child Models in Paris

By Susanne Eliot

THE door of our studio stood open. It was Monday morning, and our small hallway was crowded with waiting models.

"We come from Colorossis', Signorina. He told us that you were in need of a boy model."

The speaker, a handsome Italian, held a child in his arms. He was followed by his wife and three other children. "The artist" was difficult to please; she had an ideal which no human child seemed to resemble.

"They are too rosy and happy-looking for my 'Homesick Boy.'"

The woman's eyes filled with tears. "We are very poor, Signorina; we have had such bad luck this winter. Each week we go to the Marché des Modeles,* but the students choose the young girls. No one wanted small children. Yet my baby, is it not beautiful?" And she proudly drew back an old shawl which covered the bundle in her arms. Two large, soft, black eyes gazed straight into our own. Then a smile, like a wave of sunshine, dimpled the tiny face. Two small arms were outstretched, and with a faint gurgle "the angel" claimed his own! From that day forth he ruled the studio.

"Be here to-morrow at eight—or why not this afternoon at one? Yes, that is better. I did not want to paint another Madonna, but who could resist that baby!" sighed "the artist" as the door closed on the happy family. "Come, we must run over to Ziegler's and order that frame, and I can get a different sized canvas."

Turning into the street we were stopped by a pleading voice. "Signorina, the concierge would not let me in. She said I was too ragged and would tramp mud all over the stairs. I *did* clean my boots."

* A place where the models congregate on Monday mornings to be inspected by artists and students.

The haggard, emaciated face told its own story.

"You are too sick to pose, my poor child."

"Oh, for the dear Christ's sake say not that, Signorina. I am quite strong," and the boy threw out his little chest, striking a dramatic attitude which would have been laughable had not the pity of it touched our hearts. He turned white, his whole body trembled from the effort.

"Have you no home, no mother?"

"My mother is dead, Signorina, and I live with a man who beats me when I do not get work. For the love of Christ let me pose for you. I will stand very still and make you no trouble."

"You have had no breakfast?" He hung his head in silence.

"Margaret, will you take him up and see if Amélie can give him something?"

"I am not begging, Signorina." But the protest was feeble. Nature was too strong for the boy's pride.

"Of course not, little one; but go and eat, so that we may talk business on my return. His face, his eyes haunt me," said "the artist" that evening. "Yes, he is the model I have been searching for. By the end of two weeks I may have finished 'the angel,' and I hope he will then be strong enough to pose. Meanwhile we cannot let him remain with that dreadful man. Do you think Philomene would take him?"

Philomene was our unfailing helper with the poor. She had six children, but a heart large enough for a hundred. She readily consented to give Domenico a bed on the floor. Living in two rooms, she could do no more. We hardly recognised the boy when, at the end of two weeks, he returned. Fortunately for "the artist," his eyes retained their pleading, sorrowful expression in spite of his rosy cheeks. His gratitude and devotion were boundless, and

Posing for the first time

he faithfully kept his word as to giving the artist no trouble.

"I never saw a child pose as he does; it is really pathetic, and would inspire the veriest dabbler."

That year the "Homesick Boy" won a medal at the Salon.

"Domenico deserves half the honour," said "the artist," "and I mean to have him present at the supper I give my friends."

Proud and happy, in a suit provided for the occasion. Domenico waited on the table and listened to his praises being sung. His reputation was made, and one of the "big men" promised to take him away for the summer. This is often done by rich artists, as there are no trained models in the provinces, and nothing is more fatal to artistic inspiration than "breaking in" new models. In Paris, where children follow the occupation of their parents, one is born a model as he is born a shoemaker or a mason.

"I began to pose when only three days old," said Philomene. "My mother's sister was posing for Monsieur Bouguereau. He wanted her to hold a sleeping child, and she persuaded my mother to let her take me. I slept so soundly that I established my reputation. All the big artists wanted me. Since then I have never been out of work. I have six children of my own, but none of them posed as young as their mother."

In this way the Italian children become wage-earners almost as soon as they are born. When ten days old Jean Baptiste began posing in his mother's arms. He has become so accustomed to having her hold him that now, although a great boy of five, he refuses to keep still in any other position. His poor young mother came to us in despair. She could find no artist willing to paint such a strong, healthy-looking boy sitting on her lap. "Ah, Signorina, if he were only sickly! We could be posed together in a hospital scene! I did go to see Monsieur Geoffray, but he only laughed and said he had no use for such a healthy child. I have no one to leave him with while I am posing, and he will not keep still in the studios. He is an angel, so long as he's in my arms. All the artists say they never had a better model; but put him on the floor and he becomes a little demon!"

Nearly all these models live on the left

A home study

Restless subjects

(From the painting by Miss Nourse

A group of models

bank of the Seine in a small Italian colony. Few Parisians know of its existence, yet these poor people play a most important part in the annual salons. Fabulous prices have been paid for their portraits, some of which adorn the palaces of kings and princes. Endowed with natural grace and beauty, they are the favourite models of the great French artists. During the summer Paris is deserted even by the students, and the models find it difficult to earn their living. The poorer class of French labourers naturally look upon them as intruders, and try to shut them out from every avenue of labour. Their only resource is the making of a kind of frozen custard, which they peddle through the streets. Now in Paris there is a law condemning hucksters to perpetual motion. Only when they have a customer can these poor people stand still!

Conceptione, one of our prettiest little models, was once obliged to take the place of her mother, who was sick, and push the ice-cream cart through the hot streets. The baby had kept her awake all night; she was very tired; no one was in sight, not a soul on the benches under the shady trees! She yielded to temptation, stopped her cart, and sat down. As she could see quite clearly in every direction, she began to feel secure and happy. It was so pleasant sitting watching the river—a gruff voice awakened her, she must go to the police-station and pay a fine. Poor little Conceptione! Her lovely face, bathed in tears, would surely have melted a heart of stone, but a Paris policeman has no heart at all; he is simply a machine, made to obey orders. Filled with terror, Conceptione accompanied him to gaol; her father was sent for, and pawned his watch to pay the fine. For many days our little model went supperless to bed, that the watch might be redeemed.

Italians never cease to be children, and the young mothers who brought their babies to pose for us brought all their cares as well. "We must get home before dark, Signorina. I have no candles, and cannot see to put the children to bed after five o'clock."

"But what will you do all evening, Thérèse?"

"Oh, I go to bed with the children! We have no fire, so I am much warmer in bed."

Toward the end of the month Thérèse invariably arrived, fasting. "I cannot afford to buy food for myself when the rent falls due next week."

Of course we would insist on her breakfasting before she began to pose. One evening she told us that she was to remain home the next day, and we gave her a piece of soap to wash the children's clothes. When she returned she brought the wet clothes in a little push-cart. "I thought you wouldn't mind my hanging them around your stove in the studio, Signorina; they'd never dry in my room such weather as this. They are not very clean," she added, apologetically. "I had to wash them in cold water, as we have no fire."

"The artist" sighed, but resigned herself to the inevitable, and the studio was soon filled with white steam. "Oh, but this is

a fine place for washing!" exclaimed Thérèse, looking admiringly at the fast drying linen.

"Katherine," I hurriedly whispered, "we draw the line at washing! that is not to be done in our apartment."

"Very well, dear, only you must reveal our hardheartedness to Thérèse."

Once the rent was paid, all past misery was forgotten. Thérèse would appear with her arms full of bundles—a toy for the baby; cakes for the older children; a pair of ear-rings or a bit of coral for herself.

All our friends insisted that we spoiled our models. We could not deny the accusation, nor could we harden our hearts against their confiding helplessness. When Flavia, who was to pose with her sleeping baby, arrived with three other children, the eldest a girl of five, some one must look

A quiet moment

(From the painting by Miss Nourse)

after them. "I had no one to leave them with, but Ninitte will take care of her little brother. He will be good for his sister; won't you, angelo mio?" But "angelo mio" was in no mood to be trifled with, and objected strenuously to separation from his mother. No sooner had "the artist" begun

A stand-up meal

to paint than we heard the most heartrending shrieks, which of course wakened the baby, whose wails were added to the sturdier ones of Antonio. For an hour Bedlam reigned. Then Antonio was persuaded to take a nap. The baby was carried off to the kitchen, where I spent the afternoon keeping it quiet, while "the artist," with shattered nerves, attempted to paint the mother's head.

No sooner do the models begin to make a little money than they write their relatives glowing accounts of their success. These poor people, living in the mountain villages of Italy, think Paris an Eldorado. If they can but reach it their fortunes will be made. Antoinette, always so gay and smiling, arrived one morning looking very sad. "Is our baby ill?" I anxiously inquired. At the first words of sympathy tears filled her soft, brown eyes. "It's my sheets, Signorina," she sobbed. "I've been married ten years and I've never had a sheet on my bed. My husband has had steady work all winter, and at last consented to my buying a pair of sheets out of my earnings. Last week my cousin arrived with five little children. Of course we took them in—they can sleep on the floor in our room, that doesn't cost anything, but they haven't a cent for food, and this morning, when I took the children to the Marché des Modeles, all the artists made fun of them, and said they were so ugly no one would ever pose them. They are thin, but they have walked so far, many days without food, poor little ones! They thought if they could only reach Paris they would soon be rich, but if the artists will not hire them, what are we to do? I must give them my money. I am glad to do it, Signorina, only when I think of my sheets I am sad."

The usual history followed. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, unaccustomed to the cold of Paris, they were soon ill with la grippe. Antoinette relinquished all aspirations as to sheets, and spent her hard-earned savings on medicine. We sent them food and our friends contributed blankets and clothing. At last, when the children were well, we found a poor artist glad to pose them at half price. All seemed going smoothly, when the eldest, a boy of eight, began to cough. The doctor said he would go into a decline if not returned at once to the milder climate of Italy We took up a collection and the Italian Consul supplied the railroad ticket. The boy was to return alone and live with a distant relative. In his condition it would have been dangerous to sleep on a mud floor, so we bought him a small mattress which he carried with him on the train. Poor little

The bath

(From the painting by Miss Nourse)

mite! he looked so forlorn, standing guard over his mattress, that our hearts ached as we said good-bye to him in the railway station. But what could we do? To send the whole family back was impossible; they had no longer any home in Italy and must remain where they could find work.

More than a year had passed since "the angel" had taken possession of our studio. "Me tummin in" he would announce with his cheeriest smile. "Me dood bu-oy—sit still fo oo dis day"; but sit still he never did. In vain we dangled toys before his eyes, turned ourselves into wild animals or Punch and Judy shows. Music boxes, whistles, even live canaries, were purchased to amuse his majesty—all in vain! Except when asleep he was never known to keep quiet five consecutive minutes. Yet "the artist" persisted in painting him, and we had to acknowledge that she was amazingly successful. "Love worketh miracles" even in salon pictures, and Daniele (such was "the angel's" name) was hung many times on the line and sold to baby worshippers the world over.

The Little Sister of the Poor

AMID the City's dust and din
Your patient feet have trod;
Wherever sorrow is or sin,
You do the work of God.

You seem in many a shadowed place
A glory from above,
The peace of Heaven in your face,
And in your heart its love.

Your brow is lined with others' cares,
And aches for others' needs;
You bless the dying with your prayers,
The living with your deeds.

You sow the wayside hope that lives
Where else were only dearth;
Your love is like the rain that gives
Heaven's secret to the earth.

The pitying thoughts that fill your eyes,
And rob your years of rest,
That leads you still where misery sighs
And life is all unblest,

Are as the tears that angels shed
O'er darkened lives forlorn—
Stars in the gloom till night has fled,
And dew on earth at morn.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Reason and Rationalism from the Side of Religion

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D.

TENTH PAPER

AMONG the many inscriptions which adorn or deface the walls of Westminster there is hardly any more interesting to the students of Religion than that which marks the monument of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, at the north-eastern end of Henry VII.'s chapel. Sheffield himself composed this epitaph, which he clearly designed to be both a description of his character and a confession of his faith. As it stands, the epitaph might have been written by a devout Pagan, but as it originally stood it included a definite reference to Christ. I enclose in brackets the two words which the orthodoxy of Dean Atterbury would not permit to remain.

> Dubius sed non improbus vixi;
> Incertus morior, non perturbatus,
> Humanum est nescire et errare.
> [Christum adveneror,] Deo confido,
> Omnipotenti benevolentissimo:
> Ens entium, miserere mei.

We may put it into English thus:

> Doubtful I lived, but still at heart was right;
> Wav'ring I die, but not with mind disturbed.
> To know not is man's burden, and to stray.
> [Christ I revere,] in God I put my trust,
> God, the All-mighty and most Merciful
> Being of Beings, deign to pity me.

Dean Atterbury was sharply criticised at the time, and has been sharply criticised since by his distinguished successor, Dean Stanley, for having insisted on excluding the word "adveneror" as "not full enough for Christ;" and it is impossible not to regret an official interference which has done some wrong to Sheffield's memory, and which has affixed to the walls of Westminster a religious confession which, as it stands, is frankly non-Christian. Yet the Jacobite Dean had more justification than his critics have allowed, for in 1720, when Sheffield died, the Deist controversy was beginning to wax hot, and there was no slight danger of men's minds becoming confused on that which is the vital element in Christianity, viz., the Supremacy of Christ as Himself constituting the complete and final Revelation of God. A Christian is not merely a Theist who reveres Christ, but a Theist who worships God in Christ, and finds in the Gospel a satisfying version of the Divine Character as well as an authoritative declaration of the Divine Will.

The Evangelists relate that at a certain point in His ministry, Christ insisted on requiring from His disciples a definite judgment upon Himself. The episode is recorded by all the Synoptists with slight but characteristic variations, and is of such consequence to our present argument that we may well reproduce it in full:

ST. MATT. xvi. 13–20.

Now when Jesus came into the parts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that the Son of man is? And they said, Some say John the Baptist; some Elijah; and others, Jeremiah or one of the prophets, He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou

ST. MARK viii. 27–30.

And Jesus went forth, and his disciples, into the villages of Cæsarea Philippi: and in the way he asked his disciples, saying unto them, Who do men say that I am? And they told him saying, John the Baptist; and others, Elijah: but others, One of the prophets. And he asked them, But who say ye that I am? Peter answereth

ST. LUKE ix. 18–21.

And it came to pass, as he was praying alone, the disciples were with him: and he asked them, saying, Who do the multitudes say that I am? And they answering said, John the Baptist: but others say, Elijah; and others, that one of the old prophets is risen again. And he said unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Peter

art the Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

Then charged he the disciples that they should tell no man that he was the Christ.

and saith unto him, Thou art the Christ. And he charged them that they should tell no man of him.

answering said, The Christ of God. But he charged them, and commanded them to tell this to no man.

It will be noticed that St. Matthew interpolates between the confession of St. Peter and Christ's charge to the disciples not to make public the fact of His Messiahship, a solemn benediction of the Apostle, and a promise that he (Peter) should be the rock (petra) on which an everlasting Christian Church should be built. I do not here enter on the critical questions which have been raised with respect to this remarkable interpolation, but the interpolation itself has a certain importance for my present purpose as indicating, what indeed lies on the surface of the narrative, the decisive character of this recognition of Christ as the Messiah. The second generation of Christians—and we shall probably be right in regarding the compiler of St. Matthew's Gospel as belonging to that generation—regarded this episode as the turning-point in Christ's Ministry, for Christianity as they knew it was essentially the recognition of Christ as God's Messiah, and the historic confession of that truth was properly the basis of the Christian Church. Granting freely that the disciples had at first a very inadequate notion of what was implied in that Messiahship, which they had been led to acknowledge in their Master, we cannot fail to admit that their subsequent history, and the whole course of Christian experience since their time, and the very theory of the Christian Religion as it has been presented from the first, combine to justify the critical importance ascribed to St. Peter's confession. It is something more than rhetoric to say that Christ's interrogation of His disciples as to their estimate of Himself is repeated in the process of every discipleship. The root of the matter consists necessarily in a decision with respect to Christ, and an act of will by which that decision is made a motive for obedience and a principle of action.

The earliest documents we possess exhibit Christianity as summed up in the confession of Christ's Lordship. "*No man can say, Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit,*" * writes St. Paul to the Corinthians, and at this point even his large charity drew the line between the fellow Christian and the religious opponent. "*If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema.*" † He described the task of the Christian Ministry as gathered up in the assertion of Christ's Lordship. "*We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake.*" ‡ His canon of orthodoxy was expressed in the article of love for Christ. "*Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness,*" § is the final salutation in the Epistle to the Ephesians. Among the earliest Christians Christ was described as,

* 1 Cor. xii. 3. † 1 Cor. xvi. 22.
‡ 2 Cor. iv. 5. § Eph. vi. 24.

in a distinctive sense, "*the Lord*," and His sole Lordship was contrasted with the "*lords many*" of paganism. "*For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or on earth, as there are gods many and lords many; yet to us there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto Him: and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things, and we through Him.*" * It is clear that into the "Lordship" thus continually emphasised in the epistles, there has entered a richness of meaning which did not belong to the "Messiahship" as originally conceived. This new and more mysterious element is the result of the conviction that the Messiah, who had been rejected and crucified, had risen from the dead, and was living in conscious and morally effective correspondence with His disciples.

The Resurrection of Christ, beyond all doubt, was pleaded by the Apostles as the justification for the sublime character which they ascribed to their Master. The opening verses of the Epistle to the Romans are sufficient illustration of a conception of Christ which may fairly be said to penetrate and colour all St. Paul's epistles. "*Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God, which he promised afore by his prophets in the holy scriptures, concerning his Son, who was born of the seed of David according to the flesh, who was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead; even Jesus Christ our Lord, through whom we received grace and apostleship, unto obedience of faith among all the nations, for his name's sake: among whom are ye also, called to be Jesus Christ's: to all that are in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints: Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.*" † It followed that the Resurrection of Christ became, in the Apostolic preaching, the very core of the Gospel. "*If Christ hath not been raised, then*"—says St. Paul—"*is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain.*" ‡ It was not merely or, I think, mainly, as a miracle, demonstrating the Divine Authority of their message—though, of course, this aspect was recognised—but as a Divine Authentication of Christ's Mission, a Divine Sealing of His testimony, a Divine Sanction on His Character and Life, in a word, a Divine Justification for their Worship of Him, that the Resurrection came to have this critical importance among the first preachers of Christianity. To preach the Resurrection was necessarily to announce as living and present with them their risen Lord, and to assume that their announcement would be sufficiently proved by His action. Thus the truth of the Gospel was always requiring and receiving the attestation of experience, and every fresh convert, knowing in himself the power of Christ, and displaying in his conduct the moral reformation which that power enabled, became a new witness of the Resurrection. St. Paul's words describe the method of Christianity and the moral proof of its truth. Christ is confessed as a living Person, Whose influence is bearing powerfully on the disciple, and the effect of this influence is apparent in a transformation of character. "*For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that one died for all, therefore all died; and he died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again. Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh: even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more. Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new.*" * This declaration of St. Paul may be justly described as typical: it utters the conviction of every genuine convert to Christianity, and it remains the best summary of the case for Christianity that I know. So regarded it implies an appeal to history on the one hand, and to personal experience on the other. Christianity has behind it a record of nearly nineteen centuries, and the question cannot but be asked, Has St. Paul's statement as to Christ's personal influence on His disciples been justified in human experience? Here, it seems to me that the witness of history is both luminous and

* 1 Cor. vii. 5-6. † Rom. i. 1-7.
‡ 1 Cor. xv. 14.

* 2 Cor. v. 14-17.

decisive. We have had occasion to say much about the moral failure of ecclesiastical Christianity and about the perplexities which cannot but be suggested to our minds by the state of Christendom; but all this only throws into the greater prominence the fact, not less astonishing in itself than vital to our present argument, that throughout the whole course of Christian history, and more apparently than ever in the Christendom of our own day, the element of moral vigour within Christianity, and the principle of moral recovery within the Church have been precisely connected with the Personal influence of Jesus Christ. To set out the proofs of this statement in any fulness would involve a review of Christian history from the first, but their nature and cogency can be seen at a glance when we remember that the veneration of mankind has been given most freely to those "saints" who are allowed to be most Christlike; that these without exception confessed themselves to be what they were by virtue of Christ's influence upon them; that in the evolution of morality, as now we understand it, the personal example of Christ has been the most effectual and salutary factor; that in the successive reformations, which have restored to the Church some measure of spiritual power, the true agent has always been the Gospel itself; that in our own time the most powerful force making for social amelioration is the force of Christian enthusiasm aroused and sustained by a personal devotion to Christ.

All this seems to me to be "writ large" on the record of Christian history, and I can find nothing in the least parallel to it in the history of any other religion. Where can we trace the influence of the Founder of Buddhism apart from the philosophy he taught and the religious system which has grown up on the basis of his teaching? That Gotama himself was a sweet and lovable person, whose influence on those with whom he came into contact was great and beneficent, appears to be certain; but there is nothing in the history of Buddhism, so far as I can discover, to show that that personal influence survived in any more effective form than the very slight impression of an example, faintly discernible and ever more remote. The Founder of Buddhism is, I think, the only individual who could, without extravagance, be proposed as a possible rival to the Founder of Christianity. Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed evidently stand on a lower level, and the philosophers of Greek and Rome were not religion founders at all. The unique permanence in unlessened power of Christ's personal influence seems to my thinking a fact of the utmost suggestiveness, which must take a prominent place in any complete statement of the case for Christianity. When the crucial question which determines discipleship is seriously faced by a modern inquirer, he cannot reasonably leave out of his reckoning a fact so astonishing in itself, which can only be explained by a very exalted theory of Christ's character, a theory so exalted that even the traditional language of the Christian Church with respect to its Founder cannot be forthwith dismissed as extravagant. Let it be here observed that it is this view of Christ which, in the order of actual experience, must first be considered, for the Christian Church is an existing institution, aggressive and insistent, proclaiming the right of its Founder to every man's homage, and urging all men to examine His claims. The second step in the process of inquiry is to investigate the documents. Do they or do they not allow the view of Christ which the facts of Christian history suggest? Is the uniqueness of His influence in succeeding ages the reflection and survival of an unique character and an unique life? What is the verdict of Christ's history on the suggestion of Christian experience? In answering these questions it appears to me essential, on the one hand, to make sure that the historical inquiry is honest and thorough, and, on the other hand, to remember the inexorable limitations which attach to its conclusions. The knowledge attainable by the means of historical investigation is never really more than partial. It is always conceivable that it may be modified or reversed by the emergence of new testimony; but the degree of insecurity admits of almost infinite gradations, from moral certainty (which yet is not certainty) to

the faintest balance of probability, which a featherweight in the scale could reverse.

In the case of the Founder of Christianity a very high degree of certitude may be reached by a careful and honest inquirer, for the documents, though from a modern standpoint they may seem slight and ambiguous, are relatively full and clear.

Christ lived in one of the literary epochs of the world, and His life was recorded, so far as the main portion of the record is concerned, by His own contemporaries. The modern student of the New Testament is better placed for forming an estimate of His character than is the student of any other Religion-Founder's life. There really is no comparison in point of evidential quality between the New Testament and the documents from which an account of Gotama or of Mohammed must be drawn. An interval of at least one hundred and fifty years elapsed between the death of the Founder of Buddhism and the compilation of the earliest Buddhist documents which have reached us; and the first work on Mohammed that we know of was composed at least a century after the prophet's death; but in the case of Jesus Christ it appears to be certain that the bulk of the Synoptic tradition was in writing before the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and that the genuine epistles of St. Paul, including certainly seven and probably ten out of the canonical thirteen, were composed before that apostle's death about the year A.D. 65.

This superiority in point of time, however, is even less considerable than that in point of quality, and no one who has taken the pains to institute a comparison between the New Testament and the corresponding Buddhist and Mohammedan documents, can regard without impatience the exaggerated contempt expressed in some quarters for the historical materials of the Life of Christ. Such as they are—and on a fair review of all the circumstances we maintain that they are extremely satisfactory, both in extent and in character—these documents of the New Testament are all we possess, and it is to them that the historical question must be addressed, and from them that the verdict of History on Christ's Life and Character must be received.

We have insisted on the necessity of honest inquiry, and pointed out the inexorable limits within which the verdict must be confined. Bearing both cautions in mind, can it be in the least doubtful that the suggestion of Christian experience receives from the documents all the confirmation which is possible? If the history of Christianity reveals in the undying influence of Jesus Christ on individuals and in the Church an absolutely unique fact, it is also true that the Gospels set before us in Him, who is the historic fountain of that stream of salutary inspiration, an absolutely unique Person. The key of the Christian creed fits the lock of the Christian facts as history certifies them in the past, and as we perceive them in the present. Reason has fulfilled its ministry, and must give place to another and a still trustier guide. When we cross the Rubicon of religious decision, and unite ourselves by an act of solemn self-surrender to the company of Christ's followers, we have entered the territory of Faith, and must take account of new spiritual factors. That personal influence of Christ, which we have wondered at in history and traced to its historic source, now bears directly upon ourselves, and begins to create its own effectual authentications. The argument for Christianity ceases to be external only or mainly, and becomes internal.

Deep words of the Gospel find now their interpretation. "*Jesus therefore answered them and said, My teaching is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself.*"* The personal claim of Christ to the plenary allegiance of the human spirit necessarily allies itself with the native religiousness of man, and becomes absorbed into the worship of God. "*Let not your heart be troubled,*" runs the appeal to His followers, "*ye believe in God, believe also in Me.*"† The faith in Christ, thus identified with Religion itself, necessarily utters itself in conduct, for it is still, though in a higher sense, the faith of a disciple in the Master, who has won his trust, and the law of that faith is imitation, the passionate desire to be like Christ; and so

* St. John vii. 16, 17.

† St. John xiv. 1.

the cycle of experience is traversed anew by every individual believer, and in the end the proofs of Christianity are within the disciple himself. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit logically grows from the attempt of believers to interpret the facts of their own inner life, and at every point it rests on experience. "*The Spirit himself*," writes St. Paul, "*beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.*" * Such language, of which there is much in the New Testament, and very much in the literature of Christianity, is simply unintelligible outside the circle of believers. Their enthusiasm and their certitude are alike unintelligible, and yet when both are seen in direct and unquestionable connection with moral conflict ever more plainly victorious, who can reasonably doubt the profound validity and immense suggestiveness of both? "*The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.*" † Moral conflict proceeds on the "stricken field" of every human life, and there are mystic links which bind into the eternal warfare of the Spirit all the separate strivings of men: so inevitably it follows that Christianity, by offering its true credentials in the fact of its own moral power, shows itself in contact with the ultimate problem of our spiritual experience, and meets precisely the demand which underlies the religious instinct itself. Thus the case for Christianity includes many elements which cannot easily be brought into the precise apologies, which are generated by contemporary rationalism. Before the Gospel can be reasonably considered, there must be at least agreement in the postulate of Theism, and, as following from that, in the moral responsibility of man. Apart from that basis of agreement, discussion of Christianity can but be futile at best, it may easily be also deeply mischievous.

* Rom. viii. 16.

† St. John iii. 8.

(Wallace, photo, Sidmouth)

Going to school

A Study in Black and White

By John Scoular Thomson

A GULL sat rocking on the smooth rise and fall of the placid tide away out from the Black Rock. The bosom of the deep undulated softly as the breast of a maid yet unimpassioned. A long wavy line darkly moving shoreward marked where the slow waters were now taking the drifted seaweed home.

It was turn of tide and past noon. The sea was waking from her midday nap and stretching her limbs. All forenoon she had been drifting out and out and out, as if she would never stop till she reached the outer edge of the world and toppled over into the abyss. But now she woke, and shuddering at her peril put out hands to reclasp the land.

Noiselessly she was feeling her way shorewards, shooting out long fingers into the rounded crevices and smooth curves of the sand. At times she paused and hesitating withdrew as if not sure of her way; but in her pauses she was gathering strength. On she moved, silent, ceaseless, great. Slow and placid as she was, she was resistless.

It was the hot dreamtime of the day. All was silent save where the restless Sand Pipers piped along the sand, dipping their feet and wetting their bills in the pulsing tide. Pipe on, brave, merry creatures, pipe your best; for out of ocean depths in her lap Mother Sea brings food to her children.

The lone Gull, sitting far out on the slow heaving waters, wheels jealously shoreward and flashes open an eye. What are the Sand Pipers chattering at, impudent chits? Know not they the Gull is lord of the foreshores, and all the tide brings up his and his alone? Shall they pipe and feed save at his pleasure and by his will? Nay, verily.

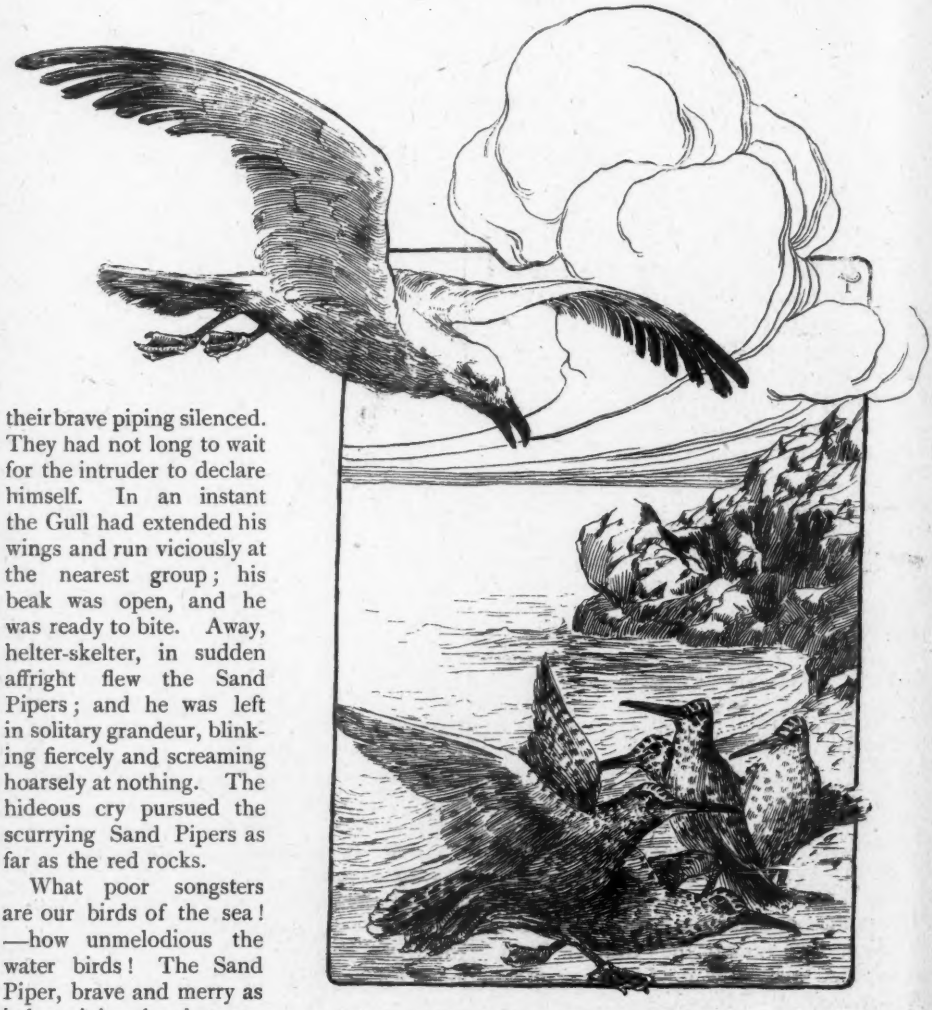
It was an ugly eye the momentary flash disclosed, a cold, cruel, chill eye, hard as steel, remorseless as the grave, a small, vicious, greedy orb, unwinking, piercing, emotionless. The eye of a dove is a beautiful eye; for it is a soft and kindly glance, large and luminous. But the eye of the Gull is devoid of all grace; it is an eye of flint, and gives forth a stony concentrated hate.

It was full of hate now as the merry sound of piping rose from the Black Rock and came over the edge of the coming tide. The beak snapped quickly as if to seize the presumptuous birds of the sand. Smaller and colder grew the eye when a louder burst of jubilation went up, for they were piping shrill thanks to the Giver; and on the back of it

the Gull was winging his vengeful way landwards.

The Sand Pipers were running madly up and down, merrily circling the Black Rock, picking up tit-bits in the shallow ripples, and lustily piping their joy to sun and sky and sea when down swooped the Gull in a white fury. A moment's tremor, and then the piping died away. It was as if a cloud had come over the sun, so quickly was the joy of the merry little creatures quenched and their brave piping silenced. They had not long to wait for the intruder to declare himself. In an instant the Gull had extended his wings and run viciously at the nearest group; his beak was open, and he was ready to bite. Away, helter-skelter, in sudden affright flew the Sand Pipers; and he was left in solitary grandeur, blinking fiercely and screaming hoarsely at nothing. The hideous cry pursued the scurrying Sand Pipers as far as the red rocks.

What poor songsters are our birds of the sea! —how unmelodious the water birds! The Sand Piper, brave and merry as is her piping, has but one meagre note; the Gull screams and screeches in a variety of ways. The Sternel converses, makes love, and quarrels, all in the same excruciating key. The other sea birds are masters of a few shrill ejaculations, some hoarse cries—and their repertoire is exhausted. It would seem as if birds must soar grandly up to the heavens, or at least perch commandingly in a tree ere they can sing. No bird sings from the bosom of the deep, and birds that swim on the surface of tranquil lake are no



In an instant the Gull had extended his wings and run viciously at the nearest group; his beak was open and he was ready to bite

better. The swan's fabled melody is yet unheard.

While our Gull bullies and swaggers thus upon the beach, come with me above the massive ramparts of red sandstone that rise over the sea, and creep softly through the clump of trees that flourish on the hillside above. Ah! there he goes, the wary Crow, rising lazily from his home!

Passing into the upper zone of blinding light, his black plumage is transfigured into burnished blue. Away he flaps sluggishly and absent-mindedly over the tree-tops, and just as he moves carelessly, reluctantly out of sight, our sable friend lingers on the horizon to emit a sleepy croak. 'Tis a richly-suggestive note, and speaks of an easy conscience and a fat living promiscuously garnered out of wrathful farmers' fields. The spring has been good, and he has rejoiced in the early potato; he lives on dainties, the rascal!

The black brigand seemed not to see you among the trees, but he saw you well. That roving eye sees everything. Take but a finger from your pocket, move your arm—and there he is off, flip, flap, flip, flap. He knows he deserves the gun, but is for living as long as possible.

You would scarce think, even in your wildest moments, there was anything in common between the Gull, white bird of the main, tyrant and bully of the waters, and the Crow, black bird of the land, easy-minded reiver and thief of the plain. But there was once a philosopher, a short, squat, bald-headed, half-blind hermit, who had a hole to himself in the Cumbrae Rock, and he propounded a brilliant ethnological theory, which was at once accepted by the leading thinkers of that day, and has been handed on to us as part of the eternal order of things.

The theory was this: The Gulls and the Crows could be traced back by a series of modifications to a common parentage. But the devil, said the philosophic Gull, had entered into one branch of the family and they had become black—emblem of demonism. The other branch, being untroubled of the devil, had retained its pristine purity: these were that noble and undegenerated race, the White Gulls.

Needless to say, the white race adopted this theory with rapture—it solved all the difficulties of origin which they had felt. The philosophic genius who had been fortunate enough to conceive it was not forgotten in the general rapture. He was awarded a pension for life, a gift which he unhesitatingly accepted as no more than his due, and it was decreed the younger Gulls should feed him in rotation. This they did not without some reluctance, for he was an ill-tempered old curmudgeon, and bit indiscriminately. However, when once his provisions fell low and he was in danger of starving, Bald Head threatened to propound a new and better theory, demonstrating the Crows to be the chosen race, a threat which proved efficacious. Hence he lived to a very old age, as is the way with philosophers whenever they can.

It goes without saying that the relations between the races, the Black and the White, are not of the most harmonious. The story is an old one. The feud goes back to the Flood, when the Gull was not let into the Ark because he could live on the waters. Whereat the Crow mischievously mocked at him through the bars. The Crow quite forgot the jibe; but the Gull remembered, and was waiting for him when he came out. So there is a feud.

The Crow pays penance for his keen sense of humour and love of fun. Yet for these we like him, and for his imperturbable good nature. When you fire a gun at him, he flaps away laughing consumedly; it is a joke. Even when struck, he will attempt a jest. But what a snarl you get from a Gull; he never sees a joke, and would tear your eyes out if he could. And did you ever see the Crow perched on the arm of a scarecrow with a brace of dead companions dangling at his feet? There the jolly fellow sits with a humorous smile; it's all part of the old joke.

But let us follow the rascal. He is winging his way not to the fields, for that would be too risky in broad noon, when men and guns are about, but to the sands of the shore. You wonder what a crow can be wanting there; you always think of a crow as stalking up a field of potatoes with miry

beak, never as haunting the wet salt sands. But the fact is, one of his delicacies is the humble cockle, and the cockle beds are now bare. So he hastens shoreward with what alacrity he can muster, which, as he is a slow-going beast, is not great.

Meantime, the Gull, like another Achilles, rages on the shore. His temper is frightfully roused, and he is pacing angrily to and fro, though he has the whole length and breadth of the bank to himself. The tide is already slipping up by the Black Rock, and he is loo late for the fat feeding on the fringes of the ebb, where spoutfish blow, and can be whipped out by a nimble beak.

If he had seen the Crow lazily and leisurely approaching, with his easy flip-flaps, you would hear some venomous snarl. For the fierce hate between them is fiercest on the side of the Gull, who is the incarnation of evil passion, and grudges his foe every breath he draws. When Crow and Gull, intermingling, bespeckle the uplands, you may be sure foul work is afoot, some hapless fbarque to crash on the rock, some human freight to engulf. When the sea grows inhospitable the Gull must make terms with his cousin ashore; and the Crow, like the easy-going fellow he is, utters no protest.

It is not merely that the Crow is less tenacious of the feud, but he is tickled by the humour of the situation. You can see that in the white of his eye. To have this imperious tyrant of the sea, this strong-winged bird of the wave, stalking behind a hedge, trudging in a miry field, soliciting friendship, amuses him; the Gull endeavouring to be pliant and amiable is a joke which he enjoys to the full. A supplicating bully, a curmudgeon attempting pleasantries, is always a humorsome sight; and the Crow has many a spasm of silent laughter.

This faculty of humour is what makes the Crow lovable. He has a quizzical way of eyeing you from his branch that quite takes the fancy. His very misdemeanours are the work of a humorist, and so coolly impudent that you must grin. There is a certain kindliness in his sense of mischief; his love of fun almost makes him human. In the Gull, however, nothing is human except his rapacity. He is too malevolent for laughter and his expression would chill a Mark Tapley. Too vile and black of heart for fun, his malice is dead earnest. The eye is the tell-tale organ; it is small, concentrated, vicious. The eye of the crow is large and round: the eye of intellect, the eye of humour.

'Tis seldom the Crow hurries save on very imminent danger, when he suddenly puts on a speed and trickiness of movement which astonish you. And he did not hurry himself now, though he saw with a humorous twinkle the ancient enemy stalking impatiently beneath, cursing his hunger, cursing the sea, the sandpipers and the shore. Indeed, like a gourmand at a feast, he lingers the longer, rolling the curses as a sweet morsel.

The cursing was plentiful, the cursing was ious. It was likewise fluent, varied, and masterly; for the Gull has an infinite vocabulary of malediction, and his mouth, like Shimei's, is full of cursing. Hear a handful of them together and the welkin rings with squabbling and obscenity. The Gull revels in personalities, and his tongue is deliberately offensive. So hoarse, indeed, has his voice grown with spells of unlicensed defamation that even when he is pleased and tries to voice his joy, he groans like a man in a drowning agony, and inspires a thrill of sympathetic horror.

So the Crow, hanging serenely in the limpid air overhead, chuckled at the sound of the cursing till the Gull, ceasing abruptly in sheer heartsickness and impotence of wrath, settled his head sulkily on his breast, his eyes blinking evilly. Then the Crow remembered his business, and that he must be at it speedily.

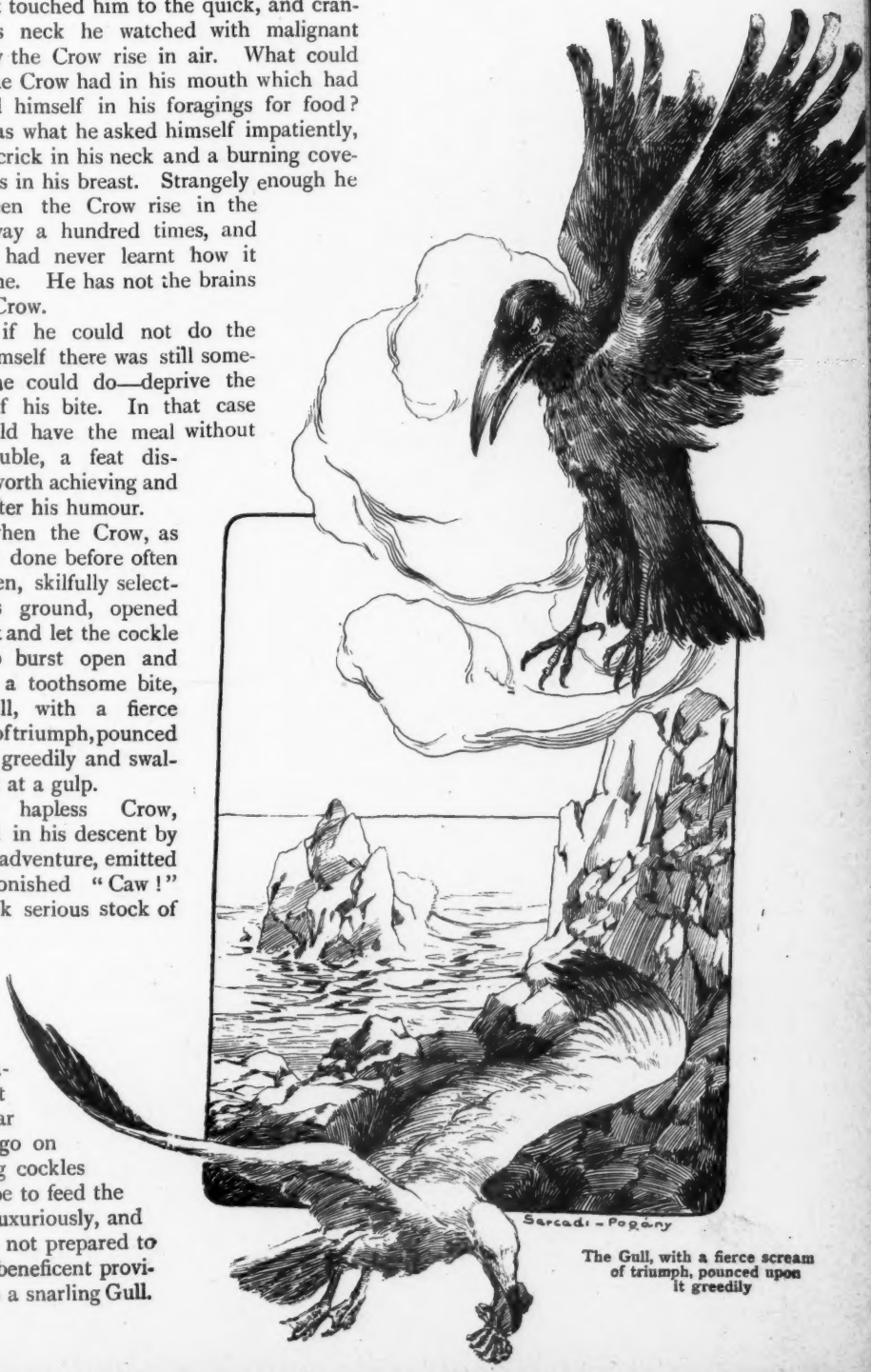
Hovering carelessly about for a time, he at last spied what he wanted lying in a little pool behind a rock, and he prepared for action. It was a beauty of a cockle, large, white, clean, fresh from its pure bed of sand below; neither discoloured and battered by rolling nor soured and greened by the sun; a sweet, compact, firm, healthy cockle, doubtless with a fine juicy meal inside. Down flopped the Crow clumsily enough and took it awkwardly in his beak, the Gull waking up from the sulks just in time to see his rival make off with a mouthful.

That touched him to the quick, and craning his neck he watched with malignant asperity the Crow rise in air. What could it be the Crow had in his mouth which had escaped himself in his foragings for food? This was what he asked himself impatiently, with a crick in his neck and a burning covetousness in his breast. Strangely enough he had seen the Crow rise in the same way a hundred times, and yet he had never learnt how it was done. He has not the brains of the Crow.

But if he could not do the trick himself there was still something he could do—deprive the Crow of his bite. In that case he would have the meal without the trouble, a feat distinctly worth achieving and quite after his humour.

So when the Crow, as he had done before often and often, skilfully selecting his ground, opened his beak and let the cockle drop to burst open and present a toothsome bite, the Gull, with a fierce scream of triumph, pounced upon it greedily and swallowed it at a gulp.

The hapless Crow, checked in his descent by this misadventure, emitted an astonished "Caw!" and took serious stock of the situation. It was clear that to go on dropping cockles would be to feed the enemy luxuriously, and he was not prepared to act the beneficent providence to a snarling Gull.



The Gull, with a fierce scream of triumph, pounced upon it greedily

Shaking with laughter, he flip-flapped away to the heights where his fellows nested, to tell a hilarious audience how he left a Gull on the sands of Kilchattan with a stone in the gullet

But what on earth could he do? Suddenly he flapped his wings quickly; and when the Crow does that he has got hold of an idea.

Quickly stooping down he rose with a mouthful. The greedy Gull, his appetite just whetted to keenness by the tit-bit he had snapped up, waited impatiently, running to and fro in excitement. The Crow seemed to take a terribly long time, and the Gull positively danced with eagerness. At last smack came the coveted prize; and on it sprung the Gull quivering with desire.

"Bok! bok! bok! bok!" went the Gull. "Ach! ach! ach! Och! och! och!" His wings were spasmodically outspread and flapped at every ejaculation; his beak would not close. His body shook and quivered. He coughed and spluttered and danced. He wagged his head furiously and seemed on the point of strangulation.

"Caw! caw! caw!" hailed the Crow. "Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha!" Shaking with laughter, he flip-flapped away to the heights where his fellows nested, to tell a hilarious audience how he left a Gull on the sands of Kilchattan with a stone in the gullet.

The Way to London Town

"One foot up and the other foot down,
That's the way to London Town."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

It was only a simple nursery song,
But it cheered my heart one day
When the task seemed hard, and the journey long,
And the goal was far away;
For just like the darling toddler small
Who is learning to walk alone,
One step at a time, and that is all
We need for the end unknown.

Then leave to the morrow the morrow's share
In the task you have to do,
Content if to-day you can bravely bear
Its burden with courage true;
With anxious haste you will strive in vain,
On Life's road your feet will tire,
But patience and pluck will surely gain
The prize of the heart's desire.

So whatever your London Town may be,
Toil on with a purpose high,
And step by step, as the way you see,
You will reach it by-and-by.
For one foot up and the other foot down,
With a heart that's true and bold,
Is still the way to our London Town
As in nursery days of old.

Mary Farrah.

The Brehons and their Laws

By F. A. Sloss, LL.B.

THE object of this article is to give a plain and simple account of the Brehons and of that remarkable body of laws known as the Brehon Code, which prevailed in Ireland from the earliest times to the end of the sixteenth century, and whose influence is still discernible in the feelings and habits of the Irish people.

It has been commonly remarked that Irish history is not so much read as it ought to be, and that while the average educated person is well versed in English and Scottish history, he knows little or nothing of Irish. Unfortunately, this is so, the chief reason being that Irish history is too often made the subject of heated controversy, political or religious. Consequently, the impartial reader is inclined to let the subject alone.

Now, there is nothing to gain by writing history in order to support this or that political or religious doctrine: to do so only obscures the truth. It is better to let the facts speak for themselves.

The Brehons and their laws have played an important part in Irish history. To give an account of both it will be necessary to go back to ancient times, before Christianity, when Druidism was the prevailing religion.

The Druids in Ireland, as in other Celtic nations, were a highly privileged class, possessing all the learning that then existed. They were the ministers of religion, and, in addition to that, they were the poets or chroniclers and the judges, to whom all disputes were referred. They were the only class who by law were permitted to speak in public. Of this privileged class, those who made a speciality of deciding disputes became known as "Brehons," from the Celtic "brayhav," a judge; thus gradually the Brehons ceased to be priests and became a literary class, who had an exclusive knowledge of the laws. The laws by which the Celtic tribes were governed were at first transmitted orally from one generation to another. They were composed in verse or rhyme, so that they might be remembered and repeated more easily; in fact, in the earliest times the laws were poetry, and the Brehons knew them by heart and recited them upon occasion. Modern law is not at all like poetry, as any one will see who tries to read some of it; but in the earliest Irish tradition the lawyer is with difficulty distinguished from the poet, and the Brehon was half a lawyer and half a poet. Thus the laws were preserved by recollection, and the Brehons were trained to exercise their memory to an extent that to us seems extraordinary. The laws were not made by any process resembling legislation, but were the creation of a professional class, the Brehons, whose occupation was hereditary; nor were they put into writing until after the Christianisation of Ireland, that is, until after the fifth century.

These ancient laws of Ireland as they have come down to us consist of a number of law tracts treating of various matters. The two longest of these tracts contain practically the whole code. Of these, one is called the "Senchus Mor," meaning in Gaelic the "Great Law," and the other is named the "Book of Aicill," from Aicill, a place near Tara, in Meath. These books as they existed in MS. were, until lately, practically unintelligible, even to Celtic scholars. At last, in 1865, the Government thought that the MSS. ought to be interpreted and published for the information of the nation. Accordingly, in that year the Irish Government appointed a Commission for the purpose of interpreting and publishing the ancient laws of Ireland, the members of which were called the Brehon Law Commissioners. These gentlemen obtained the services of two distinguished Irish scholars, Doctor O'Donovan and Doctor O'Curry, who, after considerable labour, succeeded in making the MSS. fairly intelligible. The Commissioners published the result in four volumes. These volumes contain the original Irish on one page and the translation on the other. The translators have added many foot-notes and an explanatory preface to each volume, also a good index, so that the Brehon laws can now

be read by any one. The original MSS. consist of a text divided into paragraphs. Appended to this text are glosses or explanations written in a smaller hand. It is a remarkable fact that to explain these "explanations" gave the translators sometimes more trouble than to explain the text. The explanations were, of course, the work of various Brehons who held possession of the MSS. Such, then, is the state in which the Brehon laws exist at the present day. It now remains for us to deal briefly with the history and contents of that remarkable Code.

As we have pointed out, the original Brehons were Druids, and so the laws contained many traces of Druidism and provisions regulating the Druidical rites and privileges. These Druidical institutions remained in the Brehon law until the time of St. Patrick, about the year 430 A.D. One of the greatest works of St. Patrick was his reform of the Brehon laws, and it will be necessary, therefore, to give some account of that illustrious preacher whose name has been a household word in Ireland for fourteen centuries. The life of St. Patrick, like the lives of some other famous men, has been the subject of much controversy, and indeed is involved in considerable obscurity. In the first place he appears to have had as many birthplaces as Homer or the late Mr. Gladstone. Some writers assert positively that he was born at Glastonbury, near Bristol; others, with equal certainty, maintain that he was born near Dumbarton on the Clyde; while others, by way of variety, give Gaul as his birthplace. The result of this is that the English Church claims him as an Episcopalian, while the Scotch Church claims him as a Presbyterian. Into these conflicting claims we do not propose to enter. One thing, however, appears evident, and that is that he was not born in Ireland. The parentage of the saint is also a matter of dispute, some saying that he was of noble birth while others hold the contrary opinion. It is the universally received opinion that his father held the position of "Decurio," or Senator of a municipal town in the Roman Government. In fact, he was a Town Councillor of a Roman town, probably in England. At the age of sixteen it is acknowledged that St. Patrick was taken prisoner by the Irish King Niall in some expedition about which nothing is known, and brought to Ireland. He spent the years of his captivity in the county Antrim, on the slopes of a hill called Slieve Mish, and was employed in the menial occupation of tending swine. After six years of slavery he was fortunate enough to escape: getting on board a trading vessel, he reached Gaul in safety; and making his way to the town of Tours, studied under St. Martin and St. Germaine, and became a famous scholar. He then became possessed of an eager desire to convert the Pagan nation in which he had spent the years of his captivity, whose language, manners, and customs he had learnt, and for which he felt a strong affection. Accordingly he landed in Ireland about the year 430 A.D. Whether he had a commission from the Pope or not is another disputed point, but at all events, when he did arrive, he did not find the Irish tribes by any means savage or barbarous. He found that the Druids had a learning and philosophy of their own and a definite system of law administered by the Brehons.

Previous attempts to convert the Irish had failed, but Patrick resolved to strike a blow at Paganism at its most vital point. Accordingly he went boldly to Tara, where the King Laeghaire (Leary) was holding a Court, preached eloquently before the King and chiefs, and succeeded in converting his hearers, including the Arch Druid. This momentous event was followed soon afterwards by the reform of the laws. The way in which the opportunity to do so arose is explained in the Brehon book, the "Senchus Mor," which we have mentioned. It was this: St. Patrick's charioteer had been killed by one Nuada, and the question was put to St. Patrick what was to be done with the slayer. Patrick announced that he would go according to the judgment of the Royal Poet, or Brehon, of the men of Erin, Dubhthack Mac na Lugair. At the prayer of St. Patrick, God inspired Dubhthack, who pronounced judgment in a poem, the effect of which was that Nuada was to die, but was to get to Heaven through the intercession of St. Patrick. The King Laeghaire

then said, "It is necessary, O men of Erin, that every other law should be settled as well as this." Then Dubhthack was ordered to exhibit to Patrick all the judgments and poetry and law which prevailed in Erin from the earliest times, and whatever did not clash with the word of God was confirmed by Patrick in the laws of the Brehons. St. Patrick was assisted in this work by a commission of nine of the most eminent men in the kingdom—three kings, three bishops, and three Brehons. Such is the manner in which the "Senchus Mor" was composed. At what exact period these laws were reduced to writing is a matter of dispute, but it was probably soon after the conversion of the Irish to Christianity, that is about the sixth century. After being written the laws were kept in the possession of the Brehons, the office was hereditary and therefore confined to certain families, so the Brehons were somewhat like a caste in India. To become a Brehon a man had to go through a course of instruction lasting twelve years; he had either to be the son of a Brehon, or become the foster son of one. The Brehons formed an influential class, and were treated with great respect. They had the important privilege of feasting at the public expense. On the other hand, if a Brehon gave a wrong decision he was supernaturally punished by having blotches come out on his face; some of the greatest of them were adorned with several blotches, but it does not seem to have diminished public confidence in them. Another result of wrong decisions was that they were supposed to bring bad weather on the country. The Brehons did not receive a fixed salary out of any public fund, but were paid fees by the parties who sought their decision. One great difficulty about understanding the Brehon law is the want of what is called a "sanction," that is, it was not enforced by the power of the State or by any public authority; on the contrary, it was submitted to voluntarily, apparently out of respect for the Brehons and on account of St. Patrick and other great Irish saints having given it their approval. In the year 1604 the Brehons and their laws came to an abrupt termination, for at the beginning of the reign of James I. the English Government began to direct particular attention to Ireland, and with a laudable desire to "civilise the Irish," they resolved to introduce the English law *en bloc*. Accordingly in that year the English Government formally abolished the Brehon law, after it had remained in force from time immemorial.

To come now to the contents of the Brehon Code, the tract called "Senchus Mor" deals chiefly with what we call the law of distress, that is, the seizing of a man's goods in order to satisfy some claim against him. It is a remarkable fact that this subject occupies a large part of all ancient systems of law. This right survives now only in the right of a landlord to seize his tenant's goods in payment of rent, or in the right of an owner of land to seize stray animals which are doing damage to his land; but in primitive times this was the universal method of prosecuting claims of all kinds; it was a substitution for a more violent course which would end in bloodshed; for instance, a person having a claim against another was allowed to seize his goods in order to make him submit to arbitration and have the claim decided. A peculiar way of enforcing a claim is given in the "Senchus Mor": if a man wants to compel another of superior rank to pay a debt the Brehon tract tells him to "fast upon him," that is, the creditor was to sit at the debtor's door and starve until the debtor paid the demand; the same usage existed until recently in India.

The other principal Brehon tract, the "Book of Aicill," deals chiefly with "injuries," and there is another dealing with "contract," and several others dealing with other subjects, to which we shall refer.

Among the noteworthy features of the Code generally, was first the "Eric fine," or payment, which was allowed as compensation for homicide, instead of the slayer being put to death. The same institution prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons under the name of Wergild; the poet Spenser, in his "View of the State of Ireland," denounced the Brehon law, on account of this custom, as "contrary to God's law and man's," but overlooked the fact that this custom had

existed not long before in his own country, and merely survived later in Ireland. In fact, there was a survival of it in England until the nineteenth century. This was pointed out by Sir W. Blackstone in the proceeding known as an appeal for murder; by that proceeding a relative of a murdered man was allowed to prosecute on his own account for the murder even after the accused was acquitted on a prosecution by the Crown. Another Brehon custom was that by which a man's land, instead of going all to his eldest son, as by our law of primogeniture, was divided equally among his sons; this law, under the name of gavelkind, prevails at the present day in the county of Kent.

Another institution was "Tanistry," according to which the successor of a chief in Ireland was not necessarily his eldest son, but a person called the Tanist, who was elected during the lifetime of the chief to be his successor. The Tanist was usually the ablest man among the near relatives of the chief.

The Brehon law tracts contain many advanced and enlightened principles: one thing that is insisted upon is the sacredness of keeping one's contract: the "Senchus Mor" states that "the world dies when verbal contracts are not binding." The Irish have always been distinguished for hospitality, accordingly we find in these ancient laws that to refuse to give food to a stranger or person in distress was an offence. The rights of women were recognised: we find that where a husband and wife had each property neither could contract without the other unless the contract was for the benefit of both; the husband could not for his own purposes spend the wife's money. It is a very remarkable thing to find such a provision, for that is the very principle upon which our modern law of Married Women's Property is based. We also find modern ideas as to the amount of damages a person is entitled to for injuries, and as to the law of negligence: it is provided that if a man injures another in carrying logs of wood, yet if the injured man could have avoided the injury, he gets no damages: this is the legal doctrine of contributory negligence.

Another rule prevailed, which appears to be the law in Germany at the present day, that is, a person who had any physical defect was disqualified from being king. Cormac M'Art, who was said to have written the "Book of Aicill," was originally a king, and was deposed on account of being accidentally blinded of an eye. There is one tract dealing with the subject of bees, the right to them and their produce: bees were held in great estimation in ancient times, the reason being that honey was very valuable on account of the absence of sugar, which did not become an article of commerce until the fifteenth century. These ancient tracts sometimes descended to very trivial matters: a considerable portion of one deals with injuries received from dogs when they fight and a person tries to separate them: there are no rules, however, about muzzling dogs. Another part deals with injuries caused by cats, and it is provided that a cat is to be exempt from liability for eating food which it finds in a kitchen, provided the cat does not break through any fastening, but compensation is payable by the person whose duty it was to mind the cat: this shows some consideration for animals.

Such, then, is an outline of the contents of the Brehon Code, which has only recently been made accessible to the ordinary reader. The great value consists, of course, in the light it throws upon the daily life and habits of the people. It was a humane and enlightened code, considering the age in which it was produced; all classes of men, even kings, were subject to it, for it is provided that a false judging king was to be degraded from his office. Former English writers noticed, naturally enough, the defects in the Irish laws while their great principles were entirely overlooked. The strongest testimony to the beneficial effect of these laws is given by Sir J. Davies, an Englishman, and a law official in Ireland in the reign of James I. He says: "There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves."

Gath, a Daughter of the Empire

By the Amazon

I THINK I was the only woman confidant she ever had, and I only met her twice, if I remember rightly, during the time I was in Australia, and that was after the death of her first husband and their child—of course I had heard the host of stories which were going round about her, and which I am convinced were mostly wild dreams of some one's vivid imagination.

She was always known as "Gath," but her real name was Agatha Dawson. Her husband had been a phthisic Englishman, who went to Australia for his health, and who had met Agatha at her father's bush home out back, fallen in love and married her. I always suspected that Agatha married him from sheer pity; for though he was intensely intellectual, yet he was but a poor specimen physically, if one could judge by photographs.

The first time I saw Agatha was at my uncle's station at Yathong, near Jirrilderie. It was shearing time, and on this particular morning uncle startled us by telling us that a well-spoken young woman had applied the previous night for a job in the shearing sheds, and, after a little conversation, he had felt convinced that she understood the work, and had taken her on—and was just then going down to see how she was shaping. I begged to go with him, and together we set out for the half-mile through the bush to the shearing shed.

When we got fairly close we saw the work was in full swing, and that the woman shearer was manipulating a ewe in a most dexterous fashion. She glanced up as we came near, and pushing her hat back on her close-cropped head nodded to my uncle. We watched her for a few moments as she threw her sheep, and handled her shears, and then I ventured to say:

"It doesn't look the first you've handled?"

She stopped, gripping the beast between her knees, wiped the perspiration from her face and neck, and said, in a voice mellow and low:

"No, it isn't the first I've shorn."

Her manner was not communicative, neither was it encouraging, and my uncle walked away to another part of the sheds; but somehow the woman with her brown arms and face, and her graceful form clad in the short homespun skirt, and the plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand, attracted me in an irresistible manner, and I stood near her, leaning on the sliprails:

"Don't you find it a bit trying? Wouldn't you rather be a maid in the house? It must be horrid when the men swear," I said.

"They don't swear when I'm here," she replied, without glancing up or stopping the snip-snip of her shears—and then as she finished the sheep, and it escaped her, pink and skinny looking, she rolled up the shorn wool in a bundle and throwing it on the heap strode off round the shed to the huts of the shearers without a word.

Presently my uncle came back to me and we returned to the homestead to lunch.

At lunch I found out that our woman-shearer's name was Gath, and all the afternoon I could think of nothing but her, wondering what her history was; and towards sunset, when I knew shearing would be "knocked off," I strolled down with Lanky and Slim, the two kangaroo dogs, to the sheds, hoping that I might chance to see this strange woman.

As I got near I saw her seated alone on a tree stump outside a hut, evidently in deep thought. I was quite close to her before she saw me; and then she got up, and, holding out her hand, said, quite simply:

"I thought you d come—I wished you would, somehow."

We neither of us spoke for a few seconds, and then she looked at me, smiling, showing a set of strong white teeth.

"You seemed," she said, "you seemed surprised to see me shearing?"

"Yes," I said absently, "I was."

"But why?"

"Well, I don't know why—because it's unusual, I suppose."

"But supposing you wanted to do something in a bad, a very bad hurry, something that 'ud cost you a pile of money, and you knew you could earn it in only one way quickly, and it had to be quick, mind you, wouldn't you have a try, say, even if it was a bit out of the way?"

"Yes, I suppose I should," I said, "but I'm not strong or determined like you."

"Well, that's why I'm here, that's why I'd rather work here, than fossick round in a house washing plates and cooking for ten shillings a week. I want to earn money, I want it in a hurry, I want enough to see England—London, the heart of the Empire. At every snip of the shears I say to myself 'Nearer London!'" Then turning suddenly and slipping from the stump seat to the earth she continued:

"D'you know that poem of Benson's? I saw it first in a paper some one sent my people from England. I say it to myself kneeling at my camp shakedown every night. It begins like this——"

And in a droning voice, all the time marking time with her right foot, she chanted:

Land of hope and glory,
Mother of the free,
How shall I extol thee
Who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider
Shall thy bounds be set,
God, who made thee mighty,
Make thee mightier yet!

"Oh! it's grand!" she said, "grand to know you are a bit of the Empire, grand to feel that everything you do matters, that you must be straight, and true, and pure, and brave, because the great nation to which you belong 'expects that every man shall do his duty.' Nothing can alter that. Oh! it's beastly to feel you are idle when there's so much to be done, so much to learn, and the night coming on."

Then, as she finished the sheep, and it escaped her, pink and skinny looking, she rolled up the shorn wool in a bunde

She stopped. I glanced round at her. Tears were streaming down her face. Her fingers were dug deep into the soft earth.

"God," she whispered, "God, who made thee mighty, and true, and pure, and free, make me, me, a woman, useful too."

And, rolling over, she turned her face to the earth and sobbed aloud.

Lanky, the big kangaroo dog, got up, stretched himself, and walked over to her, sniffing her neck and then licking her hands. The yellow moon rose silent and enormous over the brow of the hill, lighting up the small township of shearers' huts. From afar the scent of the wattle was borne on the night air, and down by the waterholes the howl of a dingo and the oft-repeated call of the mowpoke added to the weirdness and the silence of the scene; and

more there to induce an adventurer to go there: but I guess Australia is a rich one too, though we've got that beastly big desert inland which we know so little about, and the deadly droughts as well. But I felt I wanted to help my own country, this artery of the Empire, and that's why I came back. I want to make our folks at home understand us a bit. We aren't cultivated, that's all they know of us at present, and we speak through our noses and are emotional, and that doesn't appeal to them—they forget our fathers were of the adventurer spirit, younger sons of good old English homes, poor, but, thank God, with English grit, else why did they come here? Then, too, they don't understand that in a new country there isn't time for culture. Culture means leisure, and there's no leisure for the adventurer spirit here, but we're coming to it—we're beginning to feel the want of it—but we must try and keep out cant and hypocrisy—no pretence; a lady is a lady no matter what work she does, no, even if she——"

She hesitated for a word.

"Not even if she shears sheep," I put in laughing.

"Yes," she said, joining in the laugh, "even then, nobility of purpose, purity of heart—but I don't want us to think ourselves perfect—that way spells failure. We aren't; we're ignorant crits, and but poor things after all. I like to read St. Matthew often to myself, especially if I'm feeling a bit better than my neighbour—don't you remember what it says in the fifth chapter? It's an awful comfort to me many a time is that chapter. But we must all be seekers after the truth, nothing but the truth must satisfy us. But it *was* grand to *sleep* quite close to Fleet Street and the Strand—those two names which thrill every one of us out here—and to feel as you walked about that perhaps Shakespeare or Milton or Nelson, or any of the other great ones who have been, and ever must be, part of the Empire, have walked about—perhaps on the very spot where you are, and looked at things you are looking at, and felt lonely and elated just as you, and that as they are parts so you too have your share and duty to this greatest of all Empires. You know it does somehow bring out your grit."

She seated herself at the piano and sang it to me in her rich contralto—thrilling me through and through as I sat there in the stillness of the tropical night

The train pulled out at Milton.

"This is my station," I said. "Come with me and I'll introduce you to my husband."

There wasn't much time for her to decide, but she jumped out.

"You've married then?" she said. "You aren't Miss Nowell any longer?"

"No, I'm Mrs. Dean now," I said laughing.

"I was going on to the next station,"

still this atom of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen lay there, while I, feeling myself the witness of a weak moment in a strong nature, silently looked on.

Presently, in her jerky way, she jumped up, saying:

"I'll see you to the second paddock. I guess they'll be wondering where you are."

And so together we strolled down the cattle track which led to the homestead. When we got to the sliprails of the second paddock she held out her hand, but I turned and kissed her on the cheek, which she immediately wiped off with the back of her hand, and started running through the bush back to the shearers' camp.

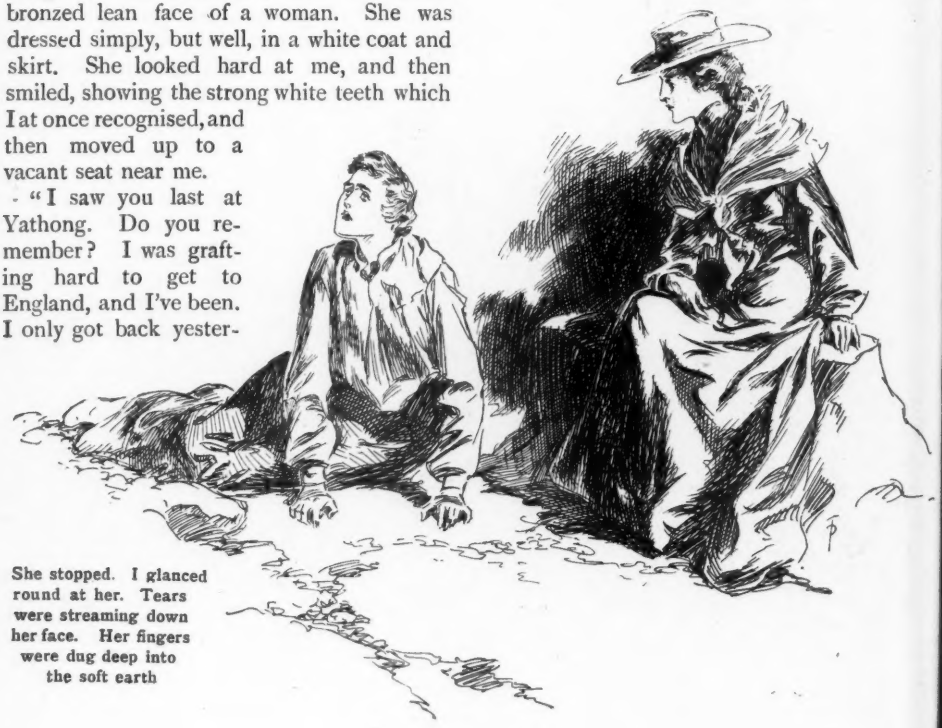
Next morning my brother and I left by the early coach for Jirrilderie on our way back to Melbourne.

It was fully three years after that when I saw her again. I was living in Brisbane then—I had been married about six months, when one day, in a train returning to my home at Milton from a visit to Brisbane, I saw a face I recognised, though I could not altogether remember the owner. It was the bronzed lean face of a woman. She was dressed simply, but well, in a white coat and skirt. She looked hard at me, and then smiled, showing the strong white teeth which I at once recognised, and then moved up to a vacant seat near me.

"I saw you last at Yathong. Do you remember? I was grafting hard to get to England, and I've been. I only got back yesterday. How funny that I should see you first of all my friends here!"

It was delightful to see her and to hear her talk. She had gained a something—a mental balance, so to speak—from her visit to the heart of the Empire, which one felt had made her bigger-souled and finer in every way from the girl I had talked with that night at Yathong.

"Of course," she said, "of course the climate is a bit trying, and there isn't much chance for the adventurer spirit; for, strange to say, though such men as Drake, Oxenham, and lots of others in the old days, who were essentially adventurers, helped to make the Empire, yet the social life in England now is against the adventurer—which I think a bit of a pity, for it seems to me that's what's making America the power she is. The adventurer with force of will, strength of mind, and good physique, is constantly emigrating there. If they were left to themselves they'd die out in quick sticks. Of course the American country is a rich one, I take that all into consideration, and there's



She stopped. I glanced round at her. Tears were streaming down her face. Her fingers were dug deep into the soft earth

a visit to the navvies' wives in their tents, she discovered that one of the great giants of men had lost his right hand, and merely used a hook. At once she concluded that he must have lost it in a battle—a battle fighting for his country! and so consequently he must be a hero worthy of her admiration! She approached him with heart palpitating, and to his "Well, Miss?" she said, "*Are* you a hero?" And her consternation, when he answered, "A 'ero, eh? my golly!" and then, clapping his hand on his thigh, went into shouts of laughter, while she, feeling as though he had spat at her, quietly escaped. She never seemed even then to have quite forgiven him that laughter.

Very soon after that she left, and, as she was going on to Sydney by boat next day, I should not see her again, but we promised to write to one another, at least once a month, which we have done up to the present moment.

From Sydney she went to South Africa, when the great Boer War broke out, as nurse with a contingent of Australian rough-riders—the big-hearted men of the bush—or, as she always insisted on calling them, "the backbone of Australia." At the close of hostilities she married a Boer farmer who had sworn allegiance to the British Empire, and her last letter to me began with the following paragraph:

"I am now the proud mother of the dearest baby you would wish to see, a small replica of his father, my big-souled husband—we are happy, more than happy. It all seems too strange and wonderful to us both, when we realise that we should never have met but for this war, which was so terrible. I am and always must be proud of my dear country, and we hope to bring our boy up to be as proud of it and loyal to it as we are. In my husband and baby I feel at last to have found that something which I have been seeking ever since I was old enough to think. My old emotional self—the Gath you knew—is dead, and a different woman who has found her mission has sprung up in her place."

Stirb und werde!
Denn, so lang du das nicht hast,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde!

(Photo by Miss K. Grant)

She approached him with heart palpitating, and to his Well, Miss? she said, *Are* you a hero?

she said, "to hunt up my cousin Dr. Mears, perhaps you know him?"

"To be sure I do, he's thought a tremendous lot of out this way, but I didn't know he was your cousin."

"Yes, my father's brother's son. My father was Dr. Mears—eccentric old Dr. Mears of Melbourne, you must have heard of him, but" (evidently wishing to change the subject) "tell me about yourself, your husband; is he English?"

"Yes—I don't fancy any other would have satisfied me."

She looked at me curiously and earnestly, and then said simply, "That's right, though after all we all belong to the big mother, it's all the same. Don't you want to get a trip home, though, say?"

"Of course I do, doesn't every Australian? Isn't it our only Mecca?"

"Of course, of course," she said.

After dinner, lounging in easy chairs on the bungalow verandah, with the French doors open into my pretty drawing-room, she told me of her two years in the Old Country. How one night ar a concert at the Albert Hall she had heard a great English singer sing her Benson's poem—her "nightly prayer," as she still called it—with organ accompaniment, and how magnificent the music was; and jumping up she seated herself at the piano, and sang it to me in her rich contralto—thrilling me through and through as I sat there in the stillness of the tropical night.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As ocean large and wide,
A pride that dares and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride.
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won,
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.
Land of hope and glory,
Mother of the free,
How shall I extol thee
Who are born of thee?

"I can't sing it yet," she said, as she returned to her seat on the verandah, "though I've sung it over and over again, I can't sing it yet without a lump coming into my throat!" And then we fell to talking of heroes and heroines, and she told me a little incident of her child-life, which helped me to understand her nature perhaps more than anything else. She must have been about seven at the time, and was living with her eccentric old father near Mordialloc, when the navvies first came to lay the railway from Melbourne to Mordialloc; and one day, when curiosity had induced her to pay

The Humours and Pathos of Tudor Literature

By M. Church

ONE must suppose that to the frequent use of Latin in correspondence and in speech, is due the wealth of metaphor and simile, of proverbial sayings and saws, which distinguish Tudor literature. Men who could not spell—though all spelling was comparative then—and who could barely write, disdained to express themselves but in language of hyperbole, often wrapping up their meaning in language so diffuse and so effusive that the acumen of students fails to penetrate it. Writing was a considerable effort, we must recollect, hence a writer not only chose his words but determined that there should be no baldness of style, no brutal frankness, but a piece of composition that would make a congenial exercise in Latin prose, say for Erasmus. We are far from saying that they were good English, nor do they possess the clearness and point of letters written in Latin. Those who wrote in Latin could write a good letter in English, nevertheless those whose English was defective, often attained a great dignity of style and a picturesque habit of allusion which the few and rare occasions of writing only enhanced.

Who can doubt for instance that Samuel Vaughan writing to Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, in 1537 had in his mind the concluding lines of the Fifth Book of the Æneid when he says: "You now sail in a sure haven. A merry semblance of weather often thrusteth men into the dangerous sea."

> O nimium coelo et pelago confise sereno,
> Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena!

which Conington translated:

> O rash to trust o'er much to tranquil sea and sky
> A corpse on foreign strand, Palinurus thou shalt lie.

Cardinal Wolsey writing to some one negotiating with Queen Margaret of Scotland, talks in the same strain though he uses a simile which would appeal strongly to people in those days. "A good archer should have two strings to his bow especially when one is made of threads wrought by women's fingers."

Wolsey would not, we may be sure, go out of his way to employ saws and modern instances unless they strengthened the sense of his meaning. He was too busy a man. But the average man was proverbial, and in those days, the days of the Tudors, no man knew whether he sailed in a sure haven till his dying day. The poor Cardinal himself could one day write: "I pray God delyver me and bryng me out of this trobelus and waveryng stormy se to the porte of . . ." Cromwell could put his own valuation on that congratulatory letter of Vaughan, there could be but one sure haven for an ambitious politician. Let us take some more homely sayings now.

"I fear me some there be would take a thorn out of their own foot and put it in yours," says one man writing to his lord, and another enunciates a rather startling truth. "It hath been an old proverb that there is no worse pestilence than an old friend." But as most proverbs goe in pairs and have a reverse as well as an obverse, we find one Moryson writing to Cromwell that he "disliked fickleness in friendship which should be like marriage, for better for worse." This was not an inappropriate thing to say to Lord Cromwell, for when the star of the great Cardinal set, he, Cromwell, held to his patron, a rare staunchness in those days, when men left a fallen statesman as rats do a sinking ship. I am afraid that in many an instance the flesh was weak if the spirit was willing, and the contrast between the exaggerated protestations of friendship and the loneliness that came upon a discredited man or a waning minister must have been truly the bitterness of death. The postscript of a Lord Southampton's letter to a friend, is a very succinct expression of true friendship:

"If ther be ane theng in thys world that I may do yow plesser in, not of fending my consehens and my deute to my pryns, call me thow falsest man lyfhing if I do it not for yow." In those days it may be observed, a man's duty towards his Prince and his conscience, were often at war. You reconciled them for the same reason that you deserted a friend, to save your neck or at least to keep you and yours from starving.

Allusions to the transitoriness of human prosperity and reminders of the mortal nature of our bodies are common enough, often couched in homely fashion, but often expressed with a dignity and a pathos that we may well envy in these hurrying days, when the struggle for breathing room makes men callous, and to be tender is to lose time. Wriothesley tells Cranmer that he "has been terribly tormented and is still in great danger of his enemy, but the last battle was not so sore." The gout or asthma I suppose. It might have been Bunyan writing a hundred years later of some Christian struggling with an evil spirit. The word "passion" is used by Wolsey in a very expressive sense of some complaint, bringing the suffering vividly home to us. "I cannot live in this moist and corrupt air (Asher) being entered into the passion of dropsy." One Gold, writing to the "Wicked Woman of Kent," as some one called Elizabeth Barton, of the illness of a friend, gives a wonderful description of an unknown complaint which many people will have no difficulty in recognising.

"His disease is very strange. It took him in the fingers' end of the left hand in his sleep, wherewith he waked, and was forthwith deadly sick at the heart by the space of a quarter of an hour, like as he should have swooned——" The poor man, the letter continues, could not think whether it was the beginning of the palsy, or the gout, or some other plague of God. The last scene of all is often mentioned in phrases that seem to us lacking in tenderness and a proper sense of the solemnity of death. Sir Henry Norris, who had lost his leg fighting on the Continent, we are told by one writer "is likely to die, and will soon follow his leg." Another, writing of the imminent decease of a dignitary whose successor was a subject of speculation, is more dignified naturally. "There is but one way with Mr. Dean, for he has lain speechless this twenty hours." The plague which the sweating sickness interleaved, as it were, was so chronic in those days that one is not surprised to find the following allusion to it: "They die here in every corner," says one writer abroad, "but no great death . . . only 112 last week," he adds in another letter, and compares it favourably with the previous year. But a hundred deaths in the London of that period meant a heavy percentage. What should we say if the deaths from small-pox averaged a hundred per week in a city of five million inhabitants? The shopkeepers would be ruined, if nothing further happened. At a slightly earlier visitation of the Plague we can gather the feeling of a very real panic. A French envoy tells us that the Great Cardinal "had stolen away with a few servants and gone no man knows whither." Another writer declared that if you left your hand and arm uncovered at night it was stiff in the morning, so poisonous was the air. This we should have expected. And among the articles of Cardinal Wolsey's impeachment to be laid before the Lords is one very pertinent to him, to the plague, and the epidemic of the present day. It was for having endangered the king's person in that he, when he knew himself to have "the foul and contagious disease of the great pox broken out upon him in divers places of his body, came daily to your Grace rowning in your ear and blowing upon your most noble Grace with his perilous and infectious breath, and when he was healed he made the King believe it was only an imposthume in the head."

Some of the saddest and most pitiful reading of the memorials of departed greatness are the letters of the Great Cardinal after his fall. Regarded with mingled contempt and fear by those whom he had passed in the race for power and wealth, he was a very real and formidable person to the envoys of continental sovereigns, who found the arts of the diplomatist useless against his coarseness, his violence (sometimes actually personal), and his undoubted devotion to his master. They record how his entreaties and

fears moved even his greatest enemies to pity, but that, from dread of his possible return to power, they dared not relent. The prayers, the abundant tears, and the heart-melting appeals to the one man he trusted were all part of the coarse, passionate, and not ungenerous nature. Surely no man ever expressed the feelings of the moment more forcibly. Even at this distance of time they move us strangely, so mighty is the pen and so imperishable the power of those tears of blood written hastily, as one letter hath it, "at Ashur with the rude and shaking hand of your daily bedesman and assured friend, T. Carlis Ebor."

His only hope was Cromwell, afterwards Lord Privy Seal, to whom he had been indeed a good patron, and to him he wrote the most beseeching letters. "The forberyng and puttyng ovyr of your comyng hyther hath so increasyd my sorwe, and put me in suche anxyete of mynd, that thys nygth my brethe and wynde by sythyng was so short that I was by the space of tre owers as one that shulde have dyde." He asks Cromwell if he loves his life to break away and come to him, and the letter goes on, "At the reverence of God, take some payne now for me, and forsake me not in thys myn extreme nede, and wher as I can not, God shall rewarde yow. Now ys the tyme to showe whether ye love me or not."

His appeal to Henry on behalf of his great foundation at Oxford, which was very dear to his heart, begins, "Most gracyous soverayn lorde and mersyfulle prince, prostrat at your Majestys fete with wepyng terys, thes shalbe in most reverente," &c. &c.

There is something of the Oriental suppliant in the redundancy of epithet and personal abasement of the writer, and Henry, it must be confessed, was of the Oriental type of monarch.

George Poulet thought so, if we are to believe the evidence deposed against him. He was a commissioner in Ireland (1538), and he was reported while riding with colleagues to have asserted the king's absolute independence of his counsellors and lords, and to have referred to Cromwell in the following terms:

"And as for my lord Privy Seal, I would not be in his case for all that ever he hath, for the King beknaveth him twice a week and yet when he hath been well pummelled about the head and shaken up, as it were a dog, he will come out into the great chamber shaking of the bush with as merry a countenance as though he might rule all the roast. I standing at the lower end of the chamber perceive these matters well enough."

Mr. Poulet seems to have been much amused by this spectacle, which was to him a Punch and Judy show or a puppet play. And really it has a comic side to it, though there is a disappointing lack of dignity in the relations between the monarch and minister. Henry's manners had not the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, nor had any of the Tudors, if we except the first one, and Henry VIII. was not even a gentleman in his latter days.

Let us drop down to a more homely sphere, and hear what a man has to say about his shrewd wife. He is writing to Lady Lisle—the Lisles had the art of gaining the affection and confidence of people—and at the end of his letter begs to be recommended to Lord Lisle, &c. "So that my little shrewd wife be not forgotten, for though she be so short a mistress and divers of conditions that few or none gentlewomen in Calais be glad of her company, as I hear say hath been plainly told her to her face sith my departing, yet must I poor man keep her with all her shrewd conditions whatsoever they be as you do know."

The recipient of this letter was evidently one to whom many confided their griefs. "I am bold to make my complaint to you," says another, "but you are good, and it is said to be an easeful physic for a man to show his grief where he loveth." Could anything be simpler or more confiding? She must have been a tender-hearted creature and a most devoted wife. When she went to England from Calais the husband and wife exchanged the most lover-like letters, and one must almost apologise for quoting them, though they are in a calendar of State papers. Nor do the domestic details and items of dress detract from their charm.

"Send me a velvet night-cap and a cloth

cap, etc. . . . I never longed so much for any one since I knew a woman," says my lord. "My nowein swette heart," says my lady. "Ever with my whole heart root I have me most heartily recommended unto you. . . ."

Here follows a pitiful account of how the Lord Privy Seal "shook her up" in reference to a certain annuity, too dreadful to relate, *i.e.*, "is not to be written. As to your writing that you never longed so sore for me, your desire in that behalf can be no vehementer than mine. I can neither eat, sleep nor drink, my heart is so heavy, and it will never be light till I am with you." Two days later my lord writes: "I had never better health, but I think so much of you I cannot, etc. . . . There was never child thought so long for his nurse as I do for you. . . . I pray you let me have a doublet against Christmas." My lady says: "Your gown hosen and points are ready, and your shirts and linen hosen shall not be forgotten."

It was a very common custom in those days to send presents of food long distances, and one may wonder whether they arrived in an eatable condition. Very mixed consignments some of these convoys were. The affectionate husband described above sends his wife, so he informs her in a postscript, "some baked partridges and a pasty of a wild boar that came out of France, a baked crane, and a white kersey to make her a petticoat." Again a person, whom we may suppose to be Lord Cromwell's steward, writes to him that "Mr. Gostwyk, by your commandment, sent hither about a month ago two sides of red deer against your coming, which I closed in large pasties, now almost kept too long. One is too far gone already. Let me know how I shall dispose of them among your friends."

They were expert in cooking large quantities of flesh, and baking butchers' meat and game in thick paste. The art is more or less lost now, but some of the old recipes tell us how to set about it. An ancestress of ours used to send up a goose-pie every Christmas to her son in London. It generally arrived in an advanced stage after the vicissitudes of a long coach journey, perhaps having been held up by a highwayman; but when the wife suggested writing and informing the dear old lady of its condition, the son said "No, its preparation has given her and will give great pleasure; it were a cruel thing to take that away." A certain partridge-pie, our readers may not have forgotten, lay a whole tide under Thames water, and so had "its fashion somewhat marred."

Considering the coarseness and richness of the living, the Lenten Fast cannot be regarded as other than a necessary as well as a religious penance, 400 years ago. It comes at a suitable time of year, though a cold and trying time often enough. In the sixteenth century the authorities enforced the fast from flesh very sternly indeed, though dispensations were not so very difficult to obtain. Nevertheless the average Englishman did not stomach the salt fish diet, and many of them had had too much of it probably during the past winter. Wisdome, one of the martyrs confined in the Lollards' Tower, after affirming "that souls departed do not come again and walk and play bo-peep with us," went on to aver his independence of Lenten rules. "A man may eat meat at all times," and he declared that some men "be so superstitious that they will not taste an egg for £100 on a Friday or in Lent." We quote below the report of a conversation which might have come out of one of Shakespeare's comedies. It is the deposition of one Robert Leche. Leche says that Orchard and Tyle coming into the town (Windsor) on April 3rd, found Gwy carving a box hedge, who said to them, "How say ye now, my masters, to a good salt eel? I could gladly feed thereof and not charge my conscience. Yea, masters, how say ye to a dish of buttered eggs?" Tyle answered: "By the grace of God no eggs shall come into my belly before Easter. They be so commonly eaten, that whereto for Easter, we have commonly had twelve for a penny, at this Easter we shall have not passing eight for a penny." Gwy said, "The restraining of white meat to be eaten is but a tradition of the Bishop of Rome, of whom every man for money might redeem to feed at large; but the King, God preserve his Grace! hath freely given licence to all his subjects and without money."

This was at Windsor, but there were backsliders even in a University city. An Oxford bookseller was found to have been living very freely indeed, to judge from his butcher's bill, and members of the University, we regret to say, were only too glad to avail themselves of his table. Nothing brings the habits of the age home to us more clearly than the difficulties men experienced of feeding an army which had no further to go than Scotland. The Commissioners wrote to the Council that one man "has so wisely used himself that, for the lack of victuals he hath driven all his men to eat and drink but only twice in the day, which hath not been accustomed to mariners." It is the old story, men reared in the habit of drinking whether they were thirsty or not, become crazy with thirst in a few hours. We hear that nineteen men had died from drinking puddle water, and this was in Scotland, at the end of October! Early in Henry's reign, when the Emperor had placed a tempting plan for the invasion of Italy before him, the King gave up the idea as hopeless because he could find no means by which so large a force as he must take could be properly supplied with wine!

The admiral in charge of a fleet wrote home much about the same time that "we will not return as long as we have any beer though return we should drink water." As much as to say he could not kerb the sea with no beer to drink, and that water inside as well as out was too dreadful an alternative for Englishmen to face. If the living was coarse, table manners were something too dreadful to contemplate, as the following extract proves :

"I send you my tooth-picker, which I thought to have given to the Palsgrave (Elector of Bavaria ?) while he was here, but it was not then at my hand. Please present it to him. I send it to him because when he was here I did see him wear a pen, or call to pick his teeth with. Tell him I have had it seven years."

To-day table manners are not considered the ultimate test of breeding, for they have sadly retrograded, but never I trust will they revert to those of the Tudor age.

The Fisherman

Down to the shore I make my way
As the sun sinks seaward over the bay,
And I trim my sails to the freshening breeze
And point my bow to the breaking seas ;
And far from the land, and the lights of home,
I pass, o'er the lonesome deep to roam ;
But I know, as I think of my loved ones sleeping,
We are all of us safe in the Father's keeping!
Then here's to the rolling sea,
And the winds so fresh and free ;
Out on the deep, while landsmen sleep,
The fisherman's life for me!

Soon as the morn's first rays appear,
Up with the mains'ell and homeward steer;
Heaped in the hold lies the glittering spoil
Won from the sea by my night of toil—
Won for the dear ones who, hand in hand,
Will welcome the fisherman back to land;
For whether we're working or whether we're sleeping,
We're all of us safe in the Father's keeping!
Then here's to the rolling sea,
And the winds so fresh and free ;
Out on the deep, while landsmen sleep,
The fisherman's life for me!

A. Frewen Aylward.

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "Captain Fortune," &c.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

CHAPTER XXI

THE "SEA QUEEN"

WE were not, however, bound to sea, which would in our situation have been madness. Better have perished under the bloody hands of the mutineers than adventure on a wide ocean, without sail or food or compass, to die of thirst, exposure or starvation. Legrand took the boat well out upon that tranquil water before swinging her round to reach the island far away from the *Sea Queen*. We had no guess as to what size the island might be, but hoped that it might be sufficiently large to provide us a hiding-place, as well as with opportunities of securing food.

The night was placid and the sea like a smooth lake. When we had got some way out, and the sounds of the water on the yacht, together with the human noises of her crew, had faded, a singular silence fell. The plash of the oars was the only sound that broke on the ears. The air was soft and serene; nature seemed to have at last relented, and to be out of key with those tragic deeds committed on the *Sea Queen*. As I sat, passing such reflections in my mind, I heard a voice at my ear in French:

"But, Monsieur, where is my mistress?"

It was Juliette, faithful still. I had to explain, and she cried out in alarm, and then was silent. She was above all a practical woman, as I had gathered, and no doubt she saw the position. Mademoiselle was gone, and it was patent how she was gone. Holgate's words had put her fate beyond uncertainty. She was in the hands of the mutineers, but with what object I could not guess. Possibly Holgate had some thought that she was privy to the hiding of the treasure. If he did, I knew better. But, meanwhile, whatever design he had, it was not likely that Mademoiselle was in danger. Probably, indeed, she was suffering less discomfort at the moment than she had endured during the last few hours. If we were destined to destruction by the mutineers, as I had no doubt, Holgate was biding his time. It may be that he still had some suspicion that one or more of us knew the secret he sought. So he held his hand.

Under Legrand's guidance the boat grounded with a dull, soft, swishing noise on sand, and in the darkness we effected our landing. That done, it remained to conceal our craft in case of emergencies, which we succeeded in doing under a spreading patch of bushes well above the reach of the tides. Then the question of shelter faced us.

This part of the island appeared, from the trend of the ground, to move gently upwards among dwarf trees and shrubs, and, plunging almost at random in the night, we hit upon a knoll at the base of which was a hollow screened by some bushes. Here we decided to stay till the sun was up. Legrand helped Lane, who was badly fatigued, and Ellison made himself useful all round, paying complimentary attentions to the French maid. As for me, I am not ashamed to say that I had but one thought just then, and that was to render the Princess comfortable. I found some dry ferns and piled them up as a couch, so that she was protected from the hard, unyielding earth, and then I bade her sleep. She had not spoken since we had entered the boat, and she rendered herself submissively as a helpless child to my directions. She lay down, and I was aware that she was looking into the depth of heaven, where a few stars shone dimly. She was thinking of her brother, and (dear heart) I pitied her. I yearned towards her as a lover yearns to his mistress, with the single desire that he may comfort and solace and protect her. Ah well, my secret had been no secret to me for many days. There was only one divine woman on earth, and she lay upon a rude couch in a savage island, under the naked stars, and stared disconsolately to heaven.

I fell asleep at last, and when I awoke, stiff from the earthy bed, the night was receding westwards. The dawn was emerging in pearl and greys, and a little light was suffused about the hollow. It was still warm. My companions slept, some tossing restlessly, but the Princess lay almost as if she had been sleeping under the hand of death. Her bosom moved regularly, her parted lips disclosed the even white of her teeth; she was safe from fears and immune from sorrows now at least, and I thanked God. I got up and pushed my way through the bushes towards the beach on which the high tide rumbled monotonously. Each moment the light grew stronger, and I had walked only a little way before I was enabled to make out the loom of the yacht some half-mile or more away. I mounted the rise behind our sleeping-place, and now perceived that the land ran upwards from where we were into a central ridge, dotted on the slopes with trees. On the south-easterly side the island appeared to be broken and to conclude in rocks, and here was where the *Sea Queen* lay, with a seaward list. It was plain, then, that so small a sanctuary would not offer us adequate protection from Holgate if he wished to pursue us, and my heart sank as I considered the position. Would he at the best leave us to our fate on the island? And if so, would that be more merciful than despatching us by the bullet of the assassin?

I returned to my companions to find Legrand and the French maid awake. Juliette was serviceable as of old. She inquired of me sweetly what chance her mistress had, and took my assurances philosophically. She would do her duty, I was sure, but I doubted the depth of her affections. She came of sound, sensible peasant blood. And this was what was needed at the moment, for we had to see to some breakfast. Legrand agreed to mount guard while I went on an excursion of investigation along the north shore. Here I was hidden from the eyes of those on board the *Sea Queen* by the intervening range of hills. It took me just twenty minutes of strolling to reach the farther end of the island, where the barren rocks swarmed with gulls and other sea-birds, from which you may draw some idea as to the dimensions of our domain. I obtained some sea-gulls' eggs from the nests on the rocks, having to beat off some of the infuriated creatures to secure my booty, and, thus supplied, returned to the camp. The remainder of the party were now awake, and Juliette prepared the eggs, roasting them in the sand by the aid of hot ashes. As we were well-nigh famished, I think we all ate with appetite, except the Princess, who was still very silent and listless.

"Princess," I said to her presently, "if a man lose half his treasure, will he then throw away the other half recklessly?"

She looked at me in wonder. "You have lost a brother," I continued, "but you have your own life which God gave you to guard."

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know you are right, but it is hard. I will try, but——" She shivered. "It is hard—so hard to forget. I live in a nightmare by day; it is only in sleep I can forget."

But she ate her breakfast after that, and a little later accompanied me to a spring Ellison had discovered for a drink of water. As we stood there in the morning sunshine, the fair wind tossing her skirts, she faced me gravely.

"You have not given up hope, then?"

"No," said I frankly. "We are not beaten yet. I think I shall be able to restore you to Europe, to hand you back to your uncle's palace."

She looked away to sea. "We were to have given up that for always—Frederic and I," she said softly. "We arranged it between us."

"Princess," I said, "you did not approve. I have always known it. You consented out of love for him. And now you shall go back."

She shook her head. "It is too late. The mill will never grind with the waters that are passed. I did not—I was afraid. Yes, but I made up my mind. He was all I had, and now I have nothing—I am alone."

It was impossible to assure her. There was no consolation possible now, whatever might come hereafter. Her eyes encountered mine.

"But I am grateful—oh! so grateful, to those who stood by him to the end and risked their lives for him," she said in a broken voice and with tears in her eyes, and she put out her hand impulsively. I took it, and my voice was almost as broken as hers.

"It is not true you are alone," I said, "for those who stood by your brother belong to you. They would die for you."

"My friend," she murmured. "No; I am not alone."

Legrand expressed great anxiety that we should improve our position, which, indeed, left us a prey to any attack. We therefore wended our way along the northern beach towards the rocks, in the hope of hitting upon a situation in which we might have some chance of defence. The scarp descended boldly into the blue water here, and the edges were planted with brushwood. Brushwood, too, seamed the slope of the hills, interspersed with larger trees. Here and there the rough rock outcropped and was broken, no doubt, by the winds of that tempestuous sea or by the frosts. Legrand and I mounted, leaving the others below, and ascended to the top of the rise, from which the shafts of our eyes went down upon the southern beach. But the *Sea Queen* was concealed from view by the abutment of hill which sloped outwards and formed an arm to a pleasant little ravine. From the top of this a stream bubbled out of the rock and fell downwards in a jet of silver. Legrand stooped to refresh himself with a draught preparatory to turning back, for it was not advisable that we should venture lower upon that side of the hills. As he did so he stopped suddenly and straightened himself. With his hand he beckoned to me, pointing to the hillside. I looked and saw what was in his mind. Just under the summit the rock-stratum emerged in mass, and on one side the earth yawned in a hole.

Cautiously we approached. It was the mouth of a shallow cavern some twelve feet through and some twenty feet in width. The cave admitted us by stooping.

"The very place," said he significantly. "It's near water too, and has this advantage, that we can overlook the beach by which any movement will be made."

That was in my thoughts also, and we rejoined our companions well satisfied. But some preparations were necessary before we installed ourselves in our new quarters. We made a larder of eggs and piled a heap of brushwood before the door of our house. So long as there were no mutineers in sight we should have liberty to come and go over the brow of the hill; and upon the north side, in a little dip, we built our fireplace, so that the smoke would not rise and attract the notice of the *Sea Queen*.

These arrangements occupied a great part of the morning, during all which time we saw nothing of Holgate's men. No doubt they were busily engaged in their hunt for the Prince's treasure.

The day passed wearily enough but in safety; and with the fall of night we felt even

It remained to conceal our craft, which we succeeded in doing under a spreading patch of bushes

It was the mouth o
a shallow cavern

more secure, for our hiding-place could not be discovered in the darkness. I reckoned that we were not, as the crow flies, more than a few hundred yards from where the yacht lay aground, and in the greater stillness that seems to fall at night sounds reached us from the mutineers. As I sat at the door of the cave, with the stars overhead, I caught a snatch of song rolling up from below, and presently other voices joined in. A little later there was a riotous burst of noise, as from a quarrel in progress. Had the treasure been found, and were the sailors celebrating their triumph, or was this merely a drunken debauch? It sounded as if the latter were the true alternative. In their disappointment the mutineers had gone to the rum cask for consolation. As time went on the sounds increased, and I listened to them with a trembling fear for the unfortunate woman who was still aboard. Black of heart as those men undoubtedly were in their sober moments, and under the influence of the lust of gold, what would they be when inflamed by spirits and in the throes of angry chagrin?

As I watched I was conscious that some one had issued from the cave on light feet and stood by my side. A low voice addressed me, but before she had spoken I knew who it was. My heart could not have failed to recognise her.

"Do you fear attack?"

"No, Princess," said I, "not to-night. They don't know where we are; and, besides, they are quarrelling among themselves."

She was silent for a time, and then, "That unhappy woman!" she sighed.

"She has lost all she cared for. I am sorry for her," I answered.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I suppose so; but what does any one of us care for? What does it all mean? The puzzle is too great for me. I am shaken."

"You must trust yourself," I said impulsively. "Trust to those who care for you."

"You are good," she replied softly.

"Princess——" I began, but she interposed quickly.

"Do not call me that. I am no Princess. I have given all up. I am just Alix Morland."

"You will go back," said I, "and resume your rightful place in courts, and this will only remain to you as a horrid nightmare."

"I shall remember the evil dream. Yes," she said; "but I shall also remember some heroic souls and noble deeds. But it will not be in courts."

She was silent again, but presently said, in a hesitating voice: "Dr. Phillimore, I never wanted that marriage; I was always against

it; and now I am sorry. Poor Frederic! I was the traitor to him."

"No, no," I said, "but a loyal and devoted heart. Why are you here? Because, even though you mistrusted his judgment, you sacrificed yourself to your affection for him. The test of true affection is to stand by when you disapprove. Any one can stand by if he approves."

"And it has all come to this!" she said with a sigh.

"This is not the end," said I stoutly.

Suddenly she laid her hand on my arm. "What has become of her?" she asked. "What has been her fate?"

To say the truth, I knew not what to reply, and the trouble in her voice declared itself again. "Can we do nothing?" she asked distressfully. "I did not like her, but can we do nothing? It is dreadful to——"

I found my voice then. "Not to-night, but to-morrow," I replied soothingly. "She will take no harm to-night"; but I wished I had been as sure as I seemed.

About noon on the following day we took our first sight of the mutineers. A knot emerged into view on the beach below and spread out presently towards the wooded valley. This gave me some concern, for I guessed that they might be searching for us by Holgate's directions. He had threatened to visit us. Was he now fulfilling that threat? In any case, if they were hunting for us we must in the end be run to earth in that small island. And then would come the final act. We had two revolvers and a limited amount of ammunition to defend ourselves against the resources of the mutineers, to whom the yacht was open. We saw no more of them, however, for two hours, and then they came straggling back towards the little bluff behind which the *Sea Queen* lay. If they had been looking for us they were so far foiled. But that was not the last of them. The boat which had landed the first lot of mutineers had returned to the yacht, and now again struck the beach with a fresh complement of hands. Were they to renew the pursuit? I looked down from our eyrie, scarcely more than half a mile away, with some misgivings. Legrand was upon the other side of the hill on an exploration of his own, and Lane and Ellison were still wounded men. I peered from behind our pile of brushwood and awaited events. The second gang of mutineers had brought a keg with them, and I saw them tap it. Only too clearly was its nature revealed. They had come ashore to an orgie. I counted ten of them, and thought I recognised one or two of the figures—Gray's and Pierce's for certain. Holgate evidently was not with them, for his form would have been unmistakable, nor could I discern Pye. But why were they there? I could only answer my question on the assumption that they had found the treasure and were making merry. Yet it was not like Holgate to give them the reins so completely unless he had some purpose to serve by his complaisance.

Hurricane Island, as the mutineer had dubbed it, lay under the broad face of the sun, and the cascade sparkled at my feet on its run to the sea. Down below the ruffians were engaged in drinking themselves into a condition of maudlin merriment. Well, so much the better, I reflected, for I had made up my mind that now, if ever, was the time to inquire into the fate of Mademoiselle. When Legrand returned the debauch had developed, and the boat was clumsily put to sea by two of the hands. Evidently a fresh supply of rum had been requisitioned; for shortly afterwards the boat returned, and two more kegs were rolled out upon the beach. This time it also brought Holgate himself, together with a companion, whom I made out to be Pye. The men lolled in the sun, smoking and drinking, and now singing snatches of songs. What was Holgate about to let them get into this condition?

Well, Holgate probably knew his own affairs. If he had not carefully calculated every step in this situation I should have been much astonished. He himself, as far as I could see, took little part in the orgie, but the clamour of voices grew louder, and reached us in our retreat very distinctly. We could even catch the names and some of the words that flew about. The talk was boisterous, but I doubted if it was over merry. Had they been baffled by the treasure after all? I counted them again, and came to the conclusion that almost the whole of the

I was conscious that some one had issued from the cave on light feet and stood by my side

decimated company must be ashore. If that were so, it was time for my excursion. Presently, when the dark came, it might be too late.

My plan, as I explained it to Legrand, was this. I would descend across the spur of the hill, under cover of the bushes, and climb down the steeper heights that faced the *Sea Queen*. She lay scarce more than a hundred yards from the island, and it would be easy to reach her by swimming. If Mademoiselle were safe on board as I conjectured, we could take advantage of a boat to reach the northern beach, and so make our escape without being seen by any of the mutineers ashore. As for the mutineers on the ship, if there were any, I must deal with them as chance suggested.

Legrand was doubtful as to my venture, his philosophy being summed up in the adage, "Let well alone"; but he consented that the experiment should be tried when I pressed it. He had, in the course of his ramblings, discovered in the north side of the hill another cavern, which he declared would serve us on an emergency as a second hiding-place. It was quite possible that we might be driven from burrow to burrow like rabbits, and so it behoved us to examine well the lines of our retreat.

I started on my journey just as the sun went down, spreading a deep rose colour on the western waters. I walked cautiously and deliberately, making deviations in my slanting course across the spur, so as to keep within the screen of the bushes. I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I was aware that I was being followed, and I stopped and looked back. To my amazement I saw the Princess coming up rapidly in my wake. She had evidently sped down the ravine, and was a little out of breath. This had imparted some colour to her pale face, a colour which made her radiantly beautiful.

"Princess!" I said in surprise.

"I am come after you," she said hurriedly, "because I don't want you to go. Oh, don't go, please. I did not know you were going until you were gone. Mr. Legrand told me so when I asked after you. But you must not go. I know you are going because of what I said last night. But you must not. . . . It is too dangerous. Oh, did you not see that band of assassins there? They are wolves, they are ravening, fierce wolves. You will perish."

My heart throbbed hard, harder than it had done before through all those terrible days of anxiety. I took her hand. "Princess," I said, "I must go." I held her hand tightly. "You see that I must go. But ah, I will not forget your kindness."

"They will kill you," she burst out.

"No"; I shook my head and smiled. "God bless you! You are the most kind and most beautiful woman in life. God bless and keep you!"

I kissed her hand and turned and went down.

She stood awhile, as if lost in thought, and when I looked back I thought I could read upon her face trouble and fear. I would have gone back to her if I had dared, but had I done so I must have taken her in my arms.

I kept my face steadily towards the descent, and when I at last summoned courage to adventure the gaze, she had turned and was slowly mounting the hill.

My eyes left her and went downwards to the beach. I was almost at the top of the spur which rolled over towards the bay on which the yacht had stranded. What was my horror to notice some excitement among the mutineers, and to see a man with his face towards the hill and an uplifted arm. Good heavens! The Princess had been discovered.

I stood stock still, rooted to the ground with my apprehensions, and then several of the mutineers began to run towards the ravine. I started at once on a race up the slope. Looking down I saw the full pack streaming up the valley, and I redoubled my exertions. I was some distance away, but I had not so far to go as they. The Princess stopped, arrested by the drunken shouts from below, and then suddenly broke into a run. She had recognised her danger. I bounded through the bushes, and cut across to intercept the wolves. It was all a matter of little more than five minutes, and then I stopped and awaited their arrival.

The first man, who was without a weapon, came to a pause a dozen paces from me.

"Stand, or I fire," I said, levelling my weapon.

He looked uncertainly round for his companions. Two or three joined him, and, encouraged by this accession to the force, he said jeeringly:

"Put that down, or it will be the worse for you. We've had enough of you. And now we've got you in a mucky hole."

"That remains to be seen," said I calmly, for I noticed that they did not seem to be supplied with weapons. I could see others climbing up below, and among them Holgate. A little lull fell on the scene. It was as if fate hung undecided, not certain whether the scales should go down on this side or that. I stood facing the group of dismayed and angry ruffians, and without turning my head was aware of some one running behind me. I do not think I gave this a single thought, so preoccupied was I with the situation in front. The group was enlarged by arrivals, and one of these, stumbling, uttered an oath.

"Shoot him!" he said, and himself lifted a pistol at me.

I raised mine also, and a second and a third were now levelled at me. The scales were against me, but even as this flashed across my mind, a report sounded behind me, and the drunken creature fell. I glanced about, and there was Legrand, with his steady hand and flaming eye. My heart thrilled. A shout of fury went up in front. "Shoot them—shoot them!" and the barrels directed at us seemed to be suddenly many.

Holgate had come to a pause on the outer edge of the group, and was observing the scene with interest. He made no movement. Death touched us with the breath of his passage.

An arm was flung sharply about me. "If you die, I die too!" cried a voice—a voice, ah, so well remembered and so dear! Ah! Was it Alix?

A pistol barked, and I swerved, almost losing my feet. If we must die, we should die hard. I fired, and one of the mutineers uttered an exclamation.

"Stay there," called Holgate. "Easy, men. Don't let's kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Let's have a few questions answered."

"Dent's down," sang out one.

"Well, there'll be all the more for those that are left," said Holgate easily, steering his way through the knot.

A faint laugh followed on this, but I think even the mutineers, brutal as they were, were aghast at this revolting cynicism.

"Let's have a parley first," said Holgate, now in the forefront of the gang. "Business first—pleasure afterwards. Now, doctor, out with it. Where's that treasure?"

"I have told you," said I, "that the Prince removed it."

Alix's arms were about me still. I was dazed.

"Obstinate mule!" said Holgate with a grin. "See that, boys? I've given 'em every chance. Let her go."

In response to his command revolvers were raised. It marked the end, the fall of the curtain on that long tragedy. Alix's arms were about me, and suddenly my brain cleared. I saw as sharply and as definitely as if I had been aloof and unconcerned in that disturbing crisis.

"Stop, men," said I. "I have one thing to say before we go further. Two things. You shall hear about the treasure."

There was a pause. Holgate turned his black, incurious eyes on me, as if he wondered.

"I will tell you where the treasure is, if you will allow me to give you the history of a transaction," I said. My mind was quick, my nerve was cool. There was a chance to be had in delay.

"Spit it out," said one of the men encouragingly. "The funeral will wait."

"Men, you've been taken in by that scoundrel there, your leader," I said, pointing at Holgate. "He's diddled you all through. Ask him about the treasure; ask him!"

The eyes of all went round to Holgate, who stood without a sign of discomposure.

"Well, are you going to let 'em go?" was all he said. Once again the interest of the group returned to me, but I was fighting hard for—Alix.

"Who was it planned this mutiny and the seizing of the treasure?" I cried. "Why, Holgate, you know well—Holgate and Pye.

And who brought about the rising? Holgate again. Why didn't you push through and get hold of the treasure at the first? I suppose you were told it was too difficult. Well, it would have been difficult, but that wasn't the reason. It was because this man had got his accomplice aft, stealing the treasure against your coming. And so, when you came, where was it? Gone! Look here, men; I swear to you I saw this man and Pye gloating over the treasure they had removed before your coming. Oh, he's cunning is Holgate, and he's diddled you."

There were some murmurs among the mutineers, who looked dubiously at their master, and Pierce spoke.

"That's all very well, but how are we to know it's not mere bluff? You're putting up a bluff on us."

Holgate still stood there with his unpleasing smile, and he answered nothing. It was the truth I had spoken, but now I was to bluff.

"Well, I will prove my words," said I. "You asked me where the treasure is, and I'll tell you. It was removed from Holgate's hiding-place by me and hidden in Pye's cabin, and afterwards the Prince and I removed it again and concealed it."

"Where! Where!" shouted several voices; but Holgate did not budge or speak.

If we saved this situation we should at least have a respite, another chance. There was no alternative but death.

"Why, in its proper place, to be sure," said I. "In the strong-room, where it should be. I suppose none of you thought of that. You're too clever for that, Pierce."

"By Jove!" cried Pierce suddenly.

But at the moment I was startled by a change in Holgate. I had fired a barrel at random, and now he shot on me a diabolical glance. His eyes gleamed like creatures about to leap from cover; his lips in a snarl revealed his teeth. A flash of inspiration came to me, and I knew then for certain that, wherever the Prince had concealed the treasure, it was now lying in the very place I had named in the presence of all those ruffians. Holgate glanced a swift glance from left to right.

"What's he take us for?" he said in a hoarse, tat voice, in which rage burned and trembled. "Who's he stuffing with these fairy tales?"

Pierce, his thin lips moving, stared at him. "Anyway, it's worth trying," he said meaningly. "You've had your shot; I'll have mine."

"He's fooling you," called out Holgate furiously; but already two or three of the mutineers had started down the ravine, and the others turned. Excitement seized upon them, as it had been a panic.

And then suddenly a cry arose. "Look, look!"

The sun was gone, but the beautiful twilight lingered, serene and gracious, and in that clear light we could descry the form of the *Sea Queen* forging slowly out to sea, and rolling as she moved on the ebb.

"Good heavens! she's floated off! She came off on the high tide!" cried Pierce; and instantly there was a stampede from the hillside towards the beach. Pell-mell the mutineers tumbled down over bush and briar at a break-neck speed to reach the boat that tossed idly on the water to its moorings.

CHAPTER XXII

HOLGATE'S LAST HAND

THE first thought that passed through my mind was that we had lost our one hope of escape from Hurricane Island. Insensibly I had come to look on the *Sea Queen* as the vehicle of our rescue, and there she was before my eyes adrift on a tide that was steadily drawing her seawards. There could be no doubt as to that, for even as I gazed she made perceptible way, and seemed to be footing it fast. I turned to Alix, who was by me, staring also.

"I will come back," I said rapidly. "I must go down."

"No, no," she said, detaining me.

"Dear, they will take no heed of me now. I am perfectly safe for the present. They are taken up with more important matters."

I squeezed her hands in both mine, turned and left her.

Holgate was some hundred yards in front of me, plunging heavily through the bushes. He called to mind some evil and monstrous

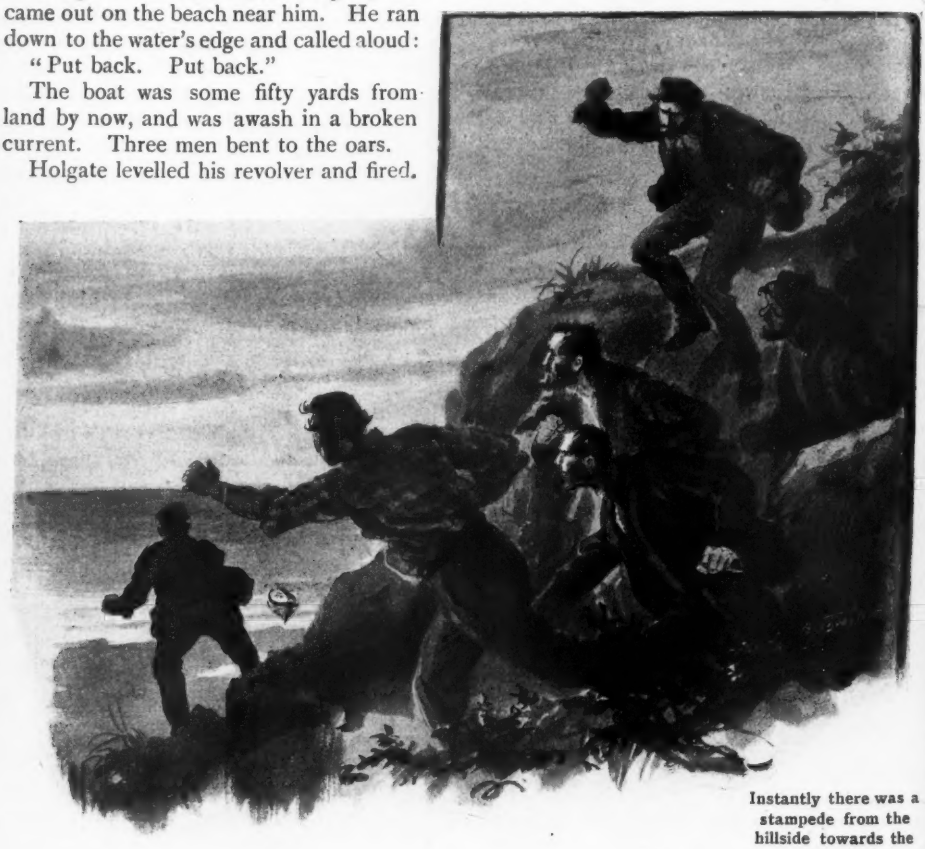
beast of the forest that broke clumsily in wrath upon its enemy.

Down on the beach I could see that Pierce and some of the others, who had already arrived, were casting the boat from her moorings. I laboured after Holgate, and came out on the beach near him. He ran down to the water's edge and called aloud:

"Put back. Put back."

The boat was some fifty yards from land by now, and was awash in a broken current. Three men bent to the oars.

Holgate levelled his revolver and fired.



Instantly there was a stampede from the hillside towards the beach

One of the men lay down grotesquely on his oar. He fired again, and one of the remaining two stood up, shook a fist towards the shore and staggering backwards capsized the boat in the surf. He must have sunk like lead with his wound, for he never rose to the surface; but the last man, who was Pierce, battled gallantly with the flood, and endeavoured to reach the boat, which was bottom upwards. In this, however, he failed, for the tide seemed to suck him away. The boat drifted outwards, and after a few ineffectual struggles, finding probably that his strength was failing him, Pierce struck out towards the shore. He landed a hundred yards or more away from Holgate. Between the two men were gathered in a bunch, irresolute and divided in counsels, the remaining mutineers.

For the moment I think I was so taken up with the situation that I did not consider my own case. No one had eyes for me in the fast descending dusk, and behind the shelter of a bush I watched the course of that singular drama. Holgate had indifferently reloaded his revolver, and now stood holding it carelessly by his side.

"Gray, is that you? Come here," he called. But the knot of men did not move;

and now Pierce was walking rapidly towards it. It opened to receive him, and swallowed him up again cautiously, as if there was safety in that circle against the arch-mutineer. Holgate strode leisurely towards them.

"I suppose you guess where we are?" he said, in his malevolent, fluent, wheezing tones. "You've dished us, Pierce, my man."

Pierce replied from the group with an oath, and there was an undercurrent of murmur, as if a consultation was in progress.

"Say, where's that little lawyer cuss?" asked a voice, that of an American, who was one of the hands. Holgate put one hand in his trouser pocket.

"How should I know?" he said; "and what's that got to do with the situation?"

"It's your doing. You've put us in this hole. You've strung us up to-day in this awful island," said Gray fiercely. "What did you shoot for?"

"Come out, Gray; come out, my man, and talk it over," said Holgate suavely. "You were always good at the gab. Step out in front, man," and he played with his revolver. But Gray did not budge.

I wondered why he was not shot there and then if they were in this temper, for it was plain that some of them were armed. But I suppose that they were overawed by the bearing of the man, and, lawless ruffians as they were, were yet under the influence of some discipline. Holgate had known how to rule in his triumph, and the ghost of that authority was with him still in his defeat.

"Look here," called out Pierce after further consultation, "this is as good as a trial, this is. You're standing for your life, Mr. Holgate, and don't you forget it. What d'ye say, Bill? Speak up. Give 'im 'is counts."

"We accuse you of treachery and not behaving like a mate on ship about the treasure," sang out Gray in a loud, high monotone. "We accuse you, Mr. Holgate, of the murder of our two companions, Smith and Alabaster. We accuse you, furthermore, Mr. Holgate, of a conspiracy to cheat the company, us all being comrades."

"Now, Bill Gray, that's a very parsonical view of yours, isn't it?" said Holgate with a sneer. "By gum, you regularly hit me off, Gray. You're the man to see his way through a brick wall. I killed Smith and Alabaster, did I? Well, what's the odds? Here was this man, Pierce, who's frightened to face me in there with you, and his two pals, making for the *Sea Queen* to rob you and me. Don't I know him and you too? Where would we have been if I hadn't dropped 'em. Why, left, my good man, left."

"That's what we are now," said one of the mutineers, "regularly busted—busted and left. We're done."

"That's so," said Holgate suavely. "But at least Smith and Alabaster have paid their shot and lot too. And, by heavens, that skunk behind you shall do it too. Come out there, Pierce, sneak and dog, and take your gruel."

He did not raise his voice perceptibly, but it seemed to wither the mutineers, who stood about ten paces from him. He waddled towards them.

"Out of the way, men, and let me see him. Hang me, I'd sooner have taken a bug into my confidence, than Pierce. He gets ahead of us with his long thin legs, and without so much as 'By your leave' swims out to sea to cop what belongs to you and me and all of us."

There was a murmur at this, and it was quite impossible to tell how the sympathies of the gang were going. But one called out again:

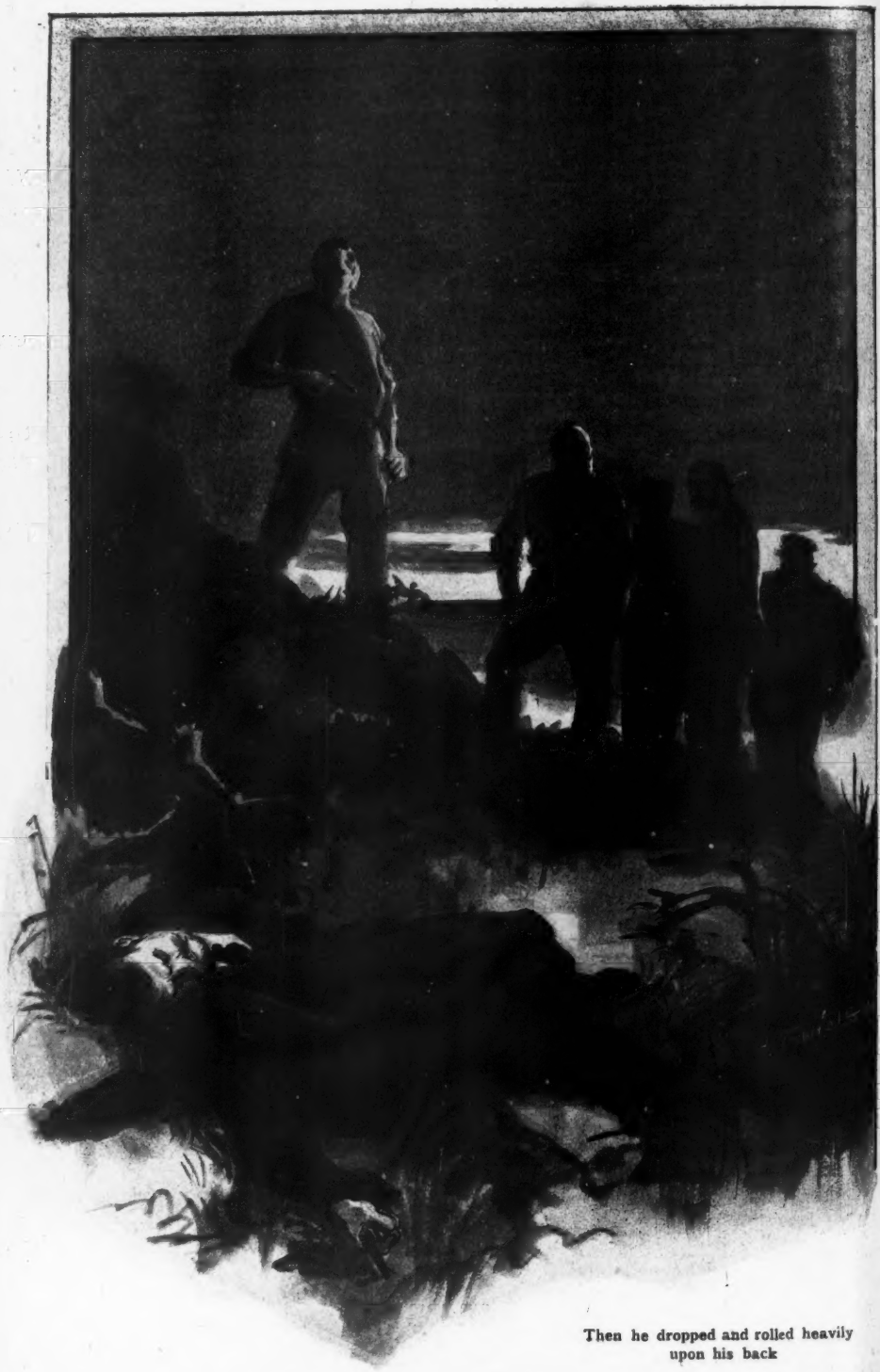
"Where's Pye? Where's your spy?"

"So," says Holgate, "you are thinking of the doctor's story, are you? You fool, he was only playing for his life and the life of his best girl. Haven't you got the sense of a louse between you? Find Pye then, and screw it out of him. Thumbscrew him till he tells, and see how much he has to tell. It'll be worth your while, Garratt. Why, you fool, he's just a little clerk that was useful, and was going to get a tip for his pains. He wasn't standing in on our level. We came in on bed rock."

There was a hoarse, discordant laugh.

"With the yacht gone, and us on a confounded tea-tray in mid-ocean!" said a voice.

Upon that in the dwindling light a shout came from the group, and Holgate lifted his barrel deliberately.



Then he dropped and rolled heavily upon his back

"So, that's Pierce, by thunder, is it? Well, Johnny Pierce, you're a brave man, and I'd take off my hat to you if my hands were free. Stand aside there, men, and let's see Johnny Pierce's ugly mug. Now then, divide, d'ye hear, divide."

I never could determine whether Holgate in that moment realised that all was up, and the end was come, and had carried things through with a swagger, or whether he had a hope of escape. Nothing showed in his voice or in his manner save extreme resolution and contemptuous indifference. These men he had misled and cheated were to him no more than brutes of the field, to be despised and ridiculed and browbeaten. At his words, indeed, the old habit of obedience asserted itself and the knot fell apart; as it did I saw Pierce with his revolver up, but Holgate did not move. He fired carefully and Pierce uttered a curse. Then another weapon barked, and Holgate moved a pace forward. He fired again, and a man dropped. Two or more shots rang out, and the arch-mutineer lifted his left hand slowly to his breast.

"Bully for you, Pierce," he said, and fired yet once more.

The knot now had dissolved, and Gray ran in the gathering gloom a little way up the beach. He halted, and raising his weapon fired. It was abominable. It may have been execution, but it was horribly like murder. As Gray fired Holgate turned and put his hand to his shoulder. Immediately he let his last barrel go.

"Ha! That's done you, Pierce," he wheezed out. "By heavens, I thought I'd do for you!"

Crack! went Gray's pistol again from his rear, and he swung round; his weapon dropped, and he began to walk up the beach steadily towards me. In the blue gloom I could see his eyes stolidly black and furtive, and I could hear him puffing. He came within ten paces of me, and then stood still, and coughed in a sickening, inhuman way. Then he dropped and rolled heavily upon his back.

I had witnessed enough. Heaven knows we had no reason to show mercy to that criminal, but that last hopeless struggle against odds had enlisted some sympathy, and I had a feeling of nausea at the sight of that collapse. He must have fallen riddled with bullets. He had played for high stakes, had sacrificed many innocent lives, and had died the death of a dog. And there he would rest and rot in that remote and desert island.

I stole from my bush and crept upwards through the darkness. I had not gone a hundred yards before my ears were caught by a rustling on my left. Had I put up some animal? I came to a pause, and then there was a swift rush, and a man's figure broke through the undergrowth and disappeared across the slope of the hill. It was near dark, but I thought in that instant I recognised it as the figure of the little lawyer's clerk.

When I reached the cavern I found no sign of any one, and I was wondering what could have become of my companions when I heard a voice calling low through the gloaming:

"Dr. Phillimore!"

It was Alix. I sprang to her side and took her hands. Then I learnt that Legrand had decided, as a counsel of prudence, to occupy the second cavern on the northern slope, which he considered more private than that which we had found first.

"And you came back to warn me?" I asked in a low voice.

"No; I waited," said she as low. "I was afraid, although you told me. . . . Ah, but you have never told me wrong yet. I believe you implicitly."

"Princess," I said with emotion.

"No, no," she whispered. "Not any more . . . never any more."

"Alix," I whispered low, and I held her closer. She gave a little cry.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

For answer her head lay quiet on my shoulder, and the stars looked down upon a pale sweet face. She had fainted. Now the hand which clasped her arm felt warm and wet, and I shifted it hastily and bent down to her. It was blood. She was wounded. Tenderly I bound my handkerchief about the arm and waited in distress for her to revive. If we had only some of the

mutineers' brandy! But presently she opened her eyes.

"Dearest . . . dearest," she murmured faintly.

"You are wounded, darling," I said. "Oh, why did you not tell me?"

"It was the first shot," she said in a drowsy voice. "When—when I had my arm about you."

I kissed that fair white arm, and then for the first time I kissed her lips.

We reached Legrand's cave after Alix had rested, and I related the tragedy that had passed under my eyes on the beach below. Legrand listened silently, and then,

"He was a black scoundrel. He died as he should," he said shortly, and said no more.

Wearied with our exertions, and exhausted by the anxieties of the day, we gradually sank to sleep, and as I passed off Alix's hand lay in mine. She slept sweetly, for all the profound miseries of those past days.

I awoke to the sound of a bird that twittered in the bushes, and, emerging from the cavern, looked around. The sun was bright on the water, the foam sparkled, and the blue tossed and danced as if Nature were revisiting happily the scene of pleasant memories. It seemed as if those deeds of the previous night, that long fight against fate, those dismal forebodings, the tragedy of the Prince, were all separated from us by a gulf of years. It was almost impossible to conceive of them as belonging to our immediate precedent past and as colouring our present and our future. And as my gaze swept the horizon for the orient towards the west it landed upon nothing less than the *Sea Queen!*

I could have rubbed my eyes, and I started in amazement. My heart beat heavily. But it was true. There rode the yacht in the offing, idly swinging and plunging on the tide and clearly under no man's control. She must have drifted in upon Hurricane Island again through the stress of some backward tide, and here she bobbed on the broken water safe from the eyes of the mutineers. As soon as I had recovered from the shock of surprise I re-entered the cavern and woke Legrand, and in less than five minutes all of us were outside our shelter and gazing at the welcome sight.

"We have the boat hidden," said Legrand. "We must work our way back to it, and the sooner the better."

"Too much risk," said I. "I know a better way. At the tail of the island we may be seen and pursued. There are boats aboard, and she's not more than three hundred yards out."

"What, swim?" he asked, and looked rueful. He was one of the many sailors I have known who had not that useful art.

I nodded. "It won't take me long."

As I paused, Alix caught my hand. She said nothing, but her eyes devoured me and her bosom heaved. I smiled.

"My Princess!" I whispered, and her soul was in her look.

"I can't see a sign of any one on board," said Legrand, with his hand over his eyes.

"Mademoiselle would not be awake yet. It can't be later than five," said Lane, who was much better to-day.

"I make it 5.30," said Legrand. "We have some time to ourselves if we have luck. After last night those fiends will sleep well and with easy consciences." He spoke grimly.

"Have everything ready," I called as I left. "We must not lose a chance or hazard anything."

"What do *you* think?" said Lane, in his old cheerful manner.

I quickly descended to the beach, threw off my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and tightened my belt. Then I waded into the sea. It was cold, and, when I first entered, struck a chill into me. But presently, as I walked out into the deepening waters, with the sparkling reflection of the sun in my eyes from a thousand facets of ripples, I began to grow warm. I reached water waist-high, and next moment I was swimming.

The tide sucked at me in a strong current, and soon, I perceived, would carry me across the *Sea Queen's* bows unless I made a struggle. The water was racing under me, and I felt that my strength was as nothing compared with it. I was thrown this way and that as the flood moved. My passage had been taken incredibly quick and now I was con-

scious that I was past the level of the yacht and I turned and battled back. So far as I could see I made no impression on the space that separated me from her, and I began to despair of reaching the yacht. In my mind I revolved the possibility of going with the flood and trusting to work ashore at the tail of the island. If that were not practicable I was lost, for I should be blown out to the open sea.

Just as these desperate reflections crossed my mind, the *Sea Queen's* stern, off which I was struggling, backed. She came round to the wind and jammed, so that the flutter of canvas which she still carried cracked above the voice of the seas. Then her nose swung right round upon me, with the bubble under her cutwater. It was almost as if she had sighted a doomed wretch and was come to his assistance. Her broadside now broke the tide for me, and I began to see that I was creeping up to her, and, thus encouraged, step by step made my way until at last I reached her, and by the aid of a trailing sheet got aboard. It had been half an hour since I left the island.

Once aboard I waved across the intervening stretch of sea to my friends, and looked about me. There was no sign or sound of life anywhere on the yacht. She swung noisily, with creaks and groans, to the pulse of the tide, but there was no witness to human presence there. Mademoiselle immediately was in my thoughts, and I found my way to the state-rooms to reassure her, if she should be awake. They were as we had left them, save that every cabin had been ransacked and every box turned inside out. The cabins were empty, and so was the boudoir. Clearly Mademoiselle Trebizond was not there. I went down into the saloon, but nothing rewarded me there; and afterwards I turned along the passage that led to the officers' quarters and, farther on, the steward's room. Here, too, was my own surgery, and instinctively I stopped when I reached it. The door stood ajar. No doubt, I thought, like every other place it had suffered the ravages of the mutineers. I opened it wide, and started back, for there on the floor, a bottle in her hand, and her features still and tragic, lay Yvonne Trebizond!

I stooped to her, but I knew it was useless even without glancing at the bottle she held. She had sought death in the despair of her loneliness. The *Sea Queen* had carried out upon the face of the dark waters the previous evening an unhappy woman to a fate which she could not face. She had chosen Death to that terrible solitude on the wilderness of the ocean. I lifted her gently, and carried her to one of the cabins, disposing the body on a bunk. Then I returned to the deck, for I had work to do that pressed. I experienced no difficulty in loosing one of the remaining boats, and, dropping into her, I began to row towards the island.

Legrand had the party at the water's edge, and they were in the boat in a very brief space of time. We shoved off, and now Legrand and Ellison had oars in addition to myself, so that what with that and the tide we made good progress. We had not, however, got more than half way to the yacht when Legrand paused on his oars and I saw his face directed along the beach. I followed his glance, and saw to my astonishment a boat bobbing off the spit of the island.

"It's our boat!" said I.

"Yes," he said, "the ruffians are up and about. Give way, give way!"

We bent to the oars, but as we did so a number of figures appeared round the bend of the land where we had passed our first night. Shouts reached us. The figure in the boat was working his oars with frantic haste, and now Legrand called out suddenly,

"Pye!"

Pye it was, and it was also apparent now that he was aiming for us, and that he was striving to get away from the mutineers. He stood out to sea, and pulled obliquely towards the yacht. Obviously he was better content to trust himself to our mercies than to the ruffians with whom he had consorted. He was a coward, I knew, and I remembered then his white face and his terror at the time of the first onslaught. I remembered too how vaguely, how timidly and how ineffectually he had endeavoured to warn me of the coming massacre. He was a miserable cur; he had been largely responsible for the bloody voyage; but I could not help feeling some pity for him. I hung on my oars.

"Shall we pick him up?" I asked.

Legrand's only answer was an oath. He had forgotten the presence of Alix, I think. His eyes blazed above his red cheeks.

"Let him drown," he said.

By the time we reached the *Sea Queen*, some of the mutineers, who had started running when they saw us, had got to the water's edge opposite to us, and one or two of them plunged in. In the distance the others were pursuing Pye and his boat.

Legrand, meanwhile, had taken the wheel, and Ellison set about the sails. I did what I could to help, and it was not many minutes ere we had the topsails going. Under that pressure the yacht began to walk slowly. Seeing this, the mutineers on the shore raised a howl, and two more jumped in to join the swimmers, who were now half way to us. Legrand cried out an order, and Ellison had the jibsail set, and the *Sea Queen* quickened her pace under the brisk breeze. The swimming mutineers dropped behind. There must have been half a dozen of them in the water, and now we saw that they had given up the attempt to reach us in that way, and had fallen back on a new idea. They turned aside to intercept Pye.

The little lawyer's clerk was paddling for life, and knew it, but he made no way. The yacht moved faster, and he sent up to heaven a dreadful scream that tingled in my ears. I made a step towards Legrand, but he merely gave one glance backward towards the boat and then fixed his gaze on the wide horizon of interminable sea, as though he thus turned his back for ever on Hurricane Island and all there. He pulled the spokes of the wheel, and the *Sea Queen*, breasting the foam heads, began to leap. We were moving at a brisk pace.

I looked back to the unhappy man. He had fallen away now, but still laboured at his oars. The swimmers could not have been more than twenty yards from him. Just then Alix's voice was low with agitation in my ears.

"Yvonne, where is Yvonne?"

I turned to her and took her hand. "She will need no further care of yours, sweetheart," I said. "She has played her last tragedy, a tragedy she thought destined for a comedy."

Alix, looking at me, sighed, and ere she could say more Lane intervened in huge excitement.

"Good heavens, Phillimore, the treasure's all in my safes again. By crikey, is it all a dream?"

"Yes," I answered, looking at Alix, "all a bad nightmare."

I looked away across the sea, for somehow I could not help it.

"What are you looking at?" she asked. "They cannot catch us, can they?"

The foremost mutineers had reached the boat, and were climbing aboard. The little clerk, white and gasping, raised his oar and struck at them with screams of terror, striking and screaming again.

"Hush! don't look, darling," said I, and I put my hands before her eyes. "It is the judgment of God."

She shuddered. Pye's shrieks rang in my ear; I glanced off the taffrail and saw that the mutineers had possession of the boat. They were busy with the oars. I could see no one else. The boat was headed towards us.

Legrand cast a glance of indifference backwards.

"If you care to hold the wheel, Phillimore, we can rig that other sail," he said.

I took the wheel. Alix was by my side, and the breeze sang in the sheets.

"We're going home, dear heart," I whispered.

She moved closer to me, shuddered and sighed, and I think the sigh was a sigh of contentment.

The *Sea Queen* dipped her nose and broke into a sharper pace. She was going home!

THE END

The Unpopularity of Poetry

By Michael MacDonagh

WHY is it that the charms of poetry appeal so faintly to people generally that even in this age of universal reading the classics of our literature are neglected? Wordsworth has some reflections on the subject, which to me, so far as I have been able to grasp their import—I say it with all humility—appear unconvincing. "It is an awful truth," he says, "that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either were or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature or reverence for God." The first assertion may be true—people who make wealth, or social advancement, the supreme object of existence have no time for what they, no doubt, would call the trivialities of poetry; but the latter contention, surely, is strained and fantastic. Countless good souls are there as utterly devoid of all appreciation of literary poetry—that is poetry expressed in metre and verse—as Wordsworth's own "Peter Bell" was of the glories of nature, of the poetry of wild flowers—

> A primrose by the river's brim,—
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more,

who, nevertheless, worship God devoutly, and love their neighbours as themselves; who wander not in the outer darkness, though lacking the light of poetry, but pass through this world with the sunshine of happy contentment always shining on their path. Indeed, no one with any experience of life will agree that insensibility to the poetry of literature is the index of an evil character. Nor is the question answered by the other sweeping assertion so common in the mouths of the poets, that people generally are too incorrigibly prosaic to appreciate poetry. Every one, perhaps, has a touch of genuine poetry in his nature. There are few so poor in spirit who have not had, at times, dreams and fancies of the kind which the poet, with his rarer gift of artistic literary expression, pictures in words. In commonplace people a world of poetry lies dumb for the lack of a voice to give it utterance. The truth is, that it is the common want of intellectuality—the faculty of thinking and understanding as distinct from the faculty of feeling and emotion—which is the basis of the common antipathy to poetry. To the vast bulk of the people poetry of the highest order is unpopular because, as a rule, it appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions. Its unfamiliar attitude towards life and things bewilders them. It deals with recondite ideas, feelings, and experiences which are far removed from the actual life—the thoughts and passions and actions—of the million. Even the very mechanism of verse is incomprehensible to the masses. The only element of it which they can appreciate is the jingle of the rhyme. They are puzzled by its picturesque diction—its tropes, its images, its similes—so different is it from the common language of everyday life to which alone they are accustomed. Poetry, in a word, is beyond the comprehension of the unintellectual. Any verse which fails to touch their hearts, or which rises beyond their limited understanding, must ever be to them vain and idle words.

Why is it that a song of shoddy sentiment will so often bring tears of genuine emotion to the eyes of the unintellectual? Why is it that a tawdry ballad like "Dolly Gray," with its dull refrain—

> Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
> Though it breaks my heart to go;
> Something tells me I am needed
> At the front to fight the foe.
>
> See the soldier boys are marching,
> And I can no longer stay,
> Hark, I hear the bugle calling—
> Good-bye, Dolly Gray!

—without a gleam of true feeling, not to speak of passion or poetry, arouses the common people like a blast of martial music, and is sung from end to end of the United Kingdom? Perhaps these ballads of the people, which to the intellectual appear so dull and coarse and vulgar, may contain subtle shades of expression hidden from the literary vision, mysterious harmonies of rhythm denied to the artistic ear? The magical quality of imagination is the supreme endowment of the poet. This faculty is possessed by the child. May it not be found also in the unlettered, untutored, and unsophisticated man and woman? As the imagination of boys transforms a small and bare backyard into leagues of rolling veldt or prairie in which they hunt the tiger, the lion, and the elephant at imminent peril to their lives, so, perhaps, the imagination of the common people supply to their bald and stupid ballads poetry and music and passion which, in turn, intoxicate them. But, no doubt, the true explanation is, that the masses, while wanting the intellectuality to discriminate between the true and the false in the poetic expression of the feelings—the language and phrases of their everyday life rhythmically employed, but without the glamour of poetry, satisfying their necessarily low level of literary taste—still possess, in a crude and raw or undeveloped state, no doubt, those primary emotions to which songs of the music-hall and verse of the highest order appeal in common. However that may be, the illiterate and the unintellectual are absolutely dead to the influences of the permanent poetic literature of the English-speaking world.

But even to many who are genuinely fond of books, poetry of the highest class is hard reading. Its perusal is to these people always a task instead of a pleasure. "The best poetry is that which calls upon us to rise to it, not that which writes down to us," says Mark Pattison. That is undoubtedly true; but the average man or woman will never sweat to read what is best in English verse for the little intellectual pleasure they are capable of deriving from it. Many people who are supposed to be cultured or well-informed dip occasionally into the works of the leading poets, or into a more convenient anthology, containing varied samples of our national verse, in order to obtain some knowledge of the titles and subjects of the chief poems of the language, and a quotation or two from a few of the leading singers—not because they desire to enjoy, even in snippet form, the choicest fruits of literature, but because without a sufficient acquaintance with poetry for conversational purposes their knowledge of literature might be open to suspicion. It is these people with a superficial taste in literature, who, finding the actual reading of poetry tiresome, eagerly devour critical essays on poetry with what are called "illuminative extracts," in which "the message" of the poet is interpreted, and the merits and defects of his qualities made plain in easy prose, in the hope of discovering in them a royal road to a knowledge of English song. There is another class of people who have no hesitation in declaring that they do not at all care for poetry—a class of people, too, who pretend to literary tastes and who, undoubtedly, are fond of general reading. Indeed, I have known men who would be infuriated by a charge of want of humour, who would resent the suggestion that they are dead to the emotional influences of painting and music, who would regard an insinuation that they were unacquainted with fiction as a reflection upon their education if not upon their social standing, but who will freely declare that poetry leaves them cold, as if the acknowledgment were a thing to be proud of, a feather in their cap.

In Tennyson's biography there is a most interesting letter from the late Lord Dufferin, written in 1858, and sent to the Poet Laureate with a copy of "Letters from High Latitudes." "For the first twenty years of my life," says Lord Dufferin, "I not only did not care for poetry, but, to the despair of my friends, absolutely disliked it, at least so much of it as until that time had fallen in my way. In vain my mother read to me Dryden, Pope, Byron, Young, Cowper, and all the standard classics of the day; each seemed to me as distasteful as I had from early infancy found Virgil; and I shall never forget her dismay when at a literary dinner I was cross-examined as to my tastes, and unblushingly

confessed before an Olympus of poets that I rather disliked poetry than otherwise." But later in life the attitude towards poetry of this most ardent lover of books—of this cultured man with a wide and comprehensive acquaintance with genuine literature—was completely transformed from indifference to appreciation by the accident, he says, of reading a volume of Tennyson's poems. "I suddenly felt," he declares, "such a sensation of delight as I never experienced before." Through Tennyson he was led to appreciate the other poets. The experience of Lord Dufferin is all the more surprising as poetry is most appealing to those either in the first ardent flush of youth or in the decay of old age. It would also seem to show that a taste for poetry may be acquired. In truth, to make the reading of poetry a pleasure there must be a natural instinct for it, with which all, unhappily, are not endowed.

But the attitude of the unintellectual classes towards poetry is by no means contemptuous. On the contrary, it is deeply reverent. Though poetry of the highest order undoubtedly puzzles and perplexes them, they still regard it with genuine admiration and wonderment, as the manifestation of a power, mysterious and sublime, absolutely inscrutable to their understanding. Real contempt for poetry is, curiously enough, to be found only in the topmost and aridest heights of intellectuality where dwell the scientists and utilitarians. "What is the use of poetry?" they ask, these hard, practical persons who, as Edmund Burke said, value only what they can measure with a foot-rule or count upon their ten fingers. "Ingenious trifling," was Isaac Newton's description of poetry. Jeremy Bentham, the apostle of utilitarianism, was even more contemptuous. He regarded poetry as "an excellent substitute for drunkenness, slander, and love of gaming," but nothing more. Poetry does not make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; it does not put an additional lump of sugar in the labourer's cup of tea; it supplies no facts that can be of any practical use in life. "What does it prove?" is said to have been the question put by a Senior Wrangler when, for the first time "Paradise Lost" was mentioned in his presence. The poet sings:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky.

"It is extraordinary that you should be affected by so natural and common a sight," says the scientist; "it is produced simply by the refraction and dispersion of the sun's rays in passing through the rain." The humorous lines of Moore also express the attitude of utilitarian minds towards poetry, or illustrate the popular conception of the difference between poetry and prose. The poetical lover said:

> Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.

The sensible girl answered:

> 'Twould give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

But among the common people, or the unlettered people, verse is regarded as the appropriate vehicle of expression when the primary human emotions of joy and grief are deeply stirred. There are versifiers who sing for them of tribulations and pleasures at so much a line. I cut the following advertisement, which throws light on the origin of breach of promise poetry, and the poetry of obituary notices, from a local weekly paper in the Midlands:

> POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.—Send eighteenpence for three verses on any subject. Rhymes to a young lady on love, marriage, etc.; also poetry dealing with bereavements, silver weddings, etc. etc. State subject, and suitable verses will be forwarded within forty-eight hours. Hundreds of testimonials. Address——

The masses turn to these versifiers to give vent in rhyme to the grief and despair, the joy and exaltation, which heave within them on occasions of marriages and funerals, but which they are powerless to utter themselves The Muses are also invoked for such prosaic purposes as business announcements. I have also seen a neat trade card printed as follows:

> B. R. S. PLUMB, Composer,
> 53 Hill Street,
> Wellingborough.
> Poetry composed to order on any subject.
> Advertisements for tradesmen of all descriptions done cheap, namely: Publicans, butchers, tailors,

and for every branch of business, and any and every other subject required in poetry.

Many thanks for past favours.

The unintellectual also regard the poet personally with awe and wonderment as a being gifted among his fellows. When Sir Walter Scott visited "St. Kevin's Bed" at Glendalough, it was explained to the old Irishwoman in charge that he was a poet. "A pote, indeed!" she cried indignantly, as if a reflection had been cast upon the character of the distinguished visitor, and gazing at the half-crown which Scott had slipped into her hand, she emphatically added, "He's a gintleman." But so little does this contemptuous feeling with respect to poets prevail among the unlettered classes that the most commonplace of rhymesters stands higher in their esteem than the writer of the finest prose.

The pity of it is that genuine enthusiasm for great poetry—"the best thoughts in the best words," as Coleridge truly described it—delight in its matchless literary graces, responsiveness to its appeal to the moral and spiritual side of human nature, is so rare. Few are they, the privileged beings—"fit audience though few," as Milton called them—who find intellectual enjoyment in poetry, delight in the exquisiteness of its literary workmanship, its words of inevitable felicity, its phrases of incomparable cadence, or, when weary, suffering and overladen, obtain spiritual solace and refreshment from its teachings and fancies. It seems to me that insensibility to poetry, the earliest form of literature, set in when man began to beguile his leisure by the reading of printed matter. In the primitive, simple, olden time, before the age of books, the bard, the rhapsodist, the minstrel, was, at least in secular life, the sole intellectual force. It was the printing-press that overthrew the poet from his high pedestal. According as society became more complex, and its numerous and diverse elements and activities were brought to the general knowledge by printing, poetry, dealing reconditely with the ideal, steadily waned in popularity before the real, treated in simpler and more easily understood prose.

It is a singular thing, in view of the irresistible attraction of what is new, that the verse of the day should be so completely neglected, and that when we are seized, at moments few and far between, with a desire to read poetry, we should turn inevitably to the old standard poets. In no other branch of literature is it the same. To readers of fiction the last trashy novel, piping hot from the Press, is more attractive than an old masterpiece of Fielding or Scott or Dickens. How stale and unprofitable is yesterday's newspaper if one postpones its perusal until after to-day's! But even the standard poets, who have achieved immortality, in the sense, at least, that their works shall always be found on our bookshelves, are, to the overwhelming mass of the people, the illustrious unknown—so far as their writings are concerned—or poets only by reputation. People generally are better acquainted with the career of the poets than with their poetry; and while readers of poetry are probably becoming fewer and fewer, this popular interest in the poets personally is steadily increasing.

Poetry, in truth, is fast becoming an anomaly, an anachronism, something out of harmony with the age. It is like an elf, or fairy—or should I rather say, bearing in mind the verse of our day, a grey-bearded anchorite brooding over the enigmas of life—who has strayed from the untrodden mountains or the secluded valleys of a remote state of society into a big modern city, with its crowds intent on money-making and pleasure, with its clashing machinery and yelling trains, and, above all, with the shouts of the newsboys crying their latest intelligence, and the alluring display of light and cheap reading at the bookstalls. If the poets are ever again to be our dearly-loved companions, the world must renew its youth, calm and leisure must return to us once more, and the output of the printing-press be stringently restricted, so that we may cease to be swamped by the publications of the day. That, or poetry must be written in prose and prose in poetry.

Haymaking by inmates of the Lancaster Industrial School, Massachusetts

Some American Methods of Preventing Hooliganism

"The loss which the commonwealth suffers by the destruction of its youth is like the loss which the year suffers by the destruction of spring."—*Pericles.*

MANY indications now that England is fast awakening to the danger of allowing children to grow up as, alas, hundreds and thousands still do, utterly uneducated, uncared for, undisciplined, unfit for citizenship, and unable to earn an honest living. The physical neglect and starvation of a child is now happily a punishable offence, thanks to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but little action, as far as the law is concerned, has yet been taken to check even the most complete moral neglect. In this respect England is far behind many countries, though happily the efforts of philanthropists and voluntary workers have partly disguised this fact, for they have far exceeded any efforts made by the State, and exceed probably those of any country in the world. Nearly every one knows something of the valuable work done, for example, in Dr. Barnardo's many Homes, in the excellent Quarrier Homes near Glasgow, and many similar institutions. Indeed it has been estimated that there are no less than 200,000 children in voluntary Homes in England—mainly taken from the destitute and neglected classes. Great efforts are also now being made by the Education Authorities to train even those children who are mentally or bodily deficient.

Such workers, however, would be the first

to acknowledge that our methods are far from perfect, that much work is stultified or at least hindered by unsuitable laws or by the want of laws. Hence, in spite of all these efforts we have not yet succeeded in putting down hooliganism, nor in checking crime among young lads. So far, indeed, from this are we that crime among lads from sixteen to twenty-one years of age is actually increasing both in England and in Scotland, while vagrants and tramps, a class utterly uneducated and demoralised, have more than doubled within recent years. And yet strenuous preventive efforts are being made, the numbers in industrial schools are increasing; and there are vast numbers of young children dependent upon the State in our workhouses. In the majority of these cases, the parental bond is weakened necessarily for the child's good, but in an unwise manner, since the neglecting parent generally escapes scot free while the industrious and sober man has, by the payment of rates and charitable subscriptions, to help bear the burden of supporting the children of his drunken and idle neighbour. There is, moreover, no uniformity in the action taken: too many neglected children still remain with their dissolute parents and grow up to live over again the only life they have ever known—a life of squalor, misery, beggary, and drunkenness, from which they have never even had a chance of rising.

There must be few thoughtful people who have not at times felt almost heart-broken with a vain longing for some mighty effort that should clear our streets of corner boys, of children that frequent public-houses, and learn to drink almost before they can speak; few who have not felt that it is as necessary for the future welfare of our country as for the good of the child to try to save the neglected, helpless little children of our slums. But one might well feel disheartened

Playtime at the Lancaster Industrial School, Massachussetts

at such a task, were it not for the fact that other countries which have had to face the same evil—though not on quite so gigantic a scale — have grappled with it and grappled successfully. There it is seen that warfare against child neglect has already had the effect of reducing crime and pauperism considerably: children are no longer to be found in prisons or in workhouses; not a single destitute child but has had some provision made for it, even though it may be crippled, blind, or diseased in mind or body —yet all this has been accomplished without any, or only a temporary, increase of expense to the State. Is it not worth studying the methods that have achieved such results, so as to see whether any appear applicable to the somewhat different conditions and larger wants of our own country?

Evening in a boys' cottage, the State School, Minnesota

Of course the objection will at once be made that work which is quite possible in a new country with a small and comparatively well-to-do population is utterly impossible here, with our enormous number of poor; but how do we know that it is so impossible? It was just the fact that pauperism, misery, and child-neglect were rapidly creating even in those more thinly peopled countries the same problems and conditions of life as here, and that no methods hitherto tried seemed to combat the evil successfully, that led to the complete change in laws and in methods which have brought about such splendid results. These results may be noted in some of our own colonies, such as Canada and New Zealand, and in some of the American States, especially Michigan and Minnesota, States hitherto better known, the former for its timber trade and the latter as the centre of the wheat industry of the world, than as pioneers in philanthropy.

Work for the young must be either preventive or reformatory: the more thoroughly the former is carried out, the less need will there be for the latter and still less will crime and the consequent need for punishment and imprisonment exist. This has been our own experience as regards the excellent and most satisfactory work of our reformatory and industrial schools, still more so in the far more complete reformatory methods started in Massachusetts, and since adopted wholly or in part by other States, and also by New Zealand and other countries. Some legislators have gone even farther, and hold that the right to punish crime carries with it the duty of trying to prevent crime. Therefore, when a parent neglects the duty of rightly training or educating his child, others must undertake it, so that he may not grow up wholly ignorant of all that is good. This is recognised as a part of the duty of the State; and special officials are appointed to ensure neglected and destitute children having some chance of becoming good men and women, and therefore good citizens. Any destitute or neglected child becomes, not as a punishment nor as a pauper, but simply because of its dependence, a ward of the State, and entitled to State protection.

The laundry at the girls' Industrial School, Lancaster, Massachusetts

It was Michigan* that initiated, in 1871, this quite new line of preventive work; and so effective has it proved there that practically identical methods have since been adopted in the neighbouring States of Wisconsin and Minnesota (and more recently in eleven other States). The population of these three States somewhat exceeds five millions, that is, rather more than the population of either Scotland or Ireland; so why should we despair of success, if similar methods were adopted here? Strange to say—and this was contrary to expectation—instead of the States having by these methods enormously increased their expenses and liabilities the cost is halved and there are now actually fewer dependent children than before, though there is hardly a neglected child for whom provision has not been made. Thus, while the population in Michigan has been rapidly growing and increased 87 per cent. between 1871—when these laws were passed—and 1900, the number of dependent children has decreased 400 per cent. in proportion to the population. In 1871 there were 600 children in the workhouses or poorhouses of the State; now there are but 40, and these are mostly infants who are with their mothers, these, with 160 inmates of the State school, make altogether only 200 dependent children. One child was dependent on the State or on public charity in every 2224 of the population in 1874, in 1900 there was but one in 12,500.*

Crime has decreased, so has pauperism, and the inmates of reformatory and industrial schools are also fewer than formerly. In Minnesota (as in Wisconsin) the proportion of prisoners to the population is remarkably small, and is decreasing, even in towns, while the number of paupers, formerly 7000 in every million of the population, in 1900 was only 3800 in the million, and this is a steady, not a chance decrease, mainly attributed to the care taken of neglected children. The decrease of dependent children, which is a more surprising fact, and most satisfactory, may be attributed partly to the fact that the law offers no inducement to worthless parents to cast the care of their children upon others, partly to the fact that so far these States have been able to find good homes, without payment, for the greater number of their dependent children, so that they speedily cease to be any expense to the country. Now, what are the laws and what methods are employed to carry them out?

Every county in the States which have adopted laws similar to those in force in Michigan must have certain officials—usually

* A gold medal has repeatedly been awarded to this State by foreign countries for her work on behalf of dependent children.

* The proportion in London has been estimated to be 1 in 200, the number of dependent children being 20,000, but I am unable to verify these figures.

called the overseers or the superintendents of the poor—whose duty it is to find, and bring before the Court of Probate, any child that is, or is supposed to be, neglected, ill-treated, destitute, vagrant, dependent on the public for support; any with drunken or vicious parents, children in poorhouses, in fact any unhappy little mortal whose life, health, or morality is in danger for want of proper care. The statute is comprehensive enough. The judge tries the case, and if it appears necessary for the child's good, orders it to be sent to the central or State public school. The very act of sending a child there makes it a ward of the State, and the parent or former guardian loses all control, though after a time, if the parents reform or their circumstances improve, the child may be restored to them. The Court of Probate alone has the power to commit children to these schools, and the parents' rights are amply safeguarded, except where they interfere with the good of the child; but where the parental duties are neglected, then parental rights are forfeited rather than run the risk of ruining the child, and of permitting the growth of another generation of the vicious, the idle, or of paupers and criminals. It is probably this anticipated loss of control, which is a condition of admission to the school, that has roused many hitherto careless parents to a sense of their duties and has hindered many from throwing the burden of their children's support upon charity or upon the State. Moreover, for wilful neglect, or for depraving a child by vicious training, the parent or guardian may be punished by an imprisonment of from three months to five years.

The State public school is the pivot upon which all the work hinges, and is based upon an entirely new and original system.

The first school was planned and opened in 1874 at Coldwater in Michigan, about 150 miles from Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Rhode Island and other States following the example. In all these States the general plan is the same: a series of substantial detached cottages have been built with a separate hospital, schoolhouse, &c., all standing in spacious and pleasant grounds, and made as home-like as possible. Here are received all the children sent up by the Court of Probate, and all children from poorhouses or almshouses, but only for a short stay. Absorption into ordinary family life is the object aimed at, the school being merely a temporary receiving-house, whence, after as short a stay as possible, the children are sent into homes chiefly with small farmers in the country. So far, the demand for children has exceeded the supply and is even increasing, though no payment is made; even babies and quite helpless little children, as well as many that are delicate and sickly, find homes with kind people. The work of finding suitable homes, and of supervising the children in them, is carried out by special agents, known as the State or county agents, or as the visitors.

Gathering melons at the State School farm, Minnesota

The melon season. An amusing scene at the State School, Minnesota

Thus the child's supreme need of love, and some one to belong to, is met, and the once forlorn little mite again has a happy home of his own. Such a home is one of the deepest longings of human nature. As Mrs. Wiggins says in one of her charming stories, "Timothy once enjoyed the comforts of a Home with a capital H, but it was a cosy one with the little h he so much desired!"

Our pictures show some of the inmates of the Minnesota State school: the cheerful red-brick cottages are scarcely seen, or the orchards, farm, or playgrounds, but a very happy time is depicted in one—the gathering of the melons. Another picture shows a group of children, also enjoying the delights of the fruit season! Each of the cottages holds about twenty-five children and is under the care of a matron; there is generally a central school, sometimes also, for economy's sake, a central kitchen and dining-room. Here is a picture of evening in one of the boys', and in one of the girls' cottages, with their various occupations and amusements, just as in an ordinary family. Each cottage has its own lawn and playground and also a playroom and a room for the children's quieter occupations and games, all prettily decorated with plants and pictures. The elder children help in the housework, grounds, and farm.

No children over six months old may remain in workhouses. Free medical and surgical treatment is also now provided by the State for all children who need it, besides special institutions for the feeble-minded, for cripples, for the blind and for the deaf and dumb. Many of these afflicted children are cured or taught a suitable trade, and thus become self-supporting instead of remaining lifelong burdens on the rates or on charity.

In a girls' cottage, the State School, Minnesota

Similarly the school for feeble-minded (where the inmates may remain permanently if necessary) is found to be an economy, for, as is well known, girls of this class fall an easy prey to immorality. If this is prevented the increase of this class is checked. Many also become self-supporting and greatly improve under special instruction.

Of course there is always a residuum of children, a small one happily (only seventy-five in Minnesota ever since the school opened) whom no one seems to want and who prove unsuitable for any homes. Such children the Board has power to return to the counties from which they came, to be there provided for, but most go to special institutions suited to their cases—some to hospital, some to the school for the feeble-minded, to that for the blind, &c., or, if vicious and uncontrollable, to the State Training or other correctional school.

Now as to results. In Michigan some 5000 in all have been received into the State school since it was opened. Of these ninety per cent. are doing well and only ten per cent. poorly. The percentage of failures decreases every year as experience grows: thus of the total children, from six months old to twenty-one years under visitation in 1900, only six per cent. were unsatisfactory. A goodly number (1376) are now grown up and self-supporting, and it is noteworthy that of these forty-eight per cent. are employed in farm-work and twenty-nine per cent. in domestic work; 145 of the girls were married and 456 adopted. Nearly all are merged into the general rural population and grow up without any taint of pauperism or of degradation.

There is room in the school for 250 children, but the numbers are decreasing, and the average for some years has been only 160—showing already the effectiveness of the work in reducing the numbers of neglected children. The cost of each inmate is about £22 a year; but including those under supervision the cost is only £5 5s. a year for each child, the total cost to the State being about £6000 a year.

In Minnesota the average number of children in the school still remains about 250. Some 2000 have been received altogether and about 1300 are still under visitation—eighty-seven per cent. of these are doing well—and of those who have already reached eighteen years of age or more, eighty-four per cent. are known to be doing well. The result of a specially careful inquiry into the lives of 106 all over seventeen years of age, every one of whom had had bad parents, showed that no less than eighty-three per cent. were doing well. The same percentage of success applies to those who have reached twenty-one years of age. The total cost is 41,000 dollars, about £8200, whereas New York spends on the same work two million dollars, or nearly fifty times as much for a population only five times greater.

When it is too late for preventive work, reformatory work is undertaken by the State. As is the case in several other States, both Michigan and Minnesota have special officers in each county who must attend the trials of every juvenile, those under seventeen in Michigan, under eighteen in Minnesota. The accused may be released on probation—then the officer must look after the child and bring it up for sentence if its conduct is unsatisfactory—or he may be bound out to some suitable person under the supervision of this officer; or if vicious and uncontrollable, he may be sent to the State Reform or Training School, or to some other suitable correctional institution. Any juvenile disorderly person may be sent to these schools, and this term includes truants, boys or girls who frequent saloons or gaming-houses, or who idle on the streets against their parents' commands, &c. No juvenile is allowed to be confined with adult criminals in these States, and their trials are held quite separately. No child under sixteen is allowed to be in public-houses or in poorhouses. One satisfactory fact has been noticed, that not a single child from the State public school has subsequently drifted into the reformatory.

It has been noted in Minnesota that four-fifths of all the prisoners under twenty-six years old had learnt no trade, and hardly any of those under twenty-one. To rectify this a trade is taught to each prisoner.

It is largely the supervision of the State agent over prisoners out on parole or on probation that has helped to reduce crime.

Pamela's Choice

By E. Margaret Weston

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

CHAPTER XX

AUDREY'S PLAN

AUDREY went up to the Great House with slow steps. She was afraid of her coming interview with Rupert, afraid of his questions, afraid above all of betraying the fact that she had told Miss Winston the truth.

She found him in his invalid chair; but as soon as the maid who showed her in had gone he got up impatiently and going over to the door locked it. Then he threw off his shawls and his wig and faced her, looking decidedly uncomfortable as the daylight fell full on his disfigured face and unsuitable garments. "You have come? What are you going to do?"

"I am leaving to-day for Brooke House."

"To-day? That is rather sudden isn't it?" He frowned suspiciously. "Won't they think it rather odd?"

"No. I said business made it necessary for me to go. Rupert I—I think I have made it unnecessary for you to stay either." She spoke nervously, and started when he demanded what she meant in decidedly angry tones.

"What have you been doing? I forbade you to meddle in this affair! What have you done or said?"

"I have asked Mistress Adelaide if she is quite sure, if she can be quite sure, that she is acting for the best; that she is really furthering Pamela's true happiness in binding her to live this life. I have persuaded her that it is quite possible that she is mistaken. She has consented to try at least to find out. Pamela is to come and stay with me at Brooke House, free from all promises, free to meet you like any other ordinary girl. I have done my best for you, Rupert."

"You have indeed!" He sprang up joyfully, came over and shook her hands gratefully. "You are a regular little brick! You must forgive me if I spoke sharply last night, Audrey. I was taken by surprise, and also I was afraid you would go and make mischief. You think she will come? Pamela I mean? You don't think she will refuse to leave Mistress Adelaide?"

"I don't think Mistress Adelaide will allow her to refuse. Now that she has had the possibility put before her that she may be spoiling Pamela's life, instead of guiding it wisely, she will be determined to know the truth. I think Pamela will come; but I daresay it may be against her wish."

"You really are a briek! I can't say that I shall be sorry to leave—I suppose I can leave, by the way?" He looked rather disconcerted. "Won't Mistress Adelaide think it fishy if I—a cripple and an invalid announce that I am going away?"

"Not if you take Peters and a maid in attendance; you can easily tell her that your doctor thinks a change may be beneficial. Don't tell her; don't see her, for fear you make any mistake; write and say that you are going to try what a change will do for you. Mistress Adelaide is not suspicious or inquisitive, she will ask no questions. She will merely accept your decision and do the best for the place in your absence."

"She's doing jolly well for it; of course I haven't seen much. I can't go about; I have got to stick to my rooms and play the invalid. But now and then I've gone round a bit at night, and I can see that she knows what she is about. If it wasn't for her crazy fads about men she'd be the best bailiff I ever knew. She makes people work by merely looking at them I believe; she's as upright as they make them; and she's as patient as Job. I've learnt to admire Mistress Adelaide up here; but I suppose there's no chance of her learning to tolerate me. It's a pity. I say, Audrey, I hear voices; someone is coming! Open the door! They will think it deuced odd if they find it

locked, and—go away, will you? I can't play Miss Rivers if you are watching, and I must not be found out."

"I will go." She unlocked the door while he fitted his wig on carefully before the glass over the mantelpiece, and then draped the shawl cleverly round his head. "I came to say good-bye," she added, as he got into his chair. "But it will not be for long. You will be coming to Brooke House very soon?"

"You guess I shall!"

The joyous words sounded strangely coming from the bent figure, and Audrey was free to smile bitterly, because his head was bowed and he did not look at her. Yes, he would be glad enough to come to Brooke House now, although before he had been equally glad to escape the necessity for doing so.

She turned away from his chair and faced Pamela. Pamela who came in with her usual quiet grace.

"I did not know you were here, Audrey. They told me Miss Rivers was downstairs, and I wanted to know that she was well; to tell her that Adelaide, though she will stay indoors to-day, is not seriously hurt. Her hands are painful, but in a few days they will be all right again. I thought you would like to know."

Miss Rivers grunted in reply.

Audrey had not obeyed his request; she was still standing near the door, and her presence made Rupert nervous and ill at ease. Pamela was standing before him, gazing down at him with a frank and grateful affection in her beautiful eyes.

"You are quite well?" she repeated. "It has not been too much for you?"

And Rupert answering in his gruffest and most "Agnes Fraserish" manner that it had not, and that he did not want to be bothered with questions, bit his lip, when once again the girl bent and kissed his hand.

"I won't bother you. I only want to tell you that I am grateful to you; oh, very grateful! Not only for all your goodness to us through all these long months, but because last night you showed that you cared. You were afraid for Adelaide!"

Secure in Pamela's temporary blindness (her head was bent low over his hand) Rupert shot one angry glance at Audrey, which made her turn away. He did not want her. She had done everything for him that she could do and might now go. He had Pamela!

But before she got through the hall Pamela caught her up and asked interestedly if she really meant to go that day; if arrangements had been made about taking her to the station; if she was sure she was well enough to go?

"I am not quite sure," Audrey answered

Rupert shot one angry glance at Audrey

rather coldly. "It may be that I shall stay till to-morrow. Mistress Adelaide and I have made out a little plan, Pamela, which concerns you. Perhaps she would rather speak of it to you herself."

Adelaide's words came both as a surprise and a shock. When Pamela said that Audrey apparently wished her to go back to Brooke House with her, and that she personally had no wish to go, unless she could really be of help to Audrey, Mistress Adelaide said:

"You must go, not only because you can help Audrey, but because I want you to go. And you must go on a new footing, Pamela. I have been thinking, my dear, and it appears to me, for the first time, that I have perhaps not been quite fair to you."

"Not fair to me? Adelaide, dearest, what can you mean?"

"I have bound you down because of my prejudices. I have to some extent crippled your life, because I thought (judging by my own experiences solely) that it would be well for you never to see or know one half of those who dwell in the world. You will go with Audrey, Pamela, and you will go on the understanding that I have given you back all your promises. You will go; and because I ask it of you, you will do your best to decide for yourself—putting my ideas entirely aside—whether it is wise or right to cut all men out of your life. You will try to find out where, for you, happiness lies—with me here, or outside there. I wish it."

Pamela had turned very white, but at the end of Adelaide's speech she spoke, and spoke with dignity.

"You set me free? Then I am free to refuse to go at all, as well as to go unbound, as you call it. I do refuse. My place is here with you; my happiness is here. I wish for no other; there is no other for me. My place is here."

"You are not capable of judging. You have known no other life than this. Besides, if you are so sure you need not be afraid to go out and see the other life, Pamela. Your place will always be ready for you, no other could fill it. Go, because I ask it of you, and go determined to do what I ask. Find out where your happiness lies, find out if it is indeed just or right to ignore all men as we have ignored them. It may be that I, too, will abide by your choosing. I cannot say. But I want you to go; you must go."

"You know that I shall do what you ask." Once more that gentle touch of a hurt dignity was in the girl's voice. "There is no need for you to say twice that you wish me to do anything. I will go. But need it be with Audrey? She has sneered always; I never quite believed in her sympathy with us, with our aims. Why need it be with Audrey?"

"Because she begs for you; she is unhappy, she is going back alone to her old home, and she asks for you. Don't be hard on Audrey, child. It seems to me that neither of us have ever known the real Audrey, and that she would be well worth the knowing."

CHAPTER XXI

OUT IN THE WORLD

THEY went the next day. Pamela raised no more objections; Adelaide's requests were always law. But she went unwillingly, that could be seen.

Brooke House looked desolate and deserted even in the spring, when its beautiful garden was budding and blossoming, when its shady verandahs were already the pleasantest of sitting places when the sun shone. Audrey was pleasanter than she had ever been—she and Pamela had never seemed to get on very well—but she was quiet, and looked pale and weary, and Pamela felt sorry for her, and tried to find out some way in which she might be of help.

The morning after they arrived they spent in looking over some china and pictures which Audrey had not quite decided whether to keep or to sell. After lunch they went out on the south verandah for their coffee, and it was there that Rupert came to them.

"Here is Rupert." Audrey made the remark quietly, as he came across the terrace. She went towards him and held out her hand. "You have wasted no time," she said in a low voice, and added aloud: "I only arrived last night. This is my friend, Pamela Winston, but I think you have already met."

"Yes."

Rupert held out his hand eagerly. For one moment it seemed that Pamela debated

The morning after they arrived they spent in looking over some china and pictures which Audrey had not quite decided whether to keep or sell

whether it could be necessary that she should shake hands with a man who was practically a stranger to her, and then she decided that it would be ungracious to refuse; but she said "How do you do" coldly, and sat down with an air of not expecting Rupert to give his attention to her but to turn to his cousin, to see whom he had no doubt come.

And yet in their last interview she had bent and kissed the hand she now wished to avoid taking! That thought came to both Rupert and Audrey simultaneously. To Pamela he was now a stranger; to Rupert, who had seen her constantly for months, it was almost impossible to remember that she regarded him as one.

It made it very difficult to talk to her; he was so afraid of blurting out facts which should betray his intimate knowledge of all that went on at Glencay. But he sat down, took a cup of coffee from Audrey, and remarked cheerfully that it was nice to be back in the dear old place.

"Do you think so?" Audrey's eyes flashed. "To me it is horribly painful! I miss father at every turn."

"Of course. I am a clumsy idiot, and an unfeeling one, too, you will think! But forgive me, Audrey, and tell me how I am to help you."

"You might go through some of father's papers." She got up heavily. "No, don't move! I can bring them to you here; I know exactly where they are. Stay and talk to Pamela."

He saw Pamela frown and stiffen; her manner was like ice itself when he asked her pleasantly how he could best amuse her.

"I am afraid our ideas of amusement would hardly agree. I think I should like to go and ask Audrey if there is nothing she can find for me to do. You will excuse me."

"Please don't go! Miss Pamela, I want to say to you that I am sorry indeed if I have annoyed you in any way. I—I am afraid I am often clumsy and tactless; but you must forgive me. I wanted so much to prevent you from passing out of my life altogether; that must be my excuse for my behaviour after the accident."

"Please say no more about it. You could hardly be expected to understand or sympathise with one in my position."

"I did understand. Won't you forgive me?"

"If you wish it. It is a matter of no importance."

"To you perhaps; to me it is a matter of the greatest importance that you should forgive me; that you should grant me your friendship. You will do this?"

"I do not give my friendship so readily." He saw that she was annoyed at his persistence. "We met, and because of the accident were thrown together for a few hours. Can that be considered as a sufficient ground for a lasting friendship? I think not. One gives one's friendship to a person one knows, one trusts, one likes, not to a stranger."

"When you know me better you will try to trust and like me then?"

"If I do it will not be because I try." Pamela frowned again. "One learns to trust and like people unconsciously, naturally, not because one tries to do so. Surely you must feel that too?"

Then Audrey came back and Rupert spent the rest of the afternoon in sorting and reading his uncle's papers. When she asked him how he had got on with Pamela he frowned.

"Not at all. She speaks as if I was the veriest stranger, and it is so impossible to me to remember that she has good reason for doing so."

"Tell her the truth."

"What truth?"

"That you and Miss Rivers are one."

"Explain that I have been able to be of some service to her and Mistress Adelaide and ask for payment? No, thank you! If I have my way neither of them will ever know. You will not forget this, Audrey? You will consider yourself bound to be silent? You will not tell Mistress Adelaide or Pamela the truth?"

Audrey promised. It was not the time to explain that she had already told Mistress Adelaide; she had no intention of telling Pamela. She promised and they parted good friends. With that Audrey told herself she must be content. He gave her a

She said, How do you do? coldly, and sat down with an air of not expecting Rupert to give his attention to her

tolerant friendship; everything else that he had to give was poured at the feet of the unwilling, indifferent Pamela. The way of the world!

CHAPTER XXII

FAILURE

THE days passed; Rupert's visits were incessant; but he could not flatter himself that he made any headway. Pamela was always the same, courteous, indifferent, rather silent. He tried in vain to induce her to talk to him of all the things in which he knew she was interested. No doubt she supposed him absolutely ignorant on such subjects, and of Adelaide she hardly ever spoke.

"She is a stone!" cried Audrey to herself very often when she winced at seeing Rupert suffer. "A hard-hearted, sweet-faced thing of stone! But he will never be brought to see it. And meanwhile it is a marvel to me, as each day passes, that I have not told her so; told her what I think of her in plain speech, and driven her back to Glencay! That is what it will come to unless I can master my unruly tongue, as I must, or estrange Rupert, who sees no flaws in his goddess."

It certainly was a painful situation for Audrey, especially as the other two were absolutely blind to the sacrifice of her own feelings that she was making so bravely. But it was not to last long.

Rupert's patience was the first to fail. He argued it all out with himself, and persuaded himself that perhaps Pamela was only shy; that if she knew that he loved her she might be more gentle.

So he spoke.

At first she refused to hear him, then, when he persisted, sat down and listened. That much she owed him, now that she was out in the world, like other girls.

He told her that he had loved her since the night of the railway accident, and she made no remark. But he knew as well as if she had spoken that she was incapable of understanding or believing in such swiftly-growing love for a stranger.

"During all these months you have been my one thought," he added quietly. "My one hope has been that I may please you; that in the end I may win you for my wife. Won't you give me a little hope, Pamela? I love you so dearly."

She could give him none. When he paused she answered him very gently, very coldly. She did not love him; she found it difficult to believe in his love for her. If he would pardon her for saying so, she could not help thinking that some of it at least was imaginary. That he loved, in fact, an image of his own brain, not herself, the real Pamela. That Pamela he had never known, therefore it was impossible he could love her. But that was the real Pamela—the Pamela who loved her work and her home, and, above all, Adelaide.

"You cannot even understand this," she said. "You have never known Adelaide. If you did or could know her it is not likely that you would be able to appreciate her; because of her small peculiarities you would probably put her down as a very uninteresting and eccentric person; but to me she is everything." Her voice deepened with feeling, "She always has been, she always will be. I think it best to speak plainly. I cannot even imagine myself giving up Adelaide for your sake; it would be impossible. Above all things I love her; I want to please her; I want to show her that all her years of goodness to me are not forgotten. I think that now you will understand. You will give up trying to make me care for you; indeed it is impossible. I shall go back to Glencay to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Pamela, you have not given us a fair trial. Indeed, you are unjust if you dismiss all thought of living in the world after only a few days among us."

"At least I shall not stay here," replied the girl slowly. "I know, although she hides it very well, that Audrey does not really care for me; we have little in common. She loves Adelaide, and therefore she tolerates me, but that is all. And I am not happy here. If Adelaide wishes it I will go away again—I will always do what she wishes; but first I must go home if only for a few days. I must."

"You are still determined to go on lead-

ing your own life? You still believe that it is right to class all men together as cads!"

"No, no. I think I have never believed that. I suppose I realised always that Adelaide had been unfortunate in the men she met, though one of them was my own father. I, too, have no cause to admire or trust them; but I have no wish to visit the sins of those I know on the heads of the many I do not know. I shall ask Adelaide to allow me to take back my promise for always. I think it is not right that I should even seem to scorn men when I know nothing of their unworthiness or worthiness. But the life we lead is the life for me; I am happy there, content, useful. I will go back to Glencay and Adelaide!"

"And I? You have no pity for me? You doom me to a life of loneliness; for I shall not forget. I shall love no other woman. Your refusal means to me the loss of any real home, and I have known none. In my childhood I was given into the charge of my uncle, but I never had a real home. If you keep to your resolve I shall have none. Pamela, my dearest, won't you even try? I will be very patient."

"It is no use." She turned away restlessly. "I am sorry that you should care for me, that is all. I can give no promise when I know that I should not even wish to keep it. To care for you would mean that I must give up Adelaide, and that I shall never do. She must always come first."

"Is it absolutely imposssible that I should ever overcome her prejudice? If I could induce her to grant me your friendship would it make any difference to you, Pamela?"

"It is impossible. She will never either see or speak to any man; she has sworn it."

"You are going? You mean this to be good-bye?"

"It must be good-bye. I can say nothing more but that I am very very sorry if I have given you pain. My only wish is that you should—forget."

"You will give me your hand at least?" he pleaded. "If this is to be the end, remember that I love you, that my life is empty when you leave me. Remember that, and be a little pitiful, Pamela! Let me put it so that you will understand. As you love Mistress Adelaide so I love you. Think what it would mean to you if you had to say good-bye to her for ever; if she left you with no word or sign of regret."

"It is not the same." But she held out her hand, and he saw that she was very pale. "It is impossible that you should feel like that. Adelaide and I have been always together since I was a little child. It cannot be the same."

"I think it is impossible that she should love you more than I do," he said simply. "Time does not count for much in love."

She did not draw her hand away, and he bent and kissed it, saying: "For good-bye, if good-bye it must be. You have nothing more to say to me?"

"Only that I am sorry—very, very sorry."

"But it must be good-bye?"

"It must be good-bye."

"You know best. But remember that while I live I shall love you, Pamela, and that my greatest happiness will be to serve you. Good-bye."

She went away and he left the house. He did not want to see Audrey just then; her sympathy would be unendurable. He wanted to be alone.

He had a letter from her next morning. She said that she had dragged some of the truth out of Pamela, who was determined to go back to Glencay at once. She said that even now she thought things might not be quite so hopeless—that Pamela might change her mind—and she begged him to come over and see her.

He went. To him the house seemed strangely empty when Pamela's lovely face and graceful figure were no longer to be seen. But he went; was received by Audrey in the very verandah where he had bidden Pamela good-bye, and did his best to hide all signs of feeling.

"I am going to give it up," he said. "I see that it is useless. I have no right to persecute her; she is free to care, or not to care, and she says that she does not and never could care for me. Adelaide is everything to her; and I suppose one can hardly wonder."

"Was it a mistake bringing her here?" asked Audrey wistfully.

"No. I have had my chance; I have been told the truth plainly, and now I must make the best of it."

"What shall you do now?"

"First of all I shall extinguish Miss Rivers; I shall arrange affairs so that they are quite safe and comfortable at Glencay; and then—I shall go out to India in real earnest. You won't ask me to stay, Audrey? I mean so little to you. I can easily find some one who will look after your affairs, and you have heaps of friends. I must go."

"I shall not ask you to stay. But be sure first, Rupert! Is there nothing else to be done?"

"Nothing. Even I at last acknowledge that it is useless. She says that she does not love me, that she wishes to live the life she has always lived. After that I can do nothing."

"In time you will forget?" she asked the question falteringly.

"I shall never forget. I am not that sort. In time I shall grow to find it bearable, I suppose, and then I shall come back. Till then you must not expect to see me, unless you need me; then I will come."

"But until you go you will come here often? I shall soon lose you altogether, remember!" She tried to smile, but it was not a very satisfactory smile.

"I will—if you will not talk about her. It is best not. I want to realise that it is all over; I can't do that while you still talk of her. You will remember?"

"I will remember."

CHAPTER XXIII

GOOD-BYE TO MISS RIVERS

He came pretty often and they talked laboriously on outside topics, on Audrey's affairs, on Rupert's coming visit to India, on anything and everything except the one thing which filled both their thoughts. Glencay was tabooed with Mistress Adelaide and Pamela.

So passed four days, and then Rupert rode over and himself reopened the forbidden subject.

"Look here, Audrey, I don't quite know what to do. I have heard from Mistress Adelaide."

"She has written to you?"

"As Miss Rivers of course," impatiently. "There is nothing surprising in that! She wants to see me—about some business matter, of course; but I can't go back there. I couldn't play the part; I couldn't bear to see *her* again. It is over."

"What will you do then?"

Audrey asked the question mechanically, her thoughts in reality were far away. What did it mean? Rupert, of course, did not know that Mistress Adelaide knew the truth, and therefore to him there was nothing surprising in the fact that she should write to him. But if he did know. Why had Mistress Adelaide written?

"I shall make some excuse. Miss Rivers had better be very ill, at a distance sufficiently great to prevent Mistress Adelaide from coming over to see her. She has got to be removed, and it may as well be done quickly. Then the place will be to all intents and purposes theirs. I do not think I shall ever go back."

"Will she take it from you?"

"She won't know it is from me," he answered wearily, "it was all arranged long ago. At Miss Rivers' death it was to go to a trustee; everything is done except the mere fact of announcing Miss Rivers' death."

"But that means that Glencay passes practically away from you? Rupert, won't you ever repent it?"

"No." He spoke coldly; sometimes Audrey irritated him by her lack of comprehension. "I have more than I want, why should I repent? It is the one crumb of comfort to me in the whole situation. At least I can secure to her the life she wants to lead."

"And that is to be the end?"

"Yes, it will be the end. I shall have no more excuse for going there after Miss Rivers is done for. It will be the end."

"You will write at once?" She spoke shakily. Even now she was not sure whether she was going to tell him or not. Need she tell him? Would it not be better in the end that he should go; that he should learn to forget?

"Yes."

Only one word, but under his kindly eyes,

as he turned to smile at her, were weary lines; in the eyes themselves was quite a new depression; and Audrey loved him.

"Wait!" she said sharply. "There is something I must tell you first. You do not quite understand. Mistress Adelaide has written to you, as Miss Rivers, to come and see her, because there is a matter on which she wishes to speak to you; but—she knows that you are not Miss Rivers."

"She knows? Impossible! How should she know?"

"Because I told her."

"You told her! But you gave me your promise only a day or two ago to be silent!"

"I had already told her; I told her the day before we left Glencay."

"And she writes to say that she wishes to see me?" He took the letter out of his pocket and read it over hastily. He forgot to scold Audrey for her lack of faith. Once more his thoughts were with Pamela solely, and he had no time to waste on Audrey and her delinquencies.

"She wants to see me. Are you quite certain that she understood, Audrey? From this letter I should say that it was impossible that she even guessed!"

"I am quite certain. What will you do?"

"I shall go up there by the first train to-morrow morning—as Miss Rivers. I can't understand it; but while there is the faintest chance that she will have anything to do with me, which means that Pamela would not be wholly lost to me, I shall do everything in my power to make the most of that chance. You had no right to tell her, Audrey, I had forbidden it; but if by telling her you have done anything for me, then I shall be grateful enough you may be sure."

A minute later he was gone and Audrey was left to wonder what would happen, what Mistress Adelaide meant to do; whether a fresh disappointment was all that was in store for Rupert or whether he was to have the chance he craved. She could not tell.

To Rupert, too, the time seemed endless. As the train flew along he stared out of the window and wondered in his turn. He was even more surprised than Audrey, and, as he drew nearer and nearer to Glencay, he began to doubt once more. Audrey said she had told Mistress Adelaide the truth; but sometimes Audrey spoke so wildly, so foolishly, that one could hardly understand what she meant, or did not mean. Most likely that was the meaning of Mistress Adelaide's letter. She had written in all good faith to the Miss Rivers she had learnt to know and to trust; and it was a fool's errand that he was bound on. One, too, that would re-open all the old wounds. He had no desire to see Pamela again, to hear her sweet voice, when it spoke only to Miss Rivers.

By the time he reached Glencay he had fully made up his mind that this was the case. Peters had met him a few stations down the line, and before they reached the station for Glencay he was metamorphosed again beyond recognition. The chair seemed very cramping when it received him at his own door, but he crouched low in it, and saw no suspicion on the face of any of the servants.

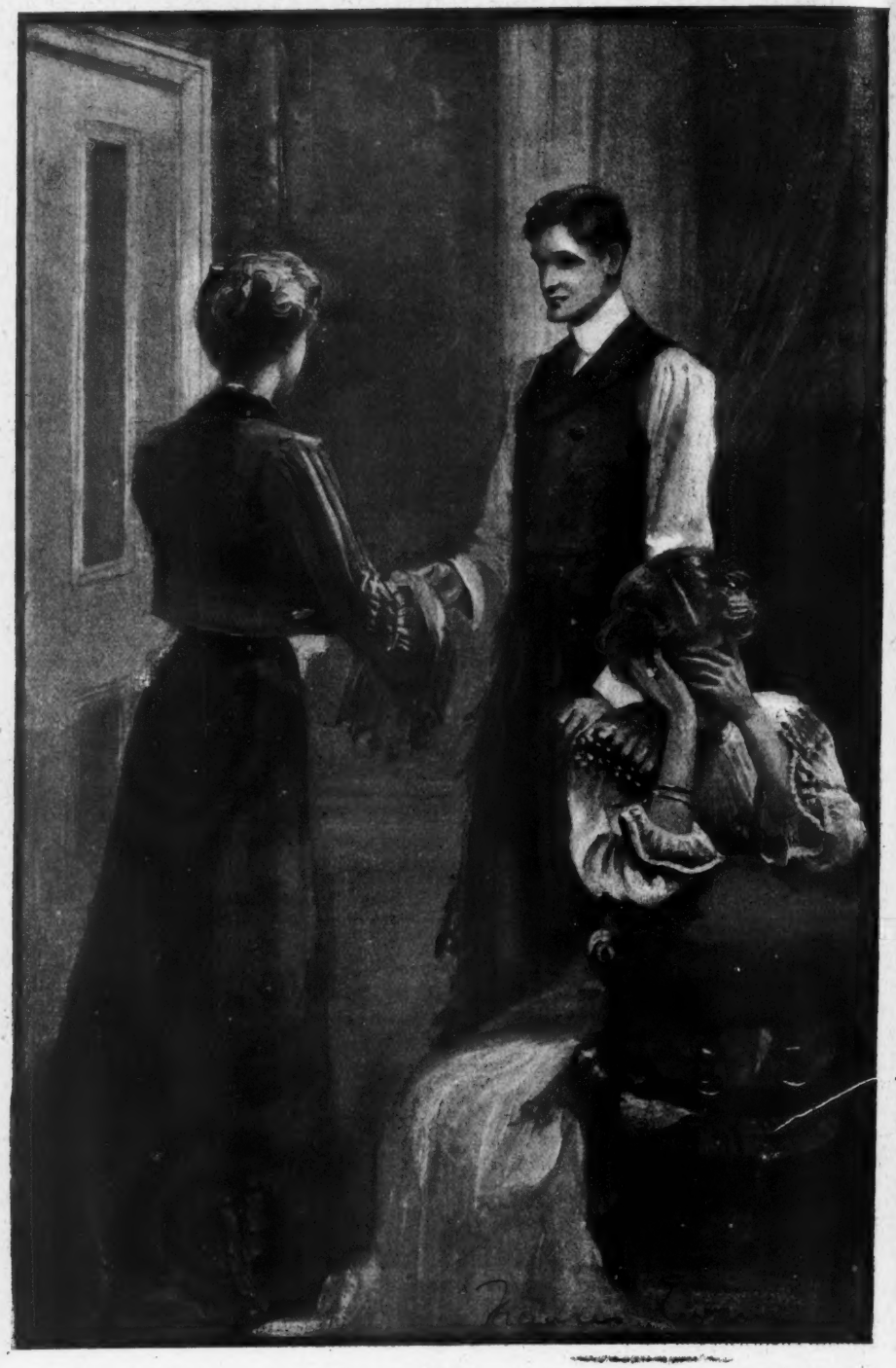
He had wired that morning that he would arrive about five o'clock, and on entering the house was told that Mistress Adelaide was coming in during the evening. That she had said she would not come to dinner as Miss Rivers would probably be tired after her journey.

"Miss Rivers" grunted, ungraciously, and was taken to her own room, still quite at sea as to Mistress Adelaide's attitude. Did she know, or did she not know? If she did know, what did she mean to do?

He ate a lonely dinner and was wheeled into the drawing-room, and then he waited for what seemed an eternity. But at last they came. Mistress Adelaide walked into the room first, and then Pamela followed; and to Rupert, who had persuaded himself that because her name had not been mentioned she would not come, her presence was a shock.

But Pamela, at least, was quite ignorant of his identity. She passed Mistress Adelaide, who merely nodded as usual, saying "Good evening, Miss Rivers," and came over to his side; she touched his mittened hand very gently, and hoped that he was not very tired; and then she added, sweetly, that she was very glad indeed to see him again.

"We have missed you very much, haven't we, Adelaide? And quite a number of things have been done since you went away. You



Mistress Adelaide it was who came forward and held out her hand, a hand he took and grasped tightly, forgetting his absurd attire

will let me tell you about them, when Adelaide has finished the business she wants to talk about?"

"Suppose you talk first," said Mistress Adelaide, to the surprise of both of them. "Sometimes I think that neither of us remembers to express our great gratitude to Miss Rivers sufficiently often. We take all she does for us for granted. We lead our lives, we go our own way, walking securely in the consciousness of her generosity; but—ought we not to assure her that the gratitude is there? That we remember all she has done for us during these long months?"

Rupert fidgeted uneasily, utterly unable to determine whether this speech was ironical or otherwise; still at a loss to know if Mistress Adelaide knew the truth. The effect of her words on Pamela were immediate.

"Oh, surely she knows!" she cried with evident dismay. "She does not like to be thanked; she has told us so times without number. But she must know that in our hearts we thank her constantly! You do know?" She dropped down on the floor beside the invalid chair and spoke softly, her accent almost caressing in its tenderness. "You believe that we hold you very dear; that we speak of you, always, as one who has been more than good to us? We do not forget. I have said little, perhaps, but that is because I have believed that you wished me to be silent. I thought my gratitude if spoken bored you; but you must believe in it, please, for it is very real. If only I could repay you in any way you would not find me backward; and—if you would let me, I would love you, for you must be very lonely."

Her voice died away, and for one minute no one spoke; Pamela was still on her knees beside the chair, Miss Rivers had turned her head away, the hand which Pamela still held shook nervously. Mistress Adelaide stood by the fire apparently unheeding. But after that moment's silence she spoke again, and at her words both Pamela and Rupert started, for she said:

"And now, Mr. Laurier, we have to prove our words. Our gratitude is the same, surely, whether we show it to a woman, as we believed, or to a man, who has been very generous to us, even if he has deceived us as to his identity. I think that deception must cease now."

Rupert got out of his chair feeling intensely awkward and absurdly nervous. Pamela had started to her feet, and was staring at him with dilated, astonished eyes. As he took off the wig and shawl she turned away and buried her face in her hands, with a little gasp of dismay; and Mistress Adelaide it was, who came forward, and held out her hand, a hand he took and grasped tightly, forgetting his absurd attire, forgetting everything but that from this woman he was receiving an astonishing proof of the gratitude she had professed.

"You are too good to me," he muttered humbly as he bent over the hand. "I—do not deserve it. But if you will forgive me—if you will let me try to serve you, indeed you shall find that I am grateful."

"It is for us to be grateful. Pamela! I have taught you that men are all unworthy, are all selfish; well, I unsay my words. For thirty years at least I have spoken to no man; I have given my hand to no man—willingly; but now I ask Mr. Laurier to let me thank him for all he has done for you and for me. Will you not do the same?"

She came up; she looked shaken and flushed, utterly unlike the composed, rather cold Pamela of his former acquaintance. She held out her hand, and said, hurriedly, that indeed she was very grateful, but—why had she not been told the truth? Why had he let her behave so horribly to him when all the time he had been so good to them? And did Adelaide really mean what she said?

"I mean exactly what I say. If the Miss Rivers who so unexpectedly befriended me had been in very truth a woman, I think neither you nor I would have denied that she has treated us with a tact, a delicacy, a generosity, that could not fail to win our gratitude, our respect, our affection. Can it be fair to deny these merely because we owe them to a man instead? I think not."

"You will grant me your friendship?" Rupert turned away even from Pamela; he came and stood before Mistress Adelaide and asked his question entreatingly. "I know that I ask a great deal; I know that it is very difficult for you to go against the habits

of long years; but I want it very much; I will be very patient if you will but give me the hope of gaining it."

"You have been very patient during these long months in which you have endured a life which must have been terribly irksome. If you wish for my friendship, it is yours. Stay! I am an old woman now. As you say, it is hard for me to cast aside all the habits and memories that have grown up with me. I cannot promise to alter everything; but I will do my best to put aside all that is mere prejudice."

"You will stay at Glencay?"

Once more his accent was pleading.

"If you can assure me honestly that you approve of my work; that you believe I am capable of doing it as thoroughly, as well, as one of the men bailiffs you have been accustomed to employ—yes."

"I know that no other person, man or woman, could do what you have done. I said so to Audrey. I beg you to stay."

"I will stay."

"And you, Pamela? No, wait—I want no promises. Mistress Adelaide has given me everything I ought to ask; the right to be your friend, to see you, to win, if I can, the love I want so much. I ask nothing more. When she gives her friendship you will not withhold yours; with that I will be content."

"And Miss Rivers?"

Adelaide asked the question drily.

"I shall buy this place back from Miss Rivers as speedily as possible. I hope no one will suspect the truth; it was a foolish thing to do and one which will, I trust, lead to no unpleasantness," said Rupert, rather awkwardly. "I will try to get rid of her quietly; and then—you have come very often to the Great House, Mistress Adelaide; you will come again?"

"I will come again; so long as you do not ask me to mix with all your friends? For Pamela it is different; to me it would be painful, and I think unnecessary."

"But when I am alone you will come?"

"I will come."

"And I may come to the Little House? Next Christmas, when Pamela decorates it with holly, I, too, may be there? You will not treat me as a stranger now?"

The last words were addressed to Pamela, and she answered him with her new flurried air of awkwardness that she would not; that she was sorry to have hurt him; that she had not understood.

But to both of them recurred the words she had spoken only a few minutes ago: "If you will let me, I will love you; for you must be very lonely."

He had said that he should ask for nothing more, but he knew that his cause was no longer hopeless. She had said that she could not give up Mistress Adelaide; but if there was to be no question of giving up Adelaide? If, instead, he was to be admitted into their life, had she any longer any real reason for refusing him the love he longed for?

"Then come along, Pamela!" said Mistress Adelaide briskly, breaking in upon his reverie. "It is getting late, and Miss Rivers must not be over tired. Come along!"

"First I will say good-bye to Miss Rivers!" said Pamela impulsively; and going over she bent for the last time over the hand which was still covered by one of the mittens which Rupert hated. She caught it in both of hers, and persisted, in spite of his evident wish to stop her, in bending her graceful head low over it; then when her lips touched it, she said softly:

"Thank you. For all that I remember; that I shall never forget; thank you!"

THE END

Pen-and-Ink Sketches from the Life

By E. Westrup

THEY were not ordinary models—not professionals trained from the cradle to make capital of any physical advantage—or even, failing that, disadvantage—that Nature had been kind enough to bestow.

They had no strong points; not even as Katisha, "a left elbow that people came miles to see." At least, if they had they had not considered them as marketable. They were simply a handful of Life: tragic and comic, bitter and sweet, noble and ignoble; life itself—ordinary everyday life.

They came from among the aged paupers of a neighbouring London workhouse, and "sat" for our benefit; falling easily, for the most part, into their accustomed attitudes of lassitude with an air of patient tolerance of our youthful idiosyncrasies.

Looking back, I am at a loss to account for this lapse from conventionality—for we were nothing if not conventional. Perhaps the excessive heat had caused even our rigid rules to unbend a little. For it was in the height of the summer when even the "life"—the legitimate "life"—palled, and the "antique" had become a veritable weariness of the flesh. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that when some daring spirit suggested requisitioning the workhouse for models—on the weary antique days—the powers that be consented; and we took to work with an energy hitherto unheard of at the close of the summer session.

Among the ranks of our unprofessional models three or four stand out prominently in my mind.

First of all comes "My Old Lady." I call her "My Old Lady" because she, for some unknown reason, called me her young lady.

I did not know that I was so honoured until one day, being late to my place, and trying to slip unobtrusively behind my easel, I was covered with confusion on seeing the model rise suddenly and totter across the "throne" with outstretched hands:

"Ah, here's my young lady!" said she.

So we shook hands and struck up a friendship from that day.

That was after she had sat several times. We had had no intention of having more than one-day sittings from each model; but somehow my old lady appeared again and again, and it was only when the matron sent to expostulate, on behalf of all the other old ladies who, consumed with jealousy, were awaiting their turn, that we obtained a change of model.

Poor little woman, I think it was not the small emolument she cared for, but the feeling of importance, and the chance of airing her little vanities; harmless little vanities that had become somewhat dulled under years of trouble, but which brightened up wonderfully under a little sympathy.

"Ah, my dears," she would say, when we had gently guided her conversation to the days when she was young, and slim, and pretty. "Ah, my dears, the things the boys used to say to me about my blue eyes and pink cheeks! And how they used to try to make me smile to show my dimples!" She would shake her silvered head and attempt a *vanitas vanitatum* manner—but the effect would be marred by the gleam of satisfaction lurking in the still pretty blue eyes, and by the appearance of the ghost of one of the naughty dimples.

She was eighty-four—and her one great impression of our efforts to portray her was that we made her look "quite aged"—"More like my mother might be, my dears!"

Though always poor, she had had many happy years of married life—to find herself at seventy a widow—the little savings all absorbed in the expenses of her husband's last illness. She succeeded in obtaining a situation as cook, and struggled on—overworked and underpaid—until even she could struggle no longer, but was forced to seek refuge in the workhouse.

"And, my dears," she would say, "I was thankful indeed to have the house to go to.

What should I have done if I had had to try to keep myself in one little room all alone? Why, I'd have been a luny in no time. I like to have plenty of company round me, though I don't 'ersocerate' with them, my dears!"

She was refreshingly grateful for any bright spots in her grey life, and had a happy knack of discovering them in all sorts of unexpected places.

The kindly attempts at decoration, such as art-muslin curtains—the politeness of the matron—these things were a source of joy to her; she had even a good word for the generally abhorred workhouse garb.

I remember one afternoon the time came for her to start for "home" in the midst of a heavy shower. She looked too little and old and frail to brave it, and I tried to persuade her to let me send her back in a cab. Her horror was unmistakable. Politeness made her try to disguise it—but after profuse thanks she burst out: "Why, my dear, they'd think as I was a poor luny taking an airing!" Stooping, she whipped up her scanty skirts, and proudly exposed a thin little leg clad in its regulation stocking. "There," said she, "just see what fine stout shoes and stockings they give us. Why, no wet couldn't hurt me with those on!"

I must own that she had one or two grievances; but what woman will not agree with me that she was justified in them? One was the enforced absence of any looking-glass. Another the peremptory order: "Keep your eyes on your plates!" when the old men had to march through the woman's ward. "A lot of nasty old men, as I wouldn't look at if they paid me for it, my dears!"

Never the ghost of a dimple on my old lady's cheek did those intruders see, rest assured!

My pen lingers over my favourite—loth to leave her for the very different subject who comes next in my memory, though far enough away in my affections.

I took a dislike to the "Black Sheep" at first sight, and our subsequent conversation did nothing to dispel it. She had a small vicious eye, yet an air of unctuous melancholy pervaded her countenance, as if she only waited an opportunity to melt into maudlin tears.

Her favourite preliminary to a remark was an ingratiating, "Egscuse me, ladies, but the thought passed over my yed——" One thought that passed over her "yed" has not passed out of my mind. It was the thought of the shock her brother would receive should he suddenly appear and find her "setting." "But then, ladies, the thought passed over my yed—we must all set! Even the Queen and Mr. Gladstone must set if they want their pictures took!" So with precedent she appeased her dignity.

I call her the "Black Sheep" because during a rest she came round to me, and, after her usual opening, said: "There's a black sheep in every family, now isn't there, miss?"

I agreed that the animal in question was unfortunately not rare. Then she said with evident pride: "And I'm the black sheep in ours, miss!"

It was drink. She had a brother in a good position, with daughters "brought up to the piano." Again and again had he tried to help her. Again and again had he failed to keep her from the fatal habit. She told me all this with so great a complacency that I scarcely had patience to listen to her. I was relieved when her sitting was over, and she made way for the next model.

Really, I suppose he was the gem of the collection, for he was a Genius! We knew he was a genius because he told us so himself.

His genius took the form of poetry, and, needless to say, it was genius unappreciated.

He himself ascribed his failure to excessive and unconquerable modesty. This had been revealed to him from the mouths of babes and sucklings, so to speak.

One day he was declaiming a masterpiece of his own, when a small boy interrupted: "I tell you wot's wrong with you, mister, you don't think ernuf of yerself, yer don't; that's wot it is!"

L ght broke in on him, he recognised the voice of truth; but even thus armed with self-knowledge he could not conquer that overwhelming modesty, and so was fated to live and die unknown to fame.

I cannot say that my attempts to perpetuate the lineaments of Genius were crowned with success, as it was only at rare intervals that I could command my features sufficiently to emerge from behind my easel. Fortunately, as our genius told us, generalising from his sister, whose gifts he was discussing—"females" have naturally no sense of humour; they may "acquire it in a slight degree," but by no chance is it ever innate.

Often, during his sitting, did I feel thankful for the lack of that sense; it would have been too painful otherwise.

The sister, by the way, who was held up to us as an example of our shortcomings as "females," had a compensation in being a "genius at the music"; being able, according to her brother, to "pick out the 'hairs' with her right hand, and accompany herself in the 'bäss' with the left."

He himself could sing in "two or three different voices"; he gave examples, but I cannot honestly give an opinion on that subject as I was called away at an early stage of the proceedings.

By dint of a little judicious leading on (managed by the only student who could "keep her face") we collected a certain amount of information concerning the divine afflatus.

It had come upon him suddenly, at the age of twenty-one, as he was crossing a field on his way to church.

I regret to say that I cannot remember the poem that resulted. I have a dim recollection of an easy—not to say sing-song metre; for the rest—"dawn"—"morn," "tell"—"bell,"—and that is all.

I fear that modesty was not the sole cause of his downfall. It was the fatal bottle again. And again was it told with no shame—rather with pride; pride that his sensitive temperament needed the aid of stimulants before his genius could have full play.

Those are the three figures that stand clearest in my memory: My Old Lady; the Black Sheep, and the Genius.

More indistinct is the figure of the old Irishwoman, showing vaguely through a mist as of tears.

She was the saddest of all. She sat limply, with vacant eyes, the tears sometimes running down her furrowed cheeks—her thoughts evidently back in some painful episode of the past. Occasionally they would shape into words; always the same: "Don't you believe it of me, love! Don't you believe it! It is not true, it is not true!" and her voice would rise louder and louder as she stared anxiously at us, and then die away, and she would sit still and sad with vacant eye once more.

In the interval for rest she wandered forlornly about the room. Suddenly her glance fell on an old spinning-wheel (one of the Life "props")—her face brightened—broke into smiles—and she hastened across the room and seated herself before it. In a moment the materials were arranged, and the thread was running swiftly through her fingers, to the soft whir-r-r-r of the wheel.

And then her tongue was loosened, and the cloud lifted from her mind, and she told us of her girlhood, far away in Old Ireland, and how she used to spin the thread for her own clothes—and how the linen was bleached in the meadow by the river—and how when she came to London she had a pink frock, and a blue, and a grey, and—"And now I wear this—this!" she moaned, plucking at her pauper livery.

With the stopping of the wheel the spell was broken, and once more we saw only a crushed, half-witted old woman.

Taking them all together the old people made wonderfully good models. I suppose they were accustomed to spending a good part of the day sitting listlessly—waiting for time to pass; and we were always careful to choose a simple, natural pose.

I remember one old man who was a little difficult. It was only after considerable effort that we succeeded in getting him into a position that seemed to suit his idiosyncrasies. We started work. Little by little he sank forward until his attitude bore small resemblance to that we had blocked in. "Will you sit rather more upright, please?" mildly asked a student. "Stand if you like, miss!" roared our too-obliging model, suiting the action to the words, and giving us all our work of posing to do again.

He was not a very nice old man. He had an objectionable habit—particularly

objectionable in a model too. He had numerous pockets bestowed about his person, and in each pocket he kept a little tin box containing lozenges. He would—without changing his fixed glare at the spot where he had been asked to direct his gaze—fumble in a pocket until he unearthed a box—fumble at the box until he unearthed a lozenge—then, still glaring—proceed to put the lozenge into his mouth. We could have borne that, although his expression during this performance would become truly appalling, but, unfortunately, after a second or two he invariably became dissatisfied with his choice, and proceeded to reverse his former manœuvres, transferring the despised lozenge to its old place; and starting on a fresh pocket in search of something different.

Whether it was owing to our incapacity or to their own vanity, I should not like to say (is genius always modest, I wonder?), but certainly our portraits gave scant satisfaction to the originals. The men, as a rule, only looked their discontent—shook their heads—and made little disapproving sounds with their tongues. But the old women were not content with such mild measures. "Do you mean that for me? Well, I'm sure!" And "so aged" was the general complaint of these octogenarians.

Some would produce little treasured pieces of the proscribed looking-glass, and compare their features with our attempts, then gaze reproachfully at us with a "Look-here-upon-this-picture-and-on-that" expression that was peculiarly crushing.

The nearest approach to praise I ever received was an occasional condescending "You might not believe it, miss, but I couldn't do that."

And when I politely replied that probably I could not do their work—I would receive an emphatic "No, that you couldn't, miss!" which left no doubt as to the opinion held of our relative merits.

* * * *

Well, the vacation brought the sittings to an end, and the autumn found our experiment respectably buried in the past.

It was only a summer interlude—and, perhaps, it was not a real, correct life class—but, at any rate, it was a glimpse of real, genuine Life.

Things and other Things

The Present-Day Tendencies of English Literature

THE papers on the above subject which have been received this month are much above the average, and the usual difficulty has been experienced in placing the essays in order of merit. Eventually the judges decided to award the first prize of £2 to the Rev. S. Dunlop (Dumfries), and to add the second and third prizes together, dividing them equally among the following three competitors, whose papers are considered equal in merit:—Mrs. John White (Stroud), Mr. A. E. Wright (Greenock), and "Onoro."

The successful papers are published below.

WHEN we contrast the state of English Literature to-day with its condition twenty years ago we cannot help being struck with the rapid falling off of great names. Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Newman and Ruskin are dead. Of the great Victorians, Swinburne, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy are the only survivors to-day, and with them the race of giants threatens to become extinct. We may console ourselves with the fact that, if there are fewer giants in the earth in our days, the average stature of the race has on the whole increased. If we have fewer great works we have less bad work; if we can point to no "In Memoriam" or "Vanity Fair" as the characteristic book of our time, we can at least boast that the ordinary journeyman work of letters is more satisfactorily performed. No previous age could have produced the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Perhaps the valleys cannot be exalted without the mountains and the hills being made low.

This want of great writers is frequently attributed to the rise of democracy. It is intolerant of superiority, under it "the individual withers and the world is more and more." Democracy has sins enough of its own to answer for without laying this to its charge. It surely cannot be that individual distinction is incompatible with the general diffusion of knowledge and culture. The genius under democracy addresses a wider audience; there is no reason to believe that a masterpiece would find fewer admirers today than fifty years ago. Dryden's age was by no means democratic, yet he had the same complaint to utter as we do:

> Our age was cultivated thus at length,
> But what we gained in skill we lost in strength,
> Our builders were with want of genius curst,
> The second temple was not like the first.

It is possible that our age, too, is cursed with a want of genius, and it is also possible that science has engrossed a certain amount of talent which formerly would have devoted itself to literature.

For good and evil science has had no slight effect upon the course of literature. Under its influence "the literature of knowledge"—to use De Quincey's convenient distinction—has increased at the expense of "the literature of power." Lucidity, accuracy, disinterested love of truth are the qualities which contribute to a successful "literature of knowledge," and these are precisely the qualities which one might expect from the progress of science. On the other hand, imagination, passion and feeling are the qualities which contribute most strongly to a successful "literature of power," but these are either useless or hurtful to scientific research. There are at present many minor poets, very few great poets. Poetry has lost "its first sweet careless rapture." It is not robust enough to flourish in the open, but, like the Scholar Gipsy, "loves retired ground." Mr. Robert Bridges is given over to his prosody, Mr. Austin Dobson revives old measures for graceful vers-de-société, Mr. William Watson valiantly does duty for Wordsworth, and Mr. Stephen Phillips handles classical themes such as Keats and Tennyson once wrought in, but

> O how frail
> Is that large utterance of the early gods!

None of these poets seem to "sing because they must." They lack that absolute sincerity and strong passion which is inseparable from the highest poetry. In this respect Mr. Rudyard Kipling excels them all. He cares nothing for critics and little for prosody; the jingle of a music-hall ditty will serve his purpose quite as well as Miltonic harmonies; he tells us defiantly

> There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And every single one of them is right.

Without committing ourselves to this opinion, we may hold that Mr. Kipling is the strongest, the most original poet of our time, simply because he has felt least the critical spirit of his age.

Science has not been content with keeping low the poetic fire of literature; she has laid claim to possessions which were once the undisputed property of literature. Professor Bury, the learned editor of Gibbon, tells us that history belongs to science. Picturesque historical narrative and character-drawing are to exist no longer. There are to be no more Froudes and Macaulays, the historical romancer is to take their place. He has girded his loins for the task, and is already almost as complete an antiquarian as the professional historian himself. Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Maurice Hewlett would no more dream of committing an anachronism than of making a false quantity, yet Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott did both, and wiped their mouths. For all that, no one can dare to plead their example till he can write like them. Human nature has not yet been reduced to an exact science, and until it is the historian may rank as a man of letters. Imagination, though curbed, is still necessary for his task. Even the most complete series of State Papers leaves blanks which it must supply.

The great bulk of literary work nowadays is to be found in fiction. It is the

expression] of the hopes and fears, the ambitions and despairs of our age. *Quicquid agunt homines*. To describe its tendencies would be nothing less than to analyse the spirit of the age. Our novelists are touched, too, with the scientific spirit. I do not refer to the scientific jargon that so often bewilders the ordinary reader, but to their minute and accurate observation. This realism shows itself now in the painful description of the squalor of a mean street, now in reproducing some provincial dialect. The novelist is like a hunter of great game. He discovers a new species, others follow in his steps, and in a little while the species is extinct. Realism is by no means content with mere description. It claims not only to describe life but to be life. Some, like Zola, regard their stories as actual contributions to sociology and psychology. They are, indeed, useful contributions to the psychology of the writer himself; but beyond that their use is not great. This error shows itself in the novel with a purpose, a form of literature most popular among that large and increasing class, the half-educated, who love above all things to combine amusement with instruction. These novels are their guides in ethical and theological matters, and most unsafe guides they are. The doctrines they teach may be perfectly true, but they enforce them by an utterly illegitimate method. In real life the truth of a doctrine may be estimated by its results, but not so in fiction; for the characters and their circumstances are entirely in the author's hands, and he fashions them as he pleases. These works are not allegories, for allegories make no claim to exact truth; they are fiction masquerading as fact, and frequently bad fiction.

Another tendency may be noted which contrasts strongly with realism, which is indeed a reaction against realism. It shows itself in such books as Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," where we are delivered from the actual world and brought into a region of fancy—a lovely might-have-been. Another manifestation of this tendency may be found in the Celtic revival. The Celtic races were always idealists, rebels against fact. In an age oppressed by hideous realities it is no wonder they raise a standard of revolt. It is true, as one of their poets has said, they live in "a past that never was a present thing" (Archbishop Alexander), but this pining for what is not is the peculiar charm of idealism. The Celtic revival has a worse evil attached to it; it attracts to its fold those undesirables who crowd about every exotic form of art or literature—yesterday they burned incense in the temple of Astarte, raved about Rossetti and quoted "Dolores," to-day they talk Irish. We must not blame the honey because unsavoury flies buzz about it; let us rather be thankful for the new and beautiful world Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats have opened up to us.

REV. S. DUNLOP.

THERE are just two apparently opposing factors, which make it so hard to pronounce a definite judgment upon the present-day tendencies of English literature.

One is the fact that in most of its essential features English prose is the same now as it was at the decline of the eighteenth century; the other fact is that never during a like period have the models of the past been twisted and turned by individual ingenuity into such a variety of shapes according to the eccentricities of current fashion.

The present day colours the output; modern civilisation has created modern virtues, vices, crimes and generosities, and between the best and the worst lie great masses of ever-changing humanity; lives whose record is neither better nor worse than in the old uneventful days, but naturally more full of incident and emotion.

Our grandfathers knew nothing of electric trams or motor-cars, and our grandmothers never thought of taking bachelor apartments or of smoking cigarettes. These changes of life, however, reflect themselves in the mode of to-day; diverting the course of true love into very tortuous channels and varying that same old story which is still ever new.

It is an obvious fact that no prose can have in it the instinct of life and vigour which does not repeat the tone and catch

in a certain manner the current fashion of its own day.

Emerson says that "literature is a record of the best thoughts; that is, the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." There is much, however, to make us question whether the spread of literature, as now understood, does much towards the awakening of the diviner mind.

Style in the present day is a complex matter. It was inevitable that after a formal phase there should come one of restless and somewhat lawless exaggerations.

During the last decade there has been a great increase in writers and a wider audience. The days are past when such an embargo was put upon the reading of novels as necessitated the hiding of "Peregrine Pickle" under the bolster, and the putting away of "Lord Ainsworth" beneath the sofa at the approach of an elder.

People of an age to read have now too much power in their hands. Novels are read by high and low, rich and poor, by the scullery-maid in her pantry, the errand-boy on his rounds, as well as by the man of leisure on his yacht, or the lady in her garden-hammock or house-boat.

It has not only come about that a special provision has had to be made for the godly, but that the provision must now include works or articles that a few years ago would have been vigorously tabooed. Such changes from the sonorous period of the seventeenth century to the staccato of the twentieth have been marked, though perhaps somewhat imperceptibly.

Johnson tried to establish lucidity on the solid basis of fixed and logical rule, and his writings show how consistent his rule was with eloquence and matchless force.

It was not his fault that his imitators mistook his aims and parodied the model set them; they seem to have forgotten that lucid simplicity and critical accuracy had been his saving grace.

Science has now found a language of its own and thrown back on literature a whole host of technical terms, which broke up our most characteristic idioms and rendered it difficult to preserve a style at once simple and colloquial, as well as free from slang.

As Malherbe lay dying he rebuked an attendant for using bad grammar. The doctor told him the time for such correction was not relevant. Said Malherbe, "I will defend with my last breath the purity and grandeur of the French tongue." In this twentieth century, with its mushroom growth of fiction, this feeling with regard to the English tongue is apt to be overlooked. To quote Mr. John Morley, "Domestic slang, scientific slang, pseudo-æsthetic affectations, hideous importations from American newspapers, all bear down with horrible force upon the glorious fabric which the genius of our race has reared."

The age is one of such rush and excitement that much ephemeral and slap-dash writing prevails. During the past twenty years there has been a rapid growth of fiction and a tremendous output of journalism, periodicals are poured forth daily—with numerous editions, *special*, *extra*, *cricket*, *football*, and otherwise—weekly, monthly, quarterly, from the press. Their transparent fault is transitoriness; the advantage that "knowledge which once remained upon the mountain is brought down to water the plain."

For the mob the classics are dead, the books that are really alive are those hot from the press and warm with the passions of our own day. The changes are rung between sensational novels and those which are realistic, though the perfect novel should skilfully combine both these elements. The former takes thought for the development of the plot, the latter takes delight in the elucidation of character. A few years ago we were flooded with stories of the realistic school, when novelists were tempted, in their desire to please popular taste and avoid dulness, to tread perilously near to that borderland of vice on which grow or seems to grow sweet-smelling flowers and pleasant grassy slopes.

Women novelists have also multiplied exceedingly; some are making their mark upon the literature of the age, but of others one can say with Zangwill, "their literature is the expression of an inward turbulence,

not of outward observation." Certainly the dominant note of much that has been written is restlessness and discontent with the existing order of things.

Journalism and periodical writing have become a living force, and have developed a style of their own. It has to be terse and impressive, and have a certain swing and march of words, which in some instances develop into mannerisms.

Literary criticism has become a profession, but it ceases in many instances to be an art. There is, of course, criticism and criticism, and there are some of the leading journals and newspapers to which both the public and authors may safely look for guidance, though there are many others from which no spark of literary advantage may be obtained. Readers have discovered that by spending an hour or two on the criticisms of the week they will enable themselves to have an opinion about the books of the day and be able to talk on subjects of which others are speaking. Such knowledge, however, is apt to have no lasting effect, although it adds somewhat to the pleasures of life to feel that you are in the swim.

We must admit that in present-day literature there are certain vigorous elements, a certain taste and appreciation for what is best in style, and even where the present-day prose wanders from the highest models it strives to cut itself free from pedantry and to express with an unmistakable dexterity subtle turns of thought and feeling which the prose of two or three generations ago would scarcely have attempted to convey. "It moves easily and lightly, it aims at colloquial familiarity, which is one of the earliest and truest characteristics of the genius of the language," and in due course will probably recover that simplicity of diction by which alone accurate thought can be conveyed. It will not be a less potent instrument because that for a time "it lent itself to the needs of a restless age."

JOHN WHITE.

THE most striking feature of modern life is the extreme diversity of its activities and interests. Under the sway of materialism, the old habit of reverence has become weakened; and bold, untried, even revolutionary ideas find expression and react upon literature. In business life we are strenuous, forceful, and practical; in our leisure moments we are superficial and unreflective, and our jaded energy inclines us to mere excitement regardless of literary form or value. Society, in the mass, seems to be in the melting-pot of a transition period. The admirable diffusion of education has not elevated public taste, but we have acquired a bent for reading before we have learned wisdom and judgment. The feverish haste induced by the clamorous needs of life leaves us little leisure for serious meditation. Upon the whole, we are either superficial or coldly logical, and the time is unfavourable to the highest creative excellence.

These considerations explain to some extent the comparative neglect with which we treat living poets. It is true that they have written nothing of distinctive and arresting value; but their failure may be in some degree attributed to ourselves, whose unsympathetic materialism is alien to imaginative efforts. If we except Mr. Kipling's best work, recent poetry shows no marked tendency towards originality, but keeps to the old forms, moves heavily along time-honoured grooves, and has a very feeble hold upon public recognition. That the noblest form of literary art should be so little esteemed is not a good sign, but is an evidence of the decline in taste, and a proof that modern conditions are unfavourable to poetic activity. We have no poet of commanding influence, possibly because we are in no fit mood to appreciate works of pure imagination. Mr. Kipling's forcible application of poetry to modern ideas and tendencies has secured attention and qualified admiration, but other living poets have struck no new note, and have failed to interpret the mighty workings of the age.

Literary criticism is at a low level, and it affords but slight evidence of the keen insight and vigorous judgment which the great masters of that art brought to their critica studies. It may be that living critics are adversely affected by the poor harvest in which they have to glean. There is not much demand for serious literature. The

public, as a rule, devote little time to solid, suggestive, and thoughtful reading. Biographies of eminent men, and occasional books of travel, have a fairly wide circulation; but there has been a gradual lessening of interest in Belles Lettres, and it must be sorrowfully admitted that the present standard of literary taste is depressingly low.

Fiction stands apart so prominently, and attracts so much literary skill, that it must be considered by itself. For many years the novel has assumed the first place in the estimation both of writers and readers. Even Mr. Kipling, who posseses high and distinctive poetical gifts, makes fiction his first concern.. It is a question of demand and supply. The public demands and will pay for stories of real, and sometimes of doubtful excellence; but there is little request for general literature in an age that is impatient of everything that is not either exciting or amusing. Hence it is that living writers for the most part find expression in fiction. Very few of the novels that are published yearly will outlive the sifting processes of Time; the rest are the products of literary craftsmanship, with conventional plots, commonplace characters, and no serious thoughts of living ideas behind them.

What are the tendencies of fiction? Already it has passed through many phases of varying interest, mostly temporary, and has emerged upon new ground or has reverted to older forms. We have had the religious, psychological, problem, detective and supernatural novels; all abnormal, and dependent more upon the subject than upon an intimate grasp of human nature; but the present tendency is to go back to real life, or to reality brightened by idealism. This is a hopeful sign, because the first concern of literature is life, whether real or ideal.

There is a distinct tendency towards specialisation in fiction, as in the scientific dreams of Mr. Wells, in the Thrums stories, in Mr. Zangwill's Jewish studies, and even in the wider scope of Mr. Kipling's admirable tales. This is not incompatible with a full view of life; but though there is much of moral beauty and purpose in the writings of Barrie, Zangwill and Kipling, we miss the completeness and universal significance of the older classic fiction. Mr. Kipling, for example, leaves the quiet, dumbly heroic, major life of the world, almost untouched, hence he does not write much or forcibly of women. He is the novelist of the imperialistic idea, and devotes his attention to the soldiers, sailors, empire-builders, and other men of simple ideas and stirring actions, who fascinate his brilliant imagination. With this specialisation goes an indefiniteness in characterisation, a falling off in the clear types which we find in Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis, Micawber and Pecksniff.

Sensationalism, the sheet-anchor of inferior writers, is used also by novelists of distinction like Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and it is a natural response to our craving for excitement. But sensationalism can never be the motive or groundwork of enduring literature, especially if the sensationalism is based upon abnormal views of life, and does not arise from stirring but natural incidents, as in the "Cloister and the Hearth." It is this excitation by motives, usually not of the most healthy kind, nor of a natural order, which seems to be inimical to the best interests of literature and to issue in fiction which cannot be permanent. "The Deemster" is a healthy, natural and dramatic novel; "The Christian" is questionable and ultra-dramatic. True art is adequate, simple, effective, and natural; but the sensational novels of modern type are more frequently inadequate, complex, ineffective, and unrelated to normal human experience. There is a straining after effect, a presentation of theoretical ideas which exist only in the author's mind; and an effort is made to erect abnormal conditions and mental states into types, which are meant to edify the reader and extort his admiration. Characters that embody a theory of possibility rather than a reality of life are imagined to suit these self-conceptions. Genius works very differently from this, and wins universal acceptance by always using an environment of absolute human experience.

The short story has taken a firm hold upon popular favour. By his forcible, original, and dramatic treatment, Mr. Kipling has carried it to great beauty and perfection,

and has made it give a fairly complete view of those phases of life with which he deals. It is conceded that the short story requires very artistic gifts for its perfect handling. If it is worth anything it is worth much. The limitation in length precludes its use for purposes which are subversive of literary quality and not for the highest good of fiction. But it has also this defect, that it lends itself to a fragmentary rather than a whole view of life; it cannot introduce us to a little world like that of "Vanity Fair," where many interests, passions and temperaments meet together in conflict. You cannot put the quart measure into a gill flask. The short story both taxes the imagination and confines it within narrow limits. It may be humorous or pathetic; its single incident, graphic and dramatic; its principal characters, natural and well-drawn; but it is unfitted to analyse life broadly or with that inclusive sweep which fascinates and informs the mind for ever.

There are many other tendencies in fiction. It is becoming more cosmopolitan, touching all interests and modes of thought, not always reverently nor with artistic sympathy. There are the improbable novels, which have neither naturalness, nor deep human interest, nor moral purpose, to commend them; and there are the bizarre studies which, dealing with present conditions, will pass away with the time which produced them. But they are read, and the fault is in ourselves. We need a more elevated public demand, wider reading, truer culture, and a more judicious and critical literary standard. It is true that supreme genius creates the taste by which it is enjoyed; but even so, it all the more behoves us not to accept partial, inartistic, or misguided views of life, which amuse without benefiting or excite without edification.

A. E. WRIGHT.

PERHAPS the most noticeable tendency of English Literature at the present day is to raise the standard of technical excellence. Alike in poetry and prose the old ideals have been shattered, and new ones preached and striven for.

Under the ægis of Swinburne poets have arisen whose work renders metrical perfection a commonplace. Such variety and ingenuity, such grace and resource in diction might seem to prove modern poetry in no languishing state.

But the taint of morbidity, whether of outlook or introspection, mars too much of the verse published in the last ten years to leave the future unshadowed; while three or four poets have lowered their art to exalt a species of æsthetic sensualism which defies quotation.

In reading the work of such men as Henley and Davidson, one is reminded of Meredith's definition of sentimentality as "the fine flower, or pinnacle flame-spire, of sensualism."

Will the twentieth century bring us a poet free from this sentimentality, whose first concern will be, not to "show the resources of the language," but to sustain thought in regions at once sublime and sanative?

It is an age of snippets, original and scissored. Our finest poems are "trifles light as air" buoyed up by veering winds of moody gaiety or grief, and our best prose is found in the short story or in such jeux d'esprit as "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box."

Yet we have much to be thankful for in the removal of the old "three-decker," verbose in style, excrescent in construction.

The present day novel, whether of the historical, analytical, or society type, offers a web of admirable design, whatever the texture. The old breadth of canvas and crowd of figures no longer taxes the reader. Pace is the favoured excellence. No intrusion of the author is encouraged, no back-looping, leisurely carelessness of narration. The Meredith of "Diana of the Crossways" is almost as much out of date as Dickens or Thackeray, so far as manner is concerned, in spite of his immense influence over many of our more serious novelists.

The result of this simplification of the art of fiction is that writers attempt to make their mark by irresponsible perversions of and additions to their native vocabulary. So many prove themselves able to turn out machine-made stories of great ingenuity and neatness, that the temptation

for a really talented novelist to assume a certain preciosity is irresistible. What English "as she is wrote" may be like twenty years hence one sometimes shudders to think.

Yet, despite these vagaries, the art is in no decadent state. Never has it shown a more healthy curiosity. It invades every grade and every phase of modern life. We have slum writers who are neither melodramatic nor morbid, society novelists who make praiseworthy and often successful efforts to free themselves from the faults of their kind. First-class fiction is no "pasture for idiots; it has embraced philosophy—or strives to do so, according to the Meredithian exhortation."

Tales of seafaring men are no longer mere yarns for boys, but serious attempts to throw light on the character and habits of a large class of the population—one, too, which offers peculiar advantages to the humorist.

Again, the historical novel is nowadays reliable as to its facts. To name two men far asunder in their aim and style, both Maurice Hewlett and Stanley Weyman are loyal disciples of history; and their work suggests that there is a great field before novelists of their type. It is not only the theatrical periods of history that offer opportunities to fiction; and any book that encourages the historical sense is a gain to the public. It may be doubted whether the immense growth of the reading public has really lowered the tone of literature.

There is, indeed, a flood of trash which is eagerly read by the uneducated, and there always will be; but those who fear that the main stream of literature is in danger of being weakened may take comfort from the inclusion in the sixpenny editions of great names as well as small. Such an edition requires a sale of at least 50,000; and while good literature can find so many purchasers, good writers will be granted to us.

The chief plague is the prevalence of the society novel, as of the society play. The Divorce Court is the sole spring of their plot, "smart," entirely vapid talk the sole padding. But Literature is doomed to suffer from such maladies; they need not materially affect her growth. Even here there is one improvement still to be remarked. Modern dialogue bears a very close relation to actual truth—as closely as is compatible with the necessities of fiction. Percy White represents a considerable advance on Ouida, if only that he takes far less time to read.

If it seems probable that the first half of the twentieth century will not shine down on posterity with such a galaxy of literary stars as the nineteenth century, it must be remembered that no man can appraise his own time. Literature is attempting more than she has done before, and she is hampered by innumerable unworthy servants; but she is aboundingly alive and able to follow and lighten the human spirit in all the myriad activities and problems of modern life. If she has the modern restlessness and cynicism, she has also the modern conscience and aspiration towards human solidarity. ONORO.

WITH the present volume it is proposed to discontinue the Literary Essays Department of GOOD WORDS, and so no subject is suggested to readers in this issue. The result of the final Essay Competition — The Writings of George Sand—will appear in our November issue.

A Daring Leap

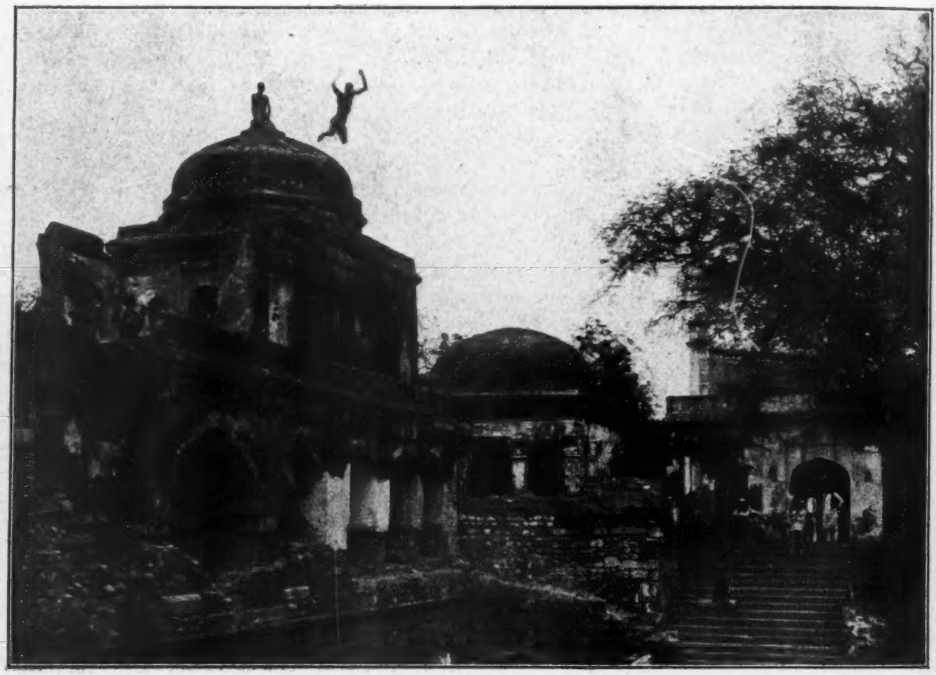
ONE almost has to apologise for using the oft-quoted words of the Preacher, "There is nothing new under the sun," and yet how constantly they recur to the memory as one novelty after another, which has for a time taken the public by storm, is proved to be nothing but a revival of some old custom or device familiar to men hundreds of years ago.

Particularly is this the case in connection with many of the "turns" at so-called "music-halls" and other places of amusement that pander to the lower instincts of humanity—the love of excitement and danger, if nothing worse. The walls of the town are placarded, and the advertisemet pages of the newspapers are filled with an announcement of some thrilling feat, which is described as "absolutely new." Yet in many cases you can find that in India, or China, or Japan the

same performance has been repeated for centuries, and that not only the feat is not new, but the very idea has been plagiarised.

An interesting instance of this is mentioned by the Rev. A. W. Young, of Calcutta, who sends us the accompanying photograph, taken by his friend, Mr. C. E. Milne. On and off during the past few years there have been a number of performers whose particular forte has been that they could leap from a high platform into a tank of water many yards below. When this dangerous feat was first announced people flocked in thousands to the building where it took place, the attraction being, of course, not in the dive itself, but in the possibility and risk of injury which the diver incurred. A swerve to the right or left, a failure to turn upward at the right moment after touching the water, and the man would, in all probability, have been fatally injured. It was the old spirit of the Roman populace which watched the gladiatorial combats in the arena, or that of the Spanish people who gaze for hours upon a bull-fight.

It is not our intention, however, to moralise here upon the danger of fostering such a spirit of excitement, nor to indicate the ominous outlook for the British people, as might be argued from analogy, but to show that even this daring feat of the diver has been performed in India for many centuries, and is a daily sight in our great Dependency. The photograph reproduced here shows a Hindoo entertainer leaping from the roof of a building into a tank sixty feet or more below. The scene is a few miles out of Delhi, near the tomb of one of the old kings of that city, and the performance is evidently regarded by the natives as nothing very extraordinary or interesting, as there are very few to watch it.



An Indian conjurer leaping from a temple roof at Delhi

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